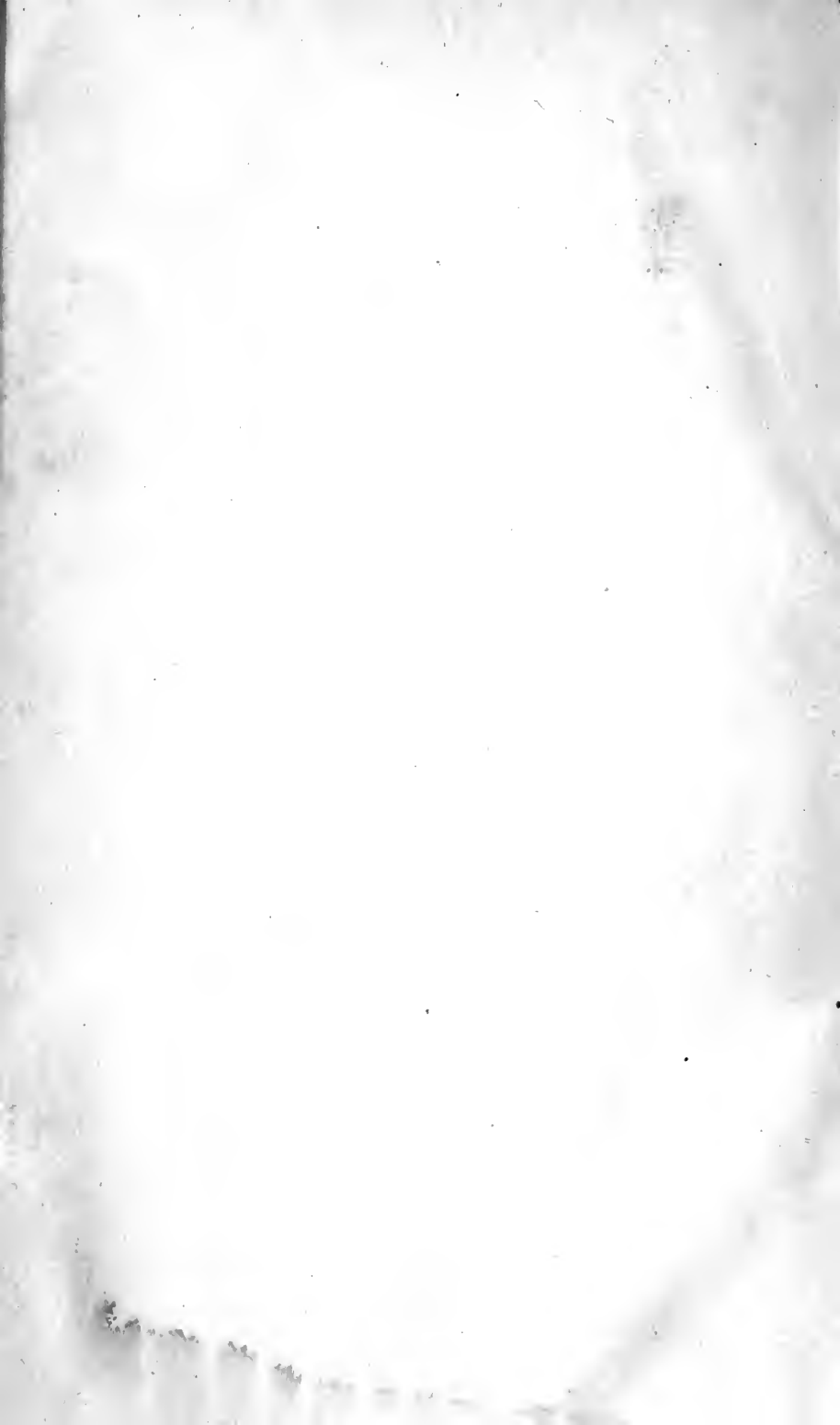


*050
at6



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME XLI

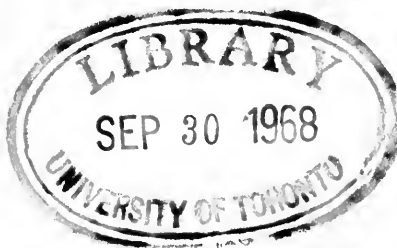


BOSTON
HOUGHTON, OSGOOD AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1878

H

COPYRIGHT, 1878,
BY HOUGHTON, OSGOOD AND COMPANY



AP
2
A8
v.41

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Adirondacks Verified, The, I., II., III., IV., V., VI.	Charles Dudley Warner, 63, 218, 343, 522, 636, 755
Americanisms, I., II.	Richard Grant White 495, 656
April Days	Henry D. Thoreau 445
Art, New Books on, I.	720
Avis, The Story of, and other Novels	486
Count Pulaski's Strange Power	Henry F. French 729
Cradle of the Human Race, The	145
Crude and Curious Inventions at the Centennial Exhibition, IX., X., XI., XII.	Edward H. Knight 19, 224, 283, 426
Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove, The	Charles Egbert Craddock 576
Days in June	Henry D. Thoreau 711
Decorative Art, Imaginary Dialogue on	John Trowbridge 693
Detmold: A Romance, II., III., IV., V., VI., VII.	W. H. Bishop 76, 189, 273, 409, 553, 697
Doudan	Thomas Sergeant Perry 681
England on the Rails	Richard Grant White 761
Episode in the Life of an Artist, An	William F. Apthorp 32
French Poet of the Old Régime, A	W. D. Howells 332
Gentle Fire-Eater, The	Clarence Gordon 43
Gibbon, Edward	W. D. Howells 99
Goncourt, Edmond and Jules	Elie Reclus 180
Italy Revisited	Henry James, Jr. 437
Lincoln's Triumph in 1864	Gideon Welles 454
Little Tour in France, A	Henry James, Jr. 67
Lobby, The, Its Cause and Cure	Arthur G. Sedgwick 512
Lost Lover, A	Sarah O. Jewett 308
Loves of Alonzo Fitz Clarence and Rosannah Ethelton	Mark Twain 320
Magnanimous-Incident Literature, About	Mark Twain 615
Mars as a Neighbor	Arthur Searle 111
May Days	Henry D. Thoreau 567
Old and the New Pope, The	Wm. Chauncy Langdon 649
Open Letters from New York, I., II., III., IV., V.	Raymond Westbrook 91, 236, 353, 529, 782
Opposition to Lincoln in 1864, The	Gideon Welles 366
Patent Office, The, and How to Repair its Losses	W. H. Babcock 158
Persian Poet, A	Thomas Bailey Aldrich 421
Pickering, Timothy	Henry Cabot Lodge 739
Ponkapog to Pesth, From	Thomas Bailey Aldrich 596
Public Service and the Public, The	Dorman B. Eaton 241
Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion, Some, IV.	Mark Twain 12
Recent Florence	Henry James, Jr. 586
Recent Volumes of Verse, Some	W. D. Howells 629
Result in South Carolina, The	A South Carolinian 1
Russians on the Bosphorus, The	503
Saint or Sinner	S. A. L. E. M. 488
Silver Question Geologically Considered, The	N. S. Shaler 620
Stedman's Poetry, Mr.	J. J. Piatt 313
Swiss Ring-Politician, The Story of a	Arthur Venner 347
To Old Friends and New	272
Trials and Errors of Joseph Primrose	Mrs. C. M. Town 165
Unforeseen Results of the Alabama Dispute	Arthur G. Sedgwick 771
United States Army, The Staff of the	R. Williams, Colonel U. S. A. 376
Venice and St. Mark's	Charles Eliot Norton 202
Victor Emmanuel's Political Work	Wm. Chauncy Langdon 361
Who Pays Protective Duties?	Horatio C. Burchard 607

Contents.

POETRY.

Another Rosary of Sonnets, <i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	286	Meteors, <i>Edgar Fawcett</i>	188
Appledore, <i>J. W.</i>	223	My Aviary, <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	122
Borden Lands, <i>H. H.</i>	710	Pigeons, <i>Edgar Fawcett</i>	421
Captain's Drum, <i>The, Benjamin F. Taylor</i>	593	Quaker Grave-Yard, <i>The, Weir Mitchell</i>	217
Closing Chords, <i>Rose Hawthorne Lathrop</i>	754	"Rank and File," <i>The, H. H.</i>	619
Daffodils, <i>Laura U. Feuling</i>	606	Recording, <i>Thomas S. Collier</i>	179
December Night, <i>A, Elizabeth Akers Allen</i>	444	Rose and the Jasmine, <i>The, Edmund C. Stedman</i>	435
Decoration Day, <i>Amelia Daley Alden</i>	728	Seeking of the Waterfall, <i>The, John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	88
Evolution, <i>Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen</i>	565	Song, <i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	235
Fate, <i>Luella Clark</i>	494	Spring-Song, <i>Mrs. Sallie M. B. Piatt</i>	790
"Good Times," <i>George Parsons Lathrop</i>	301	White Czar, <i>The, Henry W. Longfellow</i>	365
Jamaica, <i>Edmund C. Stedman</i>	193	William Francis Bartlett, <i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	330
Leap of Roushan Beg, <i>The, Henry W. Longfellow</i>	30	Winter, <i>C. L. Cleveland</i>	346
Legend of St. Sophia, <i>The</i>	484		
Menotomy Lake, <i>J. T. Troubridge</i>	647		

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB. Agonizing Death, but not Hydrophobia, 797; A Jest not in the Comedy, 393; A Mistaken Circumflex, 797; Analytic Scandal, 797; An Americanism, 797; An English Americanism, 796; Assurance Doubly Sure, 259; Baby Talk in Helen's Babies, 542; Canadian Indian Policy, The, 385; Children's Talk, 668; Contributors in Florida, 791; Cruelty to Persons and Readers of Fiction, 388; Culture versus Cakes and Ale, 125; Cure for Vampire Women, 545; Curious Shakespearean Facts, 538; Debts and Property, 254; Dramatic Capabilities of the Phonograph, 543; Eternal Punishment and an Independent Press, 389; Feminine Chronology, 667; Fiction and Reality, 130, 394; Genteel Southern Diction, 256; Georgian Giants, 256; Hetty's Strange History, The Moral of, 252; Imaginative Botany, 541; Invasion of the Nursery, 127; Literary Plunderers, 393; Lobby, The Right and the Wrong, 664; Maiden and Married Fiction, 666; Monotony of Cultured People, 132; Mr. Beach and his Dalmatian Dog, 546; Mr. Joseph Cook's Misquotation of Lowell, 798; Mr. Moody's English, 543; Mr. Stedman Misquoted and Misunderstood, 793; Mrs. Spofford's Superiority to Mr. Clarence Cook on Household Art, 793; Need of an Enlarged Critical Vocabulary, The, 260; Our Middle States Country Folks, 128; Our Poverty in Memoirs and Autobiographies, 129; Our Windows, 800; Pennsylvania Names in Canada, 392; Poster of the Future, The, 540; Power of the Boston Lectureship, 795; Proposal to violate Shakespeare's Tomb, 798; Prose and Poetry, 390; Psychological Heredity, 796; Public Interest in Private Affairs, 390; Spelling Reform, 391; Steps toward a Reasonable Orthography, 257; Still Fashionable in Boston, 541; Terrible Old Friend in Fiction, A, 259; Tourguéneff's Heroines, 396; Use of Tiles in Architecture, 392; When Ignorance is Bliss, 544.

EDITORIAL.

RECENT LITERATURE. Aldrich's *The Queen of Sheba*, 141; Allen and Greenough's *A Manual of Instruction in Latin*, 268; Appleton's *Syrian Sunshine*, 550; Appleton's *Windfalls*, 806; Benjamin's *Contemporary Art in Europe*, 135; Caton's *The Antelope and Deer of America*, 401; Crane's *The Two Circuits*, 404; De Mazade's *The Life of Count Cavour*, 805; Dickens, *Works of*, 669; Dugdale's *The Jukes*, 405; Eggleston's *The Signal Boys*, 137; Field's *From Egypt to Japan*, 810; Forman's *The Letters of John Keats to Fanny Brawne*, 803; Frothingham's *Gerrit Smith*, 671; Gautier's *L'Orient*, 812; George Sand's *Dernières Pages*, 407; Harvey's *Reminiscences and Anecdotes of Daniel Webster*, 669; Johnson's *Oriental Religions and their Relation to Universal Religion: China*, 397; Kiddle and Schem's *The Encyclopedia of Education*, 807; Lander's *Imaginary Conversations*, 807; Leunsbury's *Chaucer's The Parliament of Fowles*, 403; Mathews' *Hours with Men and Books*, 265; Matthews' *The Enchanted Moccasins*, 268; Miss de Morgan's *On a Pincushion*, 137; Miss Field's *The Wings of Courage*, 137; Miss Miller's *Captain Fritz*, 139; Miss Preston's *Musset's The Biography of Alfred de Musset*, 806; Miss Robinson's *Patsy*, 137; Mrs. Burnett's *Surly Tim*, 142; Mrs. Diaz's *The Jimmy Johns*, 137; Mrs. Oliphant's *Dante*, 551; Mrs. Sandford's *Pussy Tip-Toes Family, Frisk and his Flock, and The Little Brown House*, 138; Osgood's *The Faed Gallery*, 136; Osgood's *The Millais Gallery*, 136; Ormsby's *Darwin*, 267; Page's *Thoreau: His Life and Aims*, 672; Palfrey's *Memoir of William Francis Bartlett*, 801; Parton's *Caricature and other Comic Art*, 135; Phillips Brooks's *Lectures on Preaching*, 547; Piatt's *Western Windows and the Lost Farm*, 139; Pierce's *Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner*, 262; Poor's *Money and its Laws*, 266; Publications Received, 143; Sainte-Beuve's *Correspondance*, 811; Shairp's *On Poetic Interpretation of Nature*, 552; Shepherd's *Prose and Verse by Thomas Moore*, 803; Sime's *Lessing*, 803; Starr King's *Christianity and Humanity*, 264; Swinburne's *A Note on Charlotte Brontë*, 805; Synge's *Olivia Raleigh*, 551; Telfer's *The Crimea and Transcaucasia*, 549; Thayer's *Letters of Chauncey Wright, with some Account of his Life*, 673; Townner's *Chedayne of Kotono*, 406; Tyerman's *The Life of the Rev. George Whitefield*, 548; Van Laun's *History of French Literature*, 551; Victor Hugo's *Histoire d'un Crime*, 269; Waring's *The Bride of the Rhine*, 550; Wheaton's *Six Sinners*, 137; Whittier's *The River Path*, 136.

EDUCATION. Harvard Reports, 675.

MR. FURNIVALL AND MR. LOUNSBURY, 673.



THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.*

VOL. XLI.—JANUARY, 1878.—No. CCXLIII.

THE RESULT IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

IN South Carolina there are five very noticeable results of the president's policy: first, the decreased expense of the state government, and its increased purity and efficiency; secondly, a great decrease of crime and disorder, a marked increase of material prosperity, and a striking renewal of public, social, and military spirit among the whites; thirdly, the utter extinction of the republican party, and a revival of the old political intolerance; fourthly, a renewal of interest in federal affairs on the part of the whites; and lastly, the banishment of the negro from politics, and his enhanced material prosperity.

But in order to understand what may be said on these points, it is requisite to take a glance at the condition of the State when the policy in question was adopted.

During the canvass of 1876 the democrats openly announced that they purposed to carry the election, peaceably if possible but forcibly if necessary. They threatened that if Chamberlain should win, they would refuse to pay taxes to his government. When it was ascertained that the votes actually cast gave Hampton about eleven hundred majority, their indignation at the idea of going behind the returns was exceeded only by their indignation that the electoral returns at Washington were not sub-

jected to the process; they unanimously declared that they would have Hampton or a military government. Their deliberate design all along was to achieve a party victory if they could, and a revolution if they could not. Their arming, their martial organization, their violent proceedings during the campaign, and the responsive excesses of the negroes when aroused have become matters of history. When President Hayes was inaugurated, the State was in anarchy. Within a month after the election the garrisons which had been stationed by Grant and Chamberlain in nearly every populated place in the State had been withdrawn from all points except Columbia, Charleston, and Greenville, where garrisons ordinarily are posted. After their withdrawal the hostile races confronted each other. The violent passions of the campaign not only did not cool, but became inflamed by the establishment of rival state governments. These governments, headed respectively by Chamberlain and Hampton, had each its set of officials in every county and in every town. Nothing but the fear of resistance in each particular case kept the blacks from lawlessness towards the whites. Nothing but dread of the torch, solicitude for their families, and party policy, the wish to do themselves and Tilden no harm in the North, restrained

the whites from ruthlessly putting down the blacks. Wherever immunity seemed possible the negroes were burning the buildings of whites,¹ stealing their property, and assembling as militia or in mobs to assail whites and terrorize communities by riot and tumult; while murders of whites during arsons, burglaries, highway robberies, and riots became frequent. Every white family in the country kept watch at night, or slept in dread, with dogs turned loose in the yard and the gun at the bedside. Every village and town was patrolled by relays of white citizens from dark till daylight. The moment a crime was reported, the mounted rifle clubs assembled from all parts and scoured the country, to the terror of the blacks, arresting suspected criminals, conveying them to jail, or inflicting summary vengeance. They were sometimes resisted by the colored militia, and regular battles occurred. Individual members of the races were constantly quarreling and fighting. The courts, though recognized by both parties, vainly tried to execute justice. Blacks on the juries would consent to no conviction of one of their race prosecuted by a white man. White jurymen acted similarly in the cases of whites indicted for violence towards blacks. The rival officials in each county were endeavoring *vi et armis* to oust their opponents from the court-houses, or to assert their authority over the people. They were backed up, respectively, by the whites and blacks, and collisions were happening every day. A reign of terror existed. Trade was paralyzed. The merchants' stocks grew small and were not replenished. Men with money were afraid to lend or invest. The farmers delayed their operations. Such was the ordeal to which the whites subjected themselves rather than submit. They swore they could be overcome only when twenty thousand federal troops should be sent to the State, and kept there; when they should be relentlessly crushed by the bayonet, disarmed, their prominent men punished, and every deputy of

a Chamberlain sheriff supported by a posse of blue coats whenever he went to arrest a white man, or sell property for taxes.

This state of things continued till April. But the negroes were gradually yielding. The long-hoped for recognition from Washington did not come. The depression of the times began to affect them. They had spent the earnings of the previous year, and they had stolen all the property they dared. Hundreds were being thrown into jail to await trial at the courts, which meet but once in four months. Starvation was at their doors. The spring was coming on, and they could secure no advances from the merchants to plant their crops; while the white farmers feared to enter into arrangements with laborers till they could see ahead. The Hampton government, also, with admirable management, gradually pushed the opposition to the wall. The courts and the tax payers were on its side: the former recognized its legitimacy, and the latter voluntarily contributed funds for its expenses; while the Chamberlain government was adjudged illegal, and could raise no supplies. At length the whole machinery of the government was in the possession of the democracy. Its authority was, indeed, denied by more than half the citizens, but its processes were everywhere enforced; while the authority of the other faction obtained nowhere but within the granite walls of the state-house, which inclosed a garrison of twenty-two soldiers of the United States.

Towards the end of March Chamberlain and Hampton, by invitation of the president, visited Washington to confer with him as to the condition of South Carolina. The result is known. Orders were issued for the withdrawal of the troops from the state-house. Chamberlain at once returned to South Carolina, and knowing that further resistance was useless soon surrendered the executive office, first publishing an address, bitterly commenting on the action of the

¹ A thousand buildings, including a dozen towns or portions of towns, worth a million dollars, were

burnt by incendiaries within the year preceding last April.

president. Hampton immediately took possession, and has since been undisputed governor of the State.

The whites hardly knew what to say at first. Their strongest passions had been aroused during the contest. They had staked everything upon the issue. During the dual months they had hung on to the hope that Tilden would be seated, and that then would come relief, victory, and revenge. But the inauguration of Hayes crushed every expectation. Nothing was to be looked forward to then, they thought, but a continuation of their distractions. Chamberlain's government would be recognized by the president. They were determined to repudiate it. The lower house of Congress might refuse the means to prop it up with the army; but they dared not crush it out and assert their supremacy over the blacks, for fear that a revulsion of popular feeling in the North would force Congress to take action against them; and while it lasted, lawlessness and material depression were inevitable. During March the despondency of the whites was inexpressible. They became willing to agree to almost any terms which would rid them of Chamberlain and negro rule, and give them "Hampton and home government." It gradually dawned on them that relief was coming from the president whom they had expected to prolong their troubles. When the final announcement came, their joy was bewildering. Grand demonstrations, the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, greeted Hampton on his return along the roads, at Columbia, and at Charleston. A sense of relief at once pervaded the community. Trade forthwith revived. The lean shelves of the merchants were soon filled with goods. Securities rose in price. Credit was re-established. The farmers, white and colored, secured advances for the year, and went heartily to work. Thousands of colored men, long idle, obtained employment. Race conflicts ceased, and the decrease of crime was tremendous. The negroes had been losing hope, were starving and exhausted, and, glad to have the suspense terminated in what-

ever way, submitted quietly. Hampton's tact contributed to the result. He gave a public reception in the city hall to the colored citizens of Charleston, shook several thousand by the hand, made them a stirring speech, promising that their rights as citizens should be maintained, and called on them and the whites alike to drop enmity, resume amicable relations, and go to work to build up private and public welfare. The colored militia officers waited on him, were recognized as officers, and promised that their organization should be respected and continued.

We are now prepared to consider the outgrowths of the president's action. As stated at the outset, the first is general improvement in the workings of our government; and that even when compared with the administration of Governor Chamberlain, who was hampered by the party which had elected him, and from whose members, though they were mostly corrupt or willing to be corrupted, he was expected generally to select his subordinates. The new government was set in operation by the ejection of the republican comptroller-general, treasurer, and other state officers from their offices in the state-house. They had been elected on the *prima-farie* vote, like Hampton himself; but the democratic candidates made contest on technicalities before the supreme court. Pending the decision, Hampton arbitrarily and very unexpectedly closed the offices on the incumbents. Records were probably thereby preserved from destruction which have since given weighty evidence against the reconstruction corruptionists. The ever ready supreme court soon installed the Hampton claimants. The governor next convened the legislature, which met on April 24th. This was because we had had no tax levy or other legislation during the winter, on account of the dispute over the organization of the legislature. The senate, which had been recognized as legal by both parties, was republican by three or four votes. The returns had made the house democratic. But a sufficient number of democrats had been rejected

(without seating their opponents, the election being pronounced null and void from fraud) by the returning board, or, as it is called here, the board of state canvassers, to give the republicans a majority. The democrats thus counted out, however, were declared by the supreme court to be entitled to their seats, and accordingly had claimed them when the general assembly met in December. They had then been excluded from the state-house by the aid of federal soldiers. Thereupon, they and the other democratic members adjourned to a public hall in the city, and organizing declared themselves the legal house. The republican members remained in the state-house. They did not have a majority of that number of members of which the house should consist, but they claimed a quorum because they had a majority of all declared elected by the canvassing board, and they also asserted themselves to be the true house. They were called to order by the clerk of the last house, and recognized, on a strict party vote, by the senate, which afterwards united with them and Governor Chamberlain in enacting laws which could never be executed. The democratic senators protested, but did not secede.¹ The democratic house was adjudicated legal, as usual, by the supreme court, but did not try to legislate, merely joining with the democratic senators to inaugurate Hampton and elect Butler, as described below. Both houses and the senate had adjourned before the new year. Under Hampton's call the senate and the democratic house assembled as the legislature. The original members of the republican house, which had been swollen by admitting some republicans contesting the seats of democrats, now recognized the legality of this democratic house and applied for their seats. Only about half were admitted, and then only on condition of purging themselves at the bar of their contempt in joining the rival body, or, as most of them called it, "axing" pardon. The

¹ The senate resolved to meet the republican house to elect a United States senator by joint ballot, and the republican senators, and consequently the majority, actually did so. Mr. Corbin was thus

others were excluded upon the ground of fraud or of insufferable deportment. The new lieutenant-governor, on taking the chair of the senate, ordered several democrats claiming seats, but whose election was not conceded by the senate, to be sworn in; and by refusing to submit the matter to the senate, when the republican members appealed against his action, succeeded in so increasing the democratic minority that that party soon had practical control of the chamber.

Expenditures were greatly reduced by the new legislature. The salaries in 1876, under Chamberlain, amounted to \$264,418; legislative expenses, \$142,135; printing, \$78,187. The appropriations under Hampton for 1877, for the same purposes, are: for salaries, \$143,000; legislative expenses, \$105,000; printing, \$10,000. The total tax levy for 1876 was about thirteen mills on the dollar. This year (1877) it is ten mills, and would be smaller but for deficiencies for the preceding fiscal year. The cutting off of three mills means the reduction of the annual taxes by about \$350,000. Local township taxation for schools is also abolished. This leads me to say that the appropriation this year for educational purposes (\$100,000) is only about a third of what it used to be under republican rule, when, however, the most of it was stolen or wasted. The poll-tax is devoted to education by the constitution. Legislative corruption has ceased; and in every branch of the government, from the state and county administrations down to the courts of the peace justices, there is greatly increased efficiency. The appointees are men of intelligence and high standing, and are above temptation. So, also, are those elected. Four or five democrats in the senate, by voting with the republican senators in the spring, prevented for a while a reduction in legislative compensation. But the public raised such a storm that they had to recede and consent.

electd. But the democratic senators, though a minority, met in joint session with the democratic house, and elected General Butler.

As a second result, not only have the unusual violence and infamous crimes of the fall and winter ceased, but the State is quieter, with less violation of law, than at any other time since the war. Further on, some circumstances will be noted which will contribute to explain these facts. The crops, by reason of hearty work and unwonted security, have been unusually good this year. The fall trade is brisker than since 1860. Every wholesale house in Charleston, and I suspect in the North, will attest this, and in the villages I have visited not only have merchants laid in larger stocks than is their custom, but many new stores have arisen. The railroads are doing well, and every branch of industry seems to be thriving. The taxes have ceased to be so great a burden, and it is probable that the unblushing repudiation, or, as it was called, scaling, of the legislature in 1873 so cut down the iniquitous bonded debt that it amounts to but four or five millions. A commission is investigating the condition of this debt, which has long been in confusion. But the revival of spirit amongst the whites, long cast down by vicissitude, poverty, and the *post-bellum* troubles, has been remarkable. Long excluded from office, they have devoted themselves to work, and while looking on the government with sullen or malignant hostility have manifested little curiosity about its workings. Now everybody is a candidate for position, and everybody is discussing everything about our rulers and politics. The ladies, after an intermission of ten years, grace the sessions of the legislature by their presence. Newspapers have increased their circulation, and new ones been established. Charleston, which could long support but one daily, now boasts of two. County towns, where one weekly with a "patent outside" found it hard to keep from starving, now sustain two and even three weeklies, printed on both sides at home.

The gayeties of the summer have rivaled those of *ante-bellum* times. There has been no end of visiting and hospitality, traveling and attendance on watering-places, parties, balls, public enter-

tainments, etc. Associations have been well attended. The agricultural and horticultural fairs for the year have been, and promise to continue, unexampled successes. The governor, through the adjutant-general, was authorized by law to organize the whites into a militia, to be distinct from the negro national guard; and the adjutant-general's office has had more business than any other at the capital. Innumerable companies have been formed and organized into the higher divisions; and the enthusiasm over titles, uniforms, drilling, parades, military hops, and so on, has been tremendous. In all these things the old aristocracy, as usual, takes the lead.

Republicanism is dead, and the old intolerance has revived. No overt violence has been offered to any one on account of his republican sentiments since Hampton's triumph, though there has been plenty of hooting and gibing. But it is because the republicans have kept very quiet. There is no federal support now, and they know from the experience of the autumn what would follow if a vigorous party course were adopted, calculated to consolidate the negro vote and win: that is, violence and starvation. Furthermore, the democrats have shown themselves willing to use the election machinery, now in their hands, to achieve victory, and did so as flagrantly in the first elections under Hampton as the republicans in their prime. The latter see that it would be of no use to gain votes. Negroes, too, dependent on whites, and consequently the majority, are now made to understand that to cast a republican ticket means discharge, proscription, and starvation. Therefore, perceiving in what corner the wind sits, perhaps a third of the colored men now profess democracy, and vote in accordance, to the great joy and satisfaction of their employers or patrons. You can see advertisements before the shops of negroes, like this: "Patronize So and So, the only colored democratic barber [or shoemaker] in town." These converts would have been summarily bulldozed by their sable brethren up to this year, but the whites now delight in protecting

and petting them. Since Chamberlain's retirement there have been fifteen or twenty elections in single counties at different times, to fill vacancies in the legislature, etc. On such occasions great numbers of young white men, largely from adjacent counties, ride to and remain about the polls, "to see fair play," they explain. These have not attempted openly to molest, but they have certainly frightened the republican negroes. Accordingly, *every election* has gone democratic. The republicans put up tickets only two or three times at first, but never think of it now. Even Charleston, Darlington, and Orangeburg, the old strongholds of radicalism, have gone democratic with no opposition, except in the last. The republicans meet in few places now; their organization has fallen to pieces. But the democrats preserve strict party discipline. Some candidates, defeated before their conventions, have threatened to bolt, and the republicans have offered to vote for such; but thereupon such a cry was raised, not only in the county but all over the State, that no such bolt has happened yet, or is likely to.

The republicans have furthermore lost their leaders. The whites regard the negro as an inferior animal, admirably adapted to work and to wait, and look on him, "in his proper place," with a curious mixture of amusement, contempt, and affection. It is when he aspires to participate in politics or otherwise claim privileges that their hatred becomes intense. They knew that the main body of blacks were ignorant and by themselves harmless; that they had been following politicians, and would readily resume work and give no more trouble. Consequently, there was little desire to persecute them after the settlement. Not so with the leaders, however. There has been a relentless determination to purge the offices of republicans, to get rid of every vestige of the hateful carpet-bag *régime*, and to bring its upholders to a heavy reckoning. Nor have there been wanting reasons or plausible pretexts. The republican representatives elect from Charleston County,

seventeen in number, were refused seats in the lower house, the election being annulled on the ground of fraud, and a new one ordered. This would have been proper enough had not the delegates from Edgefield been seated and lionized. The colored justice of the supreme court has been impeached for drunkenness. A circuit judge, still too republican, was unseated by a technical objection to the way in which he had qualified the year before; and the legislature took some steps, and will probably complete them this winter, to declare vacant the seats of all the circuit judges, most of whom, despite their eminent services last fall, were once, in some way, mixed with republicanism, on account of a slight informality in the method of their election by the legislature in 1875. It was with difficulty, and only after bitter quarreling in caucus, that Hampton could induce the legislature to elect the facile white associate justice of the supreme court to the place of Chief-Justice Moses, on the latter's decease, in reward for indispensable services during the dual imbroglio. I have referred to the treatment of the state treasurer, etc. A republican state attorney has been ousted,—for being a congressman at the same time. Half the republicans elected to county offices last November [1876] were unable to get bondsmen, so strong was the feeling; and many who did get them have since had them to withdraw. So, new elections have been held and democrats put in.

But the most potent instrument for both purging and revenge has been prosecution for official misconduct. A legislative investigating committee has been sitting in Columbia since June, taking testimony and overhauling the state archives. In most of the counties, too, the grand juries have been examining witnesses and searching the records in the court-houses. Indictments and presentments without number have followed; and starting with two congressmen (a senator and a representative), passing by two ex-governors, several lieutenant-governors and speakers of the house, two ex-treasurers, two ex-comptroller-

generals, and over half the republican members and ex-members of the legislature, with the ex-clerks, and coming down to numberless state attorneys and ex-state attorneys, county officers and ex-county officers, — treasurers, auditors, county commissioners, school commissioners, sheriffs, clerks of court, trial justices, school trustees and teachers, — we find that nearly all the republicans in the State who have ever held office are under indictment, are already convicted and punished, or have fled from justice. So palpable is their guilt, generally, that even the most radical negroes on the juries are compelled to find true bills or verdicts of guilty. I should state that rumors are afloat that all the prominent parties under indictment in Columbia will not be prosecuted further should public opinion in the North condemn the proceeding. It is also proper to say that many rogues have had the cases against them “*nol. pros’d.*” upon condition of making restitution of their plunder to the State or of immediately resigning important offices which their prosecutors were desirous of getting. There have been no trials of cases worked up by the committee yet. It is notorious both in Columbia and the counties that not a few white democrats being implicated in some of the corruptions, their investigation has been promptly dropped to shield these democrats. The legislative committee has been compared to the Star-Chamber, sitting with closed doors and enjoining silence on all called before it. But there has been no lack of purely republican rascality to punish. Members of former legislatures, some still sitting, are indicted for taking bribes. A United States senator, individuals and members of rings and corporations, are indicted for bribing them. It has been discovered that a clerk of the senate issued thousands upon thousands of dollars in pay certificates to merchants, which although recorded as paid for stationery were really given for fine wines, liquors, cigars, furniture, novels, etc., for the private use of himself and certain senators. The managers of a colored state orphan asylum in Columbia, where were

kept fifty poorly cherished children, are found to have been ordering for their wards, if the books may be trusted, hundreds of dollars’ worth of assorted candies, whisky, water-melons, and carpets. A voucher was found in the comptroller-general’s office for \$4320 in figures. Being traced back it is seen that the original bill was for \$320, and that the prefixing of the figure four has netted the forger as many thousand dollars. Another bill for \$1100 in figures is metamorphosed by two neat additions to the ones into \$4400. There are charges of frauds in issuing state bonds and funding coupons; for diverting the taxes to objects for which they had not been appropriated, etc. In the counties there are indictments for issuing and paying innumerable fraudulent claims on the county treasury, for defalcations and other crimes too numerous to mention. In one county the auditor and treasurer, who respectively assess and collect taxes, as a check upon each other, are found to have been in collusion, and to have doctored the books in their respective offices so as to leave unentered the taxes due and paid on large amounts of property, and to have pocketed the taxes thus unrecorded. Most, though by no means all, of the offenses in both state and county governments seem to have occurred prior to Governor Chamberlain’s administration: that he strove to stem the corruption while chief executive everything goes to prove.

But prosecution is not confined to official malfeasance. In one county twenty or thirty prominent republicans are charged with perjury. The county went republican, but the officers elect could get no democrats to go on their bonds. No republicans were worth enough to stand, as the state laws require sureties to swear before a notary (false swearing being made perjury by statute) that they are worth the amount they stand for over and above their homestead (\$1500) and debts; and yet the culprits in question took the required oaths and went on their friends’ bonds, to be discovered and presented by a grand jury this spring. A colored legislator is among them. An-

other colored legislator has been sent to the penitentiary for bigamy. Others are in straits about fraudulent breaches of private trusts. When the legislature comes together again in December, it is possible that not a dozen republicans will be left in it.

But not only has there been a crusade against the politicians; there has been a relentless effort to bring to retribution and get out of the way all those negroes who, without holding office, made themselves obnoxious or dangerous, through vindictiveness or crime, to the whites. And this movement has been more formidable, or at least it has aroused far more excitement in the State, than the former. No whites have been prosecuted in the state courts for the violent crimes of the campaign; and when the Ellenton rioters were tried before the United States circuit court at Charleston, in June, the chief-justice presiding, the whites on the jury obstinately declined to find a verdict against them, and a mistrial was ordered. But hundreds upon hundreds of negroes, accused of participation in the arsons, the burglaries, the larcenies, the riots, and the murders of the republican rule, and especially of the last canvass and the dual months, have been and are now being prosecuted in the state courts, by the instigation of either grand juries or individuals. Civil business is rarely reached, so crowded is the criminal side of the courts; and even on the criminal side the docket is rarely cleared or a jail delivery made. The jails have been overcrowded all the year: a small one in the country, I have had occasion to notice, used to contain on an average about fifteen prisoners; there are now fifty-one in it, and it has the odor of a wild beast's cage in a managerie. The number of convicts in the penitentiary has increased from three hundred and fifty during the last year to nearly six hundred. Imprisonment is for longer terms, and as many as two and three negroes are frequently hung at a time, once (in May, I think) even five. The state constabulary, an oppressive instrument of republican invention, designed for use against the Ku-Klux Klan

especially but the whites generally, has been turned against its inventors. These constables are appointed by a chief constable, who is named by the governor and senate. They exercise all the common law powers of constables and sheriffs, but are besides invested with detective duties, and have power to arrest without a warrant. In some counties, Darlington especially, where there was considerable lawlessness, the colored people have lived in terror of these officers. They have searched the houses of negroes freely, arrested right and left, often on suspicion, and acted with stringency in binding, knocking down, and even shooting stubborn prisoners. When they "go scouting," as they call it, they usually summon a posse of fifteen or twenty mounted white riflemen, and with them go scouring through the country, which has at times, from the frequency of such scenes, presented quite a military appearance. These posses are generally requisite, as the criminals have been numerous and desperate, resisting arrest, and sometimes inducing the negro population to aid them.

The guilt of most of the negroes prosecuted as described is so apparent on trial that it is impossible for a juror mindful of his oath to say otherwise than guilty. Yet there is a political aspect to the prosecutions, the crimes having been mostly the outgrowths of political disturbance, of which both whites and blacks are conscious. I should add, too, that there was much distress during the dual months, owing to the discharge and proscription of colored republican voters, many of whom were compelled by want to resort to crime, or to change their localities in order to get work. The odium, too, against a "loud-mouthed" or villainous negro is so great that white juries are in the habit of convicting him even when his innocence is clearly established, excusing themselves by saying that if not guilty in that instance, he has done other and worse things, is a bad egg, anyhow, and ought to be got rid of while the chance offers. This spirit has tempted many base whites to carry very worthy and blameless colored

men into court on flimsy charges, and convictions are generally certain. But a good negro, quiet and hard-working, usually has white friends who, if he be maliciously indicted, will take up his quarrel, lending him money and influence, and testifying to his good character. Such negroes obtain very fair trials; and if convicted on some old, raked-up charge, and there be any ground, a petition is drawn up, influential signatures are secured, and a light sentence or pardon is often obtained.

Whatever names parties may hereafter bear in South Carolina, whatever local issues may divide them, or whatever may be their assumed general principles, one thing may safely be predicted: the whites, in the future as in the past, will not tolerate, unless forced, any party which aggressively and in real earnest advocates negro rights, or in the same manner denounces the past course of the South.

The whites were long so engrossed with home troubles as to care little for national affairs. In the ascendant again at home, they are now looking with no little interest at federal politics. They have returned to power like the Bourbons in having forgotten nothing, but unlike them in having learned something. They have not forgotten the old issues and the struggle with the North. Nor have they ceased to think that this is a white man's government, and that the negro should keep his place. But they *have* learned, what once they did not seem to know, that they cannot always have their way. They have learned that separation from the Union is a thing attended with difficulty and danger of such magnitude that nothing hereafter, except the absolute certainty of success at small cost and unattended by risk of invasion, could induce a secession. Consequently, separation is rarely spoken of, and when spoken of is dismissed with a sigh or a laugh as something which, however desirable once, is now out of the question.

Nevertheless, Southerners look upon their connection with the Union as somewhat resembling the connection of Ire-

land with England;¹ as a thing forced and inevitable, and possibly not unbearable if they are allowed to rule at home; but at the bottom a distasteful subjection of one nation that has a right to be independent to another nation that has proved itself stronger in war. The expression of Mr. Key, "erring brethren," was promptly taken up and indignantly repudiated by every paper in the South. The South will never admit that she was wrong in the issues that led to the war, or that her conquest was right.

The remarks of President Hayes during his recent tour South, that he recognized the Southerners as men who had fought for what they conscientiously believed right, and who had succumbed only before superior numbers, were enthusiastically received and quoted all over the South. Zeal for the Confederacy and rank in the Confederate army are every day flaunted in the papers or before the conventions as the highest possible recommendations of candidates for office. There is a very significant reluctance amongst the white military to march or parade under the United States flag; it is rarely done, and causes much aspersions from the spectators, state banners being used. This is not surprising when three fourths of Southern tradition relate to the war, and when every family has a Life of Lee or Jackson on the centre-table, and their portraits on the wall. But secession being impossible, everybody is full of suggestions as to how we should make the most of our situation in the Union. Some hope we can in the future elect a Southern president, gain the control of both houses of Congress, and then get everything possible out of the Union in the shape of offices, internal improvements, war losses, it may be, or more Southern States from Mexico and Spain, or by dividing Texas into four or five States, so as to acquire more votes in the senate. Many of these things are expected during the present administration. Others;

¹ I have seen this comparison used by Southern papers so often that I am almost ashamed to repeat it.

however, are not so sanguine. The consciousness of the infrangible solidity of the South, joined to the hope of some democratic votes in the North, or of divisions in the republican party, encourage all to hope that the South will be able to make a more or less good showing for herself in the future. All are aware of the jealousy with which the action of a solid South will be watched at the North, and of the improbability of securing enough votes there to carry out a rabid sectional course. Consequently, they are likely to act with moderation, undertaking nothing until they have carefully ascertained its practicability. They will probably claim the management of the national democratic party; though there is another possibility: the antipathy to the Union, joined to the constrained acceptance of the last constitutional amendments (which makes but little difference now between democratic and republican platforms), may cause the South hereafter to look on Northern democrats and Northern republicans with very much the same kind of feeling, — a feeling compounded half of aversion and half of eagerness to get all out of them that is possible. It is not impossible that the South may essay a professedly conservative and independent, but really experimental and speculating course, joining sometimes with the Northern democrats and sometimes with the republicans, as it advantages most.

To sum up, the South is awake to the situation, but has settled on no policy for the future, and will be rabid or moderate as prudence dictates; there is no course too strange for her to adopt. If her solidity be broken, it will be on issues not relating to the war and the negro; or if on those issues, it will be because there is disagreement as to what lengths principles common to all should be carried. I should add that at present Southerners are very enthusiastic about the president, and grateful for his action. He might have protracted their sufferings. Their idea is that of late years the North has been swayed by fanatics, demagogues, and speculators;

and there is immense relief to think that practical, conservative, and cultured men from a better element have come to the front. Many Southern leaders, emulous of Key, are becoming very ambitious of playing a part in national affairs, some even aspiring to the presidency. These affect a very conciliatory tone to attract Northern support.

But enough for the whites. Let us turn to the other color. Only three negroes have been killed by whites since March, and there has been a marked decrease of beatings and affrays. One reason is that the negroes, to use a popular phrase, are "lying low." Another is that violence towards negroes who do aggrieve whites is at present discouraged as impolitic, and redress is sought through the courts. When Chamberlain fell, the negroes were generally submissive; but many were moody and apprehensive for their liberty. They soon perceived that things went on with them just about the same under democratic as under republican rule. Their politicians lost office; but the change did not affect the main body, whose only connection with politics had been to vote once a year or so, and attend the occasional meetings of the party. The party was now broken up, and though still at liberty to vote they must be cautious in so doing not to offend their employers or patrons. They had long ago found that party and suffrage did them no appreciable good, — they had to work for a living all the same, — and only valued them because they were thought essential to keep down the democrats, who would of course restore slavery should they triumph. But the democrats were in at last; the persons of freedmen were unmolested, their property secure. The brisker times soon began to increase their individual prosperity; and it is positively a fact that if a plebiscitum could be held in South Carolina to-morrow, it is questionable whether negro votes would not defeat the republicans. The prosecutions for political and personal crimes before mentioned have caused a renewal of apprehension at times and places. But it is discerned that the hard-working, respect-

able, quiet class of negroes are safe, and that only the leaders in the past iniquity and the evil spirits are in danger. Accordingly, they turn to work with renewed ardor, and strive to avoid offense and to placate the whites by settling up their liens and other debts, by frowning down pilfering, by courteous demeanor, or by a change in politics. It is amusing to hear how many of them voted for Hampton. This has led to a renewal of many kindly relations long severed. Whites are seen attending the funerals of their servants, aiding black children in their yards to learn by heart their "speeches" for the Sunday-school celebrations, or the girls to dress, and even taking peeps at colored festivities; while the negroes are again surrounding every white gathering.

In some localities, however, the arrest and carrying to prison of the negro leaders, known and perhaps loved by all, has caused great alarm and sorrow. Crowds bid them farewell at the railway stations, wring their pinioned hands, ask what is the difference between this and the old slave-traders' doings, and as the train moves off utter loud lamentations and raise wild hymns; even rescues have been attempted. The prevalence of larceny, bigamy, and the like, now and in the past, causes thousands of negroes to fear that their turn will come. Many have become either very moody and desperate or very obsequious. There has been an immense crop of offers to turn State's evidence. Negro jurors are often quite as ready now to convict those of their color prosecuted by whites as white jurors themselves. These things have resulted in the tremendous falling off of crime, before recounted, as crime in previous years has been comparatively safe, from the determination of the negroes not to tell on or convict each other. Many negroes were so uneasy during the spring and summer that a proposition to emigrate to Liberia created great interest. Organization was attempted, but want of money has been in

the way, as well as want of unanimity. So nothing, or little at least, is likely to come of it.

The position of the whites towards the negro is just this: reënslavement is not desired by one in fifty, and is looked on as utterly impracticable, visionary, and dangerous, many even admitting that slavery in the past was an economical blunder. But they would not be unwilling to restrict the freedom of the negro in many such things as wandering about at night, holding public meetings, attending day schools, — or any at all, — and living in idleness; and to make the law stringent on him as regards contracts made with whites, or crimes committed against them. Nor is the idea of negro citizenship yet palatable. But some decency is to be expected in view of the platforms and pledges of the past few years, guaranteeing colored rights;¹ nor has the fear of Northern interference yet subsided. Consequently, while we are in the Union, encroachments on negro liberty will be made cautiously, slowly, and under disguises. But even already, in this State, there are indications of what the feeling is. The new legislature made it a criminal offense to sell or buy seed cotton at night, there having been much stealing of the staple from the field at night by negroes in the past; and decreed that convicts in the penitentiary should hereafter be farmed out to contractors for labor on railroads, etc. The whites everywhere applauded both measures, particularly the last, on account of their race significance, while the negroes everywhere deplored them for the same reason. Few or, in many cases, no negro jurymen were summoned in over half the counties in the State for the fall courts, the panels being for the most part white; while many papers, and in several counties (Abbeville, for instance) the grand juries, have recommended the whipping-post, to which harsh memories will cling, as a punishment for larceny; and many grand juries and all the papers are ad-

to really high positions; while in Charleston County, *mirabile dictu*, three subservient colored men were elected, on the democratic ticket, to the legislature.

¹ Indeed, so many promises were made to the colored democrats during the canvass that a few dozens of them have unavoidably been made justices, constables, etc.; a half dozen have been appointed

vocating constitutional enactments disfranchising voters who fail to pay their capitation or other tax, or who are convicted of larceny, and prescribing an educational qualification for voting and jury duty. This reminds me that the colored university was relentlessly broken up, an appropriation being refused to pay even the arrears of the professors. It was very odious to the whites from its perversion, having once been to the old, gentlemanly, chivalric Palmetto element as Oxford to the tories and churchmen. The legislature has resolved to turn it into a white college again, and give the negroes a college for themselves, with an equal pecuniary support. There is great prejudice in this State against free schools for any color; nor have the airs put on by colored school children contributed to remove it. Policy, however, and past promises will probably impel the maintenance of a free-school system for some time at least, but on a less extensive scale. It is proper to add that some cultured Southerners are in favor of educating and elevating the negro as the best way to solve our race difficulties. But it is doubtful if their views will prevail against inherited prejudice.

Reconstruction has certainly failed to make the negro a full-fledged citizen, with all the rights and privileges enjoyed by the white race. But no longer

a slave, owning perhaps a tenth of the property in the State, free to earn money and to go where and hire to whom he pleases, with his rights of property and (while he votes with his master, or refrains from voting) his person secure, he certainly has made an immense stride forward from the time of the overseer and the patrol, the quarter and the plantation; nay, even from the time when he was set free, penniless and helpless, despised and ridden over by his former masters, and the prey of greedy adventurers from the North. As to the future, he is side by side with a branch of that race which has yet found no superior on the earth; and the evolutionists should watch with interest that which will prove to be a most instructive phase in the progress of the great struggle for existence.

Readers of this paper may find themselves left in some doubt as to the sentiments of the author on the policy whose results are recounted. Nor should they be charged with a lack of discernment. Over the first and second results stated, the author is inclined on the whole to rejoice. In the third, fourth, and fifth results described, while he finds some things to approve, he perceives much to deplore. Consequently, he knows not what to say at present. His mind is not made up.

A South Carolinian.

SOME RAMBLING NOTES OF AN IDLE EXCURSION.

IV.

THE early twilight of a Sunday evening in Hamilton, Bermuda, is an alluring time. There is just enough of whispering breeze, fragrance of flowers, and sense of repose to raise one's thoughts heavenward; and just enough amateur piano music to keep him reminded of the

other place. There are many venerable pianos in Hamilton, and they all play at twilight. Age enlarges and enriches the powers of some musical instruments, — notably those of the violin, — but it seems to set a piano's teeth on edge. Most of the music in vogue there is the same that those pianos prattled in their innocent infancy; and there is something very

pathetic about it when they go over it now, in their asthmatic second childhood, dropping a note here and there, where a tooth is gone.

We attended evening service at the stately Episcopal church on the hill, where were five or six hundred people, half of them white and the other half black, according to the usual Bermudian proportions; and all well dressed, — a thing which is also usual in Bermuda and to be confidently expected. There was good music, which we heard, and doubtless a good sermon, but there was a wonderful deal of coughing, and so only the high parts of the argument carried over it. As we came out, after service, I overheard one young girl say to another, —

“Why, you don’t mean to say you pay duty on gloves and laces! I only pay postage; have them done up and sent in the Boston Advertiser.”

There are those who believe that the most difficult thing to create is a woman who can comprehend that it is wrong to smuggle; and that an impossible thing to create is a woman who will not smuggle, whether or no, when she gets a chance. But these may be errors.

We went wandering off toward the country, and were soon far down in the lonely black depths of a road that was roofed over with the dense foliage of a double rank of great cedars. There was no sound of any kind, there; it was perfectly still. And it was so dark that one could detect nothing but sombre outlines. We strode farther and farther down this tunnel, cheering the way with chat.

Presently the chat took this shape: “How insensibly the character of a people and of a government makes its impress upon a stranger, and gives him a sense of security or of insecurity without his taking deliberate thought upon the matter or asking anybody a question! We have been in this land half a day; we have seen none but honest faces; we have noted the British flag flying, which means efficient government and good order; so without inquiry we plunge unarmed and with perfect confidence into

this dismal place, which in almost any other country would swarm with thugs and garroters” —

‘Sh! What was that? Stealthy footsteps! Low voices! We gasp, we close up together, and wait. A vague shape glides out of the dusk and confronts us. A voice speaks — demands money!

“A shilling, gentlemen, if you please, to help build the new Methodist church.”

Blessed sound! Holy sound! We contribute with thankful avidity to the new Methodist church, and are happy to think how lucky it was that those little colored Sunday-school scholars did not seize upon everything we had with violence, before we recovered from our momentary helpless condition. By the light of cigars we write down the names of weightier philanthropists than ourselves on the contribution-cards, and then pass on into the farther darkness, saying, What sort of a government do they call this, where they allow little black pious children, with contribution-cards, to plunge out upon peaceable strangers in the dark and scare them to death?

We prowled on several hours, sometimes by the sea-side, sometimes inland, and finally managed to get lost, which is a feat that requires talent in Bermuda. I had on new shoes. They were No. 7’s when I started, but were not more than 5’s now, and still diminishing. I walked two hours in those shoes after that, before we reached home. Doubtless I could have the reader’s sympathy for the asking. Many people have never had the headache or the toothache, and I am one of those myself; but everybody has worn tight shoes for two or three hours, and known the luxury of taking them off in a retired place and seeing his feet swell up and obscure the firmament. Few of us will ever forget the exquisite hour we were married. Once when I was a callow, bashful cub, I took a plain, unsentimental country girl to a comedy one night. I had known her a day; she seemed divine; I wore my new boots. At the end of the first half hour she said, “Why do you fidget so with your feet?” I said, “Did I?” Then I put my attention there and kept still.

At the end of another half hour she said, "Why do you say, 'Yes, oh yes!' and 'Ha, ha, oh, certainly! very true!' to everything I say, when half the time those are entirely irrelevant answers?" I blushed, and explained that I had been a little absent-minded. At the end of another half hour she said, "Please, why do you grin so steadfastly at vacancy, and yet look so sad?" I explained that I always did that when I was reflecting. An hour passed, and then she turned and contemplated me with her earnest eyes and said, "Why do you cry all the time?" I explained that very funny comedies always made me cry. At last human nature surrendered, and I secretly slipped my boots off. This was a mistake. I was not able to get them on any more. It was a rainy night; there were no omnibuses going our way; and as I walked home, burning up with shame, with the girl on one arm and my boots under the other, I was an object worthy of some compassion, — especially in those moments of martyrdom when I had to pass through the glare that fell upon the pavement from street lamps. Finally, this child of the forest said, "Where are your boots?" and being taken unprepared, I put a fitting finish to the follies of the evening with the stupid remark, "The higher classes do not wear them to the theatre."

The Reverend had been an army chaplain during the war, and while we were hunting for a road that would lead to Hamilton he told a story about two dying soldiers which interested me in spite of my feet. He said that in the Potomac hospitals rough pine coffins were furnished by government, but that it was not always possible to keep up with the demand; so, when a man died, if there was no coffin at hand he was buried without one. One night late, two soldiers lay dying in a ward. A man came in with a coffin on his shoulder, and stood trying to make up his mind which of these two poor fellows would be likely to need it first. Both of them begged for it with their fading eyes, — they were past talking. Then one of them protruded a wasted hand from his

blankets and made a feeble beckoning sign with the fingers, to signify, "Be a good fellow; put it under my bed, please." The man did it, and left. The lucky soldier painfully turned himself in his bed until he faced the other warrior, raised himself partly on his elbow, and began to work up a mysterious expression of some kind in his face. Gradually, irksomely, but surely and steadily, it developed, and at last it took definite form as a pretty successful wink. The sufferer fell back exhausted with his labor, but bathed in glory. Now entered a personal friend of No. 2, the despoiled soldier. No. 2 pleaded with him with eloquent eyes, till presently he understood, and removed the coffin from under No. 1's bed and put it under No. 2's. No. 2 indicated his joy, and made some more signs; the friend understood again, and put his arm under No. 2's shoulders and lifted him partly up. Then the dying hero turned the dim exultation of his eye upon No. 1, and began a slow and labored work with his hands; gradually he lifted one hand up toward his face; it grew weak and dropped back again; once more he made the effort, but failed again. He took a rest; he gathered all the remnant of his strength, and this time he slowly but surely carried his thumb to the side of his nose, spread the gaunt fingers wide in triumph, and dropped back dead. That picture sticks by me yet. The "situation" is unique.

The next morning, at what seemed a very early hour, the little white table-waiter appeared suddenly in my room and shot a single word out of himself: "Breakfast!"

This was a remarkable boy in many ways. He was about eleven years old; he had alert, intent black eyes; he was quick of movement; there was no hesitation, no uncertainty about him anywhere; there was a military decision in his lip, his manner, his speech, that was an astonishing thing to see in a little chap like him; he wasted no words; his answers always came so quick and brief that they seemed to be part of the question that had been asked instead of a

reply to it. When he stood at table with his fly-brush, rigid, erect, his face set in a cast-iron gravity, he was a statue till he detected a dawning want in somebody's eye; then he pounced down, supplied it, and was instantly a statue again. When he was sent to the kitchen for anything, he marched upright till he got to the door; he turned hand-springs the rest of the way.

"Breakfast!"

I thought I would make one more effort to get some conversation out of this being.

"Have you called the Reverend, or are" —

"Yes s'r!"

"Is it early, or is" —

"Eight-five!"

"Do you have to do all the 'chores,' or is there somebody to give you a l—"

"Colored girl!"

"Is there only one parish in this island, or are there" —

"Eight!"

"Is the big church on the hill a parish church, or is it" —

"Chapel-of-ease!"

"Is taxation here classified into poll, parish, town, and" —

"Don't know!"

Before I could cudgel another question out of my head, he was below, hand-springing across the back yard. He had slid down the balusters, head-first. I gave up trying to provoke a discussion with him. The essential element of discussion had been left out of him; his answers were so final and exact that they did not leave a doubt to hang conversation on. I suspect that there is the making of a mighty man or a mighty rascal in this boy,—according to circumstances,—but they are going to apprentice him to a carpenter. It is the way the world uses its opportunities.

During this day and the next we took carriage drives about the island and over to the town of St. George's, fifteen or twenty miles away. Such hard, excellent roads to drive over are not to be found elsewhere out of Europe. An intelligent young colored man drove us, and acted as guide-book. In the edge

of town we saw five or six mountain-cabbage palms (atrocious name!) standing in a straight row, and equidistant from each other. These were not the largest or the tallest trees I have ever seen, but they were the stateliest, the most majestic. That row of them must be the nearest that nature has ever come to counterfeiting a colonnade. These trees are all the same height, say sixty feet; the trunks as gray as granite, with a very gradual and perfect taper; without sign of branch or knot or flaw; the surface not looking like bark, but like granite that has been dressed and not polished. Thus all the way up the diminishing shaft for fifty feet; then it begins to take the appearance of being closely wrapped, spool-fashion, with gray cord, or of having been turned in a lathe. Above this point there is an outward swell, and thence upwards, for six feet or more, the cylinder is a bright, fresh green, and is formed of wrappings like those of an ear of green Indian corn. Then comes the great, spraying palm plume, also green. Other palm-trees always lean out of the perpendicular, or have a curve in them. But the plumb-line could not detect a deflection in any individual of this stately row; they stand as straight as the colonnade of Baalbec; they have its great height, they have its gracefulness, they have its dignity; in moonlight or twilight, and shorn of their plumes, they would duplicate it.

The birds we came across in the country were singularly tame; even that wild creature, the quail, would pick around in the grass at ease while we inspected it and talked about it at leisure. A small bird of the canary species had to be stirred up with the butt end of the whip before it would move, and then it moved only a couple of feet. It is said that even the suspicious flea is tame and sociable in Bermuda, and will allow himself to be caught and caressed without misgivings. This should be taken with allowance, for doubtless there is more or less brag about it. In San Francisco they used to claim that their native flea could kick a child over, as if it were a merit in a flea to be able to do that; as

if the knowledge of it trumpeted abroad ought to entice immigration. Such a thing in nine cases out of ten would be almost sure to deter a thinking man from coming.

We saw no bugs or reptiles to speak of, and so I was thinking of saying in print, in a general way, that there were none at all; but one night after I had gone to bed, the Reverend came into my room carrying something, and asked, "Is this your boot?" I said it was, and he said he had met a spider going off with it. Next morning he stated that just at dawn the same spider raised his window and was coming in to get a shirt, but saw him and fled.

I inquired, "Did he get the shirt?"

"No."

"How did you know it was a shirt he was after?"

"I could see it in his eye."

We inquired around, but could hear of no Bermudian spider capable of doing these things. Citizens said that their largest spiders could not more than spread their legs over an ordinary saucer, and that they had always been considered honest. Here was testimony of a clergyman against the testimony of mere worldlings, — interested ones, too. On the whole, I judged it best to lock up my things.

Here and there on the country roads we found lemon, papaia, orange, lime, and fig trees; also several sorts of palms, among them the cocoa, the date, and the palmetto. We saw some bamboos forty feet high, with stems as thick as a man's arm. Jungles of the mangrove-tree stood up out of swamps, propped on their interlacing roots as upon a tangle of stilts. In dryer places the noble tamarind sent down its grateful cloud of shade. Here and there the blossomy tamarisk adorned the roadside. There was a curious gnarled and twisted black tree, without a single leaf on it. It might have passed itself off for a dead apple-tree but for the fact that it had a star-like, red-hot flower sprinkled sparsely over its person. It had the scattery red glow that a constellation might have when glimpsed through smoked glass.

It is possible that our constellations have been so constructed as to be invisible through smoked glass; if this is so it is a great mistake.

We saw a tree that bears grapes, and just as calmly and unostentatiously as a vine would do it. We saw an India-rubber tree, but out of season, possibly, so there were no shoes on it, nor suspenders, nor anything that a person would properly expect to find there. This gave it an impressively fraudulent look. There was exactly one mahogany-tree on the island. I know this to be reliable, because I saw a man who said he had counted it many a time and could not be mistaken. He was a man with a hare lip and a pure heart, and everybody said he was as true as steel. Such men are all too few.

One's eye caught near and far the pink cloud of the oleander and the red blaze of the pomegranate blossom. In one piece of wild wood the morning-glory vines had wrapped the trees to their very tops, and decorated them all over with couples and clusters of great blue bells, — a fine and striking spectacle, at a little distance. But the dull cedar is everywhere, and its is the prevailing foliage. One does not appreciate how dull it is until the varnished, bright green attire of the infrequent lemon-tree pleasantly intrudes its contrast. In one thing Bermuda is eminently tropical, — was in May, at least, — the unbrilliant, slightly faded, unrejoicing look of the landscape. For forests arrayed in a blemishless magnificence of glowing green foliage that seems to exult in its own existence and can move the beholder to an enthusiasm that will make him either shout or cry, one must go to countries that have malignant winters.

We saw scores of colored farmers digging their crops of potatoes and onions, their wives and children helping, — entirely contented and comfortable, if looks go for anything. We never met a man, or woman, or child anywhere in this sunny island who seemed to be unprosperous, or discontented, or sorry about anything. This sort of monotony became very tiresome presently, and even some-

thing worse. The spectacle of an entire nation groveling in contentment is an infuriating thing. We felt the lack of something in this community, — a vague, an undefinable, an elusive something, and yet a lack. But after considerable thought we made out what it was, — tramps. Let them go there, right now, in a body. It is utterly virgin soil. Passage is cheap. Every true patriot in America will help buy tickets. Whole armies of these excellent beings can be spared from our midst and our polls; they will find a delicious climate and a green, kind-hearted people. There are potatoes and onions for all, and a generous welcome for the first batch that arrives, and elegant graves for the second.

It was the Early Rose potato the people were digging. Later in the year they have another crop, which they call the Garnet. We buy their potatoes (retail) at fifteen dollars a barrel; and those colored farmers buy ours for a song, and live on them. Havana might exchange cigars with Connecticut in the same advantageous way, if she thought of it.

We passed a roadside grocery with a sign up, "Potatoes Wanted." An ignorant stranger, doubtless. He could not have gone thirty steps from his place without finding plenty of them.

In several fields the arrowroot crop was already sprouting. Bermuda used to make a vast annual profit out of this staple before fire-arms came into such general use.

The island is not large. Somewhere in the interior a man ahead of us had a very slow horse. I suggested that we had better go by him; but the driver said the man had but a little way to go. I waited to see, wondering how he could know. Presently the man did turn down another road. I asked, "How did you know he would?"

"Because I knew the man, and where he lived."

I asked him, satirically, if he knew everybody in the island; he answered, very simply, that he did. This gives a body's mind a good substantial grip on the dimensions of the place.

At the principal hotel in St. George's, a young girl, with a sweet, serious face, said we could not be furnished with dinner, because we had not been expected, and no preparation had been made. Yet it was still an hour before dinner time. We argued, she yielded not; we supplicated, she was serene. The hotel had not been expecting an inundation of two people, and so it seemed that we should have to go home dinnerless. I said we were not very hungry; a fish would do. My little maid answered, it was not the market-day for fish. Things began to look serious; but presently the boarder who sustained the hotel came in, and when the case was laid before him he was cheerfully willing to divide. So we had much pleasant chat at table about St. George's chief industry, the repairing of damaged ships; and in between we had a soup that had something in it that seemed to taste like the hereafter, but it proved to be only pepper of a particularly vivacious kind. And we had an iron-clad chicken that was deliciously cooked, but not in the right way. Baking was not the thing to convince his sort. He ought to have been put through a quartz mill until the "tuek" was taken out of him, and then boiled till we came again. We got a good deal of sport out of him, but not enough sustenance to leave the victory on our side. No matter; we had potatoes and a pie and a sociable good time. Then a ramble through the town, which is a quaint one, with interesting, crooked streets, and narrow, crooked lanes, with here and there a grain of dust. Here, as in Hamilton, the dwellings had Venetian blinds of a very sensible pattern. They were not double shutters, hinged at the sides, but a single broad shutter, hinged at the top; you push it outward, from the bottom, and fasten it at any angle required by the sun or desired by yourself.

All about the island one sees great white scars on the hill-slopes. These are dished spaces where the soil has been scraped off and the coral exposed and glazed with hard whitewash. Some of these are a quarter-acre in size. They

catch and carry the rain-fall to reservoirs; for the wells are few and poor, and there are no natural springs and no brooks.

They say that the Bermuda climate is mild and equable, with never any snow or ice, and that one may be very comfortable in spring clothing the year round, there. We had delightful and decided summer weather in May, with a flaming sun that permitted the thinnest of raiment, and yet there was a constant breeze; consequently we were never discomforted by heat. At four or five in the afternoon the mercury began to go down, and then it became necessary to change to thick garments. I went to St. George's in the morning clothed in the thinnest of linen, and reached home at five in the afternoon with two overcoats on. The nights are said to be always cool and bracing. We had mosquito nets, and the Reverend said the mosquitoes persecuted him a good deal. I often heard him slapping and banging at these imaginary creatures with as much zeal as if they had been real. There are no mosquitoes in the Bermudas in May.

The poet Thomas Moore spent several months in Bermuda more than seventy years ago. He was sent out to be registrar of the admiralty. I am not quite clear as to the function of a registrar of the admiralty of Bermuda, but I think it is his duty to keep a record of all the admirals born there. I will inquire into this. There was not much doing in admirals, and Moore got tired and went away. A reverently preserved souvenir of him is still one of the treasures of the islands. I gathered the idea, vaguely, that it was a jug, but was persistently thwarted in the twenty-two efforts I made to visit it. However, it was no matter, for I found afterwards that it was only a chair.

There are several "sights" in the Bermudas, of course, but they are easily avoided. This is a great advantage, — one cannot have it in Europe. Bermuda is the right country for a jaded man to "loaf" in. There are no harassments; the deep peace and quiet of the

country sink into one's body and bones and give his conscience a rest, and chloroform the legion of invisible small devils that are always trying to whitewash his hair. A good many Americans go there about the first of March and remain until the early spring weeks have finished their villainies at home.

The Bermudians are hoping soon to have telegraphic communication with the world. But even after they shall have acquired this curse it will still be a good country to go to for a vacation, for there are charming little islets scattered about the inclosed sea where one could live secure from interruption. The telegraph boy would have to come in a boat, and one could easily kill him while he was making his landing.

We had spent four days in Bermuda, — three bright ones out of doors and one rainy one in the house, we being disappointed about getting a yacht for a sail; and now our furlough was ended.

We made the run home to New York quarantine in three days and five hours, and could have gone right along up to the city if we had had a health permit. But health permits are not granted after seven in the evening, partly because a ship cannot be inspected and overhauled with exhaustive thoroughness except in daylight, and partly because health officers are liable to catch cold if they expose themselves to the night air. Still, you can *buy* a permit after hours for five dollars extra, and the officer will do the inspecting next week. Our ship and passengers lay under expense and in humiliating captivity all night, under the very nose of the little official reptile who is supposed to protect New York from pestilence by his vigilant "inspections." This imposing rigor gave everybody a solemn and awful idea of the beneficent watchfulness of our government, and there were some who wondered if anything finer could be found in other countries.

In the morning we were all a-tiptoe to witness the intricate ceremony of inspecting the ship. But it was a disappointing thing. The health officer's tug ranged alongside for a moment, our

purser handed the lawful three-dollar permit fee to the health officer's boot-black, who passed us a folded paper in a forked stick, and away we went. The entire "inspection" did not occupy thirteen seconds.

The health officer's place is worth a hundred thousand dollars a year to him. His system of inspection is perfect, and therefore cannot be improved on; but it seems to me that his system of collecting his fees might be amended. For

a great ship to lie idle all night is a most costly loss of time; for her passengers to have to do the same thing works to them the same damage, with the addition of an amount of exasperation and bitterness of soul that the spectacle of that health-offi¹ could hardly sweeten. Now why would it not be better and simpler to let the ships pass in unmolested, and the fees and permits be exchanged once a year by post?

Mark Twain.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

IX.

IV. COTTON, SILK, AND SPINNING.

COTTON is the principal textile fibre of the world. Wherever in tropical and semi-tropical countries the people go clothed, it is in cotton, and in temperate climes it forms a part of the usual dress. If the wider use, and therefore greater importance, of cotton than wool, flax, or silk be the measure of dominion, then "cotton is king." We know it by a name derived from the Arabic *goton*, which reminds us of the great people, the Saracens, who introduced it to European notice when they became possessed of Spain. Previous to this the knowledge and reputation of the fabric depended upon the notices by travelers and writers, and upon limited importations from the East.

On our side of the Atlantic cotton has been known from time immemorial, but the kind now cultivated in the United

States is from seed which originally came from the Levant to England, thence to the Bahamas, and from those islands to Georgia late in the last century. Columbus found cotton to be the principal material for clothing among the Mexicans; Magellan describes it as common in Brazil in 1519.

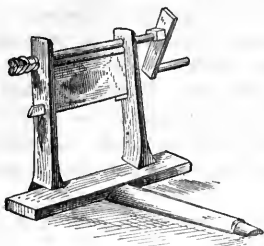
There is no knowledge of the time when in the south of Asia cotton was otherwise than what it is now, the principal dependence for clothing; while its common use in Europe north of the Mediterranean countries, and in our own country, is a matter about one hundred years old. Machinery has given it its importance with us, but the Hindoo methods are probably just what they were when Herodotus spoke of the tree wool, and mentioned that the Indian contingent of the army of Xerxes wore cotton drawers.

Figure 227 is a view of the roller cotton-gin of Hindostan as exhibited in the British colonies collection in the Main

¹ When the proofs of this article came to me I saw that The Atlantic had condemned the words which occupied the place where is now a vacancy. I can invent no figure worthy to stand in the shoes of the lurid colossus which a too decent respect for the opinions of mankind has thus ruthlessly ban-

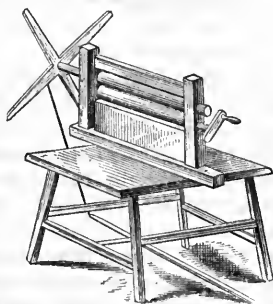
ished from his due and rightful pedestal in the world's literature. Let the blank remain a blank; and let it suggest to the reader that he has sustained a precious loss which can never be made good to him.

Building at the Centennial. It has rollers about six inches long, having oblique gears on the ends of each, mashing together so as to rotate in unison when



(Fig. 227.) Roller Cotton-Gin of Bengal. British Colonies Exhibit.

the crank on the end of the upper roller is turned. It was this roller-gin which was used to a slight extent in the Carolinas and Georgia before Whitney's invention of the saw-gin. The Chinese cotton-gin (Figure 228) is similar in all substantial respects. This, however, has an upper roller of iron, on one end of which are four heavy arms at right angles, to act as a fly-wheel. The roller frame is bound to the table with cords. The lower roller has a crank on the end, and a treadle can be connected to the fly-wheel by a cord so as to enable it to be worked by foot power. The rollers are set at such proximity as to pinch the fibre and draw it through while opposing an obstacle to the passage of the seed. The same contrivance is used in Japan, Java, and elsewhere, being the

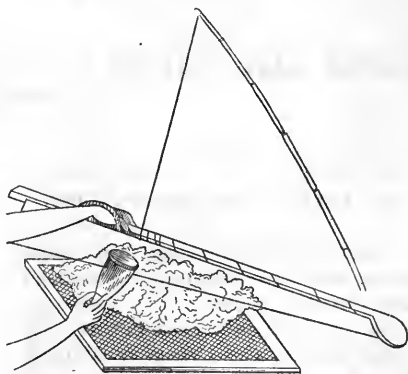


(Fig. 228.) Roller Cotton-Gin. Chinese Exhibit.

usual implement all over Southern and Southeastern Asia. It does not seem to have been noticed in savage Africa, notwithstanding cotton is grown commonly

enough there. Egypt is not included in this statement; her position is exceptional. There are more steam plows in Africa than in America, but the poor *fellahs* are none the better off. We learn from Sir Stamford Raffles that in Java one pound and a quarter of cotton is cleaned in two days' work of one person by the roller-gin.

The written records of India are fuller of religious and dynastic information than of domestic matters, but one item from the Singhalese books of a date answering to our A. D. 1153 notices a festival practice that has been in vogue in Ceylon for many centuries: cotton is plucked from the plant at daybreak, cleaned, spun, woven, dyed, and made into garments before the setting of the



(Fig. 229.) Bowing Cotton. Japanese Exhibit.

sun. The method in Java is perhaps a fair specimen of the process: the cotton is ginned with the roller, beaten with a rattan to loosen it, picked to remove motes and trash, bowed to bring it to a downy condition, pulled out in loose slivers, and wrapped on a distaff from which it is drawn in spinning. The thread is boiled, dressed, combed with rice water, and then reeled.

Figure 229 shows the Japanese mode of bowing cotton, the same that was adopted in England and elsewhere before the invention of the carding-machine, a little over a century ago. It is the same as now used by hatters in spreading a thin layer of fine felting fur. The Japanese bow was shown in the Main Building, and is about the same

as the American hatter's implement, being a bow and string supported by a cord from a pliable pole, which prevents the wearying of the left hand by the weight of the bow. In the hatter's practice the string is twanged by the thumb of the left hand, but in the Japanese the string is beaten by a mallet in the right hand. All dirt and pieces of leaves or of the capsule fall through the meshes of the sieve upon which the fleece of cotton lies.

The simplest form of spinning is by laying together a few fibres and rolling them by the hand upon the thigh. This is what the Australian *tubra* does with the bulrush root, which she chews for the nutriment contained in it, and then picks the fibre out of her mouth, straightens, rolls, and twists it into a very serviceable thread for making nets for fishing, etc. The Australian does not weave, though he makes mats by a process of wattling, and uses this thread for interlacing the reeds, of which the mat is principally composed. Many of us have seen a sailor make a lashing from a bunch of oakum much in the same way, and a hay or straw band is made upon occasion about as quickly.

Thread is made in Madagascar by pulling out the fibres by hand, no cards being used, and twisting them together in a peculiar manner. Instead of a weighted whorl and suspended roving, the natives take the spindle in the right hand and pay out the roving from the left, by which hand also they twist the roving as the hands separate. When the length of the expanded hand is twisted, it is wound on the spindle, and the work is resumed.

The customary method of hand-spinning, however, the world over, is by spindle and whorl. The Egyptian paintings show this with perfect clearness, and there is no difference between the practice of thirty-five centuries since and that common in Asia and Africa at the present day. The notices in the Bible and in Homer indicate that Syria and Æolia had the same method at about the same time. The excavations of Dr.

Schliemann in the hill of Hissarlik have unearthed from great depths numerous whorls, mostly of terra cotta, with Aryan symbols. Some are of lead and others of marble. Leaden whorls, elaborately ornamented, are found in British barrows. An English tree, the *euonymus* or spindle-tree, has obtained its name from its use for this purpose.

The Peruvian distaffs, found in great quantities in the rifled graves of that country, have usually two canes about twenty-four inches long and wrapped with party-colored thread. At the top of some of them is a bunch of combed fibre from which the thread is drawn. Such may be seen in the Peabody Museum, and at the Musée de St. Germain, Paris.

The distaffs of Egypt were principally employed upon flax; cotton was unknown there except as a curiosity, and the hemp which Herodotus describes as a Scythian plant, wild and cultivated, does not seem to have reached the Nile land. The historian considered it in some respects superior to flax, and states that the Thracians excelled in its manufacture into clothing. The wrappings of the mummies are of linen; wool, as an animal product, being considered unclean for priests or religious uses. Linen thread of remarkable fineness was spun in Egypt, as we shall have occasion to remark apropos of looms.

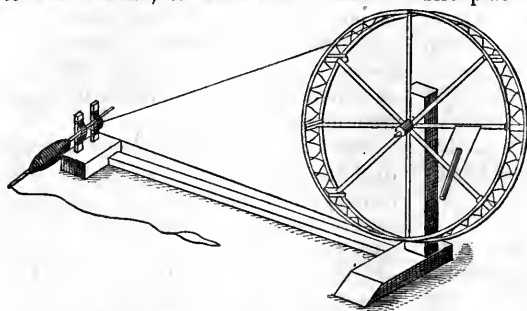


(Fig. 230.) Makah Spindle and Whorl. National Museum Exhibit.

Figure 230 represents the spindle and whorl used by the Makah Indians of Puget Sound in making cordage of cedar-bark fibre, which is obtained by chopping or breaking the bark until the coarser material is separated from the long fine fibre. The spindle is of wood, with a bone whorl. It manifests a considerable advance in ingenuity: as we have seen, the Malagasy have no whorl and twist by hand; the Australians have no spindle and twist on the thigh. The Makah Indians, it may be remarked, do not use the spindle in twisting spruce-root fibres,

which are roasted and pounded and then twisted by hand. The tough strings of spruce root are used to lash their tools to the handles, to make their wattled

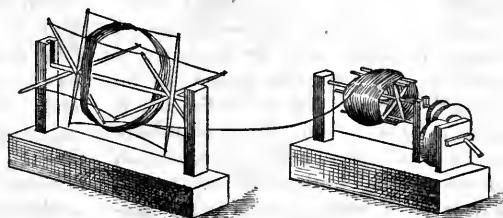
It was a great advance when the spinning-wheel was invented. The earliest known use of it points to India as its birthplace. Figure 231 shows the Japanese spinning-wheel for cotton. It does not differ in material respects from the English wheel of the fourteenth century, as shown in an illuminated manuscript in the British Museum; in fact, except in mere shape and proportions, it is like all others of its class. The large wheel has a light skeleton frame and a band to the spindle of the bobbin.



(Fig. 231.) Cotton Spinning-Wheel. Japanese Exhibit.

baskets, and to sew together the pieces which form their canoes. The Pimo Indians, far to the south, use a slender spindle, two feet long, passed through a wooden block, which keeps up the rotation imparted to it. One end of the spindle rests in a wooden cup held between the toes, while the other is twirled by the fingers of the right hand. The left hand is busied in drawing out the roving which is coiled upon the left arm in loose rolls. It would be useless to attempt to enumerate the different lands where the spindle is used. Loanda-land, La Plata, Java, and other distant countries showed the primitive implement or its results.

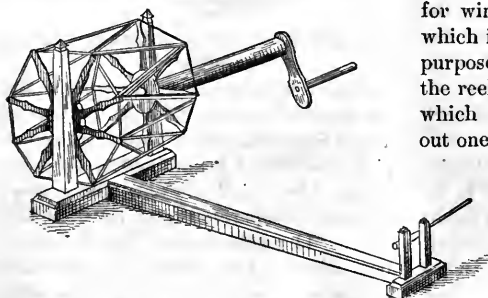
To say it is extremely cheap is not to say it is actually rude. It is adapted to the use of a person sitting upon the ground, a posture which the lithe Ori-



(Fig. 233.) Winding Reel and Swift. Japanese Exhibit.

ental assumes with grace and comfort. The Javanese spinning wheel (*jantra*) is similar. So also is that used by the Arabs.

Figure 232 exhibits the Siamese reel for winding the thread off the bobbin, which is placed on the skewer for that purpose. The thread is received upon the reel in the form of a skein or hank, which is afterwards removed by taking out one of the bars.



(Fig. 232.) Siamese Reel. Siamese Exhibit.

Not alone is the device of a distaff and spindle widespread in point of geographical distribution, but, as we have stated, it prevailed in the earliest historic times.

The Japanese winding-machine (Figure 233), like the other allied devices, is marked by simplicity and cheapness of structure. The loose skein is placed on a swift, one arm or string of which is removable to enable it to be placed in position, and is wound on the smaller reel with rapidity by means of the crank and multiplying gearing.

Sericulture is one of the most important interests of Japan and China. The Japanese collection in the Main and



(Fig. 234.) Cutting the Mulberry Leaves for the Silkworms. Japanese Exhibit.

Agricultural buildings exhibited all the processes, from the gathering of the mulberry leaves and the feeding of the worms

to the reeling and skeining of the silk thread. No silk looms were exhibited. Figure 234 shows the cutting of the leaves

for feeding the worms; a boy is seen bearing in leaves which have been picked in the plantation; a man in kneeling posture cuts the leaves into small shreds upon a board; behind him are the trays for the worms.

Figure 235 shows the feeding of the worms upon the trays, the shreds being strewed by hand or by the dexterous flirting of the handy wicker trays of which the Japanese make so much use.

The succeeding operations of changing feed and the care of the moulting worms involve nothing particularly curious. When the caterpillars have attained their full growth and



(Fig. 235.) Strewing Cut Mulberry Leaves to Silkworms. Japanese Exhibit.

are about to undergo their transformation to the chrysalis form, they seek a place on which to attach their silken envelope that screens and protects them from birds and other enemies; this may, in a certain sense, be supposed to be the object. The cocooneries are trays with rows of sticks arranged in ridge-like form (Figure 236), to afford the crotches in which the worms prefer to place the cocoons; they in fact resemble a multitude of divergent limbs, where the worm standing upon one may reach the other with his mouth to attach the silken filament, and so on, back and forth and around and around, in a gradually narrowing space, until he spins a ball around himself,

working on the inside. In Figure 237 is seen the stripping of the cocooneries.

The reeling of the silk from the co-



(Fig. 236.) Distributing Worms on to the Cocooneries. Japanese Exhibit.

coons was shown in several exhibits at the Centennial. The one which attract-

ed most attention was an apparatus from Brazil, but as we are after the crude and

ure 238 exhibits a trio of maidens, each with a small portable furnace to heat the



(Fig. 237.) Stripping the Cocooneries. Japanese Exhibit.

curious, and not the most perfect, we will show a few of those from Japan. Fig-

fore three thousand cocoons produce one pound of silk, which is about nine hun-

water in which the cocoons are floating, the warm water dissolving the gum of the silk so that the filaments part from the cocoon. The length of a filament is about three hundred yards; two hundred and fifty average cocoons weigh one pound; twelve pounds of cocoons yield one pound of silk; there-



(Fig. 238.) Silk Winding Reels. Japanese Exhibit.

dred thousand yards or over five hundred miles of the single filament. The silk that we see passing from the cocoons in the pan of water to the reel is made up of from five to ten distinct filaments from as many cocoons. It seems as if nothing could supersede hand care at this point. It is hard to believe that the time can arrive when we can compete with the rice-eating population of the world in sericulture. In silk manufacture we may. Each of the three almond-eyed girls in Figure 238 turns the little hand reel and allows the silk to run over her finger; if a filament should break it will be readily noticed, for the cocoon

belonging to it will cease to jump about in the water, and the end must then be

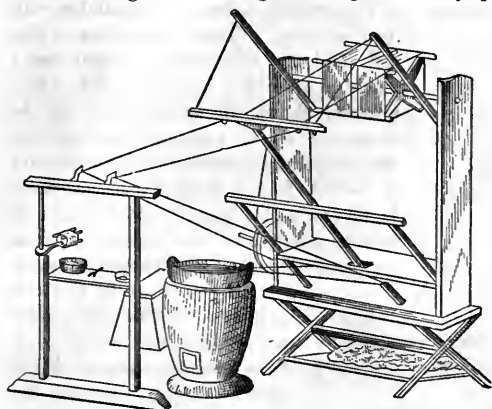


(Fig. 239) Silk Winder. Japanese Exhibit.

found and brought into the cluster. Figure 239 shows an apparatus on a better

scale, two reels being employed and the silk running through little eyes on the ends of pliable rods. We do not call this "crude" but insist upon the "curious."

The arrangement in Figure 240 gives



(Fig. 240.) Cocoon Winder. Japanese Exhibit.

the most graphic idea of the apparatus, the parts being shown in skeleton, so that the course of the silk may be readily traced.

Silk is unlike any other fibre which is spun or made up into a textile fabric. While cotton, flax, wool, hemp, and jute have a comparatively short staple, silk is



(Fig. 241.) Silk Reeling Machine. Japanese Exhibit.

perfect throughout the whole length of the filament. The treatment, therefore, has to be essentially different. With cotton and the other materials named with it, the fibres are laid alongside of each other in a thick and soft roving,

which is by turns, or simultaneously, pulled and twisted so as to make it longer and harder by means of the drawing and spinning action. It was the mode of combining these two so that they proceeded together and continuously that constituted the invention of Sir Richard Arkwright, which had such a wonderful sequence of results. Cotton could be cheaply worked in factories; flax and wool were partially superseded; the cotton of the United States became its principal export; and divers political complications ensued which we will not particularize.

The various operations with silk consist in twisting and *doubling*, the latter term being employed in describing the laying up of several threads into one, though as many as seven may be thus run together at one time. The sequence is about as follows: the silk reeled from the cocoon is twisted and wound on a bobbin; several of such twisted *singles* are laid together and twisted in the opposite direction, known as doubling; these being by successive operations separately twisted, laid together, and then twisted together in a direction the reverse of the twist of the doubles, constitute a still larger and stronger thread, which may be suitable for the weft of the silk loom.

Each process causes a transference of the silk from a reel or swift to a bobbin, or conversely, the twisting being performed *in transitu* and at such a strain that the filaments shall not kink. The silk reel of Bhagulpoor in Eastern India is about as primitive as one can well imagine. It is a

conical frame on a vertical axis, and is twirled by one hand, while the thread from four or five cocoons is twisted on the thigh, the cocoons are adjusted, and broken threads joined by the other hand. Figure 241 shows a machine in which

the small skeins, such as those made by the young ladies on the veranda (Figure 238), are wound on to a swift or larger reel. Figure 242 shows a silk spinning-wheel; the skein is laid orderly in a box, and a length is first twisted by the spindle, and then wound on to the bobbin;



(Fig. 242.) Silk Spinning-Wheel. Japanese Exhibit.

then another length is twisted, and so on. Figure 243 shows the winding of the spun silk from the bobbins, making it into an open, soft skein, ready for dyeing. Figure 244 exhibits the process of stretching and glossing the silk in skeins, the bight of the skein being placed over the hook and the force of the man exerted to stretch it, which increases the lustre of its surface.

It is not alone the *bombyx mori* that yields the silk of Japan; neither is it all silk that can be treated in the normal manner which has just been described.

A large quantity of silk on the outside of the cocoon is loose, and the extreme exterior filaments having been attached to the branches in the cocoonery are broken in stripping. This irregular silk, known as *floss silk*, is picked off before the cocoon is thrown into the water bath to be reeled off, and is treated in an essentially different manner, more resembling the process with cotton or wool.

The floss-silk winder (*kuzu-watatori-dogu*) of Japan (Figure 245), shown in the Agricultural Building, is used for taking the floss silk off the cocoons. When it is an object to save the chrysalis uninjured, the work is done very carefully, so that it shall not be crushed.

The cocoons are placed below the grating and the silk ends brought up between the bars and wrapped around the roller, which is rotated to strip off the floss silk (*mesenito*). This having been cut to a short staple is bowed, as seen in Figure 246, to loosen it up and permit it to be spun. This is done from a distaff, and the silk roving is spun on a machine like that in Figure 242. Figure 247 shows the distaff used by the Japanese as it was exhibited in the Agricultural Building at the Centennial. It is made from a stick of bamboo, which is so cut as to leave a sharp point on which a bunch of silk is impaled; from this the fibres are pulled out in a roving, just as in the old-fashioned method by distaff and spindle, yet practiced in Asia, in those parts of Africa where spinning is known, and among the peasantry of the

south of Europe.

In this country we are compelled to call in the aid of machinery or to reject the floss silk as a material for textile goods. With us, the floss silk is sorted, pulled over gills to set the fibres straight, combed in a filling engine and then in a drawing-frame, cut to a staple of tolerably even length in a cutting-machine, the fibres converted by a scutcher into a sort of down, which is washed in soap

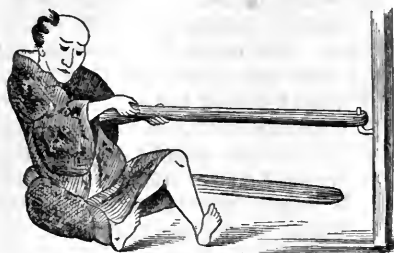


(Fig. 243.) Silk Winding Machine. Japanese Exhibit.

and water, boiled in pure soft water, pressed, dried, again scutched to loosen it up, then carded, made into slivers,

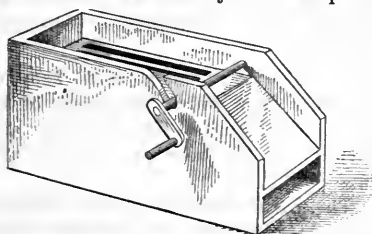
drawn, doubled, drawn, rove, and spun like cotton.

Braiding is a form of plaiting for narrow articles, in which the strands, flat



(Fig. 244.) Silk Stretching and Polishing. Japanese Exhibit.

or round, assume an oblique direction across the web, returning on themselves and following a zigzag course. The braided coir of the Fiji and Marquesas



(Fig. 245.) Floss Silk Winder. Japanese Exhibit.

islanders is the neatest of the Polynesian, and forms the rope of the country; it is what the sailors term *sennit*, a flat rope suitable for a gasket, and much more pliable than a round rope. Very fine

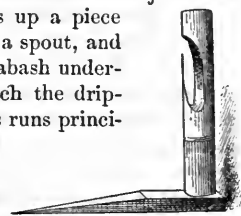


(Fig. 246.) Bowing Floss Silk. Japanese Exhibit.

specimens may be seen in the National Museum, at Washington, amongst the Wilkes Expedition curiosities.

A peculiar specimen was exhibited in

the Gold Coast section of the English colonies collection, consisting of a rope and bands used by the natives in climbing palm-trees to draw *toddy*. The palm-tree wine of Western Africa is obtained by boring a hole below the crown of the tree and catching the sap in a calabash. The native, taking with him several empty calabashes and a boring tool, climbs the tree by means of a pliant creeper or by a belt. If he use the mere hoop of creeper he ties the ends firmly together, but loosely around the tree, and gets into it, so that his back rests against the hoop while his feet are pressed against the tree. He ascends the tree by a succession of hitches, lifting the hoop at each hitch while his feet are planted against the tree. When he reaches the top of the tree he bores a hole just below the crown, rolls up a piece of leaf to form a spout, and suspends a calabash underneath it to catch the dripping sap. This runs principally at night, and the calabash is emptied each morning.



(Fig. 247.) Floss Silk Distaff. Japanese Exhibit.

In twenty-four hours the juice ferments, but this process is expedited by the remains of a previous brewing left in the vessel. The tree yields a flow of sap for about three weeks, and the hole is then plugged with clay to prevent the ravages of insects, which would enter and kill the tree.

The African climbing rope has loops at the ends; the bands are placed on the arms, and the rope is long enough to go around the tree and, crossing at the back of the person, go to the shoulders on the opposite sides. The rope is of a grass

which is stronger than hempen string of the same size. It may be a bine, for it has a pith and a brown bark, and appears to be the same that is used on that coast for the

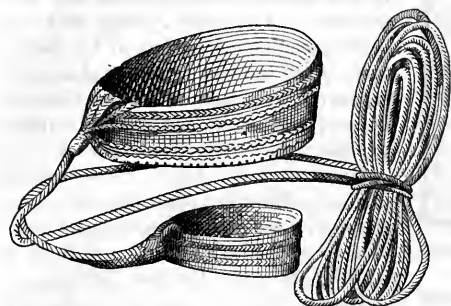
strings of the native harp, illustrated in article four of this series. It is made into a regular rope, twenty-five to a strand, three of which are laid up to-

gether. The bands, one of which is double the size of the other, are made of bamboo splits plaited together with rattan and lashed to the rope.

The same plan is adopted in the northern part of Africa in climbing the palms

and South America, Africa, Madagascar, Ceylon, Malaysia, Polynesia, and Australia.

Figure 249 represents a bone bark-breaker and a wallet of the cedar-bark fibre which is used as a thread by the Haidah Indians of British Columbia. The use of the cedar bark and spruce root by the Pacific coast Indians has been before adverted to; indeed, there are but few purposes of cord and thread for which they are not adapted. Hemp was formerly treated in the same manner, the Roman mallet (*malleus*) answering the purpose of the modern brake. The Makah Indians of Cape Flattery and the Ahts of Vancouver's Island also make mats of cedar-bark fibre.



(Fig. 248.) African Climbing Rope. Gold Coast Exhibit.

to pick dates, and by the Singhalese in climbing the cocoa-nut palm to gather the fruit. It is said that every cocoa-nut tree in Ceylon has an owner; the possession of a certain number is equivalent to a living. In India, trees are rented: a mango-tree for one rupee per annum; a cocoa-nut-tree for eight annas; a lime-tree, four annas. See also Pliny, l. xiii.

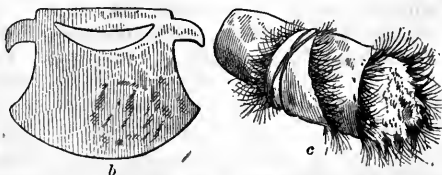
While the larger portion of mankind uses and is satisfied with cotton, flax, wool, and silk, there is a great variety of other fibres more or less widely used. A few have been adopted in civilized countries, and have had special machinery contrived for their working, such as *jute* (from the *cochorus capularius* and *C. olitorius*) and *alpaca*; others show so excellent a staple that the machinery for their manufacture is yet a desideratum. Such are *ramie* (China grass, *boehmeria nivea*), New Zealand flax (*phormium tenax*), and *agave*.

The variety of new fibres shown at the Centennial was something remarkable, — from Brazil, Malaysia, the Philippines, and Australia especially, — and doubtless will, as it deserves, be the subject of a full report. Our business is with the more rude and primitive, of which we will cite a few from North

The hammock twine of the Uaupé Indians of Brazil is from the fibres of the leaves of the *mauritia flexuosa* twisted on the thigh.

The aloe (*caragualay quazu*) supplies the fibre from which the people of La Plata make ropes, fishing-lines, and thread. It has been spun and woven into cloth.

The bark of *acacia capensis* (*karroo-dorn*) of South Africa yields the string used by the Kafirs in tying together the grass stems which form their mats. It is also used in tying together the flexi-



(Fig. 249.) Bark-Breaker and Wallet of Cedar Bark. National Museum Exhibit.

ble sticks which form the frame-work of their huts. The bark is stripped from the tree, steeped in water, pounded between two stones; it is sometimes chewed, as with the Australian women in preparing fibre of bulrush root for nets. The fibre of the karroo-dorn is made up into yarns by rolling the bunch on the thigh; two being brought together are then rolled in the contrary direction, making a two-strand cord with considerable

rapidity. The Hottentots use cords of acacia-bark fibre in stringing the reeds which form their mats.

On the Zambesi the bark of the *milola*, an umbrageous hibiscus, is made into cordage to be attached to harpoons for killing the hippopotamus. The *ife* fibre (*sansevieria*), a species of aloe, yields when bruised a strong fibre which is made into ropes, nets, and wigs. The *pandanus* or screw palm also furnishes a fibre in this region. The attendants of Dr. Livingstone slept in *fumbas* or double mats made of palm leaf.

The ropes of Uganda are braided or plaited of various materials, like the sennit of Fiji, which is, however, of coir.

The rope of Madagascar is made from the bark of the hibiscus and other native plants, and a species of long, tough grass. No wheel or spindle is used, but the material is twisted by hand and the cordage and rope are laid up in the same way.

In the Mauritius sugar bags are made of fibre from the *pandanus* or screw palm.

A long grass called *mâdoor katee* is used for making mats in India.

Palm-leaf strings are formed into ropes in Ceylon.

Our *gunny* bags are made from jute (several species of *cochorus*); the word is Hindoo. *Burlaps* is of jute, flax, manilla, or hemp. *Manilla* is the fibre of a species of banana.

Rope in Sooloo and Celebes is made, besides coir, of *gumatty* fibres, like black hair, from the reticulum at the base of the leaves of the *gomuti* palm.

In Java several species of *pandanus*, a grass called *mandong*, and various palms are used in making mats.

The Dyaks of Borneo use strips from the dried leaves of the *nipa* palm.

The rope of the Fijians is made of coir, the fibrous covering of the coconut. This is carefully removed from the nut, baked, and combed. The fibre is then made into a plait (*sennit*), and into ropes by twisting several plaits of sennit together. The rolls of sennit among the ingenious islanders have created much astonishment, bales twelve feet long and seven in diameter having been seen in store. Belts with fringes — not ample — are made by the women of Fiji by braiding fibre obtained from several sources, — bark of the *van*, a kind of hibiscus, wild roots, grass. The material is dyed, braided in patterns, and has a fringe of from six to ten inches. Thongs are also plaited by the Fijians from the bark of *van*. Fijian floor mats, sleeping mats, and sails are made of the fibres of the cocoa-palm leaf.

The mats of the Kingsmill islanders are plaited of strips of *pandanus*.

The thread of the Australian natives for the best uses is from the tendons of the tail or legs of the kangaroo. When they kill one of these animals the tendons are dissected out, dried in the sun, and kept till required. They are steeped to soften them, beaten on stones to separate them, and two of the fibres are rolled up together on the thigh. These are used for lashings, for making hair nets, and for many other purposes. Fishing nets and ordinary twine are made by the lubras of the fibre of bulrush root, obtained by chewing. The Australian mat is made from the *zostera* or sea-grass.

Mat making, however, is a kind of weaving, and that will form the subject of the next article.

Edward H. Knight.

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.

MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chesnut steed with four white feet,
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's matchless speed
Never yet could any steed
Reach the dust-cloud in his course;
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold and next to life,
Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erizoom and Trebizond
Garden-girt his fortress stood;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men-at-arms his livery wore,
Did his bidding night and day;
Now through regions all unknown
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot
Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
"La il Allah! Allah-la!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;
Kissed him upon both his eyes;
Sang to him in his wild way

As upon the topmost spray
Sings a bird before it flies.

“ O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
Carry me this danger through!
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine!
O thou soul of Kurroglou!

“ Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,
Tender are thine eyes and true;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright. O life of mine,
Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!”

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the surge o'er silt and sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss,
Fragments of the precipice
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head;
Careless sat he and upright;
Neither hand nor bridle shook,
Nor his head he turned to look,
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment like the glare
Of a sword drawn from its sheath!
Thus the phantom horseman passed;
And the shadow that he cast
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath,
While this vision of life and death
Passed above him. “ Allah-hu!”
Cried he; “ in all Koordistan
Breathes there not so brave a man
As this robber Kurroglou!”

Henry W. Longfellow.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST.

"Which of the two powers can raise man to the most sublime heights, love or music? . . . It is a great problem. Yet, methinks, we should say this: Love can give no idea of music, music can give an idea of love. . . . Why separate the one from the other? They are the two wings of the soul." — HECTOR BERLIOZ.

THIS is the title of one of the most important works of Hector Berlioz (his Opus 14), — a work which, apart from its intrinsic musical and literary worth, gains interest from the fact that its hero, as in Dickens's *David Copperfield* or Thackeray's *Pendennis*, is none other than the author himself. It is also especially noteworthy as being the best exponent of the great French symphonist's peculiar attitude toward his art of any of his earlier compositions. The work is divided into two parts, the former of which is the well-known (or rather, much heard-of) *Fantastic Symphony*, and the latter the lyric monodrama of *Lélio*, or the *Return to Life*.

The plot is simple and eminently characteristic of Berlioz. A young musician, as desperately as hopelessly in love, tries to poison himself with opium; but the dose proves too slight to kill; he is merely thrown into a profound lethargy, in which the strangest dreams come to him, — dreams which partake more and more of the nature of nightmare, until, in an access of terror, he awakes to find himself alone in his artist's garret. He hears the voice of one of his fellow musicians singing Goethe's ballad of *The Fisherman* in the next room. Thinking over his own unhappy plight, which had so nearly brought him to the same pass as the luckless angler in the song, he forms the resolution to banish, if possible, all thoughts of love from his diseased brain, and to seek consolation in his art alone. He soliloquizes upon the art of music, the joys, sorrows, temptations, and duties of artists, his new-born purpose gaining strength the while, until the hour strikes at which he is expected at the theatre to superintend the

last rehearsal of one of his own compositions for chorus and orchestra. The scene changes, and we next see him at the head of a large body of singers and players, conducting the performance of his *Dramatic Fantasia on Shakespeare's Tempest*. His artist's enthusiasm rises to the most joyous pitch in this triumphant exercise of his power; but at the end a sad recollection of the old forlorn love comes over him, not to be banished nor forgotten, and he sadly wends his way homeward. This is a bare sketch of the story.

This strange work was begun in 1829, Berlioz being then in his twenty-sixth year and a pupil at the Conservatoire in Paris; it was virtually completed in Rome in 1831, and was brought out entire at the Conservatoire on the 9th of December of the following year.

The celebrated *Fantastic Symphony*, which forms the first part of the work, is assuredly one of the most remarkable compositions that has ever been put upon paper, and was, in fact, the keystone to Berlioz's fame. Considered from a purely musical point of view, it departs far less from the common symphonic form than is generally supposed. Very unusual orchestral means are employed in it, to be sure, but, excepting that it comprises five movements instead of the orthodox four, it differs but slightly in musical form from other symphonies. It has the standard *allegro* with a slow introduction, a *scherzo* in triple time, an *adagio*, a *march*, and a *finale* in which there is a good deal of fugued writing. Its special musical peculiarity is a single theme, which continually makes its appearance in one shape or another throughout the whole symphony; this is the principal motive of the first *allegro*, but it is treated episodically in all the other movements. The frequent reappearance of this theme during the course of the symphony finds its justification in the poetic plan of the work,

and leads us directly to the point in which the Fantastic Symphony differs from its great predecessors in the symphonic form. Berlioz's symphony is the first of a long line of modern orchestral compositions which the world has agreed to class together under the name of programme-music. In writing it, the composer tried to depict a certain train of events, a description of which was to be printed on the programme when the work came to be performed, that the audience might therefrom arrive at a better understanding of the music. It may be well here to make as clear as possible the distinction between programme-music and pure symphonic writing. This distinction is by no means an entirely sharp one, and it is often not easy to determine to which order of composition a work belongs. In the case of Beethoven's A-major symphony (No. 7) or Mozart's symphony in C (so-called the Jupiter) there is no difficulty; both works evidently belong to the latter class. On the other hand we have Liszt's *Les Préludes*, in which the music follows out the quotation from Lamartine, which the composer has taken for his text, sentence by sentence. Unless the listener is acquainted with this text, he will of necessity overlook the whole *dramatic* significance of the music. *Les Préludes* is evidently programme-music. But when we come to Beethoven's F-major symphony (No. 6) or Liszt's *Tasso* we are somewhat at a loss precisely how to classify them. The movements of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony have, beside the usual indications (such as *allegro*, *andante*, *vivace*, etc.), the following headings, which were plainly intended to be, and in practice are, printed on the programme for the benefit of the listener:—

- (1.) Happy feelings on arriving in the country.
- (2.) By the brookside.
- (3.) Merry-making of villagers, thunderstorm, and
- (4.) Thanksgiving after the storm.

This certainly looks like programme-music. The listener's thoughts are no longer under the influence of the music alone, but are to some extent guided by

a previous knowledge, not obtained from the work itself, of what the music strives to express. But is not this equally the case with every composition that has any title whatever? If I see a funeral march on a programme, I feel well assured beforehand that I am to hear music which seeks to express grief in some form; nay, more definitely, grief for the departure from this life of a fellow-mortal. But I should not call the march programme-music, for all that. In listening to the first movement of the Pastoral Symphony, the audience know that the music seeks to express not only happiness in general, but happiness at arriving in the country in particular; yet if this fact is to be considered as a proof that the movement in question is programme-music, then must we place the funeral march also in the same category. The cases are exactly parallel. Again, Liszt's *Tasso*, which from its very title of Symphonic Poem would seem most naturally to belong to the category of programme-music, cannot strictly be so classed; the mere words *Lamento e Trionfo*, which are appended to the title, are nothing more nor less than an indication of the character of the composition. The distinction between these works and the symphonies which are universally recognized as belonging to the domain of pure music is that in the one case the general character of the music is announced in the title, and in the other case it is not. The mode of development of the musical germ or theme is not affected by this title. But in programme-music properly so called, not only the general character but the whole organic development of the music is to a great extent conditioned by the poetic text (whether in verse or prose matters not) which the composer has taken upon himself to illustrate in tones. The music seeks to paint not merely a certain quality of feeling, but a definite succession of events set down in the text.

Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony is the musical picture of the unhappy young musician's dream while he is under the effect of opium. The ever-recurring theme, which is one of the musical pe-

cularities of the work, is the representation in tones of the beloved woman herself. As her image pervades the artist's dream, so does this melody pervade the whole symphony.

The heading of the first movement is *Reveries—Passions*. The opening *largo* in C-minor expresses that vague *Sehnsucht nach der Liebe* with which young hearts are not unacquainted. The leading motive of this *largo*, first given out by the muted strings, and afterwards taken up by the rest of the orchestra, has a little history of its own. When only thirteen years old, Berlioz fell desperately in love with a beautiful young girl of eighteen, who lived near his father's house at La Côte-Saint-André (a small country town near Grenoble). The name of the cruel fair one was Estelle. The course of this strange, passionate adoration, forgotten at twenty-one and revived with hundred-fold intensity at sixty, may be followed in Berlioz's autobiography. This love is almost the only genial ray that illumines the dark pages of that "tragedy written in tears of blood;" Berlioz's adoring worship of the *Stella montis* (as he called her) and his love for his art were the two utterly pure and beautiful elements in a life which sad experiences and balked ambition rendered almost wholly tragic, and in which much was awry and ugly. The young Hector did not avow his passion, perceiving well that Estelle appreciated the difference between their ages far more keenly than he was disposed to do, and that she in her quality of young woman looked upon him as a mere boy with whom it was good sport to flirt in lack of more worthy game. But he read and reread Florian's pastoral of Estelle et Némorin, and set many of its verses, whose rather flaccid sentimentality harmonized well enough with his own forlorn plight, to music in his beloved's honor. The melody of one of these songs, to the words,

"Je vais donc quitter pour jamais
Mon doux pays, ma douce amie,
Loin d'eux je vais traîner ma vie
Dans les pleurs et dans les regrets!" etc.,

is the leading motive of the *largo* in

the *Fantastic Symphony*. The song itself had been burnt up long before, but when he began the symphony in 1829, he used the melody again, note for note. It was a rather ironical stroke of fortune, for *An Episode in the Life of an Artist* was written in honor of a far other flame; but he could not foresee at that time what an enduring influence upon his life his first love was destined to have.

This *largo* is full of vague, dreamy beauty and potential passion. Two glorious bursts of the full orchestra usher in the *allegro* in C-major, which begins almost immediately with the *Fixed Idea*; in other words, with the musical incarnation of the beloved woman, whose image suddenly appears to the young dreamer in the full splendor of youth and maidenly beauty. It is beside my present purpose to give a musical analysis of this movement, or, indeed, of any part of the work, which would be impracticable without the aid of musical notation and an array of technical terms that would be out of place here; for this I would refer the reader curious in such matters to the admirable critique on the *Fantastic Symphony* in Robert Schumann's *Collected Writings*. All that I aim at is to give, as well as may be, a description of this great work of Berlioz's, together with the incidents in the composer's life with which it is intimately connected.

In the second movement (headed *A Ball*) the youthful dreamer sees a vision of his love in the midst of a gay crowd in a ball-room. This movement, being in triple (waltz) time, may be called the *scherzo* by those who are anxious to preserve the symphonic nomenclature. It begins with a soft rustling of the violins in A-minor, the basses murmuring an accompanying figure, while the harps throw out scintillating *arpeggios* that affect the ear much as the many-colored sparkle of rich jewels affects the eye. Soon the dance begins,—the daintiest, gracefulest waltz melody in A-major, sung by the violins, and gradually adorned with all that exquisite orchestral coloring of which Berlioz stands the acknowledged master. Suddenly the *Fixed Idea*

appears in F-major, forming the trio of the scherzo. The beloved object has come to be queen and reigning beauty of the festival; the other dancers stand still as her graceful form glides through the undulations of the waltz, the cynosure of all eyes. But presently scraps of the first waltz theme are woven into the accompaniment as couple after couple join again in the dance, until at length the whole orchestra jubilantly takes up the theme, and the Fixed Idea is lost sight of amid the brilliant throng. The glad noise of the fête is at its height when the first few bars of the Fixed Idea are given out softly by the clarinets, as if the dreamer had just caught a far-off glimpse of his beloved leaving the hall; the dance goes on, faster and faster; the laughter and merriment grow more and more bewildering; a whirling *coda* brings the movement to a close.

The third movement (adagio, Scene in the Fields, in F-major) is a delicious pastoral. The unhappy lover seeks repose for his sore heart in the quiet of the country. The movement begins with a pastoral dialogue between the English-horn (in the orchestra) and the oboe (behind the scenes), as of two shepherds calling to and answering each other on their pipes. After a few measures of this duet, a beautiful *cantabile* melody is sung by the violins and flute in unison, wholly without accompaniment at first, but after a while the various instruments of the orchestra add their voices in rich, tender harmonies. This adagio, which may be accounted as one of Berlioz's finest inspirations, is full of those imitations—suggestions would perhaps be a better word—of country sounds which the experienced concert-goer has learned to expect in every piece of pastoral music. The scene being this time laid in the fields and not in the woods, there is little of that tremulous background of rustling leaves which most composers seem to regard as a *sine qua non* in this class of writing; only once or twice do we hear the sigh of the breeze through the distant pines, but the traditional singing birds, thunder-storm, and other familiar rural items are palpably there.

Yet all the bird-like notes have a thematic significance; they are an organic part of the whole picture; and we find no trace of puerile trickery in the manner in which they are employed. Of course, in this class of composition great demands are consciously made upon the listener's imaginative faculty. Whether this fact should be accounted as redounding to the credit or discredit of a musical work from a purely æsthetic point of view is not my present purpose to discuss; but accepting the composer's intention as laudable, and listening to this adagio in sympathy with the spirit in which it was written, we are struck by one point with singular force. I know of no piece of orchestral writing that so strongly suggests *summer heat* as the first half of this movement. The air is actually oppressive; the manner in which this sultry effect of the music is made to disappear after the thunder-storm will be called ingenious by some, and a happy poetic inspiration by others; the atmosphere of the second part of the movement is as cool and refreshing as that of the first part is hot and close. But the change is purely physical; the character of the music is ineffably sad throughout; the physical oppressiveness of the first part is cleared up only to give way to the moral dejection—the poignant grief of a mind overcharged with bitter memories—that pervades the second. The Fixed Idea appears once more, and weaves its persistent melody into the harmonious web, until it seems to gain sole possession of the dreamer's mind; he becomes unconscious of all surrounding objects, and gives himself up unresisting to the intensity of his sorrow. In the last few measures we come to the first striking innovation that Berlioz introduced into the orchestra of his day. The English horn repeats detached fragments of its pastoral melody, this time unanswered by the oboe, the only accompaniment being long, dull rolls on four kettle-drums, so tuned as to admit of the more or less complete formation of actual chords. The effect is striking and singularly poetic. Of the impression produced by this movement upon

the performers and a small *coterie* of music-lovers who were present at a rehearsal of the symphony in Weimar,¹ Berlioz writes:—

"I remember the effect of the first movement (*Reveries—Passions*) and of the third (*Scene in the Fields*). The latter, especially, seemed in its peroration to have oppressed every breast, and after the last roll of thunder, at the end of the solo of the forsaken shepherd, when the orchestra coming in seems to breathe one deep sigh and then expire, I heard those near me sigh in sympathy, and exclaim," etc.

In these first three movements we have had passionate love depicted in all its phases: vague, dreamy desire; joyful hope; adoration; melancholy; despair. But now the picture changes: we come to the sinister, the terrible, at last even to the grotesque and horrible. The dream becomes a nightmare. The young lover has killed his mistress in an access of uncontrolled rage, and sees himself led to execution.

The fourth movement (*March to the Scaffold*, in G-minor and B-flat major) is perhaps the most famous and generally admired in the symphony. The orchestra is formidably increased; trombones, ophicleides, and tubas add their brazen voices to the rest. This superb march is built up of two themes: the one sombre, sinister, a sort of choral melody treated contrapuntally with great skill and power; the other full of chivalric splendor, with something terrible and appalling in its very brilliancy. The use of the orchestra is masterly. Just before the fatal axe falls upon the neck of its victim, the Fixed Idea appears again; a clarinet and flute give out the first phrase of the lovely melody; then comes a crash, a moment of impressive silence, and the whole orchestra answers with a roar on the full chord of G-major that recalls to one's mind Carlyle's description of the howling of the populace on the Place Nationale when Louis Capet's head fell.

In the fifth movement (*A Walpurgis-Night's Dream*, in C-minor, finally in

C-major) we have Berlioz at his devil-most. Although he had an innate abhorrence of the forms that French art commonly assumed in his day, and the idols of his art worship—Shakespeare, Dante, Virgil, Beethoven, Gluck, Von Weber, Spontini, Meyerbeer—were not of his country, he was thoroughly French in spirit and instinct, perhaps the most radically French of all Frenchmen, and when he dealt in the horrible he always gave generous measure.

In the last movement of the *Fantastic Symphony* the troubled dreamer sees his own damned soul in the midst of a demoniac crowd of witches and lost spirits, taking part in all the wild revelry of their Sabbath. The Fixed Idea is there too, but how changed. The haughty fair one comes, now shorn of her maiden purity, to join in the devilish sport; the spotless virgin has become a common courtesan; the lovely, passionate melody is degraded to an ignoble dance tune, played by a squeaking E-flat clarinet and octave flute to the accompaniment of grunting arpeggios on the bassoons; shrieks of delight greet her coming. From this point the movement is a perfect musical pandemonium. There is a fugued dance of demons, a *Dies iræ* given out in severe unison by the ophicleides and bassoons, and horribly burlesqued, verse by verse, by the other instruments, great bells in C and G tolling a solemn funeral knell the while. The dance grows wilder and wilder; the fugued *rondo* of the demons and the solemn *Dies iræ* are brought into conjunction; shrieks, groans, ribald laughter, fill the air; at last the whole mad rabble join in a furious chorus, which now and then recalls in a frightfully parodied form the once pure and beautiful Fixed Idea, when with a loud clash of cymbals the dreamer awakes. The *Fantastic Symphony* is ended.

This symphony was written out and even performed (at the Conservatoire in 1830) before the second part, *Lélio*, was begun. But Berlioz altered much of it afterwards, and it was not wholly in its present shape even when given in 1832. The *March to the Scaffold* was written in

¹ In 1842.

a single night. On the other hand the Scene in the Fields gave the composer much trouble; he worked at it for three weeks without being able satisfactorily to fix his idea; and of all the movements in the symphony this was the one that underwent the most serious changes in the process of retouching, — a process which Berlioz continued during several years. After the first performance, he rewrote the instrumentation of the ball scene from beginning to end, and also added a new coda.

The text of *Lélio* is, upon the whole, the most questionable of Berlioz's productions; the greater part of the work is spoken prose monologue; the young artist soliloquizes, now upon the passion of love, now upon the art of music. There is an abundance of striking thought both in the love rhapsodies and the purely æsthetic reflection; indeed there never was lack of high intellectual quality in anything that Berlioz ever did, either in a literary or a musical way; but he was young when he wrote it; he had had little practical literary drilling, and, from his ignorance of the English and German languages, his studies in Shakespeare and Goethe had to be carried on through the medium of French translations, the quality of which has become proverbial. With naturally keen poetic instincts, he had not yet learned how to distinguish sublimity from bombast in the matter of poetic expression. His innate tendency toward the intense often carried him away. On the other hand, one is sometimes astonished at the utterly business-like tone his writing assumes so soon as he discusses any question that pertains specially to music. *Lélio* passes with the most astounding rapidity from impassioned rhapsodizing to the most undramatic, dry technicalities; he often stands over the art of music, scalpel in hand, as it were, with all the coolness of an anatomical demonstrator. Berlioz had, as all true artists must have, a thorough appreciation of the value of the technique, the mechanical part, of his art. The technical means were immediately poetized in his mind by the poetic end they were in-

tended to compass; the symbol was to him almost synonymous with the thing symbolized; and often when he seems to the superficial reader 'to be talking merely of oboes, clarinets, harmonics, suspensions, and other tools and terms of his trade, his own mind is dwelling the while on the most sublime and sacred mysteries of his art. Yet the introduction of such a style of æsthetic writing into a dramatic monologue cannot but be looked upon as out of place. Berlioz has been much more artistically successful in symbolizing some of *Lélio*'s thoughts and mental conditions by means of music than he has been in expressing them in spoken words. The monologue is interrupted at times by music from behind the scenes, — bits of harmony and melody which are the incarnation in tones of the silent thoughts that flit through the young artist's brain. These musical numbers of *Lélio* are: Goethe's Fisherman, a charming ballad for a high tenor voice with piano-forte accompaniment, supposed to be sung by *Lélio*'s friend Horatio in the adjoining room; a Brigands' Song, for baritone solo, male chorus, and orchestra; the Æolian Harp, a most delicious bit of soft, dreamy harmony for muted strings, harps, horn, and clarinet, which is pervaded by fragmentary reminiscences of the Fixed Idea; a Chorus of Spectres, with orchestra; and the Fantasia on the Tempest, which is supposed to be *Lélio*'s own composition, and the performance of which he conducts in person.

The Chorus of Spectres has two stories connected with it. The first is as characteristic of Berlioz as it is of the state of musical feeling and academic habits of the Paris Conservatoire in 1829. I give it in his own words: —

"The month of June coming round again reopened the lists of the Institute to me.¹ I had good hope of ending the business this time; the most favorable predictions came to me from all quarters. The very members of the musical section themselves hinted that I would

¹ Berlioz had tried for the prize in composition in the two previous years: the first time he failed utterly; the second time he gained the second prize.

surely get the first prize. Besides, I was now competing, I the laureate of the second prize, with students who had not yet obtained any mark of distinction, with simple commoners; and my position as a crowned head would give me a great advantage over them. By dint of hearing myself told that I was sure of my affair, I reasoned in the following unlucky way, — how illogically, experience soon taught me: ‘Since these gentlemen have made up their minds beforehand to give me the first prize, I do not see why I should compel myself, as I did last year, to write in their style and according to their ideas, instead of writing in the style that is natural to my own personal feeling. Let me be an artist in earnest, and write a cantata that shall be really worth something.’

“The subject that was given out to us to treat was Cleopatra after the battle of Actium. The queen of Egypt let the asp bite her, and died in convulsions. Before her suicide she addressed an invocation, full of religious terror, to the shades of the Pharaohs, asking them whether she, the dissolute and guilty queen, could be admitted into one of those giant tombs erected to the memory of a line of sovereigns illustrious by their glory and their virtue.

“The idea to be expressed was grandiose. I had often musically paraphrased in thought the immortal monologue of Shakespeare’s Juliet, —

‘But if when I am laid into the tomb,’ . . .

the sentiment of which approaches, on the side of terror at least, to that of the apostrophe put into the mouth of Cleopatra by our French rhymester. I had even the want of tact to place the English verse I have just quoted at the head of my score, in the form of a motto; and, in the eyes of Voltairian academicians like my judges, that was at the outset an unpardonable crime.

“I composed without difficulty the theme of a piece which seems to me of a grand character, in a rhythm that is striking from its very strangeness, of which the enharmonic progressions strike me as having a solemn and funeral sound, and of which the melody is

dramatically developed in a slow, continuous *crescendo*. I have since used it, without changing a note, for the chorus (in unison and octaves) entitled Chorus of Spectres, in my lyric monodrama of *Lélio*.

“I have heard it in Germany at my concerts; I know its effect well. The rest of the cantata has been wiped out from my memory, but this piece alone, I think, deserved the first prize. It consequently did not get it. No cantata did.

“The jury preferred giving no first prize to encouraging by its vote a young composer who *evinced such tendencies*. The day after this decision I met Boieldieu¹ on the Boulevards. I will report our conversation word for word; it was too singular for me to have forgotten it.

“As soon as he caught sight of me he said: ‘Good heavens, my boy, what have you done! You had the first prize in your very hands, and you have thrown it away.’

“‘Yet I did my best, sir, I assure you.’

“‘That is just what we find fault with. You ought not to have done your best; you should have let well enough alone. How could I approve such things, — I who love above all things music that rocks me to sleep?’ . . .

“‘It is rather hard, sir, to make music that shall rock you to sleep, when one happens to be a queen of Egypt, dying in moral and physical anguish, a prey to remorse and poisoned by the bite of a snake.’

“‘Oh, I don’t doubt that you can justify yourself well enough; but that does not prove anything. You might have been graceful, at all events.’

“‘Yes; the antique gladiators knew how to die gracefully, but Cleopatra had not had their training. Besides, she did not die in public.’

“‘You exaggerate; we did not ask you to make her sing a contra-dance. What was the need of using such extraordinary harmonies in your invocation to the Pharaohs! . . . I am no har-

¹ Boieldieu was on the jury of the Institute of Fine Arts for that year.

monist myself, and I admit that I could make neither head nor tail out of your chords from the other world.'

"I bowed my head, not daring to answer, as sheer common sense prompted me to do, Is it my fault that you are not a harmonist?"

"'And then,' he went on, 'why did you put that rhythm that no one ever heard of before into your accompaniment?'"

"'I did not think, sir, that we were bound to avoid new forms in composition, when we had the good luck to discover them, and they were appropriate.'

"'But, my dear fellow, Madame Dabadie, who sang your cantata, is an excellent musician, and yet it was plain that she needed all her talent and the strictest attention not to get out.'

"'Faith, I did not know, I admit, that music was meant to be sung without talent and without attention.'

"'Well, well, you will never let me have the last word, I know. Good-by; take this lesson to heart for next year. Meanwhile, come and see me; we will have a chat together; I will cross swords with you, but as a *chevalier français*.'

"And he went away, happy as a king at having ended with a *stroke*, as the vaudevillists say. To appreciate the merit of this *stroke*, which was worthy of Elleviou, one must know that, in delivering it at me, Boïeldieu made a sort of quotation from one of his own works (Jean de Paris), in which he has set the two italicized words to music."

Berlioz got the first prize next year for his cantata of Sardanapalus (since destroyed), a distinction which carried with it an annual pension of a thousand crowns for five years, and the necessity of passing two years at the Académie de France in Rome, and three years in Germany.

The second incident connected with the Chorus of Spectres is this:—

Berlioz, having completed his *Lélio* in Rome, desired to have the chorus parts of the work copied out. The Chorus of Spectres was the occasion of some trouble with the papal authorities. The text of this chorus was written in

the *unknown*¹ tongue, the language of the dead, incomprehensible to the quick. When he applied for permission to have it printed, these words sung by the spectres greatly disturbed the government philologists. What was this language, and what could these strange words mean? The authorities were in a pretty fix. They fetched a German, who could make nothing of the text; and then an Englishman, who was no luckier; the Danish, Swedish, Russian, Spanish, Irish, and Bohemian interpreters were equally at a loss to discover the sense. At last one of the censors, after profound reflection, hit upon an argument, the justice of which struck his colleagues at once. Since neither the English, Russian, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Irish, nor Bohemian interpreters could understand this mysterious language, it was highly probable that the Roman people would not understand it either; so that it would be safe to authorize the publication, without fear of endangering the public morals or religious faith. It was accordingly printed.

The Brigands' Song is a vigorous, fiery bit of writing, as far as the music is concerned. The text shows how nearly a Frenchman can lash himself up to the pitch of *delirium furens*, when he once throws the reins upon the neck of his imagination, and rides in the direction of the horrible. Two stanzas will give an adequate notion of this blood-thirsty effusion:—

"J'aurais cent ans à vivre encore,
Cent ans et plus, riche et content;
J'aimerais mieux être brigand
Que pape ou roi que l'on adore.
Franchissons rochers et torrents,
Ce jour est un jour de largesses;
Nous allons boire à nos maîtresses
Dans les crânes de leurs amants.

"Zora ne voulut pas survivre
A son brave et beau défenseur.
'Le prince est mort, voyez mes pleurs,
Au tombeau laissez-moi le suivre!
Nous l'emportons au roc ardent;
Le lendemain, folle d'ivresse,
Elle avait noyé sa tristesse
Dans le crâne de son amant!'"

Whew!

¹ He afterwards put French words to it, reserving the unknown tongue for the pandemonium in his *Damnation de Faust*.

The Dramatic Fantasia on the Tempest was written immediately after the Fantastic Symphony and before the rest of *Lélio*. It is an alternately graceful and grotesque composition, according as the chorus sings of Miranda or of Caliban. It is full of brilliant and original orchestral effects, such as Berlioz alone knew how to produce. The introduction of two piano-fortes for four hands into the orchestra is one of the more striking peculiarities of the score. The text is in Italian. Just as the Fantasia ends, the violins give out the Fixed Idea for the last time; the beloved image is not to be effaced from the young artist's memory; for good or for evil it is destined to haunt him sleeping and waking through life.

If *Lélio*, the unhappy lover, is Berlioz himself, who then is the beloved object, the Fixed Idea? None other than Henrietta Constance Smithson, the English (or Irish, for she was born in Ennis, Ireland) actress, the Juliet, Ophelia, Desdemona, who in 1828 first brought Shakespeare face to face with the Paris public.

Berlioz's love for Miss Smithson was as intense as it was sudden: he saw her in Ophelia at the Odéon, and from that moment he loved her to distraction. It has been reported that, on leaving the theatre after seeing her in Juliet, he said, "I will make that woman my wife, and write my greatest symphony on that drama." Of which report Berlioz himself writes, "*I did both things, but I never said anything of the sort.*" He married his Fixed Idea in 1833, and wrote the symphony here referred to¹ in 1838.

Miss Smithson first saw him at a rehearsal of an entertainment, got up at the Opéra-Comique for the benefit of an actor named Huet; she was to appear in two acts from *Romeo and Juliet*, and an overture of Berlioz's was to be played by the orchestra as a mere musical make-weight. The two did not really meet face to face, but she must have been impressed with something uncanny in Berlioz's admiring gaze as

he followed her performance with eager eyes from one of the boxes, for, on finishing her part of the rehearsal, she asked one of the actors to "look after that young man, whose eyes boded no good."

Berlioz wrote her a number of letters, probably in a sufficiently frantic vein, for all but the first were returned to him unopened. All this happened before the Fantastic Symphony was begun. He was first formally introduced to her after the performance of the whole of *An Episode in the Life of an Artist* in 1832. She was present at the concert. It happened in this wise.

When Berlioz came back from his two years' stay in Rome, with his completed score in his portfolio, Miss Smithson was making her second professional visit to Paris. Her former visit had been an almost unprecedented success; the whole romantic school of French poets, whose war-cry at that time was Shakespeare, and the entire Paris press were literally at her feet; the frenzies of admiration that Shakespeare's plays and her acting excited were almost without parallel in the annals of the Paris stage up to that time. But on her return to the French capital, four years afterward, she found the aspect of affairs miserably changed. Shakespeare was no longer a novelty, and had consequently lost all interest in the eyes of the general Parisian public. The romanticists, who had been at first overjoyed at being able to bring the people face to face with so convincing an argument against the pedantry and polite artificiality of the classic French drama of Racine and Corneille, were by no means so well pleased at the prospect of having such gigantic creations as Hamlet and Othello brought too often into immediate juxtaposition with their own productions; they now feared Shakespeare as much as they had previously admired him. Miss Smithson's second venture was consequently a complete *fiasco*. Instead of being the sovereign idol of enthusiastic crowds, she now saw herself surrounded by an utterly unappeasable army of hungry creditors, with fell bankruptcy staring her in the face.

¹ The *Roméo et Juliette*.

Even Berlioz himself, occupied with the preparations for his concert, and fearing the influence of Shakespeare and Miss Smithson's acting upon his too excitable and morbidly sensitive organization, did not go to the theatre. But one morning, being by chance in Schlesinger's music shop, he happened to ask Schlesinger, from simple curiosity, the name of a certain gentleman who had just stepped out. It was Schutter, one of the editors of Galignani's Messenger. Schlesinger, having some inkling of Berlioz's feelings toward Miss Smithson, suddenly exclaimed, "Give me a box. Schutter knows Miss Smithson, and I will ask him to take her your tickets, and persuade her to come to your concert." Berlioz was not slow to jump at such a proposal. The ruse succeeded to perfection, and the parties engaged in the plot carried out their tactics so well that the unsuspecting actress was comfortably seated in her stage-box (having been inveigled thither on the plea of the music's possibly distracting her mind from her devouring business troubles) before she knew that Berlioz had anything to do with the concert. She even then remembered his name only as that of the young madman who had beset her with frantic letters several years before. But the strange programme of the symphony attracted her attention, and as the performance went on she began to suspect that the young composer "whose eyes boded no good" might not have got over his wild love for her so soon as she had thought probable.

At last, when in *Lélio* the actor Borage (who recited the prose monologue) came to the passage, "Oh, why can I not find her, the Juliet, the Ophelia that my heart calls to?" etc., she could no longer doubt that the Fixed Idea of the monodrama and herself were one and the same person. Admiration, especially such manifestly sincere homage as Berlioz's, was more welcome to her then, plunged in debt and abandoned by the public as she was, than four years before, when she could afford to slight the ardent young musician's passion,

having the bravas and dithyrambs of all Paris at her beck. The seeds of her love for her future husband were sown on that evening.

But while this little love drama was silently going on in one part of the old Conservatoire concert room, another of a far different sort took place in one of the opposite boxes. Berlioz's Episode in the Life of an Artist not only helped win him his wife, but made him one of the most pertinacious and powerful enemies that his not too happy career was cursed with.

While yet a student at the Conservatoire, Berlioz used to eke out his meagre income by correcting proofs for the music publisher, Troupenas. Among the very few persons authoritatively connected with the art of music who at that time gave him much public encouragement, the redoubted critic Fétis stood conspicuous. Fétis announced publicly that Berlioz's appearance in the field as a composer was to be hailed as an event of no mean importance. He was, unfortunately, engaged in editing a French edition of Beethoven's symphonies, in the text of which he allowed himself to make the most impertinent corrections. As luck would have it, some of the proofs were sent to Berlioz to revise. He, the prime maxim of whose faith was, "Art before everything," and to whom the text of Beethoven's symphonies was sacred, expressed himself in very strong terms about the liberties Fétis had taken with it. He even said to Troupenas, apropos of the well-known suspended E-flat with its ascending resolution in the andante of the C-minor symphony, which Fétis had changed to F just before its rise to E-natural:—

"Monsieur Fétis insults Beethoven and common sense. His corrections are criminal. The E-flat he wishes to strike out from the andante of the C-minor symphony is magical in its effect; it is famous in every orchestra in Europe. M. Fétis's F is a platitude. I warn you that I will denounce the unfaithfulness of your edition and M. Fétis's doings before all the musicians of the Société des Concerts and of the Opéra, and that

your professor will very soon get the treatment he deserves of all who respect genius and despise pretentious mediocrity."

He not only said it, but did it, and Fétis found a perfect nest of hornets buzzing around his ears before he was forty-eight hours older. Not the least exasperated man was Habeneck, the leader of the Conservatoire orchestra; the indignation was so general among musicians that Troupenas was forced to expunge the corrections from his edition. It may be well imagined what a state of mind Fétis was in at all this hubbub, and how he cursed the "ingratitude" of the young musician whose compositions he had so kindly praised. But if he was furious before, his rage was blown to a white heat on the eventful evening of Berlioz's concert (December 9, 1832) when he heard Bocage deliver the following passage of monologue point-blank at the box in which he was seated:—

"But the most cruel enemies of genius are the sad dwellers in the Temple of Routine, fanatical priests who would sacrifice at the altar of their stupid goddess the most sublime new ideas, if it were only given them ever to have any; those young theorists of fourscore who live in the midst of an ocean of prejudice, and imagine that the world ends with the shores of their island; those old libertines of every age who command music to caress them, to divert them, fancying that the chaste muse can have no nobler mission; and, above all, those profaners who dare to lay sacrilegious hands upon original works, drag them

through the ordeal of horrid mutilations which they call corrections and improvements, saying the while that to do such things needs much taste. Anathema upon them! They perpetrate a ridiculous outrage upon art! They are to be likened to the vulgar birds that populate our public gardens, perch proudly upon the fairest statues, and, when they have befouled the brow of Jove, the arm of Hercules, or the breast of Venus, arrogantly strut about in their flaunting plumage, self-satisfied as if they had laid a golden egg."

This tirade was received with a whirlwind of applause and laughter by the members of the orchestra, who understood the allusion, especially as Bocage had very neatly mimicked Fétis's voice at the words "needs much taste."

Fétis was seated in one of the most prominent seats in the hall. He and Berlioz were at swords' points ever afterwards.

Such were the events connected with the composition and first performance of *An Episode in the Life of an Artist*, which Berlioz wrote to commemorate his love for her who afterwards became his wife, — a love which misfortune, incompatibility of character, perhaps unkind fate, — who shall say? — were destined too soon to turn to bitterest gall. Even the opening theme of the symphony was stolen, as it were, from an earlier love, which in the end proved the stronger and purer of the two, though it was never returned in this world. Henrietta Berlioz-Smithson was laid in her grave before it blossomed out again in its full radiance in Berlioz's heart.

William F. Apthorp.

THE GENTLE FIRE-EATER.

SUB-HISTORIC.

Tragical-comical-historical-pastoral.

HAMLET, Act II., Scene ii.

THE *dramatis personæ* of the Southern stage before the war have disappeared. The drama goes on in new acts, but, prolonged into the growing day, romance and illusion fade before the trying light. The rich colors and sensuous atmosphere, the fiery, graceful movement of that stage, the superbly virile type of players, — all have vanished. Even the scenery, as a frame robbed of its picture, has lost something. For the purposes of the artist certainly much is lost.

One of our own Union soldiers, who has well served both in arms and letters, says, though not in print: "When I think that the Southern gentleman is no more, that he may vanish out of memory before he is painted, I sometimes half feel that he was worth keeping at the expense of slavery." Another, in an Atlantic essay, writes: "Here and there in the Southern society before the war were to be found ease, affluence, leisure, polished manners, European culture, — all worthless; it produced not a book, not a painting, not a statue; it concentrated itself on politics, and failed; then on war, and failed; it is dead and vanished, leaving only memories of wrong behind."

Worthless? Was it not itself a book — a romance, in which the spirit of Cervantes and Scott combined? Was it not a brilliant picture, mediæval figures and action painted in the nineteenth century and in the New World? Was it not with all its imperfections a heroic group? Only a sketch, perhaps, in nature's clay, but grandly modeled by the genius of climate, inheritance, and destiny.

The old stage of Southern character — that demolished society — was splendid, picturesque, the last stand of the cavalier, gay, reckless, knightly. There

strode Sir Anthony Absolute, and there rode Don Quixote; and — strange incongruity — where a lie for gain or from fear could not breathe, and cowardice found no hiding-place, charity, that "suffereth long and is kind, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked," played a very small part; Don Honor, though, beruffled, sword on hip, and the "code" in his bosom, proudly trod the boards, winning smiles from dames and bravos from men. Upon the same stage one beheld stately self-respect and irascible vanity, generous actions and cruel principles. The grand manner of the theatre encouraged the sentiments and courtliness of Sir Charles Grandison, and licensed, too, Munchausens as, we may suppose, the old court permitted its fool. To repeat the text from Polonius: "Tragical-comical-historical-pastoral."

Once upon a time, — the old time in the theatre I am writing of, — my heart disappointed of a fancy and some young tastes fatigued in society, I started for a two months' hunt in Florida. The name Indian River and its freely drawn lines on the map invited one to happy hunting grounds where the only civilized intruders were Cape Canaveral lighthouse and two or three Indian forts; a section of country better known by the faith than by the works of map makers in 1859, and yet only a few hundreds of miles from home. I could not find a companion for the trip. Those who had nothing to do were not willing to do this something, and those who had business could not leave it. One friend, Roeliff Damrell, our Gentle Fire-Eater, whose tastes were for the problematical, and whose aim, if any, was the impracticable, was absent from town, — had gone on to Harper's Ferry to see John Brown executed. So it seemed that I had no chance of a comrade. A lonely meal is

better than a fast to the hungry man, and I sought my refreshment alone. I went down to the Florida boat to engage passage for Friday's trip. A Northern steamer came up to the next wharf as I was about to board the St. John, and I turned aside to watch her passengers land. The last to saunter down the gang plank was Roelff Damrell. I rushed upon him.

"Why, Roelff, my dear fellow, how are you?"

His firm, tender eyes sought mine with a ripple of enjoyment. Roelff's mouth never laughed, nor did it ever relax its firmness to accompany any of the humorous or gentle expressions so continually illuminating from those eyes the otherwise plain, set face.

"I am right glad to see you, Clare," he answered in the sweet, indolent tone peculiar to him.

"Roelff," I continued in the full zeal of my Florida project, "will you go to Indian River with me?"

He made one step away and turned his head to eject the merest trickle of tobacco juice, before he replied.

"Yes, Clare. *Where is Indian River?*"

I was too well acquainted with Damrell to be surprised at his instant decision or his slow way of announcing it, and his indifference to the object. I eagerly sketched the project while he took my arm and with tardy pace accompanied me to the St. John to engage our stateroom. He had nothing more to say on the way to my rooms. The least talkative of men, he yet so expressed assent, understanding, and sympathy by gesture and many quiet movements of the eyes that one could converse freely with him without his troubling himself to say a word.

Arrived at my quarters, I showed him an easy chair, and when he had fully renewed his acquaintance with the engravings and furniture, he gave a sigh of satisfaction and spoke:—

"My clients are very few, and I have asthma or heart disease; the doctor does not know which. Outdoors may set me right. As I have seen John Brown die,

I can enjoy a vacation. Do we start on Friday?"

His slow speech was not a drawl, nor was it in any sense an affectation. You heard his words as you might see a panther put his feet down in walking; something fascinating in the quiet measure of a predatory purpose. A strong voice, too, used in softest tone and with fine modulations, increased the pleasure with which one heard him speak.

My friend came of a long line of wealthy planters and prominent politicians; among them a secretary of war, a governor, a minister to Vienna, and two United States senators. He was a young lawyer of fair education and ability, and of some culture, though he had never been beyond his own State until he made the journey to John Brown's execution. That was performed much in the spirit of a religious pilgrimage, to behold, as he expressed it, the vindication of the law on the arch-personification of abolitionism. I wonder that a man of Roelff Damrell's physical poverty—for, beyond his very fine eyes his person was of plain figure, small stature, short neck, irregular features, and in every way ordinary—should have had an individual magnetism so powerful, as his certainly was, in the best men's society of our city.

I made all the preparations for our camping tour, purchasing stores and implements for cooking and tenting, and engaging a smart black Blot, Major Cuthbert's property, as our *chef de cuisine* and general servant. During those few days before our departure, Damrell exerted himself to word some original aphorisms on the art of travel, and to sign a check which he begged me to fill out to the amount of his half of the expenses. Otherwise he lounged from his lodgings to the club, consumed a good deal of tobacco, and divided his reading between De Bow's Southern Review and Lever's novels. That Damrell joined me on Friday was owing only to the obliging disposition of the captain of the St. John, who backed her to the wharf after the lines were cast off. Damrell came on board with a small rosewood

case under his arm, our servant, Prince, having brought his valise in advance.

"Why are you so late?" I asked; "and what is in the box?"

"That is what delayed me; my pistol case."

"Dueling pistols in the woods? My dear Roelff, what a fancy!"

"Yes, *sir*," he replied, facing me in ramrod pose, his heels together, his head thrown back, and his words spoken more softly and slowly than usual. "A fancy? A fancy every gentleman should cling to. Without a tooth-brush your bodily purity suffers; without his pistols a gentleman's honor may be stained."

"I take. Ah, Roelff, I owe you one. Brush and powder keep your teeth clean; a brush and powder clean your honor. Good."

His eyes, while a smile and thaw came into them, read mine steadily. Then I laughed carelessly, and Roelff turned away to deposit his pistol case in the state-room.

While we are steaming southward, with the rich cotton islands on the right and the great spread of dark blue ocean on the left, I may narrate something of my friend Damrell previous to this time when we together meet him. From his plantation home and more lately the reading of law in an up-country town, he had come some years before to practice his profession in the sea-board city where I resided. With his pistol case and Blackstone he brought also the suspicion — one common to Southern country gentlemen on moving to a centre of gay and wealthy society — that the gentlemen of —, with a more formal polish and the conceit (it may be) of Northern education, assumed an insulting patronage to up-country youths, which the same up-country men should be prompt and sensitive to resent, they themselves being truly the aristocrats, by faithfulness to state rights and home support, in the integrity of true Southerners, instead of mixing with Yankees and weakening native teachings. So Damrell, his family name introducing him immediately into the best society, zealously sought a chance to immolate before his

pistol's muzzle some presuming — ian. Prey should be very easy to a hunter of such innocent appearance and gentle, courteous manner. The unsuspecting would not fear a hand of iron under such a small, plain glove of velvet, nor could one feel a vicious intent even when it lay on his, — until the grip came. So it was with me. At a dancing party where a particularly fascinating partner received my engrossed attentions, I stood over her in a rest from the whirl, when Mr. Damrell approached.

"Miss Osée, may I have the pleasure of a turn with you? — though I dance poorly," said Mr. Damrell, with an unbecoming blush.

"Yes — if" — she assented hesitatingly, and then, hastening to introduce us: "Mr. Clare, Mr. Damrell."

Mr. Damrell stiffened himself, and then bent his head in the slightest degree, while his stern gaze met my look of frank welcome as the *en garde rapier* of a *maitre d'arme* might cross and hold the careless weapon of a pupil. At the time I was unconscious of anything more than his diffidence, and having bowed, I hastened to say to Miss Osée: —

"But I cannot relinquish this splendid galop just yet, unless" — And as she smiled with some pleasant apology to Mr. Damrell, I put my hand to her waist. Damrell, while acknowledging our introduction, held with one hand the back of a chair that he moved just then, so that one of its sharp feet came with some emphasis on a toe of mine. I supposed the blow to result from an accident, — the sudden move and awkwardness of the other gentleman, — and went off with my partner in the dance, forgetting the whole thing in the present excitement. Notwithstanding a peculiarly restrained and hostile salute when I next met Mr. Damrell, a series of circumstances of both business and social character claimed our mutual interest soon, and for a protracted space of time. That brought about our intimacy and hearty affection for one other. About the time those were established, I met with a severe injury from a horse, and was dangerously ill for weeks. Damrell

happened to be present when the accident occurred. He conveyed me home in my unconscious condition, and devotedly nursed me through all my sufferings. Somehow, the dear, dangerous fellow, with his tender feelings and cruel principles, had conceived a strange affection for me. No woman could have cared more gently and untiringly for a sick child than did Roelff Damrell for me. Calm, patient, and constant, with soothing ministrations to one restless and irritable under pain and fever, it was impossible to reconcile this kind nurse and tender friend with one "jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel." On my recovery he said to me one day, as if there were one blot in his knowledge of me he would have cleared away:

"I wish you would explain, Clare, how it was that you did not resent the affront I put upon you at our first meeting."

"What affront, Roelff?" I replied in astonishment.

"When you interfered between Miss Osée and me, and I put the chair on your foot with a manner that meant the insult which only the presence of ladies forbade me to put in words."

"Good heavens, Damrell, I had not the remotest idea of your intention. I thought it the merest accident."

"I am glad to know that," he said, fervently. "I supposed — But how strange!"

After those events, Damrell and I knew each other closely and fondly. To me and others who enjoyed an intimacy of acquaintance with him, — which however, never came except through long years of propinquity of place and class, or by a combination of welding circumstances, — he was a cherished companion, though so undemonstrative, reticent, and self-poised; bitter in prejudice, sensitive in feeling, of quixotic honor, and with extremest political opinions.

From Enterprise, on the St. John's River, to New Smyrna, opposite Halifax Inlet, we journeyed in a wagon drawn by a mule and a cow through two days and one night of solemn, monotonous pine

forest. At New Smyrna, we hired a whale-boat — than which there could be no craft more unsuitable for the innumerable shallows of Indian River — and a boy, the son of the owner, without whom the boat could not be let, for our hunting voyage.

Many times Prince and I carried Damrell from our boat to the night's camp ground, when severe spasms of disease rendered him helpless, but never agitated, never complaining, always with a knightly kind of dignity and courtly apologies to me for the trouble he occasioned. Some nights we lay in the boat, the sombre outlines of thicket or pine to the right and to the left, the spring of mullet, the beats of the drumfish in the water, and the hosts of sparkling stars overhead seeming very near in a sky that kept its blue even by night. Generally we made late camps, with all their discomforts, on damp, thickly foliated banks, or on scrub-oak bars. Once we slept in a tree. We were pushing on, and without any guide who knew the country, to find the hunter Phelps, a man who had some bear dogs and was the Crockett of Florida. Our only direction to him was that he lived in a hummock back of Cape Canaveral. After eight days' boating without pitching tent, and killing only a single deer and some ducks, thinking the distance must be nearly made, I climbed a giant tree on the east side of Indian River and saw the white gleam of Cape Canaveral light-house. The next day, after various jungle experiences, Prince came upon Phelps's camp, — a bark cabin in a large hummock, — but no Phelps, no dogs; some old clothes on a tree branch, a pipe on a stump, a bear skin and a panther pelt fastened to bough frames, half a barrel of flour, an almanac of 1856, and a broken deer-horn in the rather ruinous cabin. What was to be done now? We chose a good camp on the island opposite, put up our tent carefully, and arranged the stores for a halt.

We hear now, in 187—, that game is scarce in East Florida; that along the whole extent of Indian River there are settlers and civilization, and in winter

camp innumerable of Northern sportsmen, as in our fashionable Adirondacks in summer; and — though the leaky romance of such speculation seems incredible — that the jut of Cape Canaveral is parceled out in ten-acre lots, each with an orange orchard, and held by a New York land company. Next we may read of the "Centennial Everglades Company for the profitable breeding of Alligators, and with ten thousand manilla Hammocks suspended in magnificent mossy Oaks for winter Idlers. Cigars run in from Havana, by Caximbas Bay, free of Duty. Millions in it. Shares \$100 each."

Sixteen years ago there was no settlement on Indian River in its whole extent of one hundred and fifty miles, except at the little fishing village — one house and a few cabins — of New-Smyrna, just above Musquito Inlet, and at Fort Capron, opposite Jupiter Inlet, where were four or five families, drawn there in its garrison days during the Indian wars. Indian River, by which name both the inner bays of Musquito or New Smyrna and Indian River are generally known, is not a *river*, but a narrow sound or estuary, in most places shallow, and separated from the ocean by a spit of sand sometimes only a few yards wide, and widest at Cape Canaveral, where it is perhaps four miles. The whole country is level and but a few feet above the sea. On the main-land, near the river, are a series of hummocks, like a string of islands, raised a little above the level of interminable surrounding pine forests, rich in soil, dark and dense in foliage, — oaks, principally, dwarfing wild orange-trees, and suspending mosses to the network below of vines and climbing flower plants. Wild yams, sweet-potatoes, ground-nuts, and many succulent roots, perhaps of old Indian planting, grow in the luxuriant soil where the sun can reach it, and here bears, deer, panthers, and other wild animals, with snakes, make their shelter. Between these hummocks, and between them and the river, are the ever-spreading pines. Near the water-line the sand-loving pines give way to little clumps of gnarled oaks,

palmettoes, and canes, where a rank grass climbs a few steps from the muddy shallows of the river shores. Here the blue cranes stand in Egyptian dignity, the alligators bask and shovel, the mud-hens flurry in and out, and the pink curlews sweep by. On the long tongue or bar east of the river are occasional hummocks, not on higher bits of land, as on the west side of the river, but in swampy depressions. Here the elephant-footed cypresses crowd together in lofty coverts, and anaconda-like vines encircle them. All else on that ocean key is salt grass, bayonet weeds, stunted, straggling pines, brush oaks, cacti, and long, lifeless wave swells of sand parallel to the ranks of the Atlantic breakers. From Musquito Inlet to Cape Florida, the coast of Florida, for a breadth of ten miles, is as I describe it: a New World India with Italian skies and climate, and a character in which the inherited romance of Spanish history and its tropical sentiment of fruits, flowers, and atmosphere have united to weave an enchantment. It is in the air, in the colors and outlines, in the forests, whose solitudes breathe misty glimmerings of intangible occupancy. You gaze into them as into haunted woods and fairy-lands, and indefinable visions shape themselves: steel-mailed horse and soldiery, banners and the cross, and throngs of desperate fighting savages, while vague rifts of light seem to reflect the glitter of gold or the splash of the Fountain of Youth, and the shadows take shapes of the Jesuits' zeal. The ghostly influence is the more subtle because there exist in those realms no material remains of the long-vanished life whose spirit is so potent; no ruins of stockade or fort or dwelling are to be found; no rusted weapons, no bleached bones. The stories of those hundreds of years are unreliable and uncollected; their history is vague and lifeless.

In permanent camp, after the long and uncomfortable journey, we rested for days. The air was warm, gentle, and salt, breathing the resinous fragrance of the pines, or, on sea puffs, bringing wholesome wafts of the Atlantic, but lazily, as in a solitude of drowsy quiet where

the mind might remember but not create. The tree harps overhead, with continuous, mournful treble, and the unseen surf, with solemn, rhythmical bass, made a symphony that sometimes sounded in great power, and at others died away in dreamy whisper, but never ceased. By day the ripple of fins now and then wakened the sunny lethargy of the water, or the log head of an alligator, drawn to the surface by some sound in camp, drifted slowly by on the lagoon tide. Buzzards, those grotesque harpies, flapped in relieving companies to the dead branches of a great shore pine, — transmigrating souls of cannibals, — blinkingly and flatulently considering their mortgagee chances in us. No wonder we drowsed for days, narcotized by the lotus spell of scene and sound and atmosphere. The nights were less dreamy than the days of sleeping and smoking; we were too lazy even to try our rifles on the buzzard targets; but when the firelight warmed socially and the darkness beyond shut out the solitary vastness; when the play of fish studded the water, in which the stars were bathing, with sparkling gleams of phosphorescence; when the pines in the night-breeze gave less funereal time and a stronger and livelier tone came from the sea, then Roelff and I revived to talk over our cups of coffee or whisky. The boy — “New Smyrna,” as we called him — snoring in fiddle tune beside us, and Prince thrumming out a ponderous old measure of slow complaint from his outside covert, seemed assurances that neither Sycorax nor Caliban infested our heavily charmed island. The cat-like opossums came, too, with cunning confidence, to pick up by the fire-logs the remnants of the day’s cooking; and a buck, perhaps, in the opposite hummocks, over the water, sounded his locomotive-like whistle of alarm. For the first days of our camp we would have intentionally lounged and rested, even had not the surroundings imposed on us lethargy and submission to the mesmeric spirit of the place, for we were to wait for the return of Phelps to his home over the river; our chance to kill bears was small without his pilotage and his

dogs. The languid charm of that “magical isle” up the Indian River, those Florida days when the stream of life seemed to have left us stranded until another tide on some out-of-the-world shore, warmed my comrade and me to mutual confidences, and in those social nights of camp we held close converse. Politics and poetry oddly combined in Roelff Damrell; politics were his strength and inclosure; poetry his adornment, hiding sharp prejudices and obstinate opinions. He was shut in, as it were, by a dangerous iron picket, over which, however, tender, graceful vines and bright flowers grew very prettily.

I have already suggested how courtously and quietly Roelff Damrell practiced his habit of chewing. So it was always in the course of ordinary talk; when he discussed or quoted poetry, though, — and Keats, Shelley, and Byron were the companions of all his gentle moods and tenderest moments, — tobacco was quietly and firmly dismissed; but warmed to state rights, slavery, and politics, the one evidence of excitement was his frank betrayal of the sustaining eud work. His expression of face kept its continual calm, the indolence of attitude was unchanged, his words were uttered as slowly and quietly as ever; only the fire of his eyes and the vehement ejections of his lips showed the turmoil of his feelings.

After nearly a week of idleness, and no appearance of the bear hunter’s return to his head-quarters opposite our camp, we decided to have some sport on our own responsibility and without the aid of dogs, beating up the country in our vicinity on both sides of Indian River, while we sent the New Smyrna youth in his boat further to the south to hunt for Phelps. He might be gone for three or four days and continue the search as far as Oyster Creek, if he did not discover him sooner. The night before this disturbance of our Rip Van Winkle life, Roelff recited to me of Sir Galahad, Sir Launcelot, Queen Guinevere, and Godiva; thence I tempted him to talk of women, of whom, when he spoke, it was with a heart innocent and worshipful, —

seeing them as a child sees the angels. At such times I learned the fervor and romance of his old knightly creed and aspirations, so out of time, so homely set, so full of vanishing or dead principles of right. Strange, strange inconsistency of possibilities and realities, strange twinship in character, I knew that this lovable and cruel Roelff Damrell was not one of the very few chaste men; and that he who should be one of the Round Table had found delight in seeing John Brown die. We have all learned much since 1860, but even then, in the new light from that old man's death, some slight illumination had come to me, and I feebly expressed it, alluding to Roelff's recent Northern pilgrimage. As I had listened to Roelff and seen what I still believe was his nature, his true man, I had remaining in my mind these lines of all he had quoted:—

— "stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that "you" wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air."

But now the angel's hand withdrew. In a second Roelff grew as hard and cold as steel, and, without concealment, he pinched a brown ball from his silver box, and put it fiercely into his mouth. My companion was no longer the gentle troubadour, but the knight armed and mounted, his lance in rest. Unwittingly, I had thrown down a gage of combat. The friendly "Clare" was now "sir," much like the congressional "the gentleman from New York." "There, sir, we behold the results of Northern schooling. If all Southern parents were wise in patriotism, not one of our youths should nurse at the cold, shriveled, hostile paps of Yankee education. I am less surprised in your case, for often before, in our acquaintance, I have discovered your indecision of opinion on the great conflict of principles and interests between the two sections of this country, and I remember that you are hybrid."

"What do you mean, my friend, by that? Are you trying to insult me?" I said, my kind feelings dispersed by the flash.

"No, sir, — no, Clare," and he laid

his hand on my knee, "no. I use the term technically. Your source on one side is of the North, Puritan."

"You are right," I answered; "and I am proud of being a hybrid, which is, in this case, an American, not a Georgian, nor Carolinian, nor Massachusetts man, nor a New Yorker, but an American."

"That is a matter both of taste and necessity with you. You may mix the species with success, sometimes. There are exceptions and I acknowledge the exception and success in you." He bowed gravely and spit decisively, as if, having made full apology to me individually, he would return to his specific subject. "I assure you, sir, that North and South must dissolve the government partnership. Character, climate, institutions, widely differ. The two people are as distinct as English and French. The compact was originally an experiment in partnership. It is failing now, and there is not and should not be any right or power to bind the States together, when any of them wish to retire. Statesmen are passing away. We of the South used to supply the wisdom to reconcile differences, but intermixing, Northern schools, and the corrupting effects of Northern cities and Northern travel have enfeebled us. Just remember, sir, Washington, Randolph, Habersham, Lee, Marshall, Crawford, Pinckney, Cheves, Clay, Poinsett, Calhoun, Berrien, Legaré; and Calhoun, the greatest of all save Washington — yes, and wiser than Washington in politics, in that which should be the supreme study and accomplishment of gentlemen."

He stopped for a moment to get some more food from his silver box. I brought a log to the fire, and said, "But slavery is the heavy inheritance that we must be burdened with."

"Great G— ! That from you? I am amazed!" — so much so, that he rose up, and, before speaking again, hurriedly walked ten feet to the whisky demijohn, from which he poured out half a cup of spirits and drank it off, clear and at a gulp. "Great heavens! What are we coming to?"

I answered him as I was able. His presumption of my folly aroused me to some vehemence, but as I talked, his steady gaze on me was one of deep disappointment and pity, whilst he gave vent, at every period of my speech, to that *thirsping* sound of the tongue and teeth, always accompanied by a wag of the head, which indicates a combination of amazement and commiseration. When I had done, which was not before I had begun to see in a comical light the vanity of arguing with Roelff on these matters, he expectorated in a discursive, ejaculatory manner for a few seconds, and then replied in a tone slow, gentle, and earnest, as a mother might reprove an erring child: "And do you not know that the laborer must toil, be he slave, hireling, or help, and that the negro slave in our Christian, cultured South is the fortunate laborer? Do you not realize that transportation from Africa to America is a blessing to him; that here he is taught agriculture, the mechanic arts; that the many products of his industry, forced and directed as it must be, are made useful to the whole world; that his improvement is not possible in his own country? Do you not realize that abolitionists are denouncers of Providence, and that their object is selfish?" And so he went on, through the long course of arguments that are now old to us, unmoved and unswerving from his calm tenor of discourse, though I constantly repeated, with a laugh, at every pause in his speech, "I agree with you in all that, and only questioned if slavery were not a misfortune and burden to us," until, having exhausted arguments, he ended thus: "It is a blessed inheritance, a burden that must bring the reward of immense wealth and power to the people who will carry it courageously. Why, sir, the abolition of the slave trade in 1808 was a folly and a sin. Had it been protected and assisted, the poor Africans, instead of being brought here as they are every month, notwithstanding the law, with shameful cruelty, might have made the journey in comfort and safety. But, sir, I tell you that the slave trade will be renewed be-

fore 1865, — renewed and established beneficently."

Roelff's last clause so staggered me that I had silently to follow his example of recourse to the demijohn, and in a few minutes more my comrade, overcome by the subdued excitement and earnestness of his effort, was speechless and in pain beneath a sharp attack of his disease. On the next day we were to have attempted the exploration of our island with the hope of some game; but Damrell continued too unwell for that, and I kept him company in camp, except for an hour's tramp, when I was so successful as to kill a turkey weighing seventeen and a half pounds. On my return I found my comrade oiling and rubbing his pistols, as he lay on his blankets.

"Holding sweet converse with your friends?" I asked, when I had handed over the turkey to Prince's care.

"I cannot neglect them. Beautiful pieces of workmanship, are they not? Hapgoldt made them for my father, who used them three times as principal and oftener as second. The cross on this," handing me one with a small cross scratched on the silver butt plate, "denotes Fox's death by it in 1821. My father was his second. This other, you see, has two nicks on the trigger guard: one is to mark Colonel McKee's fall by my father's hand, and the other is a record of that fatal Bryan County affair, — you know all about it. So they have histories. They have not been loaded since you helped me two years ago."

"Oh, put them away, Roelff! That time I can't forget, and dreams come out of those black mouths every night to disturb my sleep in this tent. They are as useless here as fire-crackers in a greenhouse."

"Apparently so, Clare. But suppose that, out of the woods, an occasion should arise elsewhere in Florida; what should we do then, twenty-four hours, perhaps, from a good brace of pistols? What then?" asked Roelff.

"I never think of such a thing," I answered; "and I never yet had the necessity of shooting a man nor of hav-

ing a man shoot me. Deadly weapons are not scarce in our land; you can always borrow them if there is need."

"Borrow them? I would as soon borrow another man's breeches or opinions. Clare, you are somewhat of a Yahoo."

I laughed, and said, "Roelff, you always carry a weapon, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Why?"

"Because I would rather die than receive a blow. I am a small, weak-bodied man. Any mere animal, any physical bully, without spirit or soul, might be my master, if I could not force him to a plane where we should meet equally. If I am assaulted by Hercules, I can stand as safe as he; his mere brute attributes cannot desecrate my manhood. And a gentleman makes no such assault, whilst he holds himself responsible in a civilized manner for wrongs or insults. Are bone and muscle to rule and debase? 'Mr. Body,' you say, 'if you attempt to touch me with your limbs, you die.' The beasts strive in that way; men, that is, gentlemen, have a tribunal for words and actions in which only reason and courage—not beef and rage—are the jurors."

"Well, Roelff," I replied, "I am too hungry and lazy to oppose your sentiments; but while I pour you out a drink tell me if it is not strange for a Yahoo and a fire-eater to be such friends. The lamb and the lion lying down together is but a faint type of our compact."

Roelff took the glass and drank to my growth in political and moral judgment. Then he sank back on his bed.

That night New Smyrna arrived, having with him, not Phelps, but a young man from the Oyster Creek settlement, a genuine native Floridian, born near the Everglades, orphaned by Billy Bowlegs; a young, crude, Southern Leather-Stocking, who did scouting duty and mail carrying for forts Lloyd and Capron; who, not yet twenty-seven years of age, had killed in his own quiet way eleven red-skins; and now that they had become exceedingly scarce had turned his talents to hunting and cultivating

promiscuous business interests at the military posts. In appearance and independent manners, and even in speech, he might be taken for a Green Mountain Vermonter or a Maine lumberman. He came to our camp from curiosity, and perhaps, too, as a city fashionable would make the acquaintance of a new club. He could tell us that Phelps was down at the Keys, and he might as well acquaint himself with the quality of our weapons, drinkables, and tobacco. Etiquette was as unknown as logarithms to him, and there were no rounds in his social ladder; all white men were on the same level. He was nature itself, true, free, and unadorned. Roelff and I were at a game of enchre when this new acquaintance, Mose Classon, surprised us, having strolled up from the boat ahead of the boy and without our knowledge of their arrival.

"I'll be durned! tented like soldiers, and a-playing at keerds." There he stood before us, an ingenuous smile in full play over his frank, freckled face. He was a fine figure of a fellow, of good height, lightly clothed in brown frieze garments, no collar or tie about his neck, a broad leather belt with knife and bullet pouch around his waist, a rifle slung in the crook of his left arm, and his right hand tossing a half-military salute to us. You might have supposed he had known us all our lives. Before I could rise and welcome the new-comer, he advanced to the opening of our tent, still smiling blandly, and said, "If you'll make that cut-throat, I'd like to tek a hand."

Roelff kept his place without a word. I returned Mose's introduction with an amiable expression and some inquiries as to whence he had come, etc. Damrell neither looked at him nor spoke to him, but took up the pack of cards and put them aside. He could not brook such familiarity from one he regarded as his inferior. Withdrawing in effect from our circle, his contemptuous silence left me to receive our visitor, whom I liked at first glance. However bad Classon's manners may have been, he was certainly good looking,—manly in figure and movement, his features large and reg-

ular, unflinching brown eyes, and his unbearded face continually rippled by a smile that relaxed its natural firmness as a breeze sways a field of grain. Without, at first, giving any attention to my friend, he made himself at ease on an upturned box, and answered my questions, telling me that we could not get Phelps, and then asking about our luck. My reply amused him, and when I poured out a cup of whisky he drank to our better fortune, turning at the same time to include Damrell in the salutation. Damrell looked at him with about as much acknowledgment as one might give to the barking of a dog. And Mose gazed steadily at him, adding, as he smacked his lips, "'Pears as if you was sickly. Got the shakes? But you can't keep them down here; must travel on to the Everglades if you want to hold on to them.'" Seeming to be unconscious of Damrell's flashing eyes, but as if he had studied him long enough, he turned his looks on Prince, who was arranging the fire for supper, while he continued his talk: "Why, men, I have had spells in them glades when I could no more hold my rifle stret than I could keep my teeth from chattering, and the heat way up to b'ilin', too. A coal-black nigger there will shake the black off in no time and come out a thin, red Injun. Fact! Like to try it, uncle?"

"No, sar," Prince answered, dropping some of his slave manner. "I is wery well please here, jis as I is."

I saw that there were two in our camp who could not welcome the visitor. Indeed, his stay was to bring us danger.

When he had gone off to get a bundle left in the boat, Damrell spoke out:—

"Clare, get rid of that brute somehow, or I shall make Prince butt him into the river."

How could I do that immediately? I made all the excuses I could for the free and easy fellow, and begged Roelff to bear with him; that he was, as it were, our guest; and that he would probably move away of his own will on the morrow. Roelff's ire was not changed by my pleadings.

Nothing could exceed Mose's bright-

ness and good spirits that evening as he sat on the end of a big log, the other end of which was phizzing in the flames. His stories were glorious, and I should have enjoyed him and the camp entertainment very much, had I not been in constant fear that Roelff might insult him, or that Classon might take offense at Damrell's sternly silent and repellent manner.

When at length it was time to sleep, and Damrell had begun to spread his blankets, Mose Classon kicked off his shoes, and entering the tent laid himself down beside us. Uttering but one word of profane exclamation, Roelff started up and, bundling together his blankets again, stepped out from the tent to make his couch under the trees.

"Hi!" said our guest, lighting his pipe before sinking back on the pine straw. "Fleas must bite your pardner sharp. I should n't think him right pleasant to kemp with, but I s'pose his sickness makes him oneasy and riley. Ain't good though to sleep without cover. Well, Mr. Clare, here goes it. Good night to *you* for as durned nice a white man as I want to sleep aside of. Good night out thar, Mr. Roelff; but it must be demp. Good night, all!"

Mose Classon, when he came to our camp with New Smyrna, towed his log canoe or dug-out behind our boat. Early the morning after his arrival, he proposed to go off and kill some game for us, our larder being very low and containing only hominy, coffee, molasses, one ham, and two gallons of whisky. I was very glad, on Roelff's account, to have Mose leave us.

Inspired by Classon's exit, Damrell suggested that he and I should take the boat and cross to the Canaveral side, to bathe in the surf and perhaps get some game. Delighted with the project and Roelff's unusual energy, I was soon at the oars, and we crossed the river. When we had waded through the mud to shore and crawled through Phelps's needle-eye hummock path, we came out on an open of sand hillocks, that, thinly grown with wiry sea-grass and now and then timbered in miniature by clumps of dense

brush, swelled for a mile to the ocean, exactly in the shape and rank of billows. Our tread was noiseless, and the wind was from the sea. I kept ahead, expecting to discover some animal in each new valley, and unable to restrain myself to Roelff's slow pace. Up the last sand-wave line nearest the beach I crawled, feeling that I should look on the solitary grandeur of the ocean expanse more modestly, more reverently, were I not to intrude my mortal, insignificant self to speck its horizon, but to peep over at it, prostrate in the sand. And what a magnificent sight! When, after a time, my eyes could distinguish features in the vast spread of beauty, I was astonished to find how few and simple they were,—the lines of horizon and shore, the melting curves of billows, two or three crumbling clouds and uncertain shadows; the colors only blue, gray, and white. No sign of man in the whole immensity, for the lonely light-house, like a pillar of salt, seemed part and possession of the ocean, joining it to clouds and sky. Afterward I made out an irregularity on the beach, its level broken and dotted, as it seemed, by clumps of froth-suds; and last I saw what in any other frame should have caught my first ray of sight. There right before me, and not over one hundred yards away, stood a gray-red, heavy-antlered buck, motionless as a statue, his head up, and staring over the waves. I crawled down and back to Roelff, who was descending the sand billow behind me, and when I had reached him I whispered of the buck. Roelff carried a rifle, I a shotgun. He was not in the least flurried by the promise of the shot. He looked down at the cock of his rifle, then stopped to put a finger of tobacco in his mouth, and crouching and crawling slowly he reached the dented sand where I had lain, and I was close beside him. With a second's aim he fired, and the sand of the beach or scum of the surf seemed to start up in flight, while the screams and clamor of thousands and thousands of shrill voices astounded our ears and dispersed the solemn sound that made the silence a moment before. The innumer-

able sea birds, penguins, cranes, curlews, and others, that I had seen in their motionless noonday rest as shapes and wind drifts of the wave-washed shore, startled by the rifle shot, sprang to wing and fluttered and whirled, crowded in masses and broke up in strings, affrighted and screaming, winging over the ocean and driving back to know the cause of their disturbance. The strange manœuvres of these feathery legions and the terrible din of their complaint and alarm so instantly engrossed our attention that we were unconscious of the result of the shot. But now we saw our game as motionless in death as he had been motionless in life one minute before. Then, without going nearer to inspect our quarry, Roelff and I sat on the warm sand where we were, to take in the scene. I can never forget it, because of itself and because of the night it preceded. As we lolled there, the merest speck of a sail came in sight. Soon, though, we could make it out: a schooner, looking infinitely lonely upon that desert spread of water.

"Perhaps," said Roelff, musingly, "perhaps that is the *Erro*. When condemned and sold, last March, she was bought by some parties to be a fruit carrier, it was said. A strange change, from negroes to bananas? She'll return to her nature, I'll bet. Clare, that is the *Erro*, or I don't know the cut of a schooner."

"You should know her better than most men, Roelff. You were one of her owners, were you not?"

"Yes; and now that the old cat is out of the bag and no one's definite property, I'll tell you something of her history. The *Erro* was built for a yacht in '57, and belonged to a member of the New York Yacht Club. He paid twenty-five thousand dollars for her, and she is the largest and fastest private boat ever built in this country; about two hundred and forty tons, I think, with ninety-five feet of keel and a depth in hold of twenty-six feet, if I don't forget. Just the craft, you see, for the business she came to. She never showed in a race, because, with her measure and canvas, she

had to give too much time. But the winter after she was launched her owner took Charley Traval in her to the West Indies, — a pleasure trip. The result was that the New York man sold her to five of us, retaining one sixth himself.

“ You remember her lying in the river for a month or more, and the rumors that got about. Traval, D’Ignauon, and Dick Mott directed the business. I was merely a silent partner; went in on principle and for the fun. You know how well they managed with that dashing fellow Egbert as captain, bringing over comfortably, without a single accident or death, two hundred and eighty niggers. You remember that they were landed near Fernandina, and you have seen the two likely specimens that Charley Traval owns to-day. I hear that he is to be arraigned on a bill of indictment, — ‘ for holding as slaves certain Africans of the cargo of the Erro,’ so it will read. He is not alarmed. There is not evidence enough, at least it cannot be commanded, to prove his connection with the Erro. It will fall through, mark my words; but with the captain affairs may go worse. They have him now, as we know, in our jail, and he will be tried for piracy in the spring. They caught the Erro just as she was clean from her cargo. We have never discovered the informer. The marshal knocked her down to the Yankee fruit men for four thousand dollars. We proved, at least, in that venture, how humanely the slave trade may be carried on, and to-day all those negroes are in far better condition than they ever were or could be in Africa. It has opened people’s eyes and ventilated some moldy old prejudices. In five years more you ’ll see, as I have assured you before, the slave trade legalized, the righteous institution of our South protected, and the mission for the black race intelligently conducted, or you ’ll see two governments in these United States.”

“ God forbid the attempt to separate,” I exclaimed; “ what else you predict, Roelff, seems to me the wildest improbability, but that last is a ghost too horrible to talk of. To come to that

we should cross the bloodiest river that ever ran in history.”

I spoke as I felt. With no doubt then in slavery as it existed, I yet knew the iniquity of the slave trade, and I was only one of an immense majority that looked forward to a possible division of our country as the most terrible danger that could menace us. I spoke warmly and rose to my feet.

Damrell answered my speech with calm virulence: “ D—— your Yankee teachings! Thus are we being poisoned. If these wilds bring me this knowledge of a friend, let us escape from them before we are enemies.”

I made no reply, but walked away to cut what venison we could carry to camp. I stopped with the carcass, too, long enough to cut off the head. I was sure Roelff would prize those antlers, the finest I ever saw on a Southern deer. When I came back to Roelff he was asleep in the sand. Four months afterward I remembered how he looked that sunny day as he rested on the warm beach, we two alone; the white, lifeless billows of the far-stretching sand, the power and immensity of the sea, the ineffable glow and glory of the sky, and the soothing breaths of the air throbbing to the lulling music of the ocean. All these returned to me with intense impression when I looked on my friend in another sleep, from which all passions, or errors, or even dreams were gone. When I awakened Roelff he was indifferent to his hunting success and took his way home with me wearily. The day’s work was too heavy for him. The disease of his lungs or heart prostrated him again, and when we reached the river I had to carry him on my back to the boat. We arrived in camp to find Mose Classon, who, elated by his own good luck, was in a boisterous mood peculiarly irritating to Damrell.

Had it not been for Damrell’s antagonism to our visitor, I should have enjoyed his rough naturalness, but, seeing Roelff’s annoyance, I began to lose the pleasure of Classon’s cheeriness. It was evident that he was either carelessly defiant of Damrell, as he might disregard

the pettishness of a child, or else that he was entirely unaware of Damrell's displeasure. At any rate he made himself perfectly at home in our camp and with our servants. When he wanted whisky he called to Prince to bring him the demijohn, and when he filled his pipe it was from my tobacco bag, without even an "if you please," although it was all done without intention of discourtesy. His habitual smile was very wholesome, and his stories were interesting and unceasing. When he began a fresh one after supper, suddenly, but very quietly, Roelff said to him:—

"Classon, do you intend to remain here over night?"

"Yes," he replied, heartily, without a seeming suspicion of the color of Damrell's question. "Yes; I can't leave such good company till I know you better. I want to make you kind of welcome to this yere country and give you some p'int's, now you can't git Phelps. If you will only help me a leetle more with them speerits there, — durned if there's a fort in the hull State got as good, — why then we'll have a better acquaintance. Oh, Prince, fill the tin up again, and I'll toast that sent'ment; as Major Wilkes sez down at Capron, 'Here's to you, deep as your hearts.'"

I smiled, and drank from my cup. Damrell heaved half a sigh and half a snort, and sank back on his elbow. Then Classon and I had the conversation all to ourselves, and soon Prince and the white boy retired to their couches. Roelff went into the tent and settled himself for the night, and in such a position that unless I should give up my place Classon could not find a couch under canvas that night. Roelff was smoking as he lay down. When he fell asleep, his hand and the pipe in it slid down to the ground close beside his pistol box, on which he had placed his watch. The pipe was a very beautiful meerschaum.

Outside the open tent we talked on for a time, until Classon, ready for another smoke, spied Damrell's idle meerschaum. "By jingo! I'll try that pipe, it's so pretty."

Saying which he slipped into the tent

and took the pipe from Damrell's open hand. Returning to his log seat, he filled the meerschaum. Classon's act disturbed Damrell's sleep, from which he now fully awoke. As Classon held a light to the pipe in his mouth, a shot bag, hurled by my insulted friend, struck the meerschaum from its place, and sent it flying fifteen feet into the trees. The Floridian looked one way and the other, without a clear understanding of what had happened, until he heard these trembling words:—

"You d—d Indian hound, I'll teach you manners!" followed by a few slowly chosen titles of ignominy, terse and fatal. But Roelff had not risen from his bed. He was leaning on one arm, while the other reached toward the pistol case. His voice was no louder nor quicker than usual, but his words *pinged* like rifle shots. Then our Everglade guest sprang to his feet, and, while he drew his knife from the belt and ran his fingers over its blade, cursed my friend in a torrent that might have been heard at Cape Canaveral, but his movement to bodily attack was arrested by the pistol that bore steadily on him and the firm injunction, "One step this way and you are a dead dog."

Prince and the boy came tumbling toward the camp fire. I threw myself before Classon, who was turning for his rifle, while he shouted, "Come out, — come out, you miserable shrimp! Come out, pistols, knives, or bare-handed, and ef I don't eternally mince you to bits I ain't Mose Classon nur any other man. Come out, you!"

"Clare," said Roelff, quietly, "just make that savage understand that when he returns to his senses and there is daylight enough to shoot by, I'll attend to his wishes."

Classon had now got hold of his rifle, but I took him by the arm and at length succeeded in walking him off toward the boat. I had influence with the young man. He had taken a fancy to me, and I succeeded with him better than I expected. The only chance now was to defer the inevitable result.

"Will he fight, then, *sure*, in the morn-

ing? You'll warrant that? Good!" Then how he laughed! "Of all the cranky white men I ever see, your friend is the cussedest; but ef he goes home from Floridy he'll have better manners fur the rest of his life, durn me if he don't. Now, Mr. Clare, let us have a drink together before we turn in, will yer?"

"Yes; but you go off a bit to sleep, that's a good fellow."

"Ha-a! 'fraid of nightmare? Yes, I'll turn in to the kannew. But I want to say as you have treated me right square and warm from the fust, and though you must be his friend foremost, yet I know you'll do me right and true; so whatsoever way you fix things, pistols, or knives, or anything, Mose Clason says, 'Amen.' Now, give me your hand, Mr. Clare. You've just made one friend in Floridy, if you do lose another to-morrow. Good night to you;" and he went whistling to his canoe bed, where no doubt he slept as soundly as if he were only going on a turkey hunt in the morning.

I tried to do something with Roelff to get him to aid me in stopping the affair where it was, but he was inexorable, and would not bear with much interference. "Clare," he said, "I must beg you to desist. After what has happened I must honor that fellow by fighting him. He is not a *gentleman*, I know; but considering the shot bag and my words I must descend to his level in this affair. Of course, I shall not harm him seriously, for I cannot have this duel *go on record*. There are two things that I, as the challenged party, demand: that we fight at not more than ten paces, and that it be with pistols. See now how indispensable it is to have proper weapons always at hand! You must be a double-barreled second, — act for both; but that is easy enough under the circumstances. You can choose the ground and measure it. As you seem to be as friendly with that Yahoo as with me, he will abide, as I shall, by your decisions. You give the word, too. Inform us of rules when the time comes, and if any difference of opinion arises about number of shots,

etc., whichever way you approve must have your casting vote. There, that's all; I am very sleepy; perfectly used up after our day's tramp. Call us out just as soon as there is daylight enough to sight on the Hapgoldts. By gracious!" looking at his watch, "hardly six hours left for sleep. Good night, my much-bothered friend."

It was a light matter to him, but very different to me. Yet there was no apparent release from my burden. If I should refuse to act in the strange and horrible position forced upon me, Roelff and Clason would come to an even more murderous settlement of their quarrel. That I had been able to prevent so far.

"Get to bed, Prince," I called out; "and you, too, New Smyrna, or I can't rouse you up till noon to-morrow."

My words reminded Roelff to speak once more: "Do, for heaven's sake, manage to get that cracker brute out of the camp, some way, to-morrow, whatever may result from the duel. Alive or dead, I will not put up with him."

What a night! I could not sleep, for thinking of the morning. Many terrible possibilities haunted my thoughts. I do not know but that, if I could have had the choice, I would have changed places with either of the principals, so far as they might suffer. It was a ghostly night. To watch beside a dead friend could not be so bad as this waiting and waking for the danger that must and the death that might come. A ghostly night, as I sat by the sizzling, hissing log fire, the hot ashes a lava kaleidoscope of phantoms, from the spell of which the crumbings of the wasting logs falling into the molten bed often startled me to momentary trembling; the pines, so melancholy at night, the saddest orchestra that ever wailed; the distant, dim black outlines of dense hummocks; the pale shimmer of the stars on the river, making it a tide of drifting shrouds and drowning faces; the mysterious sounds of water and forest bearing dismal portents; even the noises I recognized, of owl hoots, night-hawk cries, and animal calls, losing earthly meaning and awing my sense with weird suggestions. Not-

withstanding what the morning might bring of real disaster, I hailed the earliest dawn, the first rustle of departing night, as the loosening of a dismal spell.

As soon as my eyes could distinguish the natural objects within a surrounding vista of some hundreds of feet, I chose a comparative open for the place of combat, and, in a short space of time, while real life came back and I welcomed and warmed it with a drink from the demijohn and a pull on my pipe, I decided calmly how to conduct my morning's duty. Then I awakened Roelff and Classon, leaving the servants to sleep on, and informed Classon how he and Damrell were to fight; and when they had freshened themselves a bit and made a camp toilet, one in the tent, the other by the river-bank, I warmed a cup of coffee for each, and, as they drank, carefully loaded Damrell's dear pistols.

I had determined on every step of my part; so, those minor preliminaries dispatched, I said, calling to each, "Gentlemen, will you follow me."

Sixty yards brought us to the spot I had fixed on.

"Roelff, you will please stand here," leading him to a certain spot. Then, making ten long strides away from him, I halted and spoke to the other. "Classon, will you place yourself here." Both answered and obeyed me promptly, then scanned each other sharply, Roelff with an indolent, contemptuous glance at his adversary, and Mose with a flare of energy and anger, until I called their attention to myself. I stood now half-way between them and about twenty feet out of their direct line, holding the pistol case in my hands.

"Gentlemen, I have the very unfortunate honor of acting for both of you. My instructions in this matter are simply these: You, Roelff, will face south, and Classon, you will about face to the north. Please do so now. Excuse me one moment. I must call New Smyrna and Prince to witness what follows." I then aroused these two; and, putting them safely out of possible fire, ordered them to hear me and observe carefully what should follow. That done, I proceeded:

"I shall call, 'Are you ready?' Then 'Fire!' counting slowly after that word, 'One, two, three, halt!' Between 'fire' and 'halt,' you are to wheel and fire. That is all. Now I shall hand you the pistols," which I did and returned to my position. The light was that of full dawn; clear, soft, neither night, nor shadows, nor sunlight. No air was moving; the trees were quiet, the river was calm. The hush of the earliest moments of day was perfect except for one croaking caw of an over-passing crow, who slowed his journey for a moment to regard the scene below him.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes," both answered, clearly.

"Fire! One!" Before the word was finished, Classon wheeled and fired. Roelff was facing about at the same instant, but without leveling his pistol.

I *thought* Roelff wavered in the movement and made an extra step to complete the wheel. "Two! . . . Three!" Still Roelff did not lift his pistol. I delayed, and then said "Halt!" after as long a rest as I had the right to give.

With "Halt!" Roelff turned to his first position, and fired, — in a direction exactly opposite to his adversary. An empty sardine box, left on a tree trunk near the tent, and at least thirty yards from my friend, fell to the ground. Roelff faced about immediately, saying with a faint nod to his opponent and to me, "Hit!"

"You?" I exclaimed, running toward him as he half fell, half sat down at the foot of a tree near by.

"Oh, nothing serious, Clare, merely a scratch in my left shoulder," putting up his pistol hand to cover it. But he was pale, and leaned back against the tree. "Now," he said in a whisper to me, "if that man is satisfied, get him off."

Roelff's movements seemed at first incomprehensible to Classon. But waiting a few seconds in place until Roelff whispered to me, he dropped his weapon and advanced to within a few steps of us, speaking with feeling and in a frank tone that did him honor.

"I meant to hit you, but now that I

see the kind of stuff you are, I am d— sorry for it. Shake hands, will yer?"

Damrell, unmoved, waved him off.

"Well," said Classon, smiling grimly, but evidently repentant and disappointed, "any ways I am *almighty* sorry!"

Roelff made an expressive sign to indicate that I should get his opponent away. I took Classon's arm and walked him off, explaining to him that he had better leave us now, and that I hoped to meet him again at some other time; that he was a trump, and I greatly regretted that he and my friend could not agree.

"P'raps I had better *shove*. But look a-here, Mr. Clare, I did n't mean things to come to this break, — never dreamed of the like. And I like you fust-rate, — sort o' clenched to you right off. Dog on it, take this whistle!" and I believe there was almost a tear in his eye as he drew from one of his shirt pockets an alligator's tooth finely carved as a whistle. "Take this to remember Mose Classon, and give us your hand for good-by." He held it hard and added, "I'll push out in the stream a bit until I see if I can't do something for that friend of yourn, if he is leastways bad hit; an if he is all right — durn it, I hope so — jest toot on that thing, jest to try it, you see, and I'll *put*, I will. Mighty glad I ain't so ngly as I meant to be. Good-by, Mr. Clare, G—— d—— you! Good-by." Uttering that paradoxical farewell and blessing, tossed out from the turmoil of his sentiments, he turned away to his canoe with a lugubrious-half-laugh, the serio-comic period to my short acquaintance with Mose Classon.

Returning to Roelff I was soon able to sound the relief whistle, for I found there was nothing very bad in the character of my friend's wound. The ball had struck the left end of the collar-bone and glanced off through the skin of the shoulder.

The success of the Erro in 1858 started a fleet of slavers. Our navy, through the Portsmouth, Vincennes, Wyandotte, and others, seized several of the vessels engaged in the nefarious traffic, and re-

leased from 1st February to 1st April, 1859, over two thousand Africans. Many suspected vessels were prevented from sailing; many more were pursued but escaped; and some made successful voyages with immense profits to their owners. Sometime in March the New York Herald printed this statement: "One hundred *nigger* expeditions are fitting out in the Northern States, *where the slave-trade movement was concocted.*" The italicizing is my own.

In the — city jail that spring lay Captain Egbert, of the Erro. Before the return of Roelff Damrell and myself from Indian River, six citizens of — concerned in the Erro business had been indicted. The judge before whom the case came first properly declined to act, because one of the accused parties, Traval, was his relative. Then the chief-justice was summoned from Washington to preside in the other's place. But the district attorney declared that, because of the construction of the sixth section of the act of 1818 by the presiding chief-justice of the supreme court, and because of intimations thrown out by the court as to insufficiency of evidence to connect defendants with the Erro, it was useless to proceed further in the case, and a *nol. pros.* was entered against the arraigned. But this failure with parties concerned in the former ownership of the Erro (condemned, and sold March 12, 1859, for four thousand dollars), and indicted also for *holding* as slaves some of the Africans of her cargo, did not affect the action for piracy against Captain Egbert. He lay in jail, whilst his partners in and instigators to the adventure were safe and free. Of course these men were earnestly scheming to release the captain from his dangerous position. We can imagine the nature of the influence they exerted when we remember that four of them were what were esteemed gentlemen of high social position, popular in society, with large interests in business or as planters, and also active in general politics; while the agent for their scheme, Captain Egbert, their friend and comrade, was a gentleman, too, by birth, a fascinating des-

perado of darkly romantic career, whose manners, associates, and adventurous history were apologists for his inhumanity. Inhumanity? Not in the honest judgment of Roelff Damrell and some others, who denounced his imprisonment without bail as a legal outrage, and the policy that pursued him as Northern enmity and wicked fanaticism. To a few it was the trial of both a political issue and an advanced principle. Captain Egbert, though a desperate character, was nevertheless their appointed representative to secure the preservation of slavery and the advancement of the South. Of the six immediate actors in the Erro adventure, but two engaged in it for pecuniary profit; and though those six and their followers made a lurid flash and momentary loud peal in the clouds rushing up from the South to the after-storm, yet their number was very small, and the strong, cooler heart and head of the community were calm and determined against those "*infanti perduti*," born from the error of the time, and shaped by their environment. However, the dashing, daring, fluent minority, with sabre-like gestures and profane threats, made lively the atmosphere of club, hotel, and bar-room. Charley Traval was its face and voice, Roelff Damrell its backbone. It looked to one for excitement, to the other for endurance. These men, who watched as hostile soldiery the course of the trial, and were sworn that Captain Egbert should never be punished, did not number one hundred, notwithstanding the statement of a great Northern paper at the time that "five thousand of the best citizens of — are ready to rescue the slaver captain." The Traval men declared that those who were not for them were against them, and gave up all but a kind of armed association with former companions now deemed doubtful. Each one was suspicious of a conservative and grandly hostile to an opponent ready for seconds and ten paces at any moment. So it came about that Roelff conquered his sentiments and obeyed his principles, by dropping entirely our old fond intimacy, and only acknowledging an acquaint-

ance ship by sad, warrior-like salutes. Horribly trying to all my genial dictates and every humorous sense were his expressions of face and carriage when we met. But five feet six in stature, he marched by with the air of six feet one. His usual languid dignity, losing none of its deliberateness, changed to a steely erectness that stiffened knees, back, and neck. The stern lips parted with an unworded salutation, the head made the beginning of inflection, and the blue eyes held unmoved to some point about six inches above the top of my hat as he passed. Some kindness and courtesy filtered through the strongly held manner, yet no man of prudence or of respect for others would have presumed to leap the barricade. About Roelff Damrell's unheroic face and figure it was comical, — sadly comical, — but nevertheless effectual.

The trial proceeded with intense interest. From the assembling of the court to its adjournment each day, the Erro men, the friends of Captain Egbert, — young, handsome, vigorous, well-dressed gentlemen, — held their bold positions in the court room. As the allies of some doubtful champion in the prize ring crowd the ropes, ready to pitch in and rescue their man if the fight goes against him, the captain's backers were actively present, expressing sympathy and comment by flashing glances, impatient gestures, and *sotto voce* threats. On the 23d of May an important witness for the government appeared in the person of Commodore Roome, once of the Texan navy, when Texas was a republic. In a peculiar and somewhat confidential manner Roome had unwillingly received testimony very damaging to Captain Egbert's defense. As Egbert had been a comrade of his in the Texan service, he strove to avoid appearing against him, but, summoned to court and his testimony demanded, he was forced to speak. At the crisis of his evidence the prisoner — a tall, swarthy, graceful man, a picture of the pirate of romance — sprang up in the box, and, leaning forward, brandished his clenched fist at the witness, exclaiming in a tre-

mor of rage, "Commodore Roome, you are a —— liar!" The black curly hair shook on his head as the locks of angry Jove, the blood rushed to his olive cheeks, and his brilliant black eyes appeared to emit sparks of fire. It was a scene dramatic in the extreme, but the witness, a fine, grizzled, lion-like man, stood unmoved, his mouth merely setting itself determinedly as a contemptuous smile crept about his lips. A sort of smothered howl arose from different points in the court room, but in a moment the grand old judge and his officers had enforced order, and the defiant prisoner had sunk back on his seat. Then the commodore, before taking up his testimony again, said, with a steady gaze at Captain Egbert, "The insult is unanswerable in your position." One ringing voice in the audience hurled out an exclamation of reply, but it was lost in the majestic command of the court for order. That day's session was prolonged until sunset.

When the court adjourned, and the crowding feet clanked through the stone halls and down the granite stairs, Charley Traval stood behind the iron balustrade on a landing of the descending steps, peering with the hungering impatience of a tiger at each of the passing throng. Behind him, like a bull terrier seconding a fighting-cock, glumly, drowsily, sat Damrell, in an alcove intended for some heroic figure of Justice or Law or other statue supposed to be patiently and everlastingly at home in a court-house. One among the last of the groups leaving the scene was Commodore Roome. His conversation and progress were arrested as he came opposite the stand of Traval and Damrell by the words, "Commodore Roome! I, Charles Traval, not in a prisoner's position, represent Captain Egbert, and I repeat what he said, 'You are a —— liar.'" It was enunciated with a satanic vigor.

The commodore halted, hesitated a moment, looked angrily at Traval, then, smiling terribly as his face paled, he replied calmly and with even a show of courtliness, "Sir, you will answer me

for those words at daylight to-morrow? . . . Good! My friend will call in an hour," and, without further word to his insulter, he continued the conversation with his companions and descended the steps.

At a quarter past eight the next morning I happened to be in a lawyer's office of the same building in which the scene I have related took place. Commodore Roome entered immediately after me. He also had some business with the lawyer on whom I had called, but before he could more than introduce himself, a very fat, ready, and pompous personage — an important citizen, albeit, of the city — arose from an arm-chair and, extending his hand, exclaimed theatrically, "Commodore Roome, proud to meet you, sir, and most happy to congratulate you on the fortunate result of this morning's most dangerous encounter — aha — happy, indeed."

The commodore did not clasp the extended hand, but coldly answered, "Sir, your congratulations are not welcome. Had not my second, Mr. Campbell Hooper" (the district attorney who prosecuted the case in court against the captain of the slaver), "made a blunder in loading the pistols, placing the wooden and lighter ramrod of another pistol in the hold of one of my own weapons, the proper ramrod of which was steel, I should, two hours ago, have put a ball through the brain of a very pestiferous gentleman. Good morning, sir! I have important business with Mr. —— before the court opens." Commodore Roome, be it said, had fought two duels in years gone by. On each occasion he had *killed his man*. In this case Charles Traval had his felt hat perforated, without harm to the gay, reckless head it covered.

The night of that same day, while some of us companions were playing poker in an upper room of the principal hotel, Mr. Charles Traval, Roeliff Damrell, D'Ignauon, Dick Mott, and half a dozen others repaired to the jail, and by threats and force against the jail officers released Captain Egbert from his cell, and took him with them for an enjoyment of the

city's freedom. In their jolly round they arrived at the hotel, their daring ranks then recruited to perhaps the number of fifty. It was a dashing crowd, with immense resources of fight and unfathomable thirst for champagne. Plenty of it, and of an excellent quality too, was found in the hotel, but there also was found Mr. Campbell Hooper, the district attorney, a Southron of the Southrons by every right, tie, and sentiment. He was a young man, small in stature, gentle in manners, but with the heart of a lion. In the case against the captain of the *Erro*, he was the representative of an honorable court and of a great government. Here was an outrage upon the power whose officer he was. Alone and unarmed in that excited crowd, he denounced the act, and declared that Captain Egbert should be remanded to prison. All this had gone on while we, unaware of any disturbance, played our game of cards in a room two floors above the scene of dangerous disturbance. But the growing noise below reached us, and we left our quiet pleasure to ascertain what was "up" down-stairs. Now, of our number was Ozier, a cousin of Mr. Hooper. When we reached the second floor, from the landing above the first stairs we looked down on a small sea of vehement faces and many revolvers, while standing alone, half-way up the stairs, was Campbell Hooper, insisting upon the course he had resolved on and demanding that the rescued prisoner should be given up to his authority. The replies were the most savage imprecations on his head if he dared to interfere. It was a tempestuous sight. All of us but Ozier descended the stairs. He stopped at Hooper's side, put a hand on his shoulder, and said in his natural voice, but yet loud enough in a momentary hush for all to hear: "Campbell, there are two of us now. I don't know what all this is about, but if you are right, stick to it. I'll back you, though we are two unarmed men to all those pistols."

With the men assembled about those stairs that gallant act had its effect, and the words may have recalled fair play

to their manhood's sense. I thought, as fresh from a game of poker I entered the throng below, "A pair is better than *High Jack*," but just then Roelff Damrell stood before me: "Clare, what side are you on, in this affair?"

"On none," I answered, "until I know what it is all about."

"Take care, then," he said, and we were separated. In ten minutes the danger was past, the turmoil ended; for the courageous promptitude of Hooper's cousin on the stairs, and the moment of reflection it gave to some just spirits in the excited party, resulted in a truce which guaranteed to the district attorney, entirely powerless to have enforced his authority, that if he would forbear from immediate arrest of the slaver captain, those who had him in charge would pledge their honor to deliver him up to the officers of the jail before sunrise. Then the Egbert guards, except Roelff Damrell, left the hotel, and about a dozen of us, with Roelff as the favorite, ordered of the hotel host a supper. The breaking of the storm left a delicious warmth of social security. Even Damrell seemed to have consented to a peace, and to be glad to be natural with friends whom he loved. At any rate, — so we all seemed to feel, — there should be no quarrel or coldness between us while the night and the bottles held out. When we took seats at the bountiful board, Roelff had the head of the table and I sat two places from him on his right. The last to join our company was Donald Ozier. Passing by Roelff Damrell in the narrow passage between our head man's chair and the wall, Donald rubbed against Roelff, and something fell with a clatter to the floor. It was Roelff Damrell's revolver. Fortunately the fall had not exploded it, though it was at full cock. Ozier, with a humorous grimace for us all, handed the weapon to Damrell, who, continuing the flow of talk that the wine had loosed, calmly uncocked the weapon and laid it beside his plate. The act and Damrell's manner amused us, they were so intensely characteristic, and, at the first break in his narration, some one at the further end of the table sang out, "Come, Dam-

rell, if it may not be impertinent, what were your intentions with that shooter there?"

"The occasion excuses the impertinence; I meant to shoot Clare with it."

"What?" and a shout of laughter went up from every one but Roelff and myself. His imperturbable, amiable serenity with such a murderous confession fresh from his mouth, and my continuance of alarmed astonishment, augmented the company's amusement.

"What?" said I, repeating the choiced *what* in a tremolo solo, "wh—at?"

Roelff raised a glass of champagne to his lips before he answered, with a look of the very tenderness of friendship on his face, and extended a hand to grasp mine: "Yes, Clare, I meant the first shot, at any rate, for you if the affair a while ago had come to pistols."

Somehow I gave him my hand, but said, "Good heavens, Roelff! you don't mean that you would have selected as your first foe your closest friend; the chum who slept with you spoon-fashion for weeks and weeks in our Florida camp; the man who carried you on his back and in his arms often; one who" —

A warm smile melted nearly all the determination of his face, and his eyes lost their languid challenge as he replied, "If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more." A volley of laughter and a clinking of glasses followed Damrell's quotation. All poured out a bumper to our Brutus, who, when the noise grew less, continued, but now earnestly: —

"Gentlemen, the good cheer of the occasion must not misinterpret what I would express — that — that when one contends for principles one sacrifices sentiments. If I were fighting for my God or for my country, and my kindred were among our foes, I should strike first at the dearest."

The excitements of the occasion and

the revulsion from dangerous discord to ardent harmony fused reserve, differences, and calmness to a glow of delicious comradeship. Recalling that night, the refrains of Thackeray's table song come up from the lips long ago silenced on the field of battle: —

"Life is but short;
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree,"

and

"Empty it yet,
Let us forget
Round the old tree."

I seem to catch a gleam from the flashing youth and bravery of those impassioned faces, and hear the recitation of Roelff Damrell, who, when called upon, last of us thirteen, for a "song or story," repeated in low, ominous voice, from which all inspiration of the occasion seemed suddenly to fall away, that spectral drinking song of Captain Dowling, *The Song of the Dying*. With an elbow on the table, his left hand supported his head while his right hand held a half-empty glass so that its contents spilled drop by drop with the rhythm of the verse. What could have called to him the thought of that song? He recited it slowly, as if repeating what he *listened* to. And now I catch an echo of a line here and there: —

"'Tis cold as our hearts were growing,

"And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of death.

"Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and hearty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more?"

And the refrain of each verse: —

"A cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies."

When the sun was a few hours high, a negro met me as I entered my office with, "Mars' Clare! Mars' Clare! der — der — der Mars' Roelff, *dead*!" It was too true. I reached him to rub the small hands and feet yet warm, but life was gone, — the soul had fled.

Clarence Gordon.

THE ADIRONDACKS VERIFIED.

[THE Editors of *The Atlantic* trust that it is not too late to correct the impression, fostered by the over-scrupulosity of former explorers, that the great Northern Wilderness of New York is a tame and commonplace region; and they are happy to present the first of a series of sketches in which it will be treated as in some degree the home of romance and adventure.]

I.

HOW I KILLED A BEAR.

So many conflicting accounts have appeared about my casual encounter with an Adirondack bear, last summer, that in justice to the public, to myself, and to the bear it is necessary to make a plain statement of the facts. Besides, it is so seldom I have occasion to kill a bear that the celebration of the exploit may be excused.

The encounter was unpremeditated on both sides. I was not hunting for a bear, and I have no reason to suppose that a bear was looking for me. The fact is that we were both out blackberrying, and met by chance, the usual way. There is among the Adirondack visitors always a great deal of conversation about bears, a general expression of the wish to see one in the woods, and much speculation as to how a person would act if he or she chanced to meet one. But bears are scarce and timid, and appear only to a favored few.

It was a warm day in August, just the sort of day when an adventure of any kind seemed impossible. But it occurred to the housekeepers at our cottage — there were four of them — to send me to the clearing on the mountain back of the house to pick blackberries. It was rather a series of small clearings, running up into the forest, much overgrown with bushes and briars, and not unromantic. Cows pastured there, penetrating through

the leafy passages from one opening to another, and browsing among the bushes. I was kindly furnished with a six-quart pail, and told not to be gone long.

Not from any predatory instinct, but to save appearances, I took a gun. It adds to the manly aspect of a person with a tin pail if he also carries a gun. It was possible I might start up a partridge; though how I was to hit him if he started up instead of standing still puzzled me. Many people use a shotgun for partridges. I prefer the rifle; it makes a clean job of death, and does not prematurely stuff the bird with globules of lead. The rifle was a Sharp's, carrying a ball cartridge, ten to the pound; an excellent weapon, belonging to a friend of mine who had intended for a good many years back to kill a deer with it. He could hit a tree with it, if the wind did not blow and the atmosphere was just right and the tree was not too far off, nearly every time; of course the tree must have some size. Needless to say that I was at that time no sportsman. Years ago I killed a robin under the most humiliating circumstances. The bird was in a low cherry-tree; I loaded a big shotgun pretty full, crept up under the tree, rested the gun on the fence, with the muzzle more than ten feet from the bird, shut both eyes, and pulled the trigger. When I got up to see what had happened, the robin was scattered about under the tree in more than a thousand pieces, no one of which was big enough to enable a naturalist to decide from it to what species it belonged. This disgusted me with the life of a sportsman. I mention the incident to show that, although I went blackberrying armed, there was not much inequality between me and the bear.

In this blackberry patch bears had been seen. The summer before, our colored cook, accompanied by a little girl of the vicinage, was picking berries there one day, when a bear came out of the

woods and walked towards them. The girl took to her heels and escaped. Aunt Chloe was paralyzed with terror. Instead of attempting to run, she sat down on the ground where she was standing and began to weep and scream, giving herself up for lost. The bear was bewildered by this conduct. He approached and looked at her; he walked around and surveyed her. Probably he had never seen a colored person before, and did not know whether she would agree with him. At any rate, after watching her a few moments he turned about and went into the forest. This is an authentic instance of the delicate consideration of a bear, and is much more remarkable than the forbearance towards the African slave of the well-known lion, because the bear had no thorn in his foot.

When I had climbed the hill, I set up my rifle against a tree and began picking berries, lured on from bush to bush by the black gleam of fruit that always promises more in the distance than it realizes when you reach it; penetrating farther and farther, through leaf-shaded cow-paths flecked with sunlight, into clearing after clearing. I could hear on all sides the tinkle of bells, the cracking of sticks, and the stamping of cattle that were taking refuge in the thicket from the flies. Occasionally, as I broke through a covert, I encountered a meek cow, who stared at me stupidly for a second and then shambled off into the brush; I became accustomed to this dumb society, and picked on in silence, attributing all the wood-noises to the cattle, thinking nothing of any real bear. In point of fact, however, I was thinking all the time of a nice romantic bear, and, as I picked, was composing a story about a generous she bear who had lost her cub, and who seized a small girl in this very wood, carried her tenderly off to her cave, and brought her up on bear's milk and honey. When the girl got big enough to run away, moved by her inherited instincts, she escaped and came into the valley to her father's house (this part of the story was to be worked out, so that the child would know her father by some family resemblance, and have some

language in which to address him), and told him where the bear lived. The father took his gun, and, guided by the unfeeling daughter, went into the woods and shot the bear, who never made any resistance, and only, when dying, turned reproachful eyes upon her murderer. The moral of the tale was to be kindness to animals.

I was in the midst of this tale, when I happened to look some rods away to the other edge of the clearing, and there was a bear! He was standing on his hind legs and doing just what I was doing, — picking blackberries. With one paw he bent down the bush, while with the other he clawed the berries into his mouth, green ones and all. To say that I was astonished is inside the mark. I suddenly discovered that I did n't want to see a bear, after all. At about the same moment the bear saw me, stopped eating berries, and regarded me with a glad surprise. It is all very well to imagine what you would do under such circumstances. Probably you would n't do it; I did n't. The bear dropped down on his fore feet, and came slowly towards me. Climbing a tree was of no use with so good a climber in the rear; if I started to run, I had no doubt the bear would give chase, and although a bear cannot run downhill as fast as he can run uphill, yet I felt that he could get over this rough, brush-tangled ground faster than I could.

The bear was approaching. It suddenly occurred to me how I could divert his mind until I could fall back upon my military base. My pail was nearly full of excellent berries, — much better than the bear could pick himself. I put the pail on the ground and slowly backed away from it, keeping my eye, as beast tamers do, on the bear. The ruse succeeded.

The bear came up to the berries and stopped; not accustomed to eat out of a pail, he tipped it over and nosed about in the fruit, "gorming" (if there is such a word) it down, mixed with leaves and dirt, like a pig. The bear is a worse feeder than the pig. Whenever he disturbs a maple-sugar camp in the spring,

he always upsets the buckets of syrup and tramples round in the sticky sweets, wasting more than he eats. The bear's manners are thoroughly disagreeable.

As soon as my enemy's head was down, I started and ran. Somewhat out of breath and shaky, I reached my faithful rifle. It was not a moment too soon. I heard the bear crashing through the brush after me. Enraged at my duplicity, he was now coming on with blood in his eye. I felt that the time of one of us was probably short. The rapidity of thought at such moments of peril is well known. I thought an octavo volume, had it illustrated and published, sold fifty thousand copies, and went to Europe on the proceeds, while that bear was loping across the clearing. As I was cocking the gun, I made a hasty and unsatisfactory review of my whole life. I noted that even in such a compulsory review it is almost impossible to think of any good thing you have done. The sins come out uncommonly strong. I recollected a newspaper subscription I had delayed paying, years and years ago, until both editor and newspaper were dead; and which now never could be paid to all eternity.

The bear was coming on.

I tried to remember what I had read about encounters with bears. I could n't recall an instance in which a man had run away from a bear in the woods and escaped, although I recalled plenty where the bear had run from the man and got off. I tried to think what is the best way to kill a bear with a gun, when you are not near enough to club him with the stock. My first thought was to fire at his head, to plant the ball between his eyes; but this is a dangerous experiment. The bear's brain is very small, and unless you hit that, the bear does not mind a bullet in his head, — that is, not at the time. I remembered that the instant death of the bear would follow a bullet planted just back of his fore leg and sent into his heart. This spot is also difficult to reach unless the bear stands off side towards you, like a target. I finally determined to fire at him generally.

The bear was coming on.

The contest seemed to me very different from anything at Creedmoor. I had carefully read the reports of the shooting there, but it was not easy to apply the experience I had thus acquired. I hesitated whether I had better fire lying on my stomach, or lying on my back and resting the gun on my toes. But in neither position, I reflected, could I see the bear until he was upon me. The range was too short, and the bear would n't wait for me to examine the thermometer and note the direction of the wind. Trial of the Creedmoor method, therefore, had to be abandoned; and I bitterly regretted that I had not read more accounts of off-hand shooting.

For the bear was coming on.

I tried to fix my last thoughts upon my family. As my family is small, this was not difficult. Dread of displeasing my wife or hurting her feelings was uppermost in my mind. What would be her anxiety as hour after hour passed on and I did not return! What would the rest of the household think as the afternoon passed and no blackberries came! What would be her mortification when the news was brought that her husband had been eaten up by a bear? I cannot imagine anything more ignominious than to have a husband eaten by a bear! And this was not my only anxiety. The mind at such times is not under control. With the gravest fears the most whimsical ideas will occur. I looked beyond the mourning friends and thought what kind of an epitaph they would be compelled to put upon the stone. Something like this: —

HERE LIE THE REMAINS
OF

— — — — —
EATEN BY A BEAR
August 20, 1877

It is a very unheroic and even disagreeable epitaph. That "eaten by a bear" is intolerable. It is grotesque. And then I thought what an inadequate language the English is for compact expression. It would not answer to put upon the stone simply "eaten," for that is indefinite and requires explanation; it

might mean eaten by a cannibal. This difficulty could not occur in the German, where *essen* signifies the act of feeding by a man and *fressen* by a beast. How simple the thing would be in German:—

HIER LIEGT
HOCHWOHLGEBOREN
HERR ————,
GEFRESSEN
August 20, 1877.

That explains itself. The well-born one was eaten by a beast, and presumably by a bear, which animal has a bad reputation since the days of Elisha.

The bear was coming on. He had in fact come on. I judged that he could see the whites of my eyes. All my subsequent reflections were confused. I raised the gun, covered the bear's breast with the sight, and let drive. Then, I turned and ran like a deer. I did not hear the bear pursuing. I looked back. The bear had stopped. He was lying down. I then remembered that the best thing to do after having fired your gun is to reload it. I slipped in a charge, keeping my eyes on the bear. He never stirred. I walked back suspiciously. There was a quiver in the hind legs, but no other motion. Still, he might be shamming. Bears often sham. To make sure, I approached and put a ball into his head. He did n't mind it now; he minded nothing. Death had come to him with a merciful suddenness. He was calm in death. In order that he might remain so, I blew his brains out, and then started for home. I had killed a bear!

Notwithstanding my excitement, I managed to saunter into the house with an unconcerned air. There was a chorus of voices:—

"Where are your blackberries?"

"Why were you gone so long?"

"Where's your pail?"

"I left the pail."

"Left the pail! What for?"

"A bear wanted it."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Well, the last I saw of it, a bear had it."

"Oh, come! You did n't really see a bear?"

"Yes, but I did really see a real bear."

"Did he run?"

"Yes; he ran after me."

"I don't believe a word of it. What did you do?"

"Oh, nothing particular, except kill the bear."

Cries of "Gammon," "Don't believe it," "Where's the bear?"

"If you want to see the bear, you must go up into the woods. I could n't bring him down alone."

Having satisfied the household that something extraordinary had occurred, and excited the posthumous fear of some of them for my own safety, I went down into the valley to get help. The great bear hunter, who keeps one of the summer boarding-houses, received my story with a smile of incredulity, and the incredulity spread to the other inhabitants and to the boarders as soon as the story was known. However, as I insisted in all soberness, and offered to lead them to the bear, a party of forty or fifty people at last started off with me to bring the bear in. Nobody believed there was any bear in the case, but everybody who could get a gun carried one, and we went into the woods armed with guns, pistols, pitchforks, and sticks, against all contingencies or surprises,—a crowd made up mostly of scoffers and jeerers.

But when I led the way to the fatal spot, and pointed out the bear, lying peacefully wrapped in his own skin, something like terror seized the boarders, and genuine excitement the natives. It was a no mistake bear, by George; and the hero of the fight—well, I will not insist upon that. But what a procession that was, carrying the bear home, and what a congregation was speedily gathered in the valley to see the bear! Our best preacher up there never drew anything like it on Sunday.

And I must say that my particular friends, who were sportsmen, behaved very well, on the whole. They did n't deny that it was a bear, although they said it was small for a bear. Mr. Deane, who is equally good with a rifle and a rod, admitted that it was a very fair

shot. He is probably the best salmon-fisher in the United States, and he is an equally good hunter. I suppose there is no person in America who is more desirous to kill a moose than he. But he needlessly remarked, after he had ex-

amined the wound in the bear, that he had seen that kind of a shot made by a cow's horn. This sort of talk affected me not. When I went to sleep that night my last delicious thought was, "I've killed a bear."

Chalres Dudley Warner.

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE.

It was a very little tour; but the charm of the three or four old towns and monuments that it embraced, the beauty of the brilliant autumn weather, the pleasure of reminding one's self how much of the interest, the strength, and dignity of France is outside of that huge, pretentious caravansary called Paris (a reminder often needed), — these things have given me a very grateful memory of it. I went down to Rheims to see the famous cathedral, and to reach Rheims I traveled through the early morning hours along the charming valley of the Marne. The Marne is a pretty little green river, the vegetation upon whose banks, otherwise unadorned, had begun to blush with the early frosts in a manner that suggested the autumnal tints of American scenery. The trees and bushes were positively scarlet and orange; the light was splendid and a trifle harsh; I could have fancied myself in the midst of a Western October, if at intervals some gray old large-towered church had not lifted a sculptured front above a railway station to dispel the fond illusion. One of these church fronts — I saw it only from the train — is particularly impressive: the little cathedral of Meaux, of which the great Bossuet was bishop, and along whose frigid nave he set his eloquence a-rolling with an impetus which it has not wholly lost to this day. It was entertaining, moreover, to enter the champagne country; for Rheims is in the ancient province whose later fame is syllabled, the world over, in popping

corks. A land of vineyards is not usually accounted picturesque; but the country about Epernay seemed to me to have a charm of its own. It stretched away in soft undulations that were pricked all over with little stakes muffled in leaves. The effect at a distance was that of vast surfaces — long, subdued billows — of pincushion; and yet it was very pretty. The deep blue sky was over the scene; the undulations were half in sun and half in shade; and here and there, among their myriad little bristles, were groups of vintagers, who, though they are in reality, doubtless, a prosaic and mercenary body of laborers, yet assumed, to a fancy that glanced at them in the cursory manner permitted by railway traveling, the appearance of joyous and disinterested votaries of Bacchus. The blouses of the men, the white caps of the women, were gleaming in the sunshine; they moved about crookedly among the tiny vine-poles. I thought them full of a charming suggestiveness. Of all the delightful gifts of France to the world, this was one of the most agreeable, — the keen, sweet liquid in which the finest flower of sociability is religiously dipped. It came from these sunny places; this little maze of curling-sticks supplied the world with half the world's gayety. I call it little only in relation to the immense number of bottles with gilded necks in which this gayety is annually stored up. The champagne country seemed to me, in fact, of great extent;

the bristling slopes went rolling away to new horizons in a manner that was positively reassuring. Making the handsomest allowance for the wine manufactured from baser elements, it was apparent that this spacious section of a province represented a very large number of bottles.

As you draw near to Rheims the vineyards become sparser, and finally disappear,—a fact not to be regretted, for there is something incongruous in the juxtaposition of champagne and Gothic architecture. It may be said, too, that for the proper appreciation of a structure like the cathedral of Rheims you have need of all your head. As, after my arrival, I sat in my window at the inn, gazing up at the great façade, I found something dizzying in the mere climbing and soaring of one's astonished vision; and later, when I came to wander about in the upper regions of the church, and to peep down, through the rugged lace-work of the towers, at the little streets and the small spots of public places, I found myself musing upon the beauty of soberness. My window at the Lion d'Or was like a proscenium-box at the play; to admire the cathedral at my leisure, I had only to perch myself in the casement, with a good opera-glass. I sat there for a long time watching the great architectural drama. A drama I may call it, for no church front that I have seen is more animated, more richly figured. The density of the sculptures, the immense scale of the images, detract, perhaps, at first, in a certain sense, from the impressiveness of the cathedral of Rheims; the absence of large surfaces, of ascending lines, deceives you as to the elevation of the front, and the immense size of some of the upper statues brings them unduly near the eye. But little by little you perceive that this great figured and storied screen has a mass proportionate to its detail, and that it is the grandest part of a structure which, as a whole, is one of the noblest works of man's hands. Most people remember to have seen some print or some photograph of this heavily-charged façade of Rheims, which is usu-

ally put forward as the great example of the union of the purity and the possible richness of Gothic. I must first have seen some such print in my earliest years, for I have always thought of Rheims as the great Gothic cathedral *par excellence*. I had vague associations with it; it seemed to me that I had already stood before it. One's literary associations with Rheims are indeed very vivid and impressive: they begin with the picture of the Maid of Orleans passing under the deeply sculptured portal, with a banner in her hand which she has no need to lower, and while she stands amid the incense and the chants, the glitter of arms and the glow of colored lights, asking leave of the young king whom she has crowned to turn away and tend her flocks. And after that there is the sense of all the kings of France having traveled down to Rheims, in their splendor, to be consecrated; the great groups on the front of the church must have looked down on groups almost as stately,—groups full of color and movement,—assembled in the little *Place*. (This little *Place*, it must be confessed, is rather shabby. It is singular that the august ceremony of the *sacre* should not have left its mark upon the disposition of the houses,—should not have kept them at a respectful distance. Louis XIV., smoothing his plumage before he entered the church, can hardly have had space to swing the train of his coronation robe.) But when in driving into the town I reached the little *Place*, such as it is, and saw the cathedral lift its spireless towers above the long rows of its carven saints, the huge wheel of its window, the three great caverns of its portals, with the high acute pediments above each arch, and the sides abutting outward like the beginning of a pyramid,—when I looked at all this I felt that I had carried it in my mind from my earliest years, and that the stately vision had been implanted there by some forgotten glimpse of an old-fashioned water-color sketch, in which the sky was washed in with great picturesqueness, the remoter parts of the church tinted with a kind of fasci-

nating indigo, and the foundations represented as encumbered with little gabled and cross-timbered houses, inhabited by women in red petticoats and curious caps.

I shall not attempt any regular enumeration of the great details of the façade of Rheims; I cannot profess even to have fully apprehended them. They are a glorious company, and here and there, on its high-hung pedestal, one of the figures detaches itself with peculiar effectiveness. Over the central portal sits the Virgin Mary, meekly submitting her head to the ponderous crown which her son prepares to place upon it; the attitude and movement of Christ are full of a kind of splendid politeness. The three great door-ways are in themselves a museum of imagery, disposed in each case in fine, close tiers, the statues in each of the tiers packed perpendicularly against their comrades. The effect of these great hollowed and chiseled caverns is extremely striking; they are a proper vestibule to the dusky richness of the interior. The cathedral of Rheims, more fortunate than many of its companions, appears not to have suffered from the iconoclasts of the Revolution. I noticed no absent heads or broken noses. But, like many of its companions, it is so pressed upon by neighboring houses that it is not easy to get a general view of the sides and the rear. You may walk round it and note your walk as a long one; you may observe that the choir of the church travels back almost into another quarter of the city; you may see the far-spreading mass lose itself for a while in parasitic obstructions, and then emerge again with all its buttresses flying; but you miss that wide margin of space and light which should enable it to present itself as a consistent picture. Pictures have their frames and poems have their margins; a great work of art, such as a Gothic cathedral, should at least have elbow-room. You may, however, stroll beneath the walls of Rheims, along a narrow, dark street, and look up at the mighty structure and see its upper parts foreshortened into all kinds of delusive

proportions. There is a grand entertainment in the view of the church which you obtain from the furthestmost point which you may reach from it in the rear. I have never seen a cathedral so magnificently buttressed. The buttresses of Rheims are all double; they have a tremendous spring, and are supported upon pedestals surmounted by immense crocketed canopies containing statues of wide-winged angels. A great balustrade of Gothic arches connects these canopies one with another, and along this balustrade are perched strange figures of sitting beasts: unicorns and mermaids, griffins and monstrous owls. Huge, terrible gargoyles hang far over into the street, and doubtless some of them have a detail which I afterwards noticed at Laon. The gargoyle represents a grotesque beast,—a creature partaking at once of the shape of a bird, a fish, and a quadruped. At Laon, on either side of the main entrance, a long-bellied monster cranes forth into the air with the head of a hippopotamus; and under its belly crouches a little man, hardly less grotesque, making up a rueful grimace and playing some ineffectual trick upon his terrible companion. One of these little figures has plunged a sword, up to the hilt, into the belly of the monster above him, so that when he draws it forth there will be a leak in the great stone gutter; another has suspended himself to a rope that is knotted round the neck of the gargoyle, and is trying, in the same manner, to interrupt its functions by pulling the cord as tight as possible. There is certainly something sublime in an architectural conception that ranges from the combination of clustering towers and opposing fronts to this infinitely minute play of humor.

There is no great play of humor in the interior of Rheims, but there is a great deal of beauty and solemnity. This interior is a spectacle that excites the sensibility, as our forefathers used to say; but it is not an easy matter to describe. It is no description of it to say that it is four hundred and sixty-six feet in length and that the roof is one

hundred and twenty-four feet above the pavement; nor is there any very vivid portraiture in the statement that if there is no colored glass in the lower windows, there is, *per contra*, a great deal of the most gorgeous and most ancient in the upper ones. The long sweep of the nave, from the threshold to the point where the colored light-shafts of the choir lose themselves in the gray perspective, is grandly simple and a fresh reminder of the unwarrantable impertinence of those tall screens which in some churches, under one pretext or another, pretend to interpose themselves in this harmonious vista. The white light in the lower part of Rheims really contributes to the picturesqueness of the interior. It makes the gloom above look richer still, and throws that part of the roof which rests upon the gigantic piers of the transepts into mysterious remoteness. I wandered about for a long time: I sat first in one place and then in another; I attached myself to that most fascinating part of every great church, the angle at which the nave and transept divide. It was the better to observe this interesting point, I think, that I passed into the side gate of the choir, — the gate that stood ajar in the tall gilded railing. I sat down on a stool near the threshold; I leaned back against the side of one of the stalls; the church was empty, and I lost myself in the large perfection of the place. I lost myself, but the beadle found me; he stood before me, and with a silent, imperious gesture, motioned me to depart. I risked an argumentative glance, whereupon he signified his displeasure, repeated his gesture, and pointed to an old gentleman with a red cape who had come into the choir softly, without my seeing him, and had seated himself in one of the stalls. This old gentleman seemed plunged in pious thoughts; I was not, after all, very near him, and he did not look as if I disturbed him. A canon is at any time, I imagine, a more merciful man than a beadle. But of course I obeyed the beadle and eliminated myself from this peculiarly sacred precinct. I found another chair, and I fell to ad-

miring the cathedral again. But this time I think it was with a difference, — a difference which may serve as an excuse for the triviality of my anecdote. Other old gentlemen in red capes emerged from the sacristy and went into the choir; presently, when there were half a dozen, they began to chant, and I perceived that the impending vespers had been the reason of my expulsion. This was highly proper, and I forgave the beadle; but I was not as happy as before, for my thoughts had passed out of the architectural channel into — what shall I say? — into the political. Here they found nothing so sweet to feed upon. It was the 5th of October; ten days later the elections for the new Chamber were to take place, — the Chamber which was to replace the Assembly dissolved on the 16th of May by Marshal MacMahon, on a charge of “latent” radicalism. Stranger though one was, it was impossible not to be greatly interested in the triumph of the republican cause; it was impossible not to sympathize with this supreme effort of a brilliant and generous people to learn the lesson of national self-control and self-government. It was impossible, by the same token, not to have noted and detested the alacrity with which the Catholic party had rallied to the reactionary cause, and the unction with which the clergy had converted itself into the electioneering agents of Bonapartism. The clergy was giving daily evidence of its devotion to arbitrary rule and to every iniquity that shelters itself behind the mask of “authority.” These had been frequent and irritating reflections; they lurked in the folds of one’s morning paper. They came back to me in the midst of that tranquil grandeur of Rheims, as I listened to the droning of the old gentlemen in the red capes. Some of the canons, it was painful to observe, had not been punctual; they came hurrying out of the sacristy after the service had begun. They looked like amiable and venerable men; their chanting and droning, as it spread itself under the great arches, was not disagreeable to listen to; I could certainly bear them no grudge. But their presence there was distracting

and vexatious; it had spoiled my enjoyment. It had set me thinking of the activity and vivacity of the great organization to which they belonged, and of all the odious things it would have done before the 15th of October. To what base uses do we come at last! It was this same organization that had erected the magnificent structure which I had just been admiring, and which had then seemed an image of generosity and benignant power. Such an edifice might at times make one feel tenderly sentimental toward the Catholic church, — make one remember how many of the great achievements of the past we owe to her. To lapse gently into this state of mind seemed indeed always, while one strolled about a great cathedral, a proper recognition of its hospitality; but now I had lapsed gently out of it, and it was one of the exasperating elements of the situation that I felt, in a manner, called upon to decide how far such a lapse was unbecoming. I found myself even extending the question a little and picturing to myself that conflict which must often occur at such a moment as the present — which is actually going on, doubtless, in many thousands of minds — between the actively, practically liberal instinct and what one may call the historic, æsthetic sense, the sense upon which old cathedrals lay a certain palpable obligation. How far should a lover of old cathedrals let his hands be tied by the sanctity of their traditions? How far should he let his imagination bribe him, as it were, from action? This of course is a question for each man to answer for himself; but as I sat listening to the drowsy old canons of Rheims, I was visited, I don't know why, by a kind of revelation of the wholesome enmity which an ardent European liberal must feel at the present moment to the Catholic church. I understood how he must be intent upon war to the death; how that must seem the most sacred of all duties. Can anything, in the line of action for such a man, be more sacred? I asked myself; and can any instruments be too trenchant? I raised my eyes again to the dusky splendor of the upper

aisles and measured their enchanting perspective, and it was with a sense of doing them full justice that I gave my fictive liberal my good wishes.

This little operation restored my equanimity, so that I climbed several hundred steps and wandered lightly over the roof of the cathedral. Climbing into cathedral towers and gazing at the size of the statues that look small from the street has always seemed to me a rather brutal pastime; it is not the proper way to treat a beautiful building; it is like holding one's nose so close to a picture that one sees only the grain of the canvas. But when once I had emerged into the upper wilderness of Rheims the discourse of a very urbane and appreciative old bell-ringer, whom I found lurking behind one of the gigantic knobs of the ornamentation, gave an æsthetic complexion to what would otherwise have been a rather vulgar feat of gymnastics. It was very well to see what a great cathedral is made of, and in these high places of the immensity of Rheims I found the matter very impressively illustrated. I wandered for half an hour over endless expanses of roof, along the edge of sculptured abysses, through hugely-timbered attics and chambers that were in themselves as high as great churches. I stood knee-high to strange images, of unsuspected proportions, and I followed the topmost staircase of one of the towers, which curls upward like the groove of a corkscrew and gives you at the summit a hint of how a sailor feels at the mast-head. The ascent was worth making to learn the fullness of beauty of the church, the solidity and perfection, the mightiness of arch and buttress, the latent ingenuity of detail. At the angles of the balustrade which ornaments the roof of the choir are perched a series of huge sitting eagles, which from below, as you look up at them, produce a great effect. They are immense, grim-looking birds, and the sculptor has given to each of them a pair of very neatly carved human legs, terminating in talons. Why did he give them human legs? Why did he indulge in this ridiculous conceit? I am unable to say, but the conceit afforded

me pleasure. It seemed to tell of an imagination always at play, fond of the unexpected and delighting in its labor.

Apart from its cathedral Rheims is not an interesting city. It has a prosperous, modern, mercantile air. The streets look as if at one time M. Haussmann, in person, may have taken a good deal of exercise in them; they prove, however, that a French provincial town may be a wonderfully fresh, clean, comfortable-looking place. Very different is the aspect of the ancient city of Laon, to which you may, by the assistance of the railway, transfer yourself from Rheims in a little more than an hour. Laon is full of history, and the place, as you approach it, reminds you of a quaint wood-cut in the text of an ancient folio. Out of the midst of a smiling plain rises a goodly mountain, and on the top of the mountain is perched the old feudal *commune*, from the centre of which springs, with infinite majesty, the many-towered cathedral. At Laon you are in the midst of old France; it is one of the most interesting chapters of the past. Ever since reading, in M. Guizot's History of Civilization, the story of the dramatic struggle for municipal independence waged by this ardent little city against its feudal and ecclesiastical lords, I had had the feeling that Laon was worthy of a visit. All the more so that her two hundred years of civic fermentation had been vainly spent, and that in the early part of the fourteenth century she had been disfranchised without appeal. M. Guizot's readers will remember the really thrilling interest of the story which he has selected as the most complete and typical among those of which the records of the mediæval communities are full; the complications and fluctuations of the action, its brilliant episodes, its sombre, tragic *dénouement*. I did not visit Laon with M. Guizot's several volumes in my pockets, nor had I any other store of historic tests for reference; but a vague notion of the vigorous manner in which for a couple of centuries the stubborn little town had attested its individuality supplied my observations with a harmonious background. Noth-

ing can well be more picturesque than the position of this interesting city. If one has been something of a traveler one has learned to know a "good" place at a glance. The moment Laon became visible from the window of the train I perceived that Laon was good. And then I had the word for it of an extremely agreeable young officer of artillery, who shared my railway carriage in coming from Rheims, and who spoke with an authority borrowed from three years of garrison life on that windy hill-top. He affirmed that the only recreation it afforded was a walk round the ramparts which encircle the town; people went down the hill as little as possible, — it was such a dreadful bore to come up again. But he declared, nevertheless, that, as an intelligent tourist, I should be enchanted with the place; that the cathedral was magnificent, the view of the great surrounding country a perpetual entertainment, and the little town full of originality. After I had spent a day there I thought of this pleasant young officer and his familiar walk upon the city wall; he gave a point to my inevitable reflections upon the degree to which at the present hour, in France, the front of the stage is occupied by the army. Inevitable reflections, I say, because the net result of any little tour that one may make just now is a vivid sense of red trousers and cropped heads. Wherever you go you come upon a military quarter, you stumble upon a group of young citizens in uniform. It is always a pretty spectacle; they enliven the scene; they touch it here and there with a spot of color. But this is not the whole of the matter, and when you have admired the picturesqueness of a standing army of a million of men, you fall to wondering how a country can afford to wear so expensive an ornament. It must be a very uncomfortable bedfellow. How do the young men bear it; how does France bear it; how long will she be able to keep it up? Every young Frenchman, on reaching maturity, has to give up five years of his life to this bristling Minotaur of military service. (There are a few exceptions

to this rule: some young men may serve but a year if they choose to anticipate their term and pay a certain sum of money; others — a few in number — may draw lots entailing but a year's service. But there remains, for all alike, the long term of service in the reserve.) It is hard for Americans to understand how life is arranged among people who come into the world with this heavy mortgage upon the freshest years of their strength; it seems like drinking the wine of life from a vessel with a great leak in the bottom. Is such a *régime* inspiring, or is it demoralizing? Is the effect of it to quicken the sentiment of patriotism, the sense of the dangers to which one's country is exposed and of what one owes to the common cause, or to take the edge from all ambition that is not purely military, to force young men to say that there is no use trying, that nothing is worth beginning, and that a young fellow condemned to pay such a tax as that has a right to refund himself any way he can? Reminded as one is at every step of the immensity of the military burden of France, the most interesting point seems to me not its economical but its moral bearing. Its effect upon the finances of the country may be accurately computed; its effect upon the character of the young generation is more of a mystery. As a sentimental tourist wanders of an autumn afternoon upon the planted rampart of an ancient town and meets young soldiers strolling in couples or leaning against the parapet and looking off at the quiet country, he is apt to take the more genial view of the dreadful trade of arms. He feels like saying that it teaches its votaries something that is worth knowing and yet is not learned in several other trades, — the hardware, say, or the dry goods business. Five years is a good deal to ask of a young life as a sacrifice; but the sacrifice is in some ways a gain. Certainly, apart from the question of material defense, it may be said that no European nation, at present, can afford, morally, not to pass her young men, the hope of the country, through the military mill. It does for them something

indispensable: it toughens, hardens, solidifies them; gives them an ideal of honor, of some other possibility in life than making a fortune. A country in which the other trades I spoke of have it all their own way appears, in comparison, less rich in the stuff her sons are made of.

So I mused, as I strolled in the afternoon along the charming old city wall at Laon; and if my meditations seem a trifle cynical, I must say in justice that I had been a good while coming to them. I had done a great many things first. I had climbed up the long straight staircase which has been dropped like a scaling-ladder from one of the town-gates to the bottom of the hill. Laon still has her gates as she still has her wall, and one of these, the old *Porte d'Ardon*, is a really precious relic of mediæval architecture. I had repaired to the sign of the *Hure* — a portrait of this inhospitable beast is swung from the front of the inn — and bespoken a lodging; I had spent a long time in the cathedral, in it and before it, beside it, behind it; I had walked all over the town, from the citadel, at one end of the lofty plateau on which it stands, to the artillery barracks and the charming old church of St. Martin at the other. The cathedral of Laon has not the elaborate grandeur of that of Rheims; but it is a very noble and beautiful church. Nothing can be finer than its position; it would set off any church to stand on such a hill-crest. Laon has also a façade of many sculptures, which, however, has suffered greater violence than that of Rheims, and is now being carefully and delicately restored. Whole figures and bas-reliefs have lately been replaced by exact imitations in that fresh white French stone which looks at first like a superior sort of plaster. They were far gone, and I suppose the restorer's hand was imperiously called for. I do not know that it has been too freely used. But half the charm of Laon is the magnificent coloring of brownish, weather-battered gray which it owes to the great exposure of its position, and it will, be many a year before the chalky scars and

patches will be wrought into dusky harmony with the rest of the edifice. Fortunately, however, they promise to be not very numerous; the principal restorations have taken place inside. I know not what all this labor costs; but I was interested in learning from the old bell-ringer at Rheims that the sum voted by the Chamber for furbishing up his own church was two millions of francs, to be expended during ten years. That is what it is to have "national monuments" to keep up. One is apt to think of the fourteenth century as a rather ill-appointed and comfortless period; but the fact that at the present time the mere repairs of one of its buildings cost forty thousand dollars a year would indicate that the original builders had a great deal of money to spend. The cathedral of Laon was intended to be a wonderful cluster of towers, but only two of these ornaments — the couple above the west front — have been carried to a great altitude; the pedestals of the rest, however, detach themselves with much vigor, and contribute to the complicated and somewhat fantastic look which the church wears at a distance, and which makes its great picturesqueness. The finished towers are admirably light and graceful; with the sky shining through their large interstices they suggest an imitation of timber in masonry. They have one very quaint feature: from their topmost portions, at each angle, certain carved heads of oxen peep forward with a startling naturalness, — a tribute to the patient, powerful beasts who dragged the material of the building up the long zigzags of the mountain. We perhaps treat our dumb creatures better to-day than was done five hundred years ago; but I doubt whether a modern architect, in settling his accounts, would have "remembered," as they say, the oxen.

The whole precinct of the cathedral of Laon is picturesque. There is a charming Palais de Justice beside it, separated from it by a pleasant, homely garden, in which, as you walk about, you have an excellent view of the towering back and sides of the great church. The Palais de Justice, which is an an-

cient building, has a fine old Gothic arcade, and on the other side, directly upon the city wall, a picturesque, irregular rear, with a row of painted windows, through which, from the *salle d'audience*, the judge on the bench and the prisoner in the dock may enjoy a prospect, admonitory, inspiring, or depressing, as the case may be, of the expanded country. This great sea-like plain that lies beneath the town on all sides constitutes, for Laon, a striking resemblance to those Italian cities — Siena, Volterra, Perugia — which the traveler remembers so fondly as a dark silhouette lifted high against a glowing sunset. There is something Italian, too, in the mingling of rock and rampart in the old foundations of the town, and in the generous verdure in which these are muffled. At one end of the hill-top the plateau becomes a narrow ridge, — the slope makes a deep indentation which contributes to the effect of a thoroughly Italian picture. A line of crooked little red-roofed houses stands on the edge of this indentation, with their feet in the tangled verdure that blooms in it; and above them rises a large, florid, deserted-looking church, which you may be sure has a little empty, grass-grown, out-of-the-way Place before it. Almost opposite, on another spur of the hill, the gray walls of a suppressed convent peep from among the trees. I fancied I was at Perugia.

There came in the evening to the inn of the Hure a very worthy man who had vehicles to hire. The Hure was a decidedly provincial hostelry, and I compared it mentally with certain English establishments of a like degree, of which I had lately had observation. In England I should have had a waiter in an old evening suit and a white cravat, who would have treated me to cold meat and bread and cheese. There would have been a musty little inn parlor and probably a very good fire in the grate, and the festally-attired waiter would have been my sole entertainer. At Laon I was in perpetual intercourse with the landlord and his wife and a large body of easy-going, conversational domestics.

Our intercourse was carried on in an old darksome stone kitchen, with shining copper vessels hanging all over the walls, in which I was free to wander about and take down my key in one place and rummage out my candlestick in another, while the domestics sat at table eating *pot au feu*. The landlord cooked the dinner; he wore a white cap and apron; he brought in the first dish at the *table d'hôte*. Of course there was a table d'hôte, with several lamps and a long array of little dessert-dishes, for the benefit of two commercial travelers, who tucked their napkins into their necks, and the writer of these lines. Every country has its manners. In England the benefits—whatever they are—represented by the evening dress of the waiter would have been most apparent; in France one was more sensible of the blessings of which the white cap and apron of the host were a symbol. In England, certainly, one is treated more like a gentleman. It is true that in traveling, sometimes, all that one asks is to be treated simply as a person with an appetite. But I am forgetting my dispenser of vehicles, concerning whom, however, and whose large red cheeks and crimson cravat, I have left myself room to say no more than that they were witnesses of a bargain that I should be driven early on the morrow morning, in an “*Américaine*,” to the Château de Coucy. The *Américaine* proved to be a vehicle of which I should not have been eager to claim the credit for my native land; but with the aid of a ragged but resolute little horse, and a driver so susceptible as regards his beast's appearance that, referring to the exclamation of dismay with which I had greeted it, he turned to me at the end of each successive kilometre with a rancorous “*Now do you say he can't go?*” — with these accessories, I say, it conveyed me more than twenty miles. It was entertaining to wind down the hill-side from Laon in the early morning of a splendid autumn day; to dip into the glistening plain, all void of hedges and fences and sprinkled with light and dew; to jog along the straight white roads, between the tall,

thin poplars; to rattle through the half-waked villages and past the orchards heavy with sour-looking crimson apples. The Château de Coucy is a well-known monument; it is one of the most considerable ruins in France, and it is in some respects the most extraordinary. As you come from Laon a turn in the road suddenly, at last, reveals it to you. It is still at a distance; you will not reach it for half an hour; but its huge white donjon stands up like some gigantic lighthouse at sea. Coucy is altogether on a grand scale, but this colossal central tower is a real architectural phenomenon. As M. Viollet-le-Duc says, it seems to have been built by giants for a race of giants. The very quaint little town of Coucy-le-Château nestles at the foot of this strange, half-substantial, half-spectral structure; it was, together with a goodly part of the neighboring country, the feudal appanage of those terrible lords who erected the present indestructible edifice, and whose “boastful motto” (I quote from Murray) was

“Roi je ne suis
Prince ni comte aussi;
Je suis le Sire de Coucy.”

Coucy is a sleepy little borough, still girdled with its ancient wall, entered by its old gate-ways, and supported on the verdurous flanks of a hill-top. I interviewed the host of the Golden Apple in his kitchen; I breakfasted—*ma foi, fort bien*, as they would say in the indigenous tongue—in his parlor; and then I visited the château, which is at five minutes' walk. This very interesting ruin is the property of the state, and the state is represented by a very civil and intelligent woman, who divests the trade of custodian of almost all its grossness. Any feudal ruin is a charming affair, and Coucy has much of the sweet melancholy of its class. There are four great towers, connected by a massive curtain and inclosing the tremendous donjon of which I just now spoke. All this is very crumbling and silvery; the inclosure is a tangle of wild verdure, and the pigeons perch upon the inaccessible battlements as picturesquely as could be desired. But the place lacked, to my sense, the

peculiar softness and venerableness, the ivied mellowness, of a great English ruin. At Coucy there is no ivy to speak of; the climate has not caressed and embroidered the rugged masses of stone. This is what I meant by speaking of the famous donjon as spectral; the term is an odd one to apply to an edifice whose walls are thirty-four feet thick; its vast, pale surface has not a speck or stain, not a clinging weed or a creeping vine. It looks like a tower of ivory.

I took my way from Coucy to the ancient town of Soissons, where I found another cathedral, from which I think I extracted all the entertainment it could legitimately yield. There is little other to be had at Soissons, in spite of the suggestiveness of its name, which is redolent of history and local color. The truth is, I suppose, that Soissons looks so new precisely because she is so old. She is in her second youth; she has renewed herself. The old city was worn out; it could no longer serve; it has been replaced. The new one is a quiet, rather aristocratic-looking little *ville de province*, — a collection of well-condi-

tioned, sober-faced abodes of gentility, with high-walled gardens behind them and very carefully closed *porte-cochères* in front. Occasionally a *porte-cochère* opens; an elderly lady in black emerges and paces discreetly away. An old gentleman has come to the door with her. He is comfortably corpulent; he wears gold spectacles and embroidered slippers. He looks up and down the dull street, and sees nothing at all; then he retires, closing the *porte-cochère* very softly and firmly. But he has stood there long enough to give an observant stranger the impression of a cautious provincial *bourgeoisie* that has a solid fortune well invested, and that marries its daughters only for a rigidly measured equivalent. This latter ceremony, however, whenever it occurs, probably takes place in the cathedral, and though resting on a prosaic foundation must borrow a certain grace from that charming building. The cathedral of Soissons has a statueless front and only a single tower; but it is full of something that I was on the point of calling natural elegance.

Henry James, Jr.

DETMOLD: A ROMANCE.

PART II.

III.

DETMOLD.

It was true, as gayly intimated by Hyson on the evening of the *rencontre* at the Café Dante, that another motive than interest in the Old World for its own sake had brought Detmold to Europe. Not that this interest was not genuine and powerful, but he had his own way to make; and unless his cooler judgment had been overborne by an impulse too strong to resist, he would not have yield-

ed to it and postponed by just so much his progress towards an established standing in the profession he had chosen. This impulse was at first only an unceasing desire to be again within sight and sound of a beautiful girl who had taken his fancy captive. He was not willing that Alice should add to the countless respects in which she was already his superior that of foreign travel, in which upon her return he could have no sympathetic associations in common with her. There would also be a satisfaction, even if a painful one, in observ-

ing what effect was being produced by the new and varied scenes in which she was now immersed, adverse to hopes which, although for reasons to be explained he dared not unreservedly cherish, he could not bring himself wholly to abandon. This first impulse developed into a settled and all-absorbing plan.

The young architect, shortly after his first arrival and settlement at Lakeport, had met Alice in some of its social gayeties. She was tall, charmingly dressed, soft and melodious in speech, and of engaging manners. She seemed capable of being a belle of the most despotic sort, had she chosen, as she apparently did not, to make a coquettish use of her powers. What especially attracted him was an eminently lady-like carriage and an air of being permeated through and through with refined and elegant influences. It affected him like a delicate perfume. He could estimate such adventitious circumstances at their true value, and refused to yield to baseness and pretense any greater respect on account of them. But to real worth they added, in his view, such an enhancement as is given by human skill even to materials in themselves the most rare. There had been harsh facts in his own life which caused him to attach an extraordinary preciousness to cultivated and perfected beauty, from familiarity with which he had been too much shut out.

He was introduced at the house of the Starfields, as at many others, by college classmates, who were glad to renew an old acquaintance that had been pleasant.

They welcomed him to Lakeport, and extended to him as far as lay in their power its hospitalities. He made a quietly agreeable impression and was well received.

It was a comfortable, spacious home, furnished in accordance with the taste of a merchant who aimed at a becoming solidity instead of the complicated flimsiness much affected by his neighbors. There were good servants, horses of the best stock, a trifle too fat, and conveniences of numerous styles.

The head of the house, wherever mentioned, was recognized on the instant as one of the foremost men of his city. He was identified with most of its important industries. He presided over numerous banks and companies, over the board of trade, and meetings to raise volunteers and to alleviate the distress of grasshopper sufferers. If a few persons of eminent responsibility were wanted for park or water board, or commissioners of the public debt, he was invariably of the number. He had declined political preferments, but in the prodigality of titles which it is even more our passion to delight to bestow than to solicit, he had not escaped a complimentary prefix. He was spoken of in the press and on public occasions as "Honorable." He was wont to indulge in the good-natured sarcasm at the politicians that he was called *Honorable* because he had never held an office.

His wife was a stout lady, of genial manners and excellent management, in virtue of which the household affairs ran smoothly. Alice was the youngest child of a considerable family, most of whom were now married and domiciled in the neighborhood of their home, at which they were frequent visitors. It was known by but a few that Alice was not the own child of the Starfields. She was in fact an adopted daughter, taken, it was vaguely understood where anything of the matter was known, from some distant relatives in reduced circumstances. But it was something of such long standing—she had been received into the family at so early an age—that it was practically unknown abroad and almost forgotten at home.

A coincidence of tastes contributed to facilitate the acquaintance between Alice and Detmold. It had been the plan of Mr. Starfield, in order to provide against the contingencies to which the best secured fortunes are subject, that each of his children should attain a measure of proficiency in some pursuit by which it would be possible, if necessity required, to procure a living. Alice had chosen painting. Detmold was able to give her some hints and assistance upon technical

points from experience of his own in the same department. She painted coldly, in accordance, as he sometimes thought from other indications, with a constitutional tendency. He endeavored to infuse more warmth into her coloring. She showed a fondness for going thoroughly to the bottom of things, and made perspective and anatomical drawings which her circle of acquaintances considered astonishing and eccentric. Detmold's admiration did not blind him to the fact that, though an interested student, she was not a genius, and that her labors were not likely to result in the production of masterpieces. But what did it matter? Bent above her easel she was herself a charming picture. The most accomplished painter could have designed nothing more agreeable.

It was in this comfortable home, well warmed, clad in delicate raiment, sheltered from every rude shock under the protecting ægis of a parent who was a power in the community, that Detmold first saw Alice at the age of twenty-three. He was one year her senior. When he found himself, even in his dreams, planning to bear her away to share his own precarious fortunes, he checked himself with a sense of cruelty, but even more decidedly with a recognition of what he considered the decree of an unpropitious destiny. There were reasons why, although he dearly loved her, he could allow himself no thought of the consummation for which ordinary lovers hope. Nothing so surely as any steps towards a formal marriage would throw a flood of publicity upon a subject into which he shunned inquiry with a dread that amounted to horror. Over this amiable young man of a poetic and ambitious nature there had hung, from his cradle, a shadow. It was not the lighter because it had rarely been penetrated by any about him, but rather the heavier by so much as the apprehension of disgrace is more painful than its reality. The secret, whatever its nature, was connected with his birth and parentage. No reference to these subjects or to his early youth ever escaped him. His sensitiveness was continually upon

the alert, and even those reminiscences of others, so common in every-day conversation, which bore in this direction caused him alarm and embarrassment. His secret dragged upon him and hampered the full manifestation of his excellent powers as heavy garments impeded the action of an accomplished swimmer. There was a distance within which the most cordial advances made to him could not reach. He felt himself, with a sense of self-reproach varying in intensity but never wholly absent, a hypocrite and a pretender. Was he sure that if all were known, exhibitions of friendship would not be replaced by coldness and disgust? It was this feeling — by no means abated by a contemplation of the inequality of their fortunes — that determined Detmold's early admiration for Alice into a worship which was an object in itself and had no expectation of anything beyond.

Let us see upon how tangible a basis this morbid sensibility rested. He was the son of a man of prominence in a small Western community, whither after his first departure from it for his Eastern schooling he seldom repaired. It was an Illinois city of perhaps ten thousand inhabitants. Such a town is little more than a good-sized family. Each resident knows familiarly the concerns of all the others.

The elder Detmold was a thick-set, vigorous man, rather rustically dressed, and not above sitting upon a box or bale in his store of general supplies and conversing affably with all comers. Had you asked for an account of him you would have learned that he paid dollar for dollar, his credit was unexceptionable, he adhered both to the letter and the spirit of his obligations. In the inquisitorial reports of the commercial agencies his hieroglyphic was E. 1. It denotes an estimated capital of from twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand dollars, and the highest credit. He took advantage of no one; he subscribed to charities both public and private. He was a man of education and original refinement. But upon this square-dealing merchant, with sometimes a humorous

twinkle and sometimes a sad light in his gray eye, rested an ineffaceable stigma, — the stigma of crime years and years remote, bitterly atoned for, forgiven but never forgotten. Four and twenty years before he had violated the law and suffered its heavy penalty. With a strange perversity he had returned, when the prison gates were opened, with his wife and a child born during his absence, to his former home. Where he had lost his reputation and sinned and been subjected to shame, he chose to recover it. The step was looked upon with indignation as an open defiance of public decency. He was alone; his former partner and companion in guilt, who had escaped sentence, had disappeared. The returned convict set to work at the humblest occupations. He became a day-laborer in the streets. Any becomingness of dress or habits of ease in which he had once indulged were discarded. He rose to be an employer of labor, and in course of time became a leading contractor. He built roads, streets, sewers, bridges, and, later, even railways. He was said to pay his men better wages, treat them more considerately, and perform his work with more scrupulous exactness than any of his competitors.

Good-natured gentlemen, tipped back in office chairs, away from the sterner morality of their women, admitted his virtues freely, and held that there was no telling what any man might do under strong enough temptation. No one abstained from the fullest business relations with him. A few at last opened their doors socially to him and his wife; but in spite of the best intentions these advances were made so much a merit of, and served so forcibly to draw attention to what was withheld, that they were more painful than pleasant, and were rarely accepted. These long years of steadfast integrity and close observance were rewarded with popular respect, but oblivion could not be purchased. New-comers to Marburg rarely lost the story of Detmold's fall, not told out of malice, but idly, for the sake of the surprise which it never failed to elicit. The husband and wife, long habituated to

the situation in all its phases, bore it at last calmly and without pain.

Not so the child born to them in the first agony of disgrace, within the shade of the prison walls. He was permeated wholly with the bitter essence of the time and place. By a species of remorseless equilibrium, as the parents grew gravely reconciled to their lot, they saw the child become shiveringly sensitive to the slightest breath of disrepute. In the unhappy early days before a long martyrdom had caused any portion of the offense to be condoned, he learned that his father "had worn striped clothes" and was a "jail-bird." In the taunts of some of his playmates and the holding aloof of others he saw a wall raised up about him which seemed to exclude him from association with his kind. Hide as he would in the deepest recesses of his home, he could not wholly avoid idle words which filled him with rage and anguish. To escape this unhappiness, which renewed again the suffering of his parents, the boy was sent almost continuously to distant schools. The story followed dimly even there, and came after long respites to impair and cripple the growing confidence which he gained from association with his fellows upon equal terms. The secret became the central fact, and dread of its disclosure the absorbing fear, of his life. It lay in the midst of consciousness like one of those dark tarns upon an Alpine pass, into which the brightness of the surrounding snows lapses and is dissipated.

Castelbarco, who was his schoolmate in these days, heard with others from the lips of some malicious or heedless urchin the tale of Detmold's father's crime, with none of the mitigating circumstances of the history.

As Detmold grew older and was surrounded by reasoning persons, who, if they knew his secret, were rarely capable of using it to wound him, he took more heart. At his Eastern university — for his father with a kind of bravado had determined to give him advantages which few or none of the other youth of the vicinity enjoyed — he won honors,

engaged in manly exercises, made friendships, and had no external reminders of the disgrace which rested so darkly upon his antecedents. He reflected much in what honor and shame to the individual consist. He found it just that society should place a premium upon honesty and virtue by visiting with opprobrium the criminal, and perhaps even his descendants. For himself he saw no refuge except in a continuance of his policy of concealment. He came forth with a character deeply tinged by his peculiar sorrow, but disciplined, accomplished, and in many ways well equipped for the strife of every-day existence.

He was now to choose a profession. His father's preference was the law. He would have had him return with his Eastern accomplishments to electrify the whole section round about, and make the name synonymous with marked ability and honor as it now was with odium. But the young man wished rather to settle in some distant locality, where even the name of his town should never be heard of. He confessed this feeling to his father, and implored him, as he had often done before, to remove from a scene where they had all suffered so much. This the elder Detmold could not or would not do. Whether it was, as is probable, that his property interests were so vested that they could not be removed; or that, so long past the age when change has any attractions, he shrank from entering upon new scenes and pursuits; or that, in fine, he believed in the entire reconciliation of public sentiment to himself and desired to pursue to a round and even completion the course he had marked out for himself, he refused to entertain the idea. He even hoped that in process of time the acute sensitiveness of his son and his aversion to his home would be outgrown.

The law was not to the taste of Detmold. He chose engineering, one of those professions in which it seemed more possible to do humanity a tangible service, and in which some skill with his pencil and the mechanical aptitude which he possessed, would come in play. But very early in the course of his studies at

New York he made the acquaintance of some accomplished young architects, and examined their works. The union of the useful with the beautiful in this occupation greatly attracted him. The draughtsmanship of engineering is cold, and its achievements appeal to no sentiment but that of utility. But here was room for unlimited ingenuity of contrivance, with full opportunities for the indulgence of æsthetic inspirations.

He fell in with instructors and associates who were even more thoroughly artists than architects. They were mediævalists, and believed the thirteenth century the golden age of the world's existence. Their prophet was Ruskin, and their temple the Cà d'Oro at Venice. They had sketches by a so-called pre-Raphaelite school of artists upon their walls, and upon their book-shelves the works of the poets Rossetti and William Morris, with little vases painted by hand, and mosaics of Salviati. Their plans were not simply aids to putting up satisfactory buildings. Each was a picture, with its lights, shades, and calculated effects. Soft and harmonious washes, the most pleasing projection of shadows, the effect of mats and various mountings, the character of frames, — often painted in person, with conventional ornaments, — were made objects of research.

Detmold learned to design cottages for Newport and villas for the suburban towns as irregular and delicate as castles in Spain. He gave them diamond window panes fixed in leaden sashes. The shadows lingered softly under their spacious porches; their fantastic gables and chimneys were projected against pale-blue cirrus skies or banks of piled-up thunder clouds. In the foreground he placed tall figures in dreamy attitudes. His father during this time made him an allowance which would have been munificent at home, but in the metropolis needed to be husbanded with careful economy.

It may be imagined that coming with such a training to Lakeport, a thriving city intensely devoted to money-getting, and largely settled by self-made people of the first generation, Detmold did not

seem to fall at once into his proper groove.

His competitors here were mainly master-builders, who took contracts and were in the habit of furnishing the plans free of charge. Others were scarcely more than builders' brokers, who made nominal charges to their patrons for architectural services, but derived their real profit from the mechanics in whose favor they were able to influence contracts. Detmold adopted none of these methods, and his progress was correspondingly slow. It is likely that this was not due to the refinement of his ideas so much as to a deficiency in push and bluster. There is evidence to show that the most rough-and-ready business men are not intractable in these matters if rightly managed. Had Detmold properly asserted himself and advertised his importance, Lakeport would have been ready enough to adopt his notions, and place its churches, banks, and school-houses in his hands, to do what he pleased with. Still, he was a hard and persevering worker, and there was little doubt of his ultimate success. He entered into competitions for court-houses, hospitals, and jails, — lingering upon the details of the last with a gloomy ingenuity and tenderness. In the second year of his stay he made almost a thousand dollars. In the next two there was a falling off.

During these years, with all the celerity of transit that brings the remotest points together, and the multiplied possibilities of disclosure in other ways, Detmold rested undisturbed. The Illinois city in which his secret was hidden lay to the southward of the most direct routes to Lakeport, and had no commercial relations with it. Neither visitors nor rumors arrived to aggravate his ever alert sense of distrust. The better society of the place received him without misgivings, and he participated freely in its diversions. He used his opportunities as much as possible to be brought into contact with Alice. He was often in her drawing room; he walked and rode and made sketches with her, touched her hand in the dance, and sat by her side

when passing companies, on their way to and from the metropolis, gave in the theatre of the place the popular music and dramas of the day. He endeavored by small gifts or the contrivance of some surprise to keep her always in mind of him. His friends bantered him a little about his preference. It was even said by the gossips, who invent such things upon a very slight basis, that they were engaged. Even the faint connection established by this rumor filled him with delight. Alice, if she heard it too, paid it no manner of attention. He had known her to say that if one were incommoded by such reports it would be necessary to abandon nearly all one's friends.

There was in truth no basis for it. The intercourse of Alice and Detmold during the three years of their acquaintance was never free from a trace of constraint. He recognized sadly that it arose from his own want of candor, the influence of the mystery in which he believed himself compelled to shroud his previous career. Their discourse rarely touched upon the warmer sentiments. It was purely friendly, and slightly formal when most at ease.

There were young men who had been her early playmates, the sons of families of the neighborhood, whom she addressed by their first names, and with whom she sometimes even romped a little. Detmold envied them this frank and careless daylight of publicity, shining through lives that had nothing to conceal.

Then came the departure for Europe. It was rather suddenly resolved upon, and brought up standing all his vague fancies and desires. Alice was to travel with friends from another city and pursue artistic studies, as well as might be, in London, Dresden, and Rome. In the following year her parents were to join her. In the last moments previous to her departure, the usual causes which sealed the lips of Detmold were reinforced by others. Had he chosen to speak then, as in his pain at losing her he could hardly refrain from doing, it is probable that in the excitement of the preparations and her vivid anticipations of the

novel pleasures awaiting her his application would have met with less than ordinary consideration. He sent her flowers and also a pretty color brush with a silver handle, of which she made use in her studies, where it stood him in good stead as a memento.

She sailed away with the impression that he was simply one of a large number of people who had been kind to her, and to whom she was very much obliged. Nothing had transpired especially to distinguish him from the rest. In a round of new experiences she forgot him a thousand times for one that she thought of him.

Detmold saw the train bear her away upon the track, which seemed to lengthen out in limitless perspective, converging at last in the Eternal City, and then turned back to his affairs with a heavy heart. He ventured, after a time, to write to her. He would have had the words of his letter convey, if possible, more than their unaided meanings, — something tender and intense which he did not dare to say. In reality it was a guarded and respectful letter, from which nothing could have been inferred but a moderate friendship. Her reply, after a considerable delay, was a pretty note, containing some mention of her journeys, the people she had met, and her delight with everything foreign, — the whole in a hand of such size that a large consumption of paper was involved in the telling of very little. There were one or two more letters on each side, Alice always withholding her replies a length of time which showed that the correspondence was not, with her, of an irresistibly engrossing nature.

Detmold heard much of her movements from her family, — her excursions to Hampton Court and to Windsor, her meetings with other travelers from Lakeport, the delights of Parisian shopping and the Louvre galleries, the strangeness of the hotels and pensions, the grandeur of the Alps, and the Florentine jewelry. Her presence amid these ancient and picturesque localities gave them in Detmold's estimation a warmth and inner brightness. They assumed a

luminous quality which shone across the ocean and struck upon the retina of his imagination.

Nearly a year had elapsed; another spring was at hand, and the Starfields talked of their approaching departure. One day, after listening to their plans, an idea came to Detmold and moved him as if by sudden inspiration. It seemed to lift at last the embargo which a cruel destiny had placed upon his happiness. It was the reflection that it was possible to woo and win Alice beyond the seas, where the obstacles that were here so fatally potent had no existence. There his secret was not known. He could divine no source from which it could be disclosed. Such an account of his family as he might choose to give, provided the confidence and affection of Alice were secured, would be accepted. With her own near friends abroad also, there would be no one in a position to prosecute inquiries about his antecedents, even if disposed. As a traveler, the situation of his fortune, furthermore, was less open to question. The traveler who has wherewithal to pay his reckoning is for the time being on a par with the most opulent of the company.

Detmold deliberately purposed to marry Alice abroad if it were a possible thing. From such a purpose, with its after consequences, he had once shrunk as if from the perpetration of a cruelty. Did his adoption of it now indicate a decadence to a lower moral plane? Perhaps it was, under the stimulus of a dearly cherished desire, only the result of an increased trust in his own powers and in the favorable contingencies of the future. Decadence or not, it was an impetuous reaction. Had he not suffered long enough? It was a passionate resolve to be happy.

Circumstances favored his design. During the winter his father, who had met with some reverses in his affairs and perhaps feared worse, settled upon him, unsolicited, a few thousand dollars, determined that so much, at least, should be beyond the possibility of loss. It was this money that enabled him, contrary to the best judgment of the giver, to

yield to the absorbing desire by which he was possessed. He wrote to Alice before he sailed, announcing his proposed journey, and expressing the hope that in the course of it he might have the good fortune to see her. In this letter, for the first time, he made a reference to his family and birthplace. He spoke of his mother, whom he tenderly loved, who had died some months before; of the advancing age of his father, and his goodness to him (Detmold); and of the little city and its progress, which he was confidently expecting, he said, would shortly make a few suburban acres he owned there preferable to corner lots in New York or San Francisco.

Such a mention, which might have been the most natural thing in the world from another, seemed to him, because of its lifting the weight of his immense reticence, something extraordinary. Why, she would ask, should he write to her of his family and his property, unless — Ah, yes, she would infer. He looked upon this letter as almost tantamount to a declaration. But all of its expressions were platonic and respectful. The most acute person could never have divined from it that the writer was setting off upon a journey of half the circumference of the globe, almost solely for the purpose of finding the young woman thus temperately addressed.

IV.

HIS JOURNEY.

High upon the backs of the sturdy ocean currents moved the tall steamer. Now a swirling chaos enveloped her, and again she traversed a surface scarcely vexed by a ripple. On days of calm, the life-boats and their tackle, the spars, smoke-stacks, awnings, the officer patrolling his bridge, the leadsman with his plumb, the spider-lines of the railings, every common object, projected against the azure field, was poetized. The sailors swung their weight upon the braces with fantastic measured chants. At times sea and sky blended without an

outline, and the voyagers seemed pursuing their course with a sedate motion, in trackless space.

Detmold was separated by a waste of waters from the past, — from his secret and its embarrassments. His habitual inquietude was greatly soothed. He was moving towards a world of beauty and romance, in the midst of which bloomed a dear and charming figure surpassed in none of its traditions. Upon disembarking he proceeded without haste to the meeting with Alice. It added a fuller zest to every pleasure that a greater was in store whenever he chose to claim it. Besides, it was important to have seen something first, in order to talk intelligently with her. He reveled in the quaintness of Chester and Oxford, and even permitted himself some pedestrian excursions upon the foot-paths of Coventry, Warwick, and Stratford. The park-like country was in the first green of spring; lilac and hawthorn burdened the air with their fragrance.

There were always reminiscences of her. At Windsor the royal standard floated from the keep, as she had noted in her letter. At the school in London, where she had passed some time, he saw the Italian model dilated upon as a paragon of manly beauty. Detmold thought him a shock-headed, spindling young fellow, about whom, posing idly in an apartment full of energetic young women, there seemed something abnormal. He lingered some days amid the time-eaten masses of picturesqueness at Rouen. He sailed down the Seine to La Bouille, past the red and white villages, the orchards, the *châteaux* at the ends of formal avenues, the soldiers in sentry-boxes by the road, the meadows bordered with poplars which cast grayish-green reflections upon the silvery water, as in the canvases of Corot. Early in May he took his seat in a railway coach for Paris. He had seen in the journals that devote themselves to the doings of English and American travelers something of the movements of Alice. She had left Rome, with her party, after Easter, and was in Paris by the middle of April.

The result of Detmold's reflections was a determination to make his proposal to Alice at the earliest feasible moment. It was quite uncertain when a period would be put to her sojourn abroad. True, her family were to join her, — their places by the steamer were already taken when he left, — and he knew that Alice had expressed a desire to remain another year. But nothing was certain: she might be ill, or called home by some unlooked-for event; the active temperament of her father would perhaps weary of sight-seeing after a few months, and she would be likely to return with him. Detmold could not expect to be invited to accompany her party in their travels, and to follow them about would create an unpleasant impression. All the arguments, therefore, counseled immediate action. The most favorable answer he dared expect was a promise to take time to deliberate. If it was to be unfavorable, the sooner it was over the better. Even if he was accepted there would need to be a considerable interval before the wedding, if indeed a wedding was to be thought of in Europe at all; but he relied for success, when it should come to this point, on the efficacy of an appeal to Alice's sense of romance, and on his own purpose, which he would then urge, of remaining abroad to engage in architectural studies. He made no doubt that from his letters, especially from the last, Alice was pretty well aware of his state of mind, and must have given to him and his intentions, and her own disposition in the matter, ample reflection.

In many a reverie of the ocean passage he tried to picture the circumstances under which the momentous declaration would be made. Perhaps it would be in some old gallery, over the treasures of which their admiration had kindled in common; perhaps by some ruin in mellow twilight; perhaps while driving on the shore of some beautiful lake, or floating in the evening upon its depths; perhaps on the veranda of some *châlet* hotel, after a hard day's climb in the mountains. How should he phrase his speech to her? But such an artificial preparation seemed

a desecration. All must be left to the impulse of the moment. She would be shy, she would refuse, she would hesitate, relent. Doubtless, if the poets be accurate in their accounts, a divine afflatus would take possession of him; he would talk and act under the influence of an inspiration which would destroy every obstacle and every shade of constraint. She was as precious to him — he loved her as dearly as the most ardent of the heroes of these poets their heroines. If this condition were fulfilled, why should any of the others be lacking? It was not to be expected that she should love him at the very start; he did not deserve anything of the sort. He was to win her affection by degrees, — by being very good to her, — by a life-long devotion, until it was all his.

As he drew near to Paris his journey, which had acted hitherto as a sedative, had now rather the effect of an insufficient anodyne upon a patient in fever. It stimulated instead of allaying. His heart beat violently at times. His agitation increased with each mile. It was his constitutional habit to dread the worst, and his fears now returned with redoubled force.

The train rolled into the Gare de l'Ouest shortly after noon, and he was in the heart of Paris. The activity of his mind developed in many directions an unnatural acuteness. He comprehended things intuitively, and spoke the language during these first few days better than ever afterwards. Waiting only to transfer his baggage to his hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, he hurried to the banker's for letters. There was a note from Alice, — in accordance with a request he had made her before sailing, — sent some time before from Rome and containing her address, nothing more. It was at a *pension* in the Rue Bassano. He thought it best to apprise her of his arrival. He sent a note by a *commissionnaire*, saying that he had brought some small articles from her family and wished to do himself the honor to present them. Mademoiselle was not at home, and no answer was returned. He did not call the same evening but waited till the next.

He devoted the interval to obtaining a preliminary idea of Paris. In twenty-four hours he had been, by all sorts of conveyances, in every part of it, from Montmartre to Montrouge, and from Bercy to Auteuil.

The following evening, in London-made clothes, of unusual becomingness, he went up the wide and animated avenue of the Champs Élysées to the Rue Bassano. There were several persons in the drawing-room of the pension. He scrutinized them curiously, and wished he could divine their relations to Alice. There were among the rest two young men, evidently inmates, whom he regarded with respect and hatred. Alice kept him waiting a few moments, and then rustled down in a charming toilette. The entrance to the drawing-room was by a central door. She balanced an instant upon the threshold, scanning the room, and then saw him and came forward with a pleasant greeting. Her identity and naturalness among all the strange accessories impressed him with a feeling as when one finds the face of a friend gazing out familiarly from an album picked up in some remote and incongruous place.

She talked pleasantly of her travels and adventures. Sometimes she stopped abruptly in the midst of a recital to asseverate that she would not utter another syllable until she had heard fuller details of Lakeport and her friends. Detmold found his agitation succeeded by ease and a sense of restfulness. He basked in her presence as in a delightful temperature.

She presented him to some of the persons he had speculated about,—they were chiefly ladies of an elderly or uncertain age, who seemed to be arbiters of their own destiny and to carry life very much in a satchel,—and to Madame the proprietress. Although these persons in turn, after engaging in a short conversation, went about their business to other parts of the room, there was little or no privacy left to Alice and Detmold. The provoking aspect of this was that it seemed to be of her own contriving. Detmold was to learn that there

is a difference between American and Continental customs, and that it was the pleasure of Alice to subscribe to those among which she found herself. They included chaperonage, which rests upon the doctrine of the inherent unfitness of young women to be left alone. It would by no means do, under the eyes of the keen observers by whom she was surrounded, to fashion her conduct towards Detmold according to the provincial standards of Lakeport. There began to be speculations already as to whether the young man who talked to her so earnestly were not perhaps a lover pursuing her against the approbation of her parents—with whom she might possibly be preparing to elope.

She replied to the invitations which he pressed upon her at first, "It is not the custom."

He tried to rally her, and represented her subservience as evidence of a serious decline in patriotism.

"Let me remind you that your home is in the setting sun, Miss Alice," he said, lightly. "We ought to impose our fashions upon foreigners instead of adopting theirs. The effete despots of Europe undoubtedly rejoice with fiendish glee at our truckling to them, and Freedom shrieks every time she notices it."

"It is very likely, but that does not make it any the easier when you are in Rome to avoid doing as the rest of the Romans do."

"Then you cannot drive with me?"

"No."

"Nor walk?"

She gave a little negative shake of the head.

"Nor go with me to any of the theatres, nor even to the panorama?"

Another negative movement, with a deprecating smile.

Mrs. Mason Russell, of Lakeport, with her pretty daughter of thirteen, for the education of whom she was ostensibly residing abroad, entered the room. She came and joined them, and the interview was permanently interrupted. It was plain that Alice was a favorite. The child nestled by her on a sofa and put her arm about her.

Alice was one of those slowly developing natures that remain young, if not always, at least long after their contemporaries. It might have been a constitutional trait in her that, although essentially feminine, she had been notably indifferent towards the other sex. As a young girl she had been content to make her plans of enjoyment with girls, without a thought that other companionship was to be desired. She had run away from her juvenile admirers, and later on had received even formal advances with puzzling and impolite treatment, the consequences of which it had sometimes taken all the tact of her sagacious mamma to repair. She was now at the age of twenty-seven. The full treasure of her affection, if treasure there were, was still in reserve, to be lavished upon him who should at last meet with the favor of her capricious choice.

As the youngest of many children she had been kept a good deal in leading-strings, and favored with liberal installments of what her mamma termed "sensible notions." In her childhood she had not been pretty. She had come to an apprehension of her own attractiveness slowly and with incredulity. It was some such causes as these, when Detmold first met her, that mingled a trace of simplicity and even diffidence in her manners, the more pleasing because it would never have been looked for in so radiant a figure.

Her residence of fourteen months abroad, with its freedom from the too searching criticisms of a large family circle, its demands for independent action, and its frequent contact with strangers, who had without exception found her charming and had taken little pains to conceal it, had not been without results. It had increased her self-reliance and perhaps added a touch of coquetry which Detmold, exerted as it was at his own expense, would not have spared any more than any other of the numberless items that went to make up the sum total of a wholly adorable composition.

During a fortnight in Paris he was baffled in every attempt to make the avowal with which his whole nature was

burdened. He scarcely slept; at the table there was a choking in his throat, which refused food, and his heart acted abnormally. The first evening with her was not an unfavorable specimen of his experience throughout. Call when he would there were always others present. He went once with a party from the pension, by Mrs. Russell's invitation, by one of the miniature river steamers, the *bateaux-mouches*, to St. Cloud and the porcelain works of Sèvres. Again, they visited the Gobelin tapestries. Again, to obtain an insight into the amusements of less fashionable Paris, an evening was spent at a summer garden on the point of the island at the bridge of Henri Quatre. From this evening he hoped much. Perhaps Alice would stroll apart with him to watch the rush of the water by the parapets, or would be separated from the others involuntarily in the obscurity. But neither on this occasion nor any other was there afforded the slightest opening corresponding to his hopes.

Had Alice, then, already decided his case adversely? The inference would not be warranted while it was uncertain that her management to avoid being left alone with Detmold was not due to exaggerated deference to new standards of propriety, or to diffidence or coquetry, or indeed that there was management at all on her part, or anything further than the operation of the most ordinary fatalities. Should he postpone his purpose? What more favorable prospect offered either elsewhere or in the future?

Accident at length afforded an opportunity of which, unpropitious as it was, he availed himself. Instead of the fading twilights and tender seclusions he had pictured, it was the open street and glaring daylight. He encountered Alice returning alone to the Rue Bassano. She had been making some purchases in a shop on the grand avenue near by, with a companion who had been enticed away by others upon some small expedition which she did not care to join.

The young man asked leave to join her. She granted it with some nervousness. It is not certain that his purpose

had been hitherto divined. If it had at all, it was only in the form of an improbable surmise, based upon his conduct during this period rather than upon anything in the past. His letters, in the efficacy of which he had so trustingly confided, had conveyed nothing. But now, before a word was spoken, it impressed itself upon her as if it radiated from him in tangible form. He would not have wondered if it had. It seemed to him to fill the atmosphere so that pedestrians blocks away might have been sensible of it.

Alice would have given much to avoid what was coming. She had never thought of him as a lover. She liked and respected him well enough, but no impulse moved her strongly either for or against him. How could she know that he was the husband she would desire and whom she supposed she was destined in the ordinary course of things to have! She was alone, too, in a strange world, without the point of support afforded by the presence of her family. She was not sure that she wished absolutely to refuse, but she could not by encouragement commit herself to future complications which might prove unwelcome. She was sensible of extreme embarrassment. The time and place added to it.

Detmold made an ardent beginning. He said that he had always loved her, and that he had come to Europe expressly upon this mission, because he could not keep away from her influence. Alice involuntarily quickened her step for an instant, when the subject was broached, then slackened it. Her replies were given in the most chilling monosyllables.

She must have had some idea of his feeling towards her.

"Not the least."

Finding her so cold, he believed that he was mortally offending her. He floundered in his speech; his words deserted him. How impertinent was not this lavishing of endearments if there were no responsive chord within her to which it appealed! They walked for some moments in silence; such a situation alone was defeat. Then he urged her gently for an answer, — to give him some hope, if not now, for the future, no matter how remote — some fragment —

"No, I cannot."

The tone was curt, even harsh, yet she could not for her life have made it different. They proceeded the rest of the short way in silence. As they parted she asked, as an effort at politeness, if they — her party — should see him again. He was going to Italy, he said, and they should probably never meet again. What could it matter? He turned partly away, and then extended his hand and said good-by. She placed hers in it. He raised it and pressed it to his lips.

The slight, surprised effort she made to withdraw it tightened its clasp for an instant in his. It was with the thrill of this pressure, warm in the memories of both, that Alice mounted the stairs of her pension, flushed and perturbed, and Detmold went away to Verona, utterly routed and cut to pieces in his plans.

A feeling of immense loneliness came over him. The strange surroundings in which he knew no living soul, the thousands of miles of distance between him and his country, seemed as nothing to this fatal abandonment by the one person in all the world upon whom his hopes of happiness rested.

W. H. Bishop.

THE SEEKING OF THE WATERFALL.

THEY left their home of summer ease
Beneath the lowland's sheltering trees,
To seek, by ways unknown to all,
The promise of the waterfall.

Some vague, faint rumor to the vale
Had crept — perchance a hunter's tale —
Of its wild mirth of waters lost
On the dark woods through which it tossed.

Somewhere it laughed and sang; somewhere
Whirled in mad dance its misty hair;
But who had raised its veil, or seen
The rainbow skirts of that Undine?

They sought it where the mountain brook
Its swift way to the valley took;
Along the rugged slope they clomb,
Their guide a thread of sound and foam.

Height after height they slowly won;
The fiery javelins of the sun
Smote the bare ledge; the tangled shade
With rock and vine their steps delayed.

But, through leaf-openings, now and then
They saw the cheerful homes of men,
And the great mountains with their wall
Of misty purple girdling all.

The leaves through which the glad winds blew
Shared the wild dance the waters knew;
And where the shadows deepest fell
The wood-thrush rang his silver bell.

Fringing the stream, at every turn
Swung low the waving fronds of fern;
From stony cleft and mossy sod
Pale asters sprang, and golden-rod.

And still the water sang the sweet,
Glad song that stirred its gliding feet,
And found in rock and root the keys
Of its beguiling melodies.

Beyond, above, its signals flew
Of tossing foam the birch-trees through;

Now seen, now lost, but baffling still
The weary seekers' slackening will.

Each called to each: "Lo here! Lo there!
Its white scarf flutters in the air!"
They climbed anew; the vision fled,
To beckon higher overhead.

So toiled they up the mountain slope
With faint and ever fainter hope;
With faint and fainter voice the brook
Still bade them listen, pause, and look.

Meanwhile below the day was done;
Above the tall peaks saw the sun
Sink, beam-shorn, to its misty set
Behind the hills of violet.

"Here ends our quest!" the seekers cried,
"The brook and rumor both have lied!
The phantom of a waterfall
Has led us at its beck and call."

But one, with years grown wiser, said:
"So, always baffled, not misled,
We follow where before us runs
The vision of the shining ones.

"Not where they seem their signals fly,
Their voices while we listen die;
We cannot keep, however fleet,
The quick time of their wingéd feet.

"From youth to age unresting stray
These kindly mockers in our way;
Yet lead they not, the baffling elves,
To something better than themselves?

"Here, though unreached the goal we sought,
Its own reward our toil has brought:
The winding water's sounding rush,
The long note of the hermit thrush,

"The turquoise lakes, the glimpse of pond
And river track, and, vast, beyond
Broad meadows belted round with pines,
The grand uplift of mountain lines!

"What matter though we seek with pain
The garden of the gods in vain,
If lured thereby we climb to greet
Some wayside blossom Eden-sweet?

“ To seek is better than to gain,
The fond hope dies as we attain;
Life’s fairest things are those which seem,
The best is that of which we dream.

“ Then let us trust our waterfall
Still flashes down its rocky wall,
With rainbow crescent curved across
Its sunlit spray from moss to moss.

“ And we, forgetful of our pain,
In thought shall seek it oft again;
Shall see this aster-blossomed sod,
This sunshine of the golden-rod,

“ And haply gain, through parting boughs,
Grand glimpses of great mountain brows
Cloud-turbaned, and the sharp steel sheen
Of lakes deep set in valleys green.

“ So failure wins; the consequence
Of loss becomes its recompense;
And evermore the end shall tell
The unreached ideal guided well.

“ Our sweet illusions only die
Fulfilling love’s sure prophecy;
And every wish for better things
An undreamed beauty nearer brings.

“ For fate is servitor of love;
Desire and hope and longing prove
The secret of immortal youth,
And Nature cheats us into truth.

“ O kind allurers, wisely sent,
Beguiling with benign intent,
Still move us, through divine unrest,
To seek the loveliest and the best!

“ Erelong the flitting glimpse of good
Shall rest in full beatitude;
And more than all to earth denied
Shall greet us on the other side!”

John Greenleaf Whittier.

OPEN LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

I.

THE topography of New York is simple. The island is as near in plan to a "leaf cake," known to bakers and children of the old school, as may be; a good deal of perpendicularity, moderate width, and a graceful twist. You can stand upon a centre line and stretch out your hands towards the two flanking rivers and feel that none of it can get away and elude you, as cities constructed upon the radiating plan are in the habit of doing. It proceeds by layers instead of concentric rings. If you want any particular one of its leading activities, you have only to look a little further up or down the line for it.

If you are inclined to be figurative, you may call it a plant. Down in the first ward, from the Battery to Liberty Street, are the finances, the exchanges, insurance companies, the sub-treasury, Wall Street, which may be fairly spoken of as the roots. Then come substantial matters, — the municipal buildings, the markets, the great central post-office, Printing-House Square. A long stalk of heavy mercantile business follows. At Astor Place it begins to blossom out into the libraries, publishing houses, theatres, clubs, picture-galleries, and fashionable hotels with dazzling restaurants and titles borrowed from foreign royal dukes. Mingled with this and now clustering close about the Central Park, the bright particular sunflower of the whole, is a vast leafage of decorous and comfortable private residences. The fringe of docks and piers, which mounts only a certain way, may be looked upon as *cilia* sucking in sustenance for the shrub from foreign parts. This seems to me to be a very complete figure, to be relied upon by strangers and others as correct; but I shall not dwell upon it, since there are other matters of moment in the map that call for attention.

When you take a map of New York

and fairly sit down over it, there is a moral to be drawn from no more than two of its streets, which leaves all the rest of the four hundred miles for future use. Note the relations of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. For a long distance the central thoroughfare pursues its way up town, beamed upon by the brightest smiles of fortune. Colossal, solid, roaring with trucks and stages, gay and bustling, nothing more prosperous could be imagined. All at once there is a change. Nobody follows it, — nobody cares for it. No more stately magazines of granite and iron; no more Wilton carpets, Worth's costumes, decorated dinner sets, frames of actresses in diaphanous muslin; no more confectionery fresh every hour; no more perambulating banners with Gulmore's bargains, and no more mothers of families rescued from sudden death by stoical policemen. It makes an excellent attempt, it is true, to keep up appearances for a few blocks further, but after Thirty-Fourth Street all is over. It staggers away, as one might say, to nobody knows where, — to Eleventh Avenue and One Hundred and Seventh Street, — and appears to be making for the bluff to hide its humiliation in the North River. What has happened? Simply it has diverged from Fifth Avenue. Up to this point, to Madison Square, as you will see, it has been making directly for it; the ideal which it proposed to itself was Fifth Avenue. But here it reaches and abandons it. Relying, doubtless, upon its acquired popularity, it believed it could carry its constituency with it whither it would. Like many a famous politician and public journal it had to learn the ephemeral nature of the most flattering popular sentiment. One may fancy it looking back from One Hundred and Seventh Street to this point in its career, and sighing, "Ah, if I had only done differently then!"

Thus, it seems to me, the end and aim of existence in the metropolis is indi-

cated by the topography itself, if there were nothing further. While you are on the way to Fifth Avenue you are entirely commendable; when you abandon it you are out of the usual categories. It is difficult to keep account of you; nobody can say what you will come to, but most likely nothing good.

What then, I say, is this Fifth Avenue, so pointed out by the map and by social pressure as the sublimated reward of the species of virtue recognized as the highest in the commercial metropolis of the great commercial republic? Mr. Joaquin Miller has included in his latest issued volume a poem to Fifth Avenue. He speaks of it as "a calm contradiction," a

... "beautiful, long-loved avenue,
So faithful to truth, and yet so true,"

an "iron-faced sphinx," which may have been suggested by the Egyptian reservoir at Forty-Second Street, abandoned as a reservoir and now puzzling the community as to the use to which it shall be put. He apostrophizes it further as "so grand as a sinner, so good as a saint," and he asks, —

... "Say, what art thou
But the scroll of the Past rolled into the Now?"

I would not care to say it is not this, nor to differ with the poet as to representations based upon something more than the very superficial acquaintance which is all I profess to have. The idea of writing poems to streets seems to me, in passing, a good one, and to enlarge a field that is becoming uncomfortably restricted. I believe feeling poems could be written to both Third and Sixth Avenues, — now being rapidly converted to the uses of the rapid transit roads, — which would appeal to every property owner. I should like to write a poem to the erectors of new buildings in Union Square, who have the right to make all New York walk a narrow plank, and shower down mortar and bits of brick upon it for months at a time.

Fifth Avenue takes the centre of the island, where Broadway leaves it, and continues straight on — with only the interruption of the ambitious hillock of Mount Morris Park, at One Hundred

and Twentieth Street, under which it appears to dive — as long as it has any dry land to go upon. In spite of its distinctively residence character, a prophetic soul might seem to see the interrupted march of trade follow this line, so convenient for distributing its supplies on either hand. There are already invasions, always of the most insinuating character, — a store front of rare jewelry and bronzes, a confectioner whose place might have been taken bodily out of the Champs Élysées, a quiet family bank, — but still invasions. As trade advances, private life flees before it. It escapes in two directions: towards the upper end of the island, to the limit to which the lack of transit facilities permits it to be endurable, and up into the air in the new French flats. Outside of the provisions beginning to be made for them in these, I learn that the middle class are hardly expected to stay on the island at all. They spread out into the country by rail, and form vast settlements of ornamental cottages, while New York itself is given up to the rich and poor. The average "brown stone front" in the good locations will cost fifty thousand dollars; on the avenue, it will cost nearer one hundred thousand dollars.

The leading aspect of this favored section is an elegant gravity. It is a vast area of sombre brown stone, brightened by the flash of squares of immaculate plate glass. There is an echo of it in the Back Bay district of Boston. As things are, I am in favor of this dark tone. In lighter material I fear its ornamental details would be less passable than they actually are. The façades differ in degree rather than in kind. The style is a kind of builder's Renaissance, varying by stages from plain architraves over the windows to the full magnificence of triangular and circular pediments, and detached porches with Corinthian columns. Monumental flights of steps, giving access to narrow fronts, are the most conspicuous feature, typical, perhaps, of the excessive difficulty of attaining to fortune, and its comparative unsatisfactoriness when you get there. The building lots grow more scant as

you ascend, the price of land having apparently increased out of proportion to the increase of fortunes, in the desire to crowd as many people as possible on to the avenue. In everything except proximity to their business, — and there is not so much difference even here, — it seems to me the suburban people, in their spacious houses, designed often by the best professional skill, and affording in their interiors light for works of art and room for the varied activities of a refined life, have the best of it. I cannot but think that a depressing influence upon pictures in particular must be exerted by the contracted apartments of these barrack-like structures, which could accommodate but few of them even if funds remained from the original investment wherewith to purchase.

But little as its architectural details are a theme for enthusiasm, to one strolling there on a sunny day in autumn — when I like it best — the sober, unattractively treated avenue may be genially gay. Its long stretches of broken façades fall into agreeable masses, as if in the imperative order of nature harmony could not but result even from a multiplicity of mistakes. The shadows lie broadly across the roadway; bars of white light come down the side streets and divide them. The striped awnings are not all taken in. A soft sky mingles its blue with the latent red in the dark stone. A procession of church steeples, like a more colossal system of telegraph poles, marches down till the last is lower in its far perspective than the steps of that near at hand.

The quiet of your walk is little disturbed. There may be a group of strangers looking up with wrinkled foreheads at the gairish white marble palace of Stewart at Thirty-Fourth Street, a well-dressed young man walking briskly with a light stick grasped exactly in the centre, a French nurse going of an errand, a boarding-school of girls looking very slight and young in the wide empty spaces. Then, if it be late afternoon, the street is filled all at once from gutter to gutter with a torrent of equipages, returning from the races or the park:

broughams, landaus, clarences, phaetons, their varnish and mountings twinkling back to the polished windows, equestrians in boots and corduroys, slim-waisted equestriennes with blue veils floating from tall silk hats. In the midst, heralded by a bugle, a ponderous coach supplies the salient mass, corresponding to the turreted elephant and the triumphal car in the processions upon the Appian Way, which we are fond of studying in art and elsewhere to the exclusion of such sights as this, which it seems to me are quite as worthy of attention.

But the readers of a Boston magazine must be already asking their consciences whether it is right to be interested in these exterior matters, and wondering when I am coming to the pictures, the drama, and music, in New York.

If there were an exhibition in progress, my comment on the first of these matters would be simplified. The old winter exhibition at the Academy of Design has been abandoned for some years. It was found that the receipts from two exhibitions were rather less, if anything, than from one. I am assured that if the Academy were to be kept open all the year round there would probably be a further reduction. The sentiment for pictures is still largely at the "positively for one night only" point. There is a rush to see them when they are invested with the attractions of novelty and rarity, and all the enjoyment is sucked out of them at once, so that a second visit would be as tame as to the two-headed calf or the tattooed man. While there is so little disposition to return and study at leisure these carefully prepared works which belong to one as fully for the time being as if he had paid for them a hundred times over, it is not strange that the expenditure of several thousand dollars for a single one, to be kept permanently at home, should be looked upon as an eccentricity. I suppose a good picture ought to give time after time the same feeling of refreshment and pleasure afforded by the repetition of a fine musical composition. It ought to have an attention correspond-

ing in some degree to its durability. This durability, on the other hand, ought to impress a sense of responsibility upon the artist, who has no business to give us mere tricks and flippancies in a form rather more enduring than monumental brass.

As there is no exhibition, I naturally frequent the shops of the dealers; there are five or six of them at least who always have some meritorious works. Their displays, either in tastefully arranged windows, to the crowds who are always lingering there for a moment in their hurried passage on the streets, or in their galleries, to the more leisurely, whom they good-naturedly admit, knowing most of them not to have the remotest intention to buy, seem to constitute the important and permanent influence at work for the education of the public.

If one is to judge from the collections of the dealers there is no American art at all. Everything is foreign. Where, then, are American pictures to be seen? A few may be found at a *bric-à-brac* establishment in Union Square. The rest are at the studios of their authors. It is etiquette, I believe, to knock at an artist's door and walk in if you like, but it is rather a formidable undertaking. He may be engaged with a model; he may be cool, as to a mere idler, of whose appreciation he knows nothing; or he may fill you with compunctions by taking you for an intelligent patron from whom a lucrative commission is probable. There is no adequate provision for the stranger who wants nothing of him except to establish his rank. It would not be unappreciated by the floating population, nor without distinct influence nor perhaps financial returns, if there were some head-quarters where a good specimen of the work of each of the local painters were accessible.

The market of the resident artists seems to be made chiefly by private acquaintance. The clubs of late offer a resource in receiving works, which they are glad to place before small but select audiences at their art receptions, held by some as often as once a month.

This question of better exhibition facilities is just now a leading one, though it is hardly a secret that it connects itself with something else quite as important. You do not have to be here long to find that the guild of artists is divided into the younger men who have lately studied abroad and acquired a decided foreign manner, and the Academicians of the old school. The first have within a very recent period collected their forces, and are now represented by a brand new art association, which has secured the Kurtz Gallery for an exhibition in March. Prominent among them are Shirlaw, a recent acquisition from Munich, and Wyatt Eaton, a pupil of Jules Breton, both making a marked impression in the community apart from their works, one as the director of the Students' Art League, the other of the classes at the Cooper Institute. Saint Gaudens, a rising young sculptor, is another. La Farge, with whom he is associated in the novel work of the decoration in progress at Saint Thomas's Church, is one of a small number of regular Academicians who give the enterprise their sympathy and countenance. It disclaims the idea of opposition to the Academy of Design, — and, indeed, it would be a pity to detract from the efficiency of an institution which has never been too strong, — yet it decidedly means to do something apart from it, and, if successful, to show that the Academy in some respects is making a mistake. A committee in Paris will select and forward works submitted by our students across the water. There are a great many of them, and they do quite striking things, often in a wonderfully short time after they have set out from home. There is an instance of two pleasing German landscapes, depicting nature in the full bloom of summer, coming back in time for the spring exhibition, though their author had only sailed in July, with scarcely any previous knowledge of painting.

The conservative Academicians say: "This is all very fine, but we must move slowly. We see here the influence of the master, perhaps even his original

sketches worked over. Let us wait till these young men have been at home a while, and see what they can do on their own account, before we crowd our pictures off 'the line' and over the tops of doors for their accommodation. We have traveled and studied abroad in our time ourselves. Are we not entitled to some consideration, too?" This view was embodied in a resolution that each Academician should be entitled to at least six feet on the line in the annual exhibitions, which passed, but was rescinded in consequence of a lively hubbub which followed its announcement. Its occasion was understood to be the too unstinted liberality of the last hanging committee, who gave the foreigners about all the desirable positions. It was withdrawn, and the action of the innovators cannot be said to be dictated by any unfair treatment. There may be a slight fear of it, but at bottom it is a consciousness of not being sufficiently appreciated. There are new ideas afloat, —dash, breadth, freedom, originality, —to which old foggism, by constitution and for self-protection, is naturally averse. They propose, perhaps, to lay the difference fairly before the public and have it passed upon.

From a disinterested stand-point this slight jar in the family is not unpleasing. Anything is better than stagnation. It will act as a stimulus to both sides to the production of their best work. Each will endeavor to show that it is the only original and all others are spurious, while the public can come forward and adjudicate upon a financial basis. Only, it would appear that the sympathies of the public are likely to be already enlisted and the old school considerably handicapped by the prevailing influences. Upon the surface these are all foreign. If the new men do things in the way we are every day taught to believe the best and most fashionable, shall we not give them the preference? You can have now, if you choose, a scene on the Delaware, which you would take for the Loire, by Daubigny; or a view of farm life on Long Island difficult to distinguish from rural Brittany.

Here is Goupil's, the leading picture establishment and one of the standing attractions of the town. Let us step in. Here you may learn both what is fashionable and what is a good investment. For there is a practical side to this refined pursuit; there are even collectors of pictures who have no further interest in them than is involved in one of these considerations. If Vibert or Tissot is "the thing," the votary of fashion in this department cannot afford to be without one. Or again, some keen-scented connoisseur fancies he detects symptoms of a rise in Dupr s or Diazes, and then a Dupr  or a Diaz is got, to be held until the corner in Dupr s, as one might say, is worked. The trade has its seasons of activity and dullness, like dry goods and pork. The season centres about the period of cutting off of coupons for the January interest. It is inaugurated at Goupil's towards the last part of November, by the rearrangement of the pleasant little gallery and the presentation of the latest novelties on a stated "opening day."

Previous to this, and familiar to strangers during a considerable part of the autumn, the position of honor was held by a large Lesrel, with its number as a contribution to the Paris Salon still upon it. It is a group of chess-players, in the costume of Louis XIII., about a gold-cloth-covered table. The light promulgates itself vividly, but without glare, upon the figures, which start out of an atmosphere of tones of amber brown, like the shadows in the bottom of a brook. There is expression, archaeological correctness with spirit, breadth with plenty of detail. The composition is full of art: a double pyramid above the table; a hat and stick and rumpled rug breaking the perspective lines of the floor; here an agreeable complexity, — a head painted against another or against a doublet, wherever it happens to come, — there the contrast of a bold, uninterrupted outline. It seems to have about everything such a subject could have. I do not care, myself, very much about the period of Louis XIII., nor particularly about chess, but if anybody

did I should think he ought to be satisfied here. I suppose there are fifty or a hundred contributors to the same exhibition who can do as well as Lesrel; he is young and not an exceptional genius. Hence this picture is fairly typical, in its line, both of what is going on over there and of the kind of models that will continue to be presented for our inspection. If there are native artists who expect to enter into competition in this branch, they will always have just as stiff work cut out for them.

Near by was a Schreyer, — Russian travelers pursued by wolves in a forest, in a snow-storm as wild as the foam of breakers on a reef. There was a Sword-Dancer, by Gérôme; an Egyptian cellar, with a ray of sunlight striking across it so naturally that I have seen people look to see if it came from the sky-light; a beautiful, broad Van Marcke, showing cattle coming towards you in a vaporish Dutch landscape, an epitome of Taine's Art in the Netherlands; small female heads, with milk-like complexions, by Toulmouche and Leider; a seraglio, by Richter, pinkish and pretty as a fashion plate.

The landscapes are not many, the preference of patrons in landscape being for something American, — something they can recognize. There is always a stock of German domestic subjects in the Dusseldorf style, sold largely at the West, and not so much in home demand: down-stairs, water-colors and pen drawings by Detaille, De Neuville, Vibert, Berne-Bellecour; up-stairs, in the private room, Bouguereau, Cabanel, Corot, Coomans, Compe, Calix — one has only to go through a *salon* catalogue alphabetically. They are all there.

A few doors below, in the Kohn collection, the same names; at Schaus's, again the same, with here a rather more German and Flemish cast, — Diffenbach; Tiddeman; Robie's flower pieces; Williams's sheen of creamy-white satin; a lovely, odd marine, fishing boats in a Holland canal, by Clays.

This is the regular thing, every-day fare. On an opening day provision is made for epicures. Looking now at the

reconstructed gallery, what is the change in the mode? It is only one of quality. There are more and better Schreyers; figures on a large scale, by Frion and Sorbi; a garden wedding reception in modern French society, by Delort, — a crowd of high-bred figures like the best of Du Maurier's in Punch, photographic in accuracy, but also photographic in rigid sharpness; an interior, by Muncasy, in which he applies to a simple subject of domestic luxury the power and seriousness of his greater works.

In particular there are numerous examples of the Roman-Spanish school, — the Egusquizas, Boldinis, Terrassas, Alvarezces, Madrazas, — of which I have not spoken before, conspicuous as it everywhere is, because I wished to say a word about it by itself. I have heard these pictures denounced as rank communism. There is no dignity or sentiment in them, no *chiaroscuro*, no system of color, — nothing but patchwork and chaos. Here is a notable specimen, a last century street scene in Seville, by Jimenez y Aranda, — thirty or forty figures, close by, gossiping in groups. The expressions are as finished and realistic as the signs over the door-ways and the bits of old play-bills upon the wall, whose pinks, lavenders, greens, and yellows are an echo of the costumes; yet the effect is not in the least photographic like the Delort. Distances are expressed by linear and not at all by atmospheric perspective.

It may be communism, but these works impress you, if you are one of the kind who can endure them, piquantly and quaintly. They connect themselves with dainty porcelain. They are as glowing with cheerful colors as a bit of Persian rug. They are flat and almost without shadow. The figures are for the most part small, and nothing is sacrificed to them. They depend upon their intrinsic importance, and take their chance with the accessories, like details of a mosaic. Perhaps I get more out of them than they have to give, but it seems as if there was something fatalistic in this, with all their coquettish brightness, — a recognition of the real relation of man

to his surroundings. The light is not focused upon an ordinary person, nor the furniture mistily gradated into insignificance, while he stands about in dramatic attitudes. A man is not so imposing as a book-case, and the first omnibus runs over him with ease.

It is impossible to be about New York without recognizing in it a very pervading æsthetic interest. It is not long since Sypher's *omnium gatherum* of second-hand furniture was the only establishment in the *bric-à-brac* line. Now they abound, even in the minor streets, and are presided over by discriminating connoisseurs. Establishments for artistic furniture and decorations are numerous. At every turn you encounter an auction sale of Oriental rugs and potteries, or general *faïence*, or old arms and armor, like the well-known Cogniat collection. If people find nothing better than the trash from the dollar stores for their holiday presents this year, it will be their own fault.

An event quite out of proportion in significance to its scale was the quiet exhibition at Collamore's of a tableful of ware called the "Bennett *faïence*." It is probably the stepping-stone to an American ceramic industry. Bennett, an Englishman, late of the Doulton works at Lambeth, has established himself in Lexington Avenue and begun this manufacture in a small way with pupils whom he is training to the work upon the system pursued at Lambeth. His results are admirable, and if they can be popularized would leave little to desire. There are vases and bottles of simple shapes decorated in pale greens and lapis lazuli blues, with a rich mottled texture, and strewn with white blossoms, which Lambeth has never surpassed. It is time that the caricature "art pottery" of the day should be succeeded by something worthy of the name. In the favorable temper of the public mind towards these subjects, it can hardly be doubted that an American *faïence* of a high order of merit would be profitable.

Another notable event is the establishment of the sales-room of the Society of Decorative Art, for the disposal of

such artistic wares as are within the scope of production of the feminine sex. It will not only afford the contributors of really good work in such lines as embroideries, carvings, and tile painting the encouragement of pecuniary returns, but will furnish in its classes and in the exhibited examples an influence which cannot fail to have a considerable effect in a department of activity whose achievements at present, it is painful to say, are mainly worse than useless.

Still another, — for I have the fortune to drop into quite an epidemic of novelties, — an innovation upon the traditions of Protestant worship only sanctioned, I believe, on this side of the water by the example of the new Trinity Church in Boston, from the same hand, is the mural decoration of the chancel of Saint Thomas by La Farge. It is too early to speak of it except in its conception, as a relief from the costly calico work which, until now, it has been thought evangelical church decoration must necessarily be. The circumstances are unfavorable. It is not probable that the work can ever appear to its full advantage at the morning service, owing to the dazzle of the stained glass above it, nor from the body of the church on account of the pentagonal shape of the apse on the walls of which it is being placed. Two of the sides are parallel to the aisles. One half of the mural painting by La Farge is finished. It is a Resurrection, showing that capacity for a high and serious art of which this artist has elsewhere given proofs. The centre compartment is occupied by sculpture, a hierarchy of angels by Saint Gaudens. The figures are of a single type. They breathe a pleasing sentiment and are freely modeled in high relief. They are colored by still another artist, Mr. Noe, in strange metallic greenish tints, upon which the light touches with a sort of moonlight effect.

But enough for the present of pictures. There are other fine arts, symphony concerts at Steinway Hall, and the dramas without end.

The discussion aroused by the ingenious Mr. Boucicault will serve to retain for his play of *Marriage*, at Wallack's,

the prestige of the leading theatrical event of the season. Marriage is not the coming American play, and not American at all, as many were disappointed to find, but has the local coloring of the residence of its author among us. The controversy which ensued concerning it is unique. Its public usefulness was spoiled by the favorable opportunity opened for facetiousness, but no doubt it led to considerable private lucubrations of value. It came about in this way. The critics took an unfavorable view of the piece. Mr. Boucicault naturally differed with them. But instead of sulking in offended dignity, he came forward with a hardihood that cannot be too much admired, and, though having no print of his own, joined battle with them.

"One 'gainst a hundred would he strive,
Take countless wounds and yet survive."

They were used, he claimed, to fustian, or at best broad-cloth; his fabric was lace-work. The discussion widened out from this to a more general matter.

"Come, now," said he, "you say my comedy is so and so. Does one of you, in either hemisphere, know what a comedy is? Let us put it upon that ground. Define me a comedy; then I will treat with you."

Then began an era of definitions of comedy. You observe the opening. One said it was a French play and a pair of scissors; another that it was the spectacle of Boucicault trying to buck the bull off the bridge; another that it was Boucicault beating the newspapers out of unlimited free advertising. One could fancy them with hands joined in a circle, whooping tantalizingly about the unfortunate dramatist, like the Canotiers of the Seine around Papavert at the French theatre. Criticism of the piece became a minor consideration in the greater contest, and people went to see it from so many motives as to give it a very successful run.

The definition business was really a mammoth side-show. A correct feeling of what something is, or ought to be, exists extensively without accurate facility in words. No doubt the newspaper critics, though all of their definitions might

not do credit to Webster or Worcester, understand with the community in general that the substance of comedy is life apart from the emotions connected with death or prolonged or violent suffering. It deals with the smaller miseries alone, and its legitimate alliance is with the smile rather than the sigh.

This opens an immense field and leaves the critics quite enough to do without dialectics. The whole matter of subject, treatment, and quality remains. There is high comedy, low comedy, and farce. There is the judicial faculty to be exercised in separating the merits of the case from the ability of its special pleaders, that is to say from the talent of the actors.

You may imagine that I have not failed to be among the audience at Wallack's, to be impressed, if possible, by this home-made piece of lace-work. Is it lace-work? To estimate something in terms of lace-work is like estimating size in pieces of chalk. It is a variable standard. There is cotton lace and then again there is lace of excellent material, but tangled in the execution and an unfair representative of its kind. I should say that Marriage was of the latter sort.

The material is unexceptionable; the scenes and emotions clustering around marriage are matter not merely for an episode, of the kind constituting the great bulk of plays, literature, and pictures, but for something typical and of universal interest. So far, Mr. Boucicault chose a basis on which it would be possible to make not only a good comedy but a great comedy. Marriage is used not simply as the conventional closing up of a series of adventures, but as the body and texture of the piece, as is divorce in another to which it gives its title. Indeed, our American playwrights, not now speaking of Boucicault, seem to me particularly happy in their choice of a subject. Where they fail is not here, but in the important two thirds of plot and dialogue. If you will notice, almost every one of these attempts aims at something typical, the presentation of national characteristics, as in The

Mighty Dollar and The Gilded Age, or of states of society, including a large constituency, as in Saratoga, and Surf, Ah Sin, and The Danites. Most of these were objected to, I recollect, some years ago, conceptions and all, by our leading critical journal, which took the extraordinary position that Rip Van Winkle — certainly a mere episode without any claim on general interest, if there ever was one — was the only truly American subject and play.

Mr. Boucicault has a subject and many charming details. The manners and customs, if correctly displayed, are not so unlike our own, except for the legal settlements and the ward in chancery, that the whole might not have taken place here. There are four married couples, so differing as to display the subject from as many points of view: Walter and Rosalie, a run-away pair; Meek — an unfortunate name for a very good fellow — and Fannie, who marry in the regular society way; Persimmons and Virginia, an oldish couple whose union has been postponed long beyond the usual age; and the Constant Tiffes, already married, whose quarrels serve as a sarcastic commentary upon the ardor of the people newly entering upon the happy state. The preliminary drill of the wedding procession by the fashionable mother, in Act II. — a scene in its dresses and mountings like a French *genre* picture — is a most amusing and

legitimate piece of light satire. There is a poetic element in the freshness and simplicity of the youngest bride and principal figure. She nestles by her husband, and shows a romantic girlish ideal, based, no doubt, upon reminiscences of sentimental literature, but also upon a capacity for something generous and devoted, in asking him if there is not some dark secret he can impart for her to forgive, so that the bond between them may be closer. There is an element of pathos in the singular dread of Auldjo that Walter, who appears to be his son but is in reality only adopted, will, if he finds out the truth, cease to return his tender affection. The dialogue has many capital things, and there is one *mot*, "Nothing is so deceptive as proofs," worthy to become a standing aphorism.

With all this, and the capital acting, when the curtain falls over an apartment furnished in flowered cretonne, with the sea, broken by a single shining wave, showing through the wide windows as if from a drawing-room at Newport, you can feel that you go away from a profitably amused evening. But that will not blind you to the defects of considerable character drawing, which is farce instead of comedy, and especially of a plot in which there is the complication of three secret marriages, and long-lost brothers, wives and daughters to the point of distraction.

Raymond Westbrook.

EDWARD GIBBON.

THE Muse of History is a rather worldly personage, who frequently reserves her favors for devotees in easy circumstances. The pushing aspirants who seize the prizes of poetry, fiction, music, the drama, and the other arts in which genius is required, are apt to be snubbed by this more exclusive lady, whose cult

demands long preparation, costly outlays, and ample leisure. She shows to gentlemen of leisure and elegant culture a polite art, one of the very politest, in which industry and perseverance are enough for success and fame, and too often she seems to exact nothing more. A man may not say that he will be a great

poet or a great novelist; but with education, money, and time, one may resolve without unexampled presumption to be a great historian. To be sure, this results in many cases in making great historians what they are: greatest when unread, and the most perishable of the immortals. They have so seldom, indeed, been true literary artists that one has a certain hesitation in pronouncing any historian a man of genius; and it is with a lasting surprise that one recognizes in the greatest of historians one of the greatest of geniuses, a writer who possessed in prose, above any other Englishman of his time, the shaping hand, and who molded the vast masses of his subject into forms of magnificent beauty, giving to their colossal pomp a finish for which there is no word but exquisite.

Yet I think one disposed to be the most sparing of the phrase is quite safe in calling the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire a man of genius; not for what he has done for history, but what he has done for literature, in showing that no theme is so huge but that art may proportion it and adorn it till it charms,—the work which lastingly charms being always and alone the proof of genius. When one turns from other histories to his mighty achievement, one feels that it is really as incomparable for its noble manner as for the grandeur of the story it narrates. That story assumes at his touch the majestic forms, the lofty movement, of an epic; its advance is rhythmical; in the strong pulse of its antitheses is the fire, the life of a poetic sense; its music, rich and full, has a martial vigor, its colors are the blazons of shields and banners. One knows very well that this style would be ridiculous applied to a minor theme; the fact is felt throughout Gibbon's *Memoirs*, where he apparently cannot unbend from the high historic attitude, though even there, when the thought is eloquent, the language stirs the reader's blood by its matchless fitness. One is aware, too, that the polysyllabic port of the Johnsonian diction has been the mock of vengeful generations escaping from its crushing weight; yet after the thinness

and pallor of much conscious simplicity of later date, its Latin affluence has a deep satisfaction; and though none could ever dream of writing such a style again, yet its use by Gibbon was part of the inspiration with which he wrought his whole work, and gave its magnitude that brilliant texture and thorough solidity which are even more wonderful than its magnitude.

The history of the Decline and Fall remains unapproached for qualities of great artistry, but not unapproachable. It needs merely an equal genius in future historians to make every passage of the human epic as nobly beautiful. Its author was indefinitely more than a gentleman of fortune, though he was also this, and frankly glories in the fact in that *Autobiography* whose involuntary pomps are now so quaint (for he promises that "the style shall be simple and familiar"); and he enters with relish upon a brief account of his ancestors, whose "chief honor" was Baron Say and Seale, lord high treasurer of Henry the Sixth. This nobleman was beheaded by the Kentish insurgents, and his blood seems to have set forever the Tory tint in the politics of the Gibbons. One amusing forefather of the historian, who visited Virginia, had such a passion for heraldry that it caused him to see in the tokens with which the naked bodies of the savages were painted a proof that "heraldry was grafted *naturally* into the sense of the human race." Succeeding Gibbons were Royalists and Jacobites; and the historian himself, in whom the name was extinguished, honored its traditions in his abhorrence of the American rebels and the French revolutionists.

Gibbon's childhood was sickly, and it was not till his sixteenth year that his health became firm enough to permit him a regular course of study. In the mean time he had lost his mother, the effect of whose early death upon his father he describes in touching language, and he remained in the care of a maiden aunt. He had always been more in her care than in that of his mother, and now she made her helpless charge very much her

companion and friend, directing his English studies and watching over his delicate health with all a mother's devotion. His schooling had been intermittent and desultory, and he had but a little Latin and no Greek at the age when "Nature displayed in his favor her mysterious energies," and his disorders "wonderfully vanished." He was then taken from a careless and idle tutor by his father, and suddenly entered at Oxford, of which ancient university the reader will find an amusingly contemptuous account in his Autobiography. Though no scholar, he had always been an omnivorous reader. He arrived at Oxford, as he says, "with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a school-boy would have been ashamed," and he quitted Magdalen College after fourteen months, "the most idle and unprofitable of his whole life," — spent under professors who did not lecture and tutors who did not teach, but drowsed away a learned leisure in monkish sloth and Jacobitish disloyalty. "Tory politics, personal anecdotes, and private scandal" were the talk with which the fellows of Magdalen College astonished the ingenuous young gentleman commoner. It was not unnatural that in his uncontrolled and apparently undirected endeavor he should resolve to write a book, which happened to be *The Age of Sesostri*, still unfinished if ever begun; nor was it quite strange that such a youth should turn from the bigoted indifference of his *alma mater*, in spiritual affairs, to the great mother church. At any rate, Gibbon became at seventeen an ardent Catholic, through pure force of his own reasoning and reading, — a conversion which necessarily resulted in his leaving Oxford at once, and in his being presently sent to Lausanne, in Switzerland, where he was placed by his incensed father in the family of the Calvinist pastor, Pavilliard. His new faith did not long withstand the wise and careful approaches of this excellent man, who found his charge exceedingly well read in the controversial literature of the subject, and who chose silently to let him

convict himself of one illogical position after another rather than openly and constantly to combat him. Upon new premises, Gibbon reasoned himself out of Romanism as he had reasoned himself into it. These changes from faith to faith may have had something to do with unsettling all belief in his mind; but it is not a point upon which he himself touches, and he seems to have reëmbarked in all sincerity the Protestant religion. The letters which the Pasteur Pavilliard wrote from time to time, concerning the progress of his conversion, to Gibbon's father are of curious interest, and paint in suggestive touches not only the mental character of the studious, conscientious, dutiful lad, but that of his firm and gentle guardian. They are glimpses that show them both in a very pleasing light, and one would fain know more of the simple Swiss pastor, for whom Gibbon always retained a grateful reverence, although Madame Pavilliard's coarse and stinted table he remembered long after with lively disgust.

Under Pavilliard's direction he made great advances in learning, and fully repaired the losses of his sickly childhood and the months wasted at Oxford. His reading, which was always wide enough, gained indefinitely in depth; and this English boy, writing from an obscure Swiss town, could maintain a correspondence with the first scholars of France and Germany, in which they treated him with the distinction due his learning. It was not the education of a gentleman which Gibbon, loving the English ideal of the public school and the university, would have desired for himself, but it was thorough training, and it was full of the delight of a purely voluntary pursuit. He wholly disused his mother tongue during his four years' sojourn at Lausanne, and magnificently as he afterwards wrote it, one can see by various little turns that he wrote it always with something of a subtle foreigner's delight in the superb instrument rather than a native's perfect unconsciousness. He had, in fact, grown French-Swiss during these years, and at the bottom of his heart he remained so,

preferring to end his life in the little city under the Alps, in which he spent the happiest period of his youth, and which he loved better, with its simple and blameless social life, than the great capital of the English world. For a long time after his return to England, he looked to the Continent for the public which he aspired to please; his first publication was written in French, that he might the more directly reach this public, and he imagined several histories in that tongue before he used himself, or reconciled himself, to his alienated English.

He came home not only estranged in language, — this his father could have borne, — but in love and in the hope of marriage with the daughter of the pastor of Crassy, Mademoiselle Susan Curchod, and that his father could not endure; he peremptorily forbade the match, and Gibbon, whose obedience was always somewhat timid, and was in this case perhaps too exemplary, records with his usual neat antithesis: "After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son. My wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life."

The historian tells us, in touching upon this passage of his life, that he "hesitates from an apprehension of ridicule, when he approaches the delicate subject of his early love;" and in fact it is not easy to forbear the starting smile, though perhaps for a different reason from that supposed. The ardor of the suitor who sighs as a lover while he obeys as a son, and whose wound is insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life, is certainly not of the heroic sort. It is indeed a passion of too prudent a kind not to be a little comical. Mademoiselle Curchod, like himself, had for the healing of *her* wound, also, time, absence, and the habits of a new life: her father died; she must leave Crassy and go to Geneva, where she "earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother" by teaching young ladies. One does not read with quite the composure of the man who left her to this lot his praises of the

nobility with which she bore adversity, while he was sighing as a lover and obeying as a son. Mademoiselle Curchod, who, as he tells us, "in her lowest distress maintained a spotless reputation and a dignified behavior," became the wife of the great Necker and the mother of the great Madame de Staël, "and in the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence." Her old lover visited her more than once in her exalted station as the wife of the minister upon whom the whole fabric of the French monarchy rested, and was always treated with the confidence which a man who had obeyed as a son while he sighed as a lover truly merited. M. Necker, fatigued with the cares of office, used to go to bed and leave his wife *tête-à-tête* with the undangerous lover of her youth. One smiles at such a close for love's young dream, and yet in its time the passion was no doubt a sweet and tender idyl. Swiss society had, in Gibbon's day, all the blameless freedom and innocent charm of the society in an American town. The young ladies of Lausanne met at each other's houses without chaperonage of any sort, "among a crowd of young men of every nation of Europe. . . . They laughed, they sang, they danced, they played at cards, they acted comedies; but in the midst of this careless gayety they respected themselves, and were respected by the men." In such perfect ease and unrestraint Gibbon met this young girl, — a local prodigy of learning, as beautiful as she was learned, and as good as she was beautiful, — and won the true and great heart which he suffered himself to lose. He never loved, nor thought of loving, any other woman; his hurt was not bravely received, but apparently it was incurable. From time to time he speaks in his letters to Lord Sheffield, after the death of the old friend with whom he went to live in Lausanne, of having a young girl, his relative, to cheer his lonely years and inherit his wealth; but he lived solitary to the end, and a valet smoothed his dying pillow.

It was some seven years after he exhaled his last sigh as a lover that Gibbon first met Madame Necker, who had then been not a great while married. "The Curchod I saw in Paris. She was very fond of me," he writes to Lord Sheffield, "and the husband particularly civil. She is as handsome as ever, and much genteeler; seems pleased with her fortune rather than proud of it." On her part: "I do not know," writes Madame Necker to a friend at Lausanne, in a letter quoted by Sainte-Beuve, "if I have told you that I have seen Gibbon. I have enjoyed that pleasure beyond expression; not that I have any lingering sentiment for a man who, I think, merits none at all," — how keen is the resentment unsheathed for a moment! — "but my feminine vanity has never had a completer, a juster triumph. He stayed two weeks at Paris; I had him every day with me; he has become gentle, pliant, humble, modest to bashfulness. Perpetual witness of the tenderness of my husband, of his genius, and of his happiness, a zealous admirer of opulence, he made me notice for the first time that which surrounds me." How these delicate touches insinuate the man! "He has become humble, . . . a zealous admirer of opulence," who makes her realize that she is rich! Was the great Mr. Gibbon, then, what is called in the more monosyllabic English of our day a snob? One fears that in some degree he was so, if Madame Necker was right and not merely resentful. They remained always friends and often correspondents. Ten years later we find him writing to Lord Sheffield from London, where the Neckers then were: "At present I am busy with the Neckers. I live with her just as I used to do twenty years ago, laugh at her Paris varnish, and oblige her to become a simple, reasonable Suisse." At Paris, where he is again in 1777, the Neckers are his "principal dependence." "I do not indeed lodge in their house, but I live very much with them, and dine and sup whenever they have company, which is almost every day, and whenever I like, for they are not in the least *exigeans*." Mr. Walpole

had introduced him to the famous Madame du Deffand, "an agreeable young lady of eighty-two," who writes him many civilities after his return home. "I have supped once as a third with the Neckers, and have had Madame Necker once at my house. We have spoken of Mr. Gibbon, and what else? Of Mr. Gibbon, always of Mr. Gibbon."

This was when the Neckers were at the height of their power and prosperity. When poor Louis XVI. made his first great mistake in allowing Maurepas to force Necker to a resignation, Gibbon saw his old love once more at Lausanne, where they passed the summer of 1784; and Madame Necker lived to meet her former lover again in 1790, when, after Necker's recall and final downfall in that of the monarchy, they retired to Copet. Again in 1793 Gibbon visited the Neckers, and the next year, when he died in London, was the last year of her life.

Something very high, very pure, very noble, characterized her always, and amidst the corrupt and brilliant society of which she became a leader, and to the good qualities of which she did justice, she was honored for the virtues which few others practiced. "Her faults," says Sainte-Beuve, "were not French faults;" she wanted tact, and sometimes she wanted taste, but she never wanted principle, nor a generous mind by which to judge people and conditions so unexpectedly and wholly new to her as those of Paris. "When I came to this country," she wrote back to a friend in Lausanne, "I thought that literature was the key to everything; that men cultivated their minds only by books, and were great only through knowledge;" and this sentence, which so perfectly characterizes the young, unworldly, enthusiastic country-girl, also indicates how great was the work before her, — to remodel all her standards and criterions, to make herself over. Sainte-Beuve believes that her health first began to sink under the anxieties and disappointments of this effort. She lamented that she did not even know the language of society; that she hurt people's self-love when she meant to flatter it. "What is

called frankness in Switzerland is egotism in Paris," she says. She saw that there her old ideas were all wrong; and, as she says, she hid away her little capital and began working for a living. It must have been by very hard work indeed that she made herself acceptable to the circle of philosophers and *littérati* whom her husband's distinction drew about her, but she did so, and most acceptable to the best men among them. Better than this, she entered, with her Swiss zeal and practical goodness, upon a life of beneficence as well as social eminence. The Paris hospitals were savage lairs, in which the sick were herded together without comfort or decency, and she founded a hospital of her own which still bears her name. Her husband, proud of its success, mentioned it in his official reports to the king, and this fondness made the Parisians laugh. Her most intimate friends, too, had their reserves to the last, which Marmonet at least has but too keenly expressed. To his thinking, she had not the air of the world; she had not taste in dress, nor an easy manner, nor an attractive politeness; her mind and her countenance were too formal for grace. But, on the other hand, she had propriety, candor, kindness, and culture. Her tastes were from her opinions, not from her feelings. She was a devoted hostess, and eagerly strove to please her guests, but "even her amusements had their reason, their method; . . . all was premeditated, nothing flowed naturally." If much of the school-mistress, in fine, lingered in this great-hearted and good woman, Gibbon apparently never saw it. On all that he says of her there is imaginable a sunset light from his early and only love,—from the days when the ingenious young Englishman saw the Swiss pastor's daughter in the blossom of "that beauty, pure, virginal, which," as Sainte-Beuve says, "has need of the first youth," with her lovely face "animated by a brilliant freshness, and softened by her blue eyes, full of candor." Her married life was in the highest degree happy: she and her husband reciprocally admired and adored each other;

and it must have been with a sense of the perplexing unreality of all past experience that she saw her old unworthy lover reënter the world, and grow year by year more famous and more enormously fat in the narrowing circle of her life. What perpetual curiosity and generous pity must have piqued her; how strange and sad it must all have been! Upon the whole, I do not know a more provoking love-story in the annals of literature, and though, as Sainte-Beuve says, Gibbon bore his disappointment with a tranquillity that makes one smile, it is not with a smile only that one dwells upon "the delicate subject of his early love."

When he had definitely sighed as a lover and obeyed as a son, he settled down to the dullness of English country life, the trivial pleasures of which, the visits, the talk with commonplace people, afflicted him even more than its monotony, though less perhaps than his misspent service as a captain of the militia, which Pitt kept under arms after its supposed usefulness in defying invasion during the Old French War was quite past: this he felt was unfit and unworthy of him. At this time he was occupied with his *Essay on the Study of Literature*, which he wrote in French, and which in his maturer years humbled him by excellences he had so little improved upon; and he projected a number of histories before he fixed at last upon his great work: he thought of writing the history of the crusade of Henry the First, of the barons' wars against John, the lives of Henry the Fifth and Titus, the life of Sir Philip Sidney, the history of the liberty of the Swiss, and that of the republic of Florence under the Medici. But his studies for an Italian tour and his subsequent visit to Italy insensibly confirmed his tendency toward the work of his life, the first conception of which occurred to him at Rome, as he "sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter."

It was not till after seven years' preparation that, full of uncertainty and

misgiving, this man of a genius unsurpassed and even unapproached in its kind sat down to write the first chapter of a history which he had not yet named in his own mind; and then he toiled at the mere technique of his work with a patience which teaches the old lesson, eternally true, that genius absolves from no duty to art, and that it achieves its triumphs by endeavors proportioned to its own greatness.

Gibbon had now fixed his home in London, where he became a man of fashion and of the great world, which not many years later he deliberately forsook for the little comfortable world of Lausanne, in whose simple quiet he finished the work begun and largely advanced in the tumult of the English capital. There were, he tells us, few persons of any eminence in literature or politics to whom he was a stranger, and he stoops to specify, in a grandiose footnote, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, and others, as his fellow-members of the Literary Club. At this period also he entered into political life, and took his seat for the borough of Liskeard.

He was, therefore, just seated in Parliament when our troubles with the mother country began, and he took a lively interest in American affairs. But it was not in our behalf; on the contrary, he disliked our cause with all the spirit of a gentleman whose sense of propriety and of property was hurt by our insubordination, and he steadily voted with the government against us, or, as he says, with characteristic pomp, he "supported, with many a sincere and silent vote, the rights, though not perhaps the interest, of the mother country." His memoir, once clearly defining his attitude, has nothing more to say about us; but the letters mention us often enough, in hope or in despair, as the chance of war is against us or for us. It is always curious to note these fluctuations; it is like a glimpse, by instantaneous photograph, of the feeling of the past. In this case the feeling is that of the great mass of the English nation, and of some of the best Englishmen; for

hard as it is for us to understand (the time being so distant, and ourselves being concerned), our friends in England then must have been excusable to most of their fellow-countrymen only as sentimental idealists, and to many inexcusable as disloyal demagogues. For his part, Mr. Gibbon, in 1774, had no misgivings in supporting Lord North's Boston Port Bill, removing the customs and courts to Salem, "a step so detrimental to the former town that it must soon reduce it to our own terms, and yet of so mild an appearance" that in the Lords it passed with "some lively conversation but no division." These facts are intermixed with some indecent gossip of the town, in which Mr. Gibbon seems to have had the interest of a student of civilization; and his letters do not mention America again till the following year, when we find him tempted by the greatness of the subject to "expose himself" in a speech on American affairs. He never did so, but he was soon one of "three hundred and four to one hundred and five" who voted an address to the throne, "declaring Massachusetts Bay in a state of rebellion. More troops, but I fear not enough, go to America, to make an army of ten thousand men at Boston. . . . I am more and more convinced that with firmness all may go well; yet," he prudently adds, "I sometimes doubt." In the autumn of this year he mentions the government negotiations with the Russians, failing which, we had the Hessians sent us. "We have great hopes of getting a body of these barbarians," the Russians, — five and twenty thousand of them, who are to go out as mercenaries, not allies. "The worst of it is that the Baltic will soon be frozen up, and that it must be late next year before they can get to America." In his next letter he is pleased to observe that "the old report of Washington's resignation and quarrel with Congress seems to revive," and thinks later that "things go on very prosperously in America," Howe being "in the Jerseys," on his way to the Delaware, and Washington, "who wishes to cover Philadelphia," having "not more than six

or seven thousand men with him," while, best of all, a province ("it is indeed only poor little Georgia") has "made its submission, and desired to be reinstated in the peace of the king;" yet presently we read that "America affords nothing very satisfactory," and this being written at Almack's, "Charles Fox is now at my elbow, declaiming on the impossibility of keeping America." The Americans are by this time (the spring of 1777) not only behaving very unsatisfactory at home, but on the night of the 5th of May "a small privateer fitted out at Dunkirk attacked, took, and has carried into Dunkirk road the Harwich packet. The king's messenger had just time to throw his dispatches overboard," and Mr. Gibbon, hearing of this affair at Dover on his way to Paris, is in great doubt whether he had better go on. But he goes on, and at Paris he actually dined with Franklin, the terrible, "by accident," as he tells his friend in expressive italics, but dined with him nevertheless, and, let us hope, liked him. At that distance from London he sees clearly the mismanagement of the American business, — "a wretched piece of work. The greatest force which any European power ever ventured to transport into that continent is not strong enough even to attack the enemy, . . . and in the mean time you are obliged to call out the militia to defend your own coasts against their privateers." Being returned to England in December, he has to communicate from his place in the House of Commons "dreadful news indeed! . . . An English army of nearly ten thousand men laid down their arms, and surrendered prisoners of war on condition of being sent to England, and of never serving against America. . . . Burgoyne is said to have received three wounds. General Fraser, with two thousand men, killed. Colonel Ackland likewise killed. A general cry for peace."

It was at last beginning to be time, though peace was far off yet, and Mr. Gibbon's party had much to learn. A year before this he had written: "We talk chiefly of the Marquis de la Fayette, who

was here a few weeks ago. He is about twenty, with a hundred and thirty thousand livres a year; the nephew of Noailles, who is ambassador here. He has bought the Duke of Kingston's yacht, and is gone to join the Americans;" and now "it is positively asserted both in private and in Parliament, and not contradicted by ministers, that on the 5th of this month" — February, 1778 — "a treaty of commerce (which naturally leads to a war) was signed at Paris with the independent States of America." At this point Mr. Gibbon leaves pretty much all mention of our affairs, and we find only one allusion to America afterwards in his letters, — a passage in which he begs his stepmother to learn for him the particulars concerning "an American mother who in a short time had lost three sons: one killed by the savages, one run mad from that accident, and the third taken at sea, now in England, a prisoner at Forton Hospital. For *him* something might perhaps be done, . . . but you will prudently suppress my request, lest I should raise hopes which it may not be in my power to gratify." In announcing the rumored submission of "poor little Georgia," Mr. Gibbon had been rather merry over the fright of the Georgians at the Indians, who had "begun to amuse themselves with the exercise of scalping on their back settlements;" but matters of that kind are always different when brought to one's personal notice, and cannot be so lightly treated as at a distance of four thousand miles. In fine, Mr. Gibbon was our enemy upon theory and principle, as a landed gentleman of Tory family should be, and there can be no doubt of his perfect sincerity and uprightness in his course. For my own part, my heart rather warms to his stout, wrong-headed patriotism, as a fine thing in its way, and immensely characteristic, which one ought not to have otherwise, if one could.

It is a pity not to know how he felt towards us when all was over, and whether he ever forgave us our success. But after his retirement to Lausanne, the political affairs which chiefly find place in his letters are those of France, which

were beginning to make themselves the wonder and concern of the whole polite world. He first felt the discomfort of having the emigrant *noblesse* crowding into his quiet retreat, and he murmurs a little at this, although Lausanne is always "infested in summer" by the traveling English, and it "escapes the superlatively great" exiles, the Count d'Artois, the Polignacs, etc., who slip by to Turin. But France is a horrid scene, with the assembly voting abstract propositions, Paris an independent republic, all credit gone, according to "poor Necker," and nobody paying taxes; and it becomes still more abhorrent to the friends of order, as the dissolution of the ancient monarchy advances, "the king brought a captive to Paris, the nobles in exile, the clergy plundered in a way that strikes at the root of all property." Lord Sheffield need not send Mr. Gibbon to Chambery to see a prince and an archbishop in exile; there are now exiles enough and of the noblest at Lausanne, whom in their cheerful adversity and gay destitution one must admire. He is always looking anxiously at England, and he distrusts even the movement, then beginning, against the great crime of civilization. He would be glad if it proceeded from an impulse of humanity, "but in this rage against slavery, in the numerous petitions against the slave-trade, was there no leaven of new democratical principles, no wild ideas of the rights and natural equality of man?" For that would never do, and would as surely go to the roots of all property in England as in France. He sees clearly the follies of that wonderful time, and he sees as yet no rising master of the situation, no Richelieu, no Cromwell, "either to restore the monarchy or to lead the commonwealth;" it is not in his philosophy, wise as he is in all the past, to imagine a people so inspired with a sense of freedom and of the value of their new-won rights as to be able to maintain them against the whole of Europe, and to carry the revolution wherever their wild armies go.

This conception comes later, after the

fact, and not till the historian, with prodigious amaze, sees these Gallic dogs, these Gallic wolves, these wretched French republican soldiers, whose "officers, scarcely a gentleman among them," — fancy it! — "without servants, or horses, or baggage, lie higgledy-piggledy on the ground with the common men, yet maintain a kind of rough discipline over them," — not, I say, till these armies "force the Prussians to evacuate their country, conquer Savoy, pillage Germany, threaten Spain, invade the Low Countries, make Rome and Italy tremble, scour the Mediterranean, and talk of sending a squadron into the South Sea." It is indeed a tremendous and a hateful spectacle, and well may a middle-aged literary Tory gentleman of landed property forebode that if England "should now be seduced to eat the apple of false freedom," himself and his best friends may soon be "reduced to the deplorable state of the French emigrants." Wolves and dogs? The names are too good for the wretches who have not only beheaded their king, but have involved their upper classes in more distress than any former revolutionists, and have rendered landed property insecure everywhere; henceforth they are "cannibals" and "devils," their "democratical principles lead by a path of flowers into the abyss of hell," and "the blackest demon in hell is the demon of democracy." It is droll to observe how, in these moments of deep emotion, a pagan gentleman is forced back upon a forsaken superstition for the proper imagery in which to clothe his indignation; but where gentility and landed property are concerned, Mr. Gibbon is as good a Christian as any. Indeed, he is so arch-conservative that he humorously accounts for his historical treatment of Christianity on the ground of a sort of high Tory affection "for the old Establishment of Paganism," and no reader of his letters can help observing how intimately the best feelings of his nature are bound up with the sacred tenure of real estate and the hallowed security of the funds. Yet after all, when he thinks of visiting England, he is great-

ly minded to go home through France. "I am satisfied that there is little or no real danger in the journey; and I must arm myself with patience to support the vexatious insolence of democratical tyranny. I have even a sort of curiosity to spend a few days at Paris, to assist at the debates of the Pandemonium, to seek an introduction to the principal devils, and to contemplate a new form of public and private life, which never existed before, and which I devoutly hope will not long continue to exist," — a burst of piety scarcely to be matched elsewhere in the author's writings.

When, however, he did return to England, in 1793, it was not by way of France, and his errand was not one of curiosity or pleasure. He came home to comfort his friend Lord Sheffield, then broken by the recent death of his wife, and he traveled by a circuitous route through Belgium, as his friend tells us, "along the frontiers of an enemy worse than savage, within the sound of their cannon, and through roads ruined by the enormous machinery of war." Gibbon had now grown portentously stout, but "neither his great corpulency, nor his extraordinary bodily infirmities, nor any other consideration could prevent him a moment from resolving on an undertaking that might have deterred the most active young man." This was after ten years of the tranquil life of Lausanne, which he had voluntarily chosen eight years after his settlement in London, to the vast surprise of all his London friends. They believed that he never would be able to endure it, and they predicted that he would soon be glad to come back. He shared their misgivings in some degree, and he considers in letters to his different friends the respective advantages of London and Lausanne very seriously. He knew that the larger the place, the more one is let alone in it; he looked forward not only with tenderness but with some alarm to meeting the friends of his youth. But he was tired of political life, and he despaired of political preferment after Burke's Reform Bill had abolished his place on the Board of Trade; his strait-

ened income obliged him to save, and London was expensive. At Lausanne lived his life-long friend George Deyverdun, whose house and heart he might share; in his celibate loneliness he felt the need of intimate daily companionship, and perhaps the place secretly called him by yet fonder associations. Its society, if provincial, was refined, as every society is in which the women are superior to the men; it was simple and comparatively unexacting. His friend's terrace commanded a magnificent prospect, and the climate was good for his gout. His arrangement was not complex: M. Deyverdun lodged Mr. Gibbon, and Mr. Gibbon boarded M. Deyverdun.

In a letter giving to the aunt who watched over his childhood (and whom after so many years of reciprocal affection he addresses as Dear Madam) an account of his way of life at Lausanne, he says of himself and his friend: —

"In this season I rise (not at four in the morning) but a little before eight; at nine, I am called from my study to breakfast, which I always perform alone in the English style; and, with the aid of Caplin,¹ I perceive no difference between Lausanne and Bentinck Street. Our mornings are usually passed in separate studies; we never approach each other's door without a previous message or thrice knocking; and my apartment is already sacred and formidable to strangers. I dress at half past one, and at two (an early hour, to which I am not perfectly reconciled) we sit down to dinner. After dinner and the departure of our company, one, two, or three friends, we read together some amusing book, or play at chess, or retire to our rooms, or make visits, or go to the coffee-house. Between six and seven the assemblies begin, and I am oppressed only with their number and variety; whist, at shillings or half-crowns, is the game I generally play, and I play three rubbers with pleasure. Between nine and ten we withdraw to our bread and cheese, and friendly converse, which sends us to bed at eleven; but these sober hours are too

¹ His English valet de chambre.

often interrupted by private or numerous suppers, which I have not the courage to resist, though I practice a landable abstinence at the best-furnished tables."

To Lord Sheffield he writes some facts and figures which have a curious interest, as showing the cost of a gentleman's bachelor establishment in England and Switzerland a hundred years ago:—

"What is, then, you will ask, my present establishment? This is not by any means a cheap country; and, except in the article of wine, I could give a dinner, or make a coat, perhaps for the same price in London as at Lausanne. My chief advantage arises from the things which I do not want; and in some respects my style of living is enlarged by the increase of my relative importance; an obscure bachelor in England, the master of a considerable house at Lausanne. Here I am expected to return entertainments, to receive ladies, etc., and to perform many duties of society which, though agreeable enough in themselves, contribute to inflame the housekeeper's bills. But in a quiet, prudent, regular course of life, I think I can support myself with comfort and honor for six or seven hundred pounds a year, instead of a thousand or eleven hundred in England."

After Deyverdun's death, which was a terrible bereavement to Gibbon, he bought a life-interest in his estate on the favorable terms fixed by his friend's will and continued to live in the same house where they had dwelt together nearly six years in such perfect harmony. Two years before this he had ended his mighty work, an event celebrated in the famous passage which one cannot read without a strong thrill of sympathy with its lofty emotion:—

"I have presumed to mark the moment of conception; I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of

acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

One could desire a further account of Gibbon's habits of labor on his history than the very succinct sketch given in his memoir, but his letters are not much more satisfactory on this point. Method and assiduity were of course the open secrets of his success in an undertaking, the mere material grandeur of which was appalling; but there is something to show that the strain was no day so great as it was continual from day to day. He enjoyed life very well in Lausanne, and he seems not to have curtailed his social pleasures till the year before the completion of his task. In January of the year that saw its close, he wrote to Lord Sheffield:—

"A long while ago, when I contemplated the distant prospect of my work, I gave you and myself some hopes of landing in England last autumn; but alas, when autumn grew near, hills began to rise on hills, Alps on Alps, and I found my journey far more tedious and toilsome than I had imagined. When I look back on the length of the undertaking and the variety of materials, I cannot accuse or suffer myself to be accused of idleness; I can exactly compute, by the square foot or the square page, all that remains to be done; and after concluding texts and notes, after a general review of my time and my ground, I now can decisively ascertain the final period of the Decline and Fall, and can boldly promise that I will dine with you at Sheffield Place in the month of August, or perhaps of July, in the present

year, — within less than a twelvemonth of the term which I had loosely and originally fixed. And perhaps it would not be easy to find a work of that size and importance in which the workman has so tolerably kept his word with himself and the public.”

So good a man of business was this great man of genius! He kept his word with the public, but his infirmities conspired with other causes to make him break it to his friend. He did not dine with Lord Sheffield as he proposed; he did not go to England till six years later, when he felt himself imperatively called by his friend's sorrows; and then he came also to lay down his own life in his native land. He had long suffered from a dropsical affection resulting from a neglected rupture; it had now become a terrible burden as well as a grotesque deformity, and within a short time after his arrival in England he underwent three operations. They gave relief, but they tried his strength too far, for he succumbed to the third.

It was in London that he made his end. The operation seemed to have afforded him distinct relief; he talked of a radical cure, of getting back to his beloved Lausanne. He saw his friends on the afternoon before the day of his death (the 16th of January), among them several ladies, with whom he talked, as he liked to do, of the probable duration of his life, which he fixed at from ten to twenty years. No words can be better than those in which Lord Sheffield describes the last moments of the great friend to whose bedside he came too late to see him alive:—

“On that morning, about seven, the servant asked whether he should send for Mr. Farquhar. He answered, no; that he was as well as he had been the day before. At about half past eight he got out of bed, and said he was *plus adroit* than he had been for three months past, and got into bed again, without assistance, better than usual. About nine, he said that he would rise. The servant, however, persuaded him to remain in bed till Mr. Farquhar, who was expected at eleven, should come. Till about

that hour he spoke with great facility. Mr. Farquhar came at the time appointed, and he was then visibly dying. When the valet de chambre returned, after attending Mr. Farquhar out of the room, Mr. Gibbon said, ‘*Pourquoi est-ce que vous me quittez?*’ This was about half past eleven. At twelve he drank some brandy and water from a tea-pot, and desired his favorite servant to stay with him. These were the last words he pronounced articulately. To the last he preserved his senses; and when he could no longer speak, his servant having asked a question, he made a sign to show that he understood him. He was quite tranquil, and did not stir; his eyes half shut. About a quarter before one he ceased to breathe.”

Vastly the greater number of Gibbon's letters are addressed to Lord Sheffield, his faithful friend, with whom he became intimate in their young manhood, and with whom he maintained the closest relations as long as he lived. His letters have, with all their occasional polysyllabic ponderosity, a lively air of unconsciousness and of not being written for the public eye, as most letters of that epistolary age seem to have been. It would be unfair to accuse them of a witty or humorous levity, but they are certainly sprightly, after their kind, and are not so hard reading as letters often are. Some of the sprightliest are to Lady Sheffield and to Miss Maria Holroyd, a young lady who amuses herself with his abhorrence of the French democrats so far as to subscribe herself, “*Citoyen Gibbon, je suis ton égal.*” Some of the letters relate to the controversy excited by the skeptical character of his history, but all this matter is treated with sufficient fullness in his memoir, and with a scornful bitterness which spares but one or two of his assailants. “At a distance of twelve years I calmly affirm my judgment of Davies, Chelsum, etc.” — clergymen who had combated his doubts with the weapons of the church militant. “A victory over such antagonists was a sufficient humiliation. They, however, were rewarded in this world. Poor Chelsum was indeed neglected, and

I dare not boast of making Dr. Watson a bishop; he is a prelate of a large mind and a liberal spirit; but I enjoyed the pleasure of giving a royal pension to Mr. Davies, and of collating Dr. Apthorpe to an archiepiscopal living." With keen antitheses, like the scythes projecting from either side of the war-cars of the Cimbrians, the historian drives down upon the ranks of his opponents, and leaves them behind him in long swaths. Let us not look longer upon the carnage. He did not spare those who at any period of life wronged or offended him, and many a passage of his memoir is rounded or pointed with the fragments of such criminals.

Lord Sheffield says of Gibbon's letters that they bear "in general a strong resemblance to the style and turn of his conversation, the characteristics of which were vivacity, elegance, and precision, with knowledge astonishingly extensive and correct,"—a judgment with which, so far as the knowledge, elegance, and precision go, one cannot very well dispute. The vivacity is apt to die out of letters; so apt that I for one cannot regret the lapse of the epistolary age, and Mr. Gibbon's sprightliness has something of horse, not to say river-horse, play in it now and then. His letters reveal a love of gossip, which one rather likes, and a tooth for scandal now and then, which is but human. Occasionally the letters are coarsé, but not

often: a gentleman would not now write some things he wrote to the beautiful Lady Elizabeth Foster; but the gentleman changes very much from century to century, and so does the lady, fortunately.

It is well, in any study of this sort, to let the man who is the subject of inquiries necessarily vague and unsatisfactory have the last word for himself; and there are words of Gibbon's, written on his twenty-sixth birthday, which probably sum up his qualities better than the language of any other critic, allowing, of course, for the changes which years, self-study, and self-discipline gradually made in him:—

"This was my birthday, on which I entered into the twenty-sixth year of my age. This gave me occasion to look a little into myself, and consider impartially my good and bad qualities. It appeared to me, upon this inquiry, that my character was virtuous, incapable of a base action, and formed for generous ones; but that it was proud, violent, and disagreeable in society. These qualities I must endeavor to cultivate, extirpate, or restrain, according to their different tendency. Wit I have none. My imagination is rather strong than pleasing; my memory both capacious and retentive. The shining qualities of my understanding are extensiveness and penetration; but I want both quickness and exactness."

W. D. Howells.

MARS AS A NEIGHBOR.

It is about three years since the little stir in the astronomical world occasioned by the "transit of Venus" communicated itself in some degree to the public at large. It is still well remembered that our government and others sent out, in 1874, expeditions to many distant places,—some of them previously un-

known except to map-makers and clever school-boys,—with the object of securing certain astronomical observations to be used in a fresh determination of the distance of the sun. Most of us also know that the process is to be repeated in 1882, and some of us may live long enough to hear what has been proved

by both sets of observations. But, so far as we have heard yet, the chief consequence of the expeditions of 1874 has been merely to provide a few industrious people with an indefinite amount of work in measuring photographs and in adding figures. It is only a few weeks since the appearance of the first official returns from this work, which place the sun about a million miles farther from us than it has lately been supposed to be; but, as we should say in politics, "there are several counties still to hear from," and this additional million of miles may presently have to be struck off again.

Meanwhile, it is this year said that still another opportunity of measuring the sun's distance has just been presented by the so-called opposition of Mars. We are also informed that most astronomers think it about as good an opportunity as that of 1874, while many think it a still better one. The expense incurred in making use of it, too, is trifling. No costly expeditions have been needed, and very few expeditions of any kind have been undertaken, for the purpose. It is possible that the first thought of an ordinary unscientific tax-payer, on coming across this intelligence, may be that the astronomers got an unfair advantage of him three years ago, since he was made to pay, more or less directly, according to the financial situation of different countries, for the gratification of the curiosity of a number of impatient people who might as well have waited a little to do their work more cheaply, especially as they cannot, after all, arrive at the results they wish for in any moderate time.

Another reader, however, may care little what defense the astronomers may have to make to a charge of this kind, but may be disposed to ask them how they can measure the sun's distance by the help of Mars, which can be seen only in the absence of the sun. It seems more likely, at first sight, that a transit of Venus should render the required service, since in that case the planet and the sun are observed together. But in fact, the manner of determining the sun's

distance which is employed this year is somewhat simpler and more readily explained than that used three years ago. It may be worth while, before attempting this explanation, briefly to justify the trial of both methods and of any others now known or hereafter to be invented, whether costly or cheap. Very few words will suffice, for most readers have probably formed so decided an opinion, one way or the other, upon the alleged utility of abstract scientific investigations that a discussion of it would soon become tedious.

These investigations may most readily and most concisely be defended on the ground that curiosity is as much a part of man's nature, and as respectable a part too, as appetite. But to answer any one who disclaims scientific curiosity for himself, and objects to spending public money to gratify the inquisitiveness of his fellow-citizens, although he admits an interest in the general welfare of the human race, it must be added that mankind is, so to speak, always running a race with nature, whose forces are threatening enemies except so far as they are made serviceable friends by our increasing knowledge. It is wholly uncertain, from the scientific point of view, whether civilization and prosperity can be very long maintained among men; but it is altogether probable that if maintained at all they will be maintained only by the vigorous prosecution of inquiry in all directions into the operations of nature. We know enough of these operations to recognize the insecurity of our position. It is likely that the supplies of coal and metal on which we so greatly depend at present are to fail us in time; we see that we cannot rely even upon the indefinite continuance of the present habitable condition of the earth. On the other hand, experience shows us that scientific inquiry may give us a degree of power, not at present to be definitely estimated, to avail ourselves, for our protection, of the very forces which, if disregarded, must injure and finally overwhelm us; and, moreover, no one can say beforehand what knowledge will prove most effective. The classical instance

of this is found in the results of Professor Galvani's purely abstract investigations into the origin of the movements he observed in the legs of dead frogs placed in contact with pieces of metal. Every one knows that we now talk at pleasure through miles of wire, and transmit our thoughts in a fraction of a second across the Atlantic, in consequence of the pursuit of the study begun by Galvani; and that this study has also furnished us with means for economically converting mechanical force into light, — a result more directly protective, though less wonderful, perhaps, than the other. Galvani could not have imagined that his researches were to lead within a century to any contrivance which would in popular language be called a useful one; and if he had attempted directly to invent a means of transmitting thought to a distance, it is pretty nearly certain that, in the condition of science in his time, his life would have been wasted in fruitless efforts. As it was, he was sure of leaving behind him some additions to the stock of human knowledge, whether or not these additions could be made to supply any ordinary want of life. Indeed, from a scientific point of view, Galvani's claim to remembrance is rather that he pointed out a very interesting field for research, and took the first steps in its exploration, than that telegraphic communication was made possible by his inquiries into electrical phenomena.

If the value of scientific research, apart from any object commonly called useful, is once admitted, it will be enough to add, with regard to the special case before us at present, that our knowledge of the distance of the sun is involved, to an extent which at first sight would seem unlikely, in a great many kinds of investigation, not merely of astronomical, but even of ordinary optical questions. Moreover, it is generally known that knowledge derived from observation or experiment is made much more serviceable and exact by frequently repeating our inquiries under circumstances made to vary as much as practicable. In important cases, then, all good methods

ought to be tried, and the trials should be renewed as often as possible. We are thus brought to our more immediate subject, the attempt to explain how it is that unusual advantages for determining the distance of the sun have been presented this year by the situation of Mars with respect to the earth.

Astronomy, as it is generally taught, becomes a matter of diagrams and of geometrical demonstrations almost at the outset, or at all events as soon as the movements of the planets come under consideration. This course is, indeed, to some extent inevitable; but when any particular astronomical phenomenon is to be described, the description certainly stands a better chance of retaining some interest if it concerns itself with what may actually be seen by every one in the sky rather than with lines and letters on a sheet of paper. It is true, on the other hand, that it is somewhat more difficult to bring before our imaginations the courses of the real planets through space than to follow their orbits upon a diagram. The satisfaction attending success in the more ambitious attempt, however, is sure to recompense the amateur astronomer for the really inconsiderable effort needed to obtain it.

During many of the summer evenings of 1877, all the planets which can ordinarily be seen without a telescope were in view. These, as few can need to be told, are Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn (Mercury being seldom, and only for short intervals, in a good position to be seen, and all the remaining planets being too small or distant to be detected by ordinary eyes). Venus could be seen in the west, setting soon after the sun, but higher in the sky at sunset as the season advanced. Jupiter was conspicuous in the south; while Mars and Saturn were apparently near each other in the east, rising earlier in the evening as time went on. All who noticed them must have easily recognized Mars by its well-known reddish tint, and have observed its unusual brightness. It appeared, indeed, to rival Jupiter, or perhaps even to be the more brilliant of the two. Saturn, then a little to the north of Mars, was

much less likely to attract the eye. Its light is, in fact, surpassed by that of several fixed stars.

Why is it that we now find Jupiter close to the western horizon as early in the evening as we can see it, while Mars and Saturn set as soon as Jupiter did some months ago? Of course, because all the planets have moved in their orbits; especially, because the earth has moved in its orbit. But how many of those who have studied astronomy at school can tell along what course they are being carried at any given time by the motion of the earth? How is the earth moving at midnight, for example? At this time the sun is below us; we shall not need to define its position more accurately than this. Now, as the earth goes round the sun, it must always be moving across a line drawn in the direction of the sun, so that at midnight it is not moving up or down, but in some approximately horizontal course. Experience shows, as has just been noticed, that in consequence of this movement we see the great majority of the stars a little farther west at each successive midnight than they were twenty-four hours before. We are thus led to think (in conformity with the actual fact) that we must be turning towards the eastern sky at midnight in consequence of the earth's revolution about the sun as well as in consequence of its rotation on its own axis. Both these movements are not only turning us towards the east but actually carrying us along towards the east, — a distinction which we must notice, because it provides us with means of measuring the sun's distance. If we suppose the sun and the earth to be both very small objects and very close together, the two turning movements of the earth just mentioned — around its own axis and around the sun — would still continue to produce the effects which have thus far been described; while the distances through which these movements carried us would be insignificant in comparison to those which separated us from other bodies than the sun, and would accordingly be traversed without the production of any noticeable phenomena in the heavens.

In point of fact, however, we may be carried some twenty-four thousand miles every day by the earth's rotation, and we are carried over five hundred million miles a year by our revolution round the sun. It happens, and in many respects conveniently for the prosecution of our studies, that this last journey, extensive as it is, is so short compared with one which would have to be taken to reach any of the fixed stars that so far as they are concerned it may be wholly neglected; only the nearest of them present any phenomena which can be attributed to it, and these are scarcely discernible with the most refined methods of observation. But even the first or daily journey is long enough to impart a small seeming movement to the nearest planets, the places of which are of course still more affected by our annual tour about the sun. While, however, we may speak of the appearance of the fixed stars as being absolutely unaffected by the fact that the earth is carrying us along, as well as turning us round its own axis and round the sun, we must remember that both these turning movements affect our view of the stars neither more nor less than they affect our view of nearer objects. If a man turns upon his heel, he alters his view of the hills which may bound the prospect, and of the trees and houses near him, in just the same way; it is only by moving from one place to another that he alters his view of the foreground of the landscape without any noticeable alteration of its background. By combining these movements, as he does, for example, by walking round a tree or building near him, he changes his view of the whole prospect, but not of the prospect as a whole, the nearer and more remote objects in it being very differently affected.

Considering ourselves as merely turned round by the earth's daily rotation and by its annual revolution about the sun, and neglecting, for the present, the progressive movement which results from this rotation and revolution, let us return to the consideration of the mode in which we are turned at one time of day and another. At midnight, we as have

seen, we are turned eastwards by the annual, as well as by the daily, movement of the earth. Suppose Mars to rise at midnight, as it actually did not many months ago. Then, at midnight our course around the sun was turning us toward Mars; and if the earth's rotation had been stopped altogether, Mars would have continued to rise, although very slowly, so that at the end of a month it would still have been seen near the eastern horizon.

Let us now suppose the time of day to be sunset instead of midnight. If Mars is to rise at midnight, as we have just supposed, it must now be below us; and as the earth's motion about the sun is turning us toward Mars, it must be swinging us downward. In like manner, if Mars rose at midnight, it must be setting about noon; and accordingly, we are then swung westward in our course about the sun. At sunrise, upon the same supposition, Mars is high in the sky, and our course is upward.

At all times, then, the consequence of our revolution about the sun is to lessen the rate at which the daily rotation of the earth makes the sun seem to move through the sky. For, at midnight, the fact that the earth is swung eastward around the sun must make the sun seem to be swung westward around the earth, and so keep it back from the eastern horizon, towards which it is brought by the earth's rotation on its own axis. At noon, the earth's revolution about the sun turns it westward, so that the sun seems to be swung eastward about the earth, and consequently to be retarded in its daily course to the western horizon. At sunrise, the sun is, so to speak, kept down, and at sunset held up, by the movement of the earth in its orbit, which thus constantly lessens the effect of the earth's rotation in producing the daily course of the sun from east to west by day and back again below us at night. Accordingly, if an object outside of the earth's orbit, like Mars, rises at sunset at any time of year, it will soon be rising before sunset. Its daily course from east to west while it is in view, and back below us, will be more rapid than that of

the sun, which it will at length overtake and pass, to repeat the same process again. If at any time it rises at midnight, it will soon be high in the sky at midnight. When it is highest at midnight, so that it is above us when the sun is below, it is naturally said to be in opposition to the sun, or simply in opposition, as Mars was on September 5, 1877.

A fixed star must come into opposition once every time the earth goes round the sun, but this is not true of a planet, which is itself moving round the sun. Mercury and Venus, which are always nearer the sun than we are, can of course never come into opposition; for if any object is in opposition to the sun, we must be nearly between it and the sun. Those planets which can come into opposition are always moving towards the east when we see them, and therefore their progress from rising to setting is delayed by their own movement around the sun, though not so much as the sun is delayed in its daily apparent course by the earth's yearly revolution about it. They accordingly gain on the sun less than the fixed stars do, so that their oppositions recur less frequently than once a year. If any one of them completed its revolution about the sun in the same time with the earth, it could never be in opposition, of course, unless it was always in opposition. Mars, being the next planet beyond the earth, moves fast enough around the sun to make its oppositions more than two years apart. As it can be seen only when it is above the horizon by night, and therefore when it is not far from opposition, it is more seldom in view than either Jupiter or Saturn.

It has just been said that when Mars is in sight its course about the sun is carrying it towards the eastern sky, and consequently delaying its daily apparent movement from east to west; but about the time of its opposition this effect is more than counteracted by the progress of the earth in its own orbit, as distinguished from its mere turning movement about the sun. At this time, the earth is between the sun and Mars, and

accordingly moving across the line from one to the other. As its movement is quicker than that of Mars, so that it actually travels more miles in a minute than Mars does, its own progress gives Mars an apparent movement in the direction opposite to that in which both planets are really moving. This effect, as we have seen, depends on the neighborhood of Mars, and is less considerable in the case of any more distant planet, scarcely perceptible at all in the case of even the nearest fixed stars, and, with regard to the vast majority of the stars, wholly imperceptible by any means of observation now known.

Hence, about the time of its opposition, the daily movement of Mars from east to west, while it is above the horizon, is more rapid than that of any celestial object ordinarily seen beyond the earth's orbit. Its course among the stars is, therefore, contrary to its ordinary course, and it is said to be retrograding. But looked at simply with reference to the planet's ordinary apparent course about the earth, this retrograding is an uncommonly rapid advance. It must be most rapid, of course, when Mars is just in opposition; and that will be (if we neglect some small distinctions, unimportant for our present purposes) when Mars is just on the meridian at midnight. This must be some particular terrestrial meridian, and will probably not be the meridian of any place which we may select at random, as, for example, the meridian of Greenwich, of Paris, or of Washington. But whatever moment we select as that of the opposition of Mars, it must at that moment be midnight somewhere on the earth; and Mars will then be just crossing the meridian of that place.

Now, while Mars is retrograding in consequence of our progressive movement along the orbit of the earth, it is made nightly to retrograde (that is, to move westward) farther than it otherwise would, by the additional eastward progress of the observer, due to the mere rotation of the earth upon its axis. What is thus gained by night is of course lost by day, when the earth's rotation car-

ries us the other way with respect to Mars. It was pointed out early in this explanation that the amount of this apparent movement backward and forward which is imparted to objects beyond the earth by the extent of our daily journey around the earth's axis is always very small, and only perceptible in the case of neighboring planets. Even then, it could hardly be perceived, and could not be measured, without the aid of the fixed stars, the distance of which leaves them wholly unaffected by it, and therefore enables it to be detected in the case of Mars by accurate observations of the apparent situation of the planet at different times among the stars surrounding it in the sky. Two sets of such observations may be respectively made, for example, early and late in the night, in order to show how much Mars has retrograded during the interval between them. The amount of this retrogradation is chiefly due, of course, to the earth's movement in its orbit, and only in a comparatively slight degree to its rotation; so that it may appear at first that this second slight movement cannot be accurately measured. Suppose, however, that the observations are repeated night after night, as would certainly be done in practice. We can then lay down the path of Mars among the stars as it appears to be by the evening observations alone, and as it appears to be by the morning observations alone, and hence calculate where at any given moment the planet should have been according to each kind of observations. The two places thus calculated will not agree precisely, and their difference will enable us to judge how much the earth's rotation changes the apparent place of Mars in the course of any one night. Practically, of course, astronomers do not proceed in the manner thus suggested. The principles on which their elaborate calculations rest may, however, be fairly explained as has just been done.

Having now considered the facts, a knowledge of which is sufficient to give us a good general notion of what is meant by an "opposition of Mars," we are ready to inquire what use is made of

them in determining the distance of the sun. The answer to this question is to be found in what may perhaps be called the most interesting chapter in the history of astronomy.

If we open any one of the nautical almanacs published by the governments of various civilized nations, we find a statement of the movements of each of the principal planets during the year named in the title-page of the work. As each almanac is published two or three years in advance of the time to which it relates, and contains the results of computations made still earlier, this statement deals with a somewhat distant future, and it may be worth while to ask just what degree of confidence it is entitled to. The meaning of the figures in which it is expressed may be most readily explained by stating that these figures are equivalent to directions, enabling any observer provided with a suitably mounted telescope, wherever he may be, to point his instrument so that the planet he may wish to observe will be seen through it at any moment which he has chosen beforehand, unless clouds or other obstacles should then impede the view. More than this: if the planet should not appear at the very place in the field of the telescope with reference to which the instrument was set for the observation, the observer would infer that he had done his work incorrectly, or that his time-piece was wrong, rather than that there was any liability to error in the prediction, except such as might arise from an oversight of the proof-reader. Not that the predictions are so accurate that observation has ceased to be of service in detecting minute errors in them, and thus providing means for making future predictions still more accurate; but to accomplish this, none but the most careful observations, made with the best instruments, can now be of value.

This power of prediction is the proof of the correctness of the theory of planetary motion on which the computations of the almanac-makers are founded. Any one who finds fault with the theory has before him a standing challenge to

make a better almanac than those which are now computed, and must expect to be laughed at until he has done so. But the true nature of the theory itself cannot be understood, when it is considered, as is too often the case, entirely apart from the predictions founded upon it. All our ordinary language about the phenomena of motion is so vague that until we put it into the form of figures it leaves room for countless misconceptions. We are told, for instance, that the moon revolves about the earth, and so it does; that is, an ellipse so drawn that the centre of the earth shall occupy one of its foci is a mathematical conception which is found serviceable in predicting the exact place in the sky in which the moon is to be seen at a given time. But it is equally true, or, if you choose, still more correct, to assert that the moon revolves only about the sun, being slightly disturbed in its course by the action of the earth. Either of these statements, standing by itself, or the still more familiar statement that the earth goes round the sun once a year, is so likely to be taken in some erroneous sense that we may almost refuse to consider it as any addition to the real knowledge of the pupil who learns it. It is, in fact, like so much of our current knowledge, no more than a convenient summary of particulars too numerous to be all kept in mind at once by those who know most about them, while yet the meaning of the summary is really only the meaning of the particulars it contains, and is wholly lost by those who have none of them in mind. One result of this is seen in the whimsical astronomical theories often set up by people who know astronomy as it is taught in popular works, but not in the form in which its principles were originally developed. Many an astronomer of ancient times who supposed the earth to be the centre of the universe was really nearer to the views of modern astronomers than the graduates of our schools and colleges can ordinarily be, although they have learned to regard the earth as a comparatively insignificant object in constant motion.

The name of Kepler will always be as-

sociated with the most important step ever made in the theory of planetary motion; and the most celebrated of Kepler's investigations related to the orbit of Mars, the planet which has formed the immediate subject of the present paper. The labors of the astronomers who had lived before Kepler had by no means been wholly misdirected; and in his time the movements of the planets could be predicted with a respectable degree of accuracy. Indeed, any one who may now think that time is wasted in trying to increase the accuracy of our present almanacs would probably have said the same in Kepler's time. But Kepler, at all events, was of a different opinion.

At a very early period in the history of astronomy, the observed movements of the planets had been studied with the view of finding some method of reducing them to a systematic and intelligible form, which would furnish means for astronomical predictions. One of the methods proposed in ancient times for this purpose was to consider the earth as turning daily on an axis, and as making an annual revolution about the sun, around which, also, the other planets were considered as revolving, at distances presumed to increase with the time occupied by one revolution. This is the explanation now universally adopted, and, being regarded as true, it causes the more prevalent belief in ancient times — that the earth is the centre of the universe — to appear not only false but discreditable to the sagacity of the astronomers who entertained it. It is, doubtless, discreditable in any age, to men whose learning and leisure are insufficient to enable them to form sound judgments of their own in matters relating to natural science, that they should become vehement partisans of one scientific theory or another. In this sense, the fanatical prejudice with which the rude beginnings of the modern theory of the solar system were at times rejected was indeed a mark of folly. But many early astronomers rejected them for good reasons; and, on the whole, the weight of scientific authority among the

Greek astronomers was against them. Pythagoras, who is said to have maintained in outline the modern view of the solar system, and, in a later age, Aristarchus, do not seem to have been the scientific equals of some of their opponents; in particular of their great successor, Hipparchus, who has the credit, so far as one man can have it, of being the founder of scientific astronomy.

It is worth a passing notice that it was generally taken for granted among the ancient theorists that the planets whose apparent motion among the stars was slowest (or better, whose daily revolution about the earth was ordinarily least retarded by movements peculiar to themselves) must be farthest off. This assumption, which ultimately proved to be justified by facts, is so natural that it does not seem to have required uncommon sagacity to make it, and it certainly needed not to be derived from previous ages of superior enlightenment, as has been suggested by at least one of the popular writers of the day.

The principal reason why the modern or heliocentric theory of the solar system met with little acceptance among scientific astronomers before Kepler's time was that it had till then always been crippled by the false assumption that the orbits of the planets ought to be regarded as circular. This assumption was, of course, natural and proper at the outset of astronomical research, and prevailed as much among one school of astronomers as another. Even Copernicus had accepted it as indisputable; and it may be asserted with much probability that his revival of the heliocentric theory would have given him no more credit with posterity than was obtained by Aristarchus, if he had not been so soon succeeded by Kepler. The true precursors of Kepler, however, are to be looked for not so much among the astronomers of his own or of earlier times as among the great Greek geometers, who had developed the theory of the conic sections in the true spirit of scientific inquiry, without ever concerning themselves with the question what use posterity would make of their work. But their work

had been done and had been preserved, and when Kepler perceived the hypothesis that the planets move in circles (however curiously combined) to have been sufficiently tried and found wanting, the ellipse and its mathematical theory were ready to his hand for the foundation of a better system.

The heliocentric theory of the solar system had hitherto led to no better results than the prevalent geocentric theory in enabling astronomers to predict the places of the planets among the stars. There was, consequently, no real reason why it should be accepted. The apparent immobility of the fixed stars was much against it. But it offered far the easiest general explanation of the retrograde movement of the superior planets whenever they came into opposition; and its possible resources had as yet been much less fully explored than those of its rival, so that it had all the attraction presented by novelty to an active mind like Kepler's. Kepler, indeed, had a degree of vivacity and delight in novelty more often to be met with in the saddle of a hobby-horse than in the chair of a philosopher. But there was this important difference between him and a modern system-monger: he had learned his mathematics thoroughly, and was not afraid of the trouble of employing them. When, therefore, he was investigating the movements of Mars, and applying one theory after another to the recorded observations of Tycho Brahe, he would not content himself with any mere general agreement between theory and observation, nor throw the blame of a disagreement upon observation. He computed, in every case, by the laborious methods which were the best furnished him by the mathematics of his time, the places of Mars, according to his theory, and compared them honestly with the observed places. His lively expressions of disappointment and of triumph have often been quoted. His theories "went off into smoke;" Mars, supposed at last to be a captive, had broken his chains and burst the prison of the tables prepared for him. When subsequent endeavors have showed the astronomer that

he has been overhasty in rejecting the ellipse, the idea of which had long since occurred to him, in favor of the egg-shaped orbit to which he had been trying to accommodate the planet's motions, he is ready at once to exclaim, "How absurd in me!" and to assert that the very facts which had caused him to give up the ellipse ought to have brought him to it. He is equally outspoken when he congratulates himself on his success, whether real or, as it proved at times, imaginary. But if he does not always applaud himself in the right place, it is always easy to admit his right to the applause which he failed to obtain from others in his life-time, thoroughly deserved as it had been by hard work directed by good sense.

The chief results of Kepler's researches are embodied in the three well-known laws which bear his name. These laws enabled astronomers not merely to foretell, with much more accuracy than had previously been in their power, the apparent places among the stars to be occupied by any given planet, but also to predict the ratio between its distance from the earth, whenever that might be measured, and the distance at that or at any other required time between any two planets, or between any planet and the sun. At the present day, indeed, the laws of Kepler, in their original form, no longer furnish the astronomical computer with the methods he employs. They have been superseded by the more accurate system introduced by Newton and developed by his successors. But this system established the substantial correctness of Kepler's laws, and was shown to be true by proving competent to explain them. Newton's celebrity rests on his mathematical proof that they follow from the law of gravitation, and does not rest on any discovery of that law, the terms of which were common talk among his scientific contemporaries, none of whom, however, could show what its consequences would be. Nor was Galvani, whose work has already served us as an illustration of scientific method, a discoverer mainly by accident, as he is popularly thought to be. His success,

too, like that of Kepler and of Newton, was due more to care and perseverance than to good luck and clever conjecture, as any one may see who will read his own account of the experiments by which he founded a new branch of science.

We have just seen that the measurement of the space between the earth and any other planet leads directly to the knowledge of our distance from the sun. The measurement itself is effected on principles like those which enable a land surveyor to determine the distance of a station which he has not visited from either of two others. But the stations at both ends of the base line to be used in this measurement must be chosen upon the earth itself at some one instant. We cannot fix these stations at different places in the orbit about the sun, along which we are annually carried, because it is the very purpose of our inquiry to improve our knowledge of the dimensions of this orbit. But in measuring the earth itself, although we assist ourselves by astronomical observations, it is not essential to the correctness of our measurements that we should know the distance between the earth and other objects.

These considerations make it evident that a direct measurement of the sun's distance must be untrustworthy, owing to the extreme shortness of the available base when compared with the distance to be measured, if for no other reason. Venus comes nearer to us than any other planet, so that its distances from the earth at particular times would naturally be the quantities selected for measurements, from which the dimensions of the solar system might be learned, were it not that when nearest to us it is too nearly in the direction of the sun to be well observed except on the rare occasions of its transits. But each of these lasts only for a few hours of a single day, and must therefore be observed by expeditions sent to advantageous places. Mars, when in opposition, is our next nearest neighbor, and may then be observed with advantage every clear night for several weeks, so that to determine its distance the astronomers need not

quit their observatories. The observations made are of two kinds: either the height of Mars in the sky as it crosses the meridian, or the amount of its nightly retrogradation, due to the mere rotation of the earth, is the quantity to be measured. The first method requires the coöperation of astronomers whose stations differ greatly in latitude; and many of the chief observatories in the northern, as well as all, probably, in the southern, hemisphere have recently been engaged in this work. The second method may be carried out by a single observer, but he must be so situated that Mars passes nearly over his head every night; and this year, accordingly, no northern observatory was a suitable station for the purpose.

The decided ellipticity of the orbit of Mars was one chief cause of the irregularities in its apparent course which were first explained by Kepler. Mars may, in fact, be only five sixths as far from the sun at one time as at another, and consequently its distance from the earth must vary greatly at different oppositions. It is only at an opposition like the recent one, when it comes unusually near us, that it presents a favorable opportunity for determining the distance of the sun in the manner already stated.

But it is not only the fact that Mars was a comparatively near neighbor of ours last summer which made it so conspicuous an object in this part of the world; its apparent position among the stars was farther towards the north, and it consequently stood higher in our sky than it has done for a long while at an opposition which in other respects was a favorable one for observing it. We must go back to 1845 to find an equally good opportunity for the gratification of our neighborly curiosity; and in 1845 we were not prepared as we now are to receive our visitor with the persistent attention demanded by the rarity of the occasion.

Much knowledge of Mars itself, as well as of its distance, has been obtained by the work of the past season. Many observations of its physical aspect have

been made, and our countryman, Professor Hall, has had the well-deserved gratification of being the first to discover that Mars has two satellites, thus confirming some prophetic utterances of Swift and Voltaire, who would have been as much surprised as any of us if they could have lived to see their jests turned into sober earnest by a twenty-six inch object glass. Before returning to our principal subject, it may be well to consider the chief results already derived, or to be expected, from the class of observations just mentioned; this may be soon done, for it is not yet time to look for the exact knowledge to be hereafter derived from the records.

The dark spots upon the surface of Mars have now been observed with some care for two centuries, and many of them present so nearly the same appearance year after year, or rather opposition after opposition, that there can be no doubt of their permanence. They are not clouds, but form part of the solid or partly solid body of the planet. As to their being oceans, gulfs, and so on, our readers may believe as much as they please of what is told them in the light literature of the day upon this subject, if they will bear in mind that the dark patches on the moon, too, are still called seas because they were once believed to be so. But since these dark patches on Mars are at all events permanent enough to allow us to wait for more acquaintance with them before pronouncing upon their character, they furnish a trustworthy means of proving that Mars, like the earth, turns upon an axis, its day being some forty minutes longer than ours. The exact period of rotation of Mars is twenty-four hours, thirty-seven minutes, and between twenty-two and one half and twenty-three seconds, the fraction of a second not being yet so well known as to leave no room for doubt about it. The observations of the past season will reduce this doubt to smaller dimensions, but are not likely to extinguish it altogether. Something will still be left for the next generation of astronomers to settle; and although we shall know more about the spots of Mars than ever be-

fore, as soon as the results of the year's work are collected, the maps of Mars which we may make will not be regarded as final authorities by our successors. Even their charts will probably be always very inferior to such as might be made by an inhabitant of the inner satellite, where the disk of Mars must reach across something like a quarter of the sky.

The satellites of Saturn and of Uranus have received names, and those of Mars are certainly interesting objects enough to have the same distinction. For the present, let us call them Romulus and Remus, after the most celebrated of the sons of Mars; it will save time, at all events, to be relieved from the need of speaking of the outer satellite and the inner satellite in the following remarks upon them. Ascalaphus was another son of Mars (or rather of Ares), according to Homer, and doubtless others of the family can be heard of among the classics if they are wanted as namesakes; and this is possible, as a third, and even a fourth, satellite of Mars has been suspected to exist. As for Romulus and Remus, they are very little fellows now, and yet perhaps are too old to grow. The only way in which the size of objects appearing to us as such minute dots of light can be determined, since they present no measurable disks, is by the estimation of their brightness, on the assumption that their capacity for reflecting sunlight is the same as that of equally small portions of Mars itself. At Harvard College Observatory, Professor Pickering has made a series of careful comparisons of their light with that of Mars, by photometric methods of his own, and concludes, from a partial reduction of the work, that Romulus must be about six miles in diameter, and Remus about seven; but, although brighter, Remus is less often seen, being always very close to Mars. The reddish color of the light of Mars is absent from that of the satellites, which seem to be grayish or very faintly blue. This result of the Cambridge observations is in contradiction to one obtained by an English observer, Mr. Common, who calls the outer satellite even redder than Mars,

according to a paragraph in *Nature*; time will show which opinion is the more generally concurred in. It is as yet uncertain whether the satellites could have been seen at any previous opposition with the instruments then in existence; still, they are reported to have been seen with small telescopes last September, and it may be that large ones will bring them to view again in 1879, in which case it will appear likely that a careful search for them at some oppositions earlier than that of 1877 might have been successful.

The quickness with which these little satellites complete their circuits (in consequence of their close neighborhood to Mars) is perhaps their most surprising characteristic. Romulus revolves once in some thirty hours, at a distance from the centre of Mars equal to about half the circumference of the earth; while Remus (whose activity appears not to have the fatal consequences of that of his legendary namesake) occupies less than eight hours in traversing an orbit, the radius of which is about the same as the distance between California and Japan. Hence, if its revolution is direct (or follows the course of the planet's rotation), it gains more than two revolutions daily on any point on the surface of Mars. The explanations given in the first part of this article will probably be enough to show what this means. Here is a moon which rises

twice a day in the west. If it rises early in the evening, it will set in the east before midnight, and be up again before morning. A moon like this is a fit attendant on the planet whose movements were followed so long by the mind of Kepler. Like that, it is very quick and odd, without being given to aberration.

If Mars were a much smaller object than it is, as small, for instance, as one of its recently discovered satellites, and were yet, as it is, an independent planet, not the satellite of another, its distance could be found still more accurately than at present, since it is easier to determine the place of one little star with respect to another than the place of the centre of a disk like that of Mars. For this reason, although the asteroids are farther from us than Mars is, observations of their places are sometimes made with a view of determining their distances. Of course, if the distance of an asteroid can be better determined than that of Mars or Venus, it will also give us a more accurate knowledge of the sun's distance. But the reason for trying these various methods of research is not so much to find which is best in itself as to gain greater security against errors arising from the peculiarities of each; and the transit of Venus in 1882 will be even more interesting to astronomers than it would have been without the opposition of Mars in 1877.

Arthur Searle.

MY AVIARY.

THROUGH my north window, in the wintry weather, —
 My airy oriel on the river-shore, —
 I watch the sea-fowl as they flock together
 Where late the boatman flashed his dripping oar.

The gull, high floating, like a sloop unladen
 Lets the loose water waft him as it will;

The duck, round-breasted as a rustic maiden,
Paddles and plunges, busy, busy still.

I see the solemn gulls in council sitting
On some broad ice-floe, pondering long and late,
While overhead the home-bound ducks are flitting,
And leave the tardy conclave in debate,

Those weighty questions in their breasts revolving
Whose deeper meaning science never learns,
Till at some reverend elder's look dissolving,
The speechless senate silently adjourns.

But when along the waves the shrill north-easter
Shrieks through the laboring coaster's shrouds "Beware!"
The pale bird, kindling like a Christmas feaster
When some wild chorus shakes the vinous air,

Flaps from the leaden wave in fierce rejoicing,
Feels heaven's dumb lightning thrill his torpid nerves,
Now on the blast his whistling plumage poisoning,
Now wheeling, whirling in fantastic curves.

Such is our gull; a gentleman of leisure,
Less fleshed than feathered; bagged, you'll find him such;
His virtue silence; his employment pleasure;
Not bad to look at, and not good for much.

What of our duck? He has some high-bred cousins, —
His Grace the Canvas-back, My Lord the Brant, —
Anas and *Anser*, — both served up by dozens,
At Boston's *Rocher*, half-way to Nahant.

As for himself, he seems alert and thriving, —
Grubs up a living somehow — what, who knows?
Crabs? mussels? weeds? — Look quick! there's one just diving!
Flop! Splash! his white breast glistens — down he goes!

And while he's under — just about a minute —
I take advantage of the fact to say
His fishy carcass has no virtue in it
The gunning idiot's worthless hire to pay.

He knows you! "sportsmen" from suburban alleys,
Stretched under seaweed in the treacherous punt;
Knows every lazy, shiftless lout that sallies
Forth to waste powder, — as *he* says, to "hunt."

I watch you with a patient satisfaction,
Well pleased to discount your predestined luck;
The float that figures in your sly transaction
Will carry back a goose, but not a duck.

Shrewd is our bird; not easy to outwit him!
 Sharp is the outlook of those pin-head eyes;
 Still, he is mortal and a shot may hit him,
 One cannot always miss him if he tries.

Look! there's a young one, dreaming not of danger;
 Sees a flat log come floating down the stream;
 Stares undismayed upon the harmless stranger;
 Ah! were all strangers harmless as they seem!

Habet! a leaden shower his breast has shattered;
 Vainly he flutters, not again to rise;
 His soft white plumes along the waves are scattered;
 Helpless the wing that braved the tempest lies.

He sees his comrades high above him flying
 To seek their nests among the island reeds;
 Strong is their flight; all lonely he is lying
 Washed by the crimsoned water as he bleeds.

O Thou who carest for the falling sparrow,
 Canst Thou the sinless sufferer's pang forget?
 Or is Thy dread account-book's page so narrow
 Its one long column scores Thy creatures' debt?

Poor gentle guest, by nature kindly cherished,
 A world grows dark with thee in blinding death;
 One little gasp — thy universe has perished,
 Wrecked by the idle thief who stole thy breath!

Is this the whole sad story of creation,
 Lived by its breathing myriads o'er and o'er, —
 One glimpse of day, then black annihilation, —
 A sunlit passage to a sunless shore?

Give back our faith, ye mystery-solving lynxes!
 Robe us once more in heaven-aspiring creeds!
 Happier was dreaming Egypt with her sphynxes,
 The stony convent with its cross and beads!

How often gazing where a bird reposes,
 Rocked on the wavelets, drifting with the tide,
 I lose myself in strange metempsychosis
 And float a sea-fowl at a sea-fowl's side,

From rain, hail, snow in feathery mantle muffled,
 Clear-eyed, strong-limbed, with keenest sense to hear
 My mate soft murmuring, who with plumes unruffled,
 Where'er I wander still is nestling near;

The great blue hollow like a garment o'er me;
 Space all unmeasured, unrecorded time;

While seen with inward eye moves on before me
Thought's pictured train in wordless pantomime.

— A voice recalls me. — From my window turning
I find myself a plumeless biped still;
No beak, no claws, no sign of wings discerning, —
In fact with nothing bird-like but my quill.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

"BECAUSE you are cultivated, shall there be no more cakes and ale?"

With each degree of culture we attain, must there come also an anger against the one we have left? That is the question I wish to ask of the Contributors' Club. As illustration, I give a recent conversation. It is from life. Present: Germanicus, Rhoda, Calypso, Penelope.

Calypso. The music at our theatres is really growing worse and worse; it is of the most trashy character. Those dying-away pianissimo effects, and those imitations, like the whip and sleigh-bells in the sleigh-ride galop, — could anything be worse?

Germanicus. Oh, it is light and gay; serves well enough to fill up the time.

Rhoda. We do not want high-art music between the acts.

Calypso. Then it would be better to have nothing, and not agonize people's ears.

Germanicus. No agonizing; some people like that music.

Penelope. Yes; look at the success of Gilmore's Garden. I have always said that Thomas was too classical for the popular taste.

Calypso (loftily). Theodore Thomas has accomplished a good deal. I give him high praise. The only fault I have to find is that he *will* put, now and then, frivolous pieces on his programmes.

The Others. The apostle of the clas-

sic, the pioneer of Wagner, and frivolity? What next?

Calypso. I repeat my remark: I pay my money to hear good music, and I am defrauded when a tinkling waltz is sliced in between two really good selections.

Penelope. And probably that very waltz was the piece which at least a quarter of the audience liked the best.

Calypso. Then let that quarter stay at home.

Penelope. I put it moderately when I said a quarter; outside of New York or Boston it would probably be a half; one forgets the army of obliging but unappreciative escorts. Germanicus takes you, I know. Does Germanicus enjoy Wagner?"

Calypso. Oh, in music Germanicus does not count.

Penelope. Yet he likes the waltzes, I dare say ("Certainly!" from Germanicus), and why should he not have them? Be more patient, Calypso.

Calypso (vehemently). I cannot. I hate bad music. Now, there's that Waiting —

Rhoda (rousing up). Waiting, did you say? One of the most beautiful songs I ever heard in my life!

Calypso. I know it is *popular*.

Rhoda. No, it is not, in the way you mean.

Calypso (scornfully). There are degrees.

Penelope (putting down her knitting).

Now, this is precisely what I have always said, — culture brings with it impatience and even anger. If cultivated people would only hold their tongues, if they would only let their weaker brethren enjoy themselves in their own way, — but they never will. According to their own showing, they live in a constant state of acute suffering from the atrocious tastes of people around them. There seems to be more unhappiness than happiness in it; as Gwendolen said, they dislike what they don't like more than they like what they like. There is Rhoda, who really has a chill when people read in her presence inartistic literature.

Rhoda. I confess it *does* enrage me to see persons on the cars — nice-looking persons, I mean — buying such a thing as *That Husband of Mine!*

Germanicus. Yet that is the very volume I shall buy myself to-morrow, on the train.

Rhoda. Et tu, Brute! Why?

Germanicus. Because it is light. One cannot be always on Emerson.

Rhoda. But if you want fiction, why not take Harte or Aldrich? Why read rubbish?

Penelope. You perceive that Rhoda is every bit as narrow and impatient as Calypso. Not long ago I was looking through the book-case to find some novels to send to my friend Cæsar, who was shut up at home with a cold. I had selected something by May Agnes Fleming, and something by Mrs. Southworth, when Rhoda, who had been watching me, rushed out and brought in one of Henry James Jr.'s books, and two of Tourguéneff's. "Here, take these," she urged; "*don't* send that trash." "I beg your pardon," I answered, "I am sending what *Cæsar* will read." Do you know she has never liked the man since; she cannot like people who read —

Rhoda. Such books. No, I cannot. I judge people by the books they read.

Penelope. There you are wrong. It may be only that they have not cultivated that particular taste. Who knows but that Bryant may delight in the rippling measures of the Strauss waltzes?

And Theodore Thomas may be charmed with Helen's Babies; or, at the Centennial Exhibition, last year, he may have preferred Frith's *Marriage of the Prince of Wales* to any other picture.

Germanicus (didactically). The only good modern work there was that of Alma Tadema and Boughton.

Calypso. There was a Spanish picture I rather liked, — the *Burial of St. Lawrence*, by Vera.

Germanicus. Weak and sentimental.

Rhoda. Do you know which one I prefer among all our American pictures of the last ten years? Winslow Homer's *Prisoners from the Front*. There's reality for you!

Germanicus. Crude.

Penelope. If you are speaking of pictures generally, I will confess that I went down mentally upon my very knees before that marvelous *Last Token*, in the Loan Collection at the Academy of Design.

Rhoda and Calypso. So did I.

Germanicus (impatiently). You are mistaken, all of you. That picture panders to a false taste.

Calypso. But if we liked it, *Germanicus*? If it haunted us for days? If it made us glow and weep in thinking of those times when men and women believed enough to die for their belief?

Germanicus. All wrong, — artistically.

Penelope. Last spring, I met *Germanicus* on the street, and he took me down to the — Club, to see the new pictures. I found there the most delicious painting of a glowing October day, golden with sunshine, red with colored leaves, and stood some time looking at it. "Oh, come away, come away," said *Germanicus*, impatiently. "Don't look at that thing." And he bore me off to a melancholy November afternoon, with a gray sky, leaves all gone, and a sad forlornness. "There!" he said; "if you want autumn, *this* is like it." It was, being the excellent work of McEntee. But why could he not let me enjoy my bright picture, too?

Germanicus. Because it was not good art.

Penelope. But if I did not know?

Germanicus. You ought to know. I am not patient —

Calypso and Rhoda. He has no patience! And he likes That Husband of Mine, and the Blue Danube!

Penelope. As I said before, cultivated people are too scornful, interfering, and impatient. Instead of enjoying themselves up in their own empyrean, where everybody is quite willing they should remain, they are forever coming downstairs to sneer at us, make remarks, and drag us, if they can, away from the objects of our humble preferences. I always knew —

Rhoda. We shall have to stop Penelope; she has got to "always knew."

Calypso (whispering). I have her. (Aloud) Penelope, what is your opinion of a play like *The Mighty Dollar*?

Penelope. I simply designate it as — popular.

Calypso. Did you not crush me for going to see it?

Penelope. I did. The stage is different; being flesh and blood, I maintain that it is more powerful for good or for ill than music, pictures, or books.

The Others. We dissent.

Penelope. I do not object to realism; but why not take the beautiful and heroic realisms of life instead of the crudely sensational and vulgar?

Germanicus. You want ideals.

Penelope. What is an ideal? It is the most perfect possible (not impossible) state of anything. Now, in portions of *Romeo and Juliet*, we have the perfection, the ideal, of young love. And in portions of *Henry the Fifth*, we have the splendid battle fervor of those old times when kings really did fight on foot at the head of their armies.

Germanicus (sarcastically). Oh, of course, — Rignold!

Penelope. Yes, of course Rignold. And why not? It is no small addition to the perfection of the play to have not only a fine actor but a superbly handsome man in the rôle of the fiery young king. Beauty *does* count, and I would not be sarcastic, *Germanicus*, about one of the settled and eternal verities. You threw me off the track; what I maintain

is that persons of good taste should band themselves together to frown down all plays which —

Calypso. But I am devoted to Dundreary.

Rhoda. And I to Miss Multon.

Germanicus. And I to Sellers.

Penelope (with heat). It is a mystery to me —

Calypso (mimicking). Be more patient, dear Penelope.

Penelope. I cannot. I have studied the drama —

The Others. She has studied the drama.

Penelope. And I know —

The Others. She knows.

Rhoda. Look here; if each one of us should quote severely to his or her right-hand neighbor, as follow, "Because *you* are cultivated, shall there be no more cakes and ale?"

Germanicus. There was once a man who was asked what orthodoxy was. He replied, "Orthodoxy is" —

The Others. Oh! oh! Assez!

— For reasons yet to be explained, the thoughts of nurslings in our day prematurely gravitate toward matrimony and kindred topics. When the dominie resigned his pulpit charge, a loving parishioner carried home the sad tidings, which were received by her baby of six summers with tears and the startling plaint, "Why, mamma, I thought he would have married me!" The little woman had plainly forecast her destiny in detail, even to the choice of the officiating priest.

Another little maid in an adjoining town, whose invalidism had perhaps forced the growth of this species of wisdom, appalled her family one day by the abrupt announcement, apropos to nothing, "I know what I shall do about it. There'll be a young gentleman calling on me some evening, and just as he is going away I shall ask him, 'Shall I say we are engaged?'"

"Good gracious, Minnie, what a shocking idea!" shrieked her (much) oldest sister. "That is n't the way things are managed at all. A gentleman and lady become acquaintances, and after some time the gentleman asks the lady if she

will marry him, and if she chooses she accepts. But a lady always waits to be asked."

"Oh, Jane, are you sure it is so? Why, I should think *you would be awfully discouraged!*" How sharper than a serpent's tooth the merciless nip of an irrepressible child!

Whatever may be the origin of this precocious appetite, it is forced to monstrous excess by nurses with their vulgar babble about little "sweethearts" and "beaux," by unthinking visitors, and often even by parents themselves. To all these the spectacle of the giant passion miniaturized in a baby's breast, and its expression in *naïve* lisplings, is the diverting pastime of the moment, while to the little actor it may be the beginning of destruction, and at best must brush away some heart bloom which will be sorely missed whenever the hour to be perfected is come.

Do I exaggerate the gravity of this taint? It has really seemed to me that it is precisely here we are to look for the germ of that profanation of the holy sacrament of marriage whose rank growth is the offense of our day.

That "wholesome neglect" which was the stability of our grandmothers, we, and even our parents, have enjoyed but in rare instances, and to our children it is and will increasingly be, unless the gods forefend, an impossibility. For many years that sacred innermost, the nursery, has been dragged more and more into public view, and has become the richest quarry, for experimenting scientists and psychological speculators, and a fascinating pleasure-ground to us all.

Art and literature have conspired to provoke and chronicle the sayings and doings of childhood, and its most hidden emotions have been stimulated into conscious existence, and then ruthlessly uncovered and subjected to sharpest analyses for the entertainment of the *blasé* adult.

Childhood has no foe so insidious and deadly as the interrogation point. It should never be turned upon the heart or soul of a little child except under the

guidance of loving wisdom, and even then most sparingly. Not only Mr. Wordsworth's Practice of Lying, but all manner of hypocrisy and soul-destroying cant may be taught almost any little child, simply by pertinacious inquiry and "damnable iteration." The fact that many children prove themselves thoroughly able to hold their own in all kinds of spiritual warfare, and display amazing skill in skirmishes about the region of the heart, only more seriously complicates the peril.

But even were it admitted that the sensibilities of some children may escape destruction or injurious blunting by early abuse, do not the signs of the times indicate the need of more provident delicacy of care on the part of parents and guardians? They, at least, who have thrust life and all its awful possibilities upon another are surely bound to keep its springs sweet and unclogged to their utmost endeavor.

— Why do our novelists persist in turning their backs contemptuously on the whole farming population of the Middle States? We have the New Englander in every genus and species preserved in the best of ink. There are two or three Californians, too, with whom we are familiar enough to desire no closer acquaintance; but the great trunk race of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, with the curious outgrowth in it of English, German, and Scotch-Irish traits, is hardly known in our literature. In the farmers of this stock, whether they raise wheat or cotton, these idiosyncrasies have hardened into very much the same character. Barring a few differences in his political creed and in his a's and r's, Jones of Pennsylvania is run into precisely the same mold as Jones of Georgia. They are church-going, unimaginative, domestic folk; hearty feeders, long-livers, keen-witted inside of a narrow circle, with a sound faith in their wives, foreign missions, and the man in their State who has managed to get the check line into his hands. They rarely disobey the check line. They never lift their eyes over the pale of their own sect or party to see what lies beyond.

They accept whatever heaven their village preacher has imagined, and die contented to go to it. Their wives may become so intolerable to them that they wish them dead, but it does not occur to them to fall in love with another woman. There is a wide field of study in the modifications of this hard-sinewed, loyal character, which nobody but Dr. Eggleston is just now attempting to reap.

One of the most singular and pathetic phases in it is the widening gulf between the young and old in this class. Country people are apt to inveigh against the heartlessness of fashionable life and the supposed lack of feeling between parents and children trained in city habits. But it is a curious fact that whatever the distance may be between the latter while the child is a child, the similarity of education, tastes, and social duties begets a closer union between the adult son and daughter and their parents than is usually found in country-bred families. The wealthy planter in New York or Carolina falls into the same domestic habits as the cultured class in towns. But between the present generation of small farmers and the one which is fast pushing them out of place there is a space set never to be bridged over. If you could go into any farm-house on these wintry nights, you would find the young folk occupying the little parlor, with lights, music, jokes, and love-making; a little taint of vulgarity over all, probably, but plenty of hearty enjoyment. The grizzled old farmer would not be there. Perhaps, indeed, the vulgar taint arises from the fact that age of any kind would be out of place there. He sits by the kerosene lamp in the dingy dining-room, his feet on the stove, poring over his accounts or the county newspaper, while his wife nods over the stockings. The wit or wisdom inside may be fine or foolish, but they cannot criticise it. There is no companionship between them and their children. There may be respect, affection, gratitude, but no common habit of thought, no quick sympathy in opinion and taste. One reason for this is that they never share amusement together. Even the Scotch

Covenanter, from whom many of them are descended, was a more cheerful, lighter-hearted fellow than the farmer Jones. He was by no means always the praying, disputing bore we have been taught to think him. Burns's cotter, if he was like his brethren, took his cup of whisky and fiddled for the young folk to dance before he "waled a portion with judicious care." He and his son were pretty much on a level as to education. If tricks and dancing and long-winded gossip amused the old man, so they did the young one. Our farmer's son has gone up on to a higher level. His father has pushed him there. He has been to a small sectarian college and gathered lore enough to be ashamed of his father's ignorance, and not wisdom sufficient to appreciate the sound sense and store of hard-earned experience which would outweigh grammars or lexicons.

So the breach widens. It is a phase of our social life which cannot last long. But a limner of human passions can find in the States none more pathetic or suggestive.

—I think both publishers and readers are beginning to perceive that singular gap in American literature which is filled in other countries by books of personal gossip, autobiographies, and private letters. Our history, for the lack of them, is as dry and as repulsive as an articulated skeleton. It creaks and shows the joints at every turn. During the last year we have had several strenuous efforts to supply this lack: there were Mrs. Adams's Letters, the quality of which everybody knows; Mr. Breck's Diary, accurate and amusing as far as it goes, and oddly impregnated with that terrapin and hock flavor inseparable from old Philadelphia; and Mrs. Benton-Frémont's sketches, made here and there during her eventful life. Her work, as far as I know, is *sui generis*. She combines, as few Americans have done, the dramatic perception, broad culture, the ability to group and pose effects in natural or social scenery suggestively, and the willingness to remain herself a visible central figure.

Books of this sort must be saturated with the personality of the writer, or they lose their vitality altogether. The man who quarrels with this sort of egotism loses its use. We must move with Pepys into his new house, and rejoice with him in the sight of Lady Castlemaine's laced petticoats hung out to dry. We would see history through his eyes. What would our children give fifty years hence for a Pepys who had kept a diary through our late war! But he should have had that inordinate self-appreciation which makes a man believe himself the critical Eye of his times, and gives him absolute confidence in the breathless interest with which the world watches his every action. One such man, no matter how small or mean, who is able to paint his surroundings, and willing, like the noble lord, to ungirt himself for the public, will revive his age for posterity as not even gossiping Herodotus could do. Paul Potter's bull makes us better acquainted with Dutch cattle than a dozen books on their breeds and anatomy. I doubt, however, if our literature will ever be rich in this class of writings.

The German is apt to look at himself and his times speculatively, and to write them down in a diary or letters, because he is a searcher after truth, and must hammer out of his relations with Hans and Katrina, next door, eternal verities on which to build a theory of the universe. The Frenchman does the same thing because life is a theatre to him, and he is actor and audience in one. He makes love with his whole heart, or weeps over his mother's grave; and he stands apart at the same time and cries, Bravo! Throughout the whole range of French *mémoires* or *correspondance*, from De Sévigné to Victor Hugo, runs this clapping of hands, this eager self-gratulation. "Ah, Messieurs, what a lover you have here! What a son! Voilà!"

The American's life is too hurried and dramatic to spare him time either to work it up into a system of philosophy, or to stand off and point out to the public its picturesque effects, as a show-man before a moving panorama. He is as

willing as any other man to be observed, but he is seldom voluble about himself; his fear of ridicule is too keen for that. The hard-headed fellow does not write letters, because he knows in this busy time the best friend would be bored by his experiences or emotions, and besides, he wants them for the dinner-party to-night, or a magazine article. He does not keep a diary, because he knows he should be ashamed of his present self in a month's time. He does not write his autobiography, because much friction with other men has taught him his own insignificance. But what a mistake he makes! Talk of the studies of human nature manufactured by metaphysicians or fiction-mongers! Suppose Abraham Lincoln had kept a diary,—or Jim Fisk!

—Concerning *realism*: If we are to have nothing else in literature and painting, would it not be well to drop the terms *fiction* and *art* entirely? My friend the editor rather nonplused a would-be contributor,—who was urging that his story was taken from "real life," by the statement that with the actual truth or falsity of the tale he had nothing whatever to do. He could only judge of its truthfulness to art, and in this respect he found it wanting. And the editor was right. The mere fact that certain enigmatical characters have existed, or certain remarkable coincidences have occurred, no more makes the records of them an artistic story than does the actual presence of a two-headed calf inside a circus side-show convert the painted semblance of it on the banner outside into a work of art. Novelists and artists seem to be cultivating their powers of observation and description at the expense of the imagination, forgetting that a healthy development of the latter is the more powerful aid to the highest intellectual life. There is a growing opinion that the bald, literal statement of any fragment of a life's history must necessarily make a good story; that the exact reproduction of characters and incidents from real life is the only requisite in novel writing; in short, that fiction to be perfect must not be fiction

at all, but *truth*. Now, although fiction must conform to the laws which govern in real life, nothing could be more dangerous to the growth of literature than this general application of the reverse (which is not true), that all life conforms to the laws which govern in fiction. The difference between the chronicling of fact and the writing of fiction will, I think, be evident if we compare for a moment the work of a historian with that of a novelist. Both have limitations, but of the most opposite kinds. One is hemmed in by facts, the other is restrained merely by the laws of art. Flights of the imagination which would be condemned in the historical record are applauded in the novel; while minute details, which are of inestimable value in the one, only serve to cumber and make heavy-laden the pages of the other. The historian can at most only restore by his research and decorate by the rich coloring of his diction a structure whose size and proportions were beforehand unchangeably fixed. The novelist, on the contrary, essays the creation of an entirely new edifice. The value of the work of the historian is to be tested only by its conformity to a preëxisting plan, but the novelist assumes to be the sole architect and builder of the work he sets before us, and by the beauty and proportion of his creation must we judge of the genius of its creator.

That the mission of the novelist is not clearly enough recognized seems to me further proved by the fact that a certain modern author (who for obvious reasons shall be nameless) has thought it necessary to tack on at the end of the strange story of a yet stranger woman the equally strange statement, in a novel, that the author has seen and talked with the heroine, and, therefore, presumably knows the story to be literally true. This is done with the *naïve* air of giving the book's strongest possible *raison d'être*, when in reality it sinks it to the level of the police records at once. If there was not sufficient art in the book to make it appear plausible to the reader, does this simple statement mend the matter? To turn to the work of a better known and

usually more artistic writer: was the drowning of Grandcourt in Daniel Deronda, just when it was necessary to get him out of the way, any the less inartistic because such a man may in real life have met his fate under just those circumstances? It would be well for authors who hold facts to be the great desiderata in fiction to insert, instead of a preface, a list of affidavits, duly signed and sworn to, or better still append them as foot-notes, that the reader may at once turn to them and be satisfied whenever he meets with any particularly glaring inconsistencies. True, the book would savor more of biography than of romance, but is not this what the age is craving, or rather what it is getting? Let the author ransack society and the newspapers if he desires; when he has found a character sufficiently abnormal to have his idiosyncrasies chronicled, let him straightway establish a court of inquiry, examine his witnesses, collate his testimony, and then, if he thinks it worth while, publish his record, with names, dates, and localities; but above all, let him call his book by its right name, for this species of writing is as far below artistic fiction as the genius of Boswell was below that of Thackeray. I would insist upon this distinction the more especially because the mind of the reader involuntarily assumes a more skeptical attitude upon turning from a novel to a biography. History must be verified; fiction must contain its verification within itself; and this same subtle distinction is preserved by the mind with reference to the moral qualities of real and ideal characters. There is a very perceptible difference, not only in quantity but in quality, between the antipathy aroused by the character of Grandcourt, in the novel above referred to, and the feelings which would be excited were we to read in the newspapers of an actual living, brutal, cold-blooded libertine. George Eliot has made the ideal characterization of all these traits attractive (for deny it as we will, Grandcourt is attractive) by their very analysis and exposition. No writer could do as much for a character which we know to

be real without exaggerating his virtues, glossing over his faults, and palliating his vices, if not denying their existence altogether.

Upon sitting down to read a novel one does not care to know that the personages ever did live, or the incidents occur in real life. The natural and preferable presumption is that they did not, for this very presumption lifts the characters on to the plane of the ideal; and it is upon this ideal plane, parallel with yet above the real, that they must ever continue to move. The mind cannot permit them to descend from the one to the other without experiencing a violent shock. In judging of a portrait the friends of the sitter apply very different tests from those employed by the public. To the latter it is simply a picture, and must be judged by the laws of art. Yet who that has visited our Academy exhibitions has not wandered wearily past hundreds of square feet of canvas, covered with heads whose only merit was their possible resemblance to unknown originals? It is on such occasions that one sighs for some law like that of the Greeks, which, according to Pliny, provided that while every conqueror in the Olympic games received a statue, a portrait statue was erected only to him who had been thrice victor. "For," says Lessing, commenting upon the passage, "too many indifferent statues were not allowed among works of art." If some such limitation was deemed necessary in the days of the Olympiads, when nature was producing her masterpieces, certainly no one will deny that there is more reason for it now.

In turning to other branches of art we find the same domination of realism to the exclusion of the ideal. This is especially true of figure and *genre* painting. Lessing's remark that while "painting as imitative skill can express ugliness, painting as a fine art will not express it," is forgotten or disbelieved; and Winkelman's statement that although "beauties as great as any of those which art has produced can be found singly in nature, yet in the entire figure nature must yield the palm to art," is disregarded. But

these were principles put forward by two of the world's greatest art critics, and based upon an intimate acquaintance with *genre* art. This art was essentially ideal, and it is with the ideal that the true artist has to deal. It is in this respect that his work differs from that of the photographer and the newspaper reporter. We care not where he procures his materials, whether from the field of life or the yet more fertile one of the imagination; they must be remolded and adapted to this ideal world. If the artist fail in this, his whole work is a failure. All true art is life-like, but all life is by no means artistic; and it is the true artist who, selecting the parts which are, fuses them into perfect works, just as the Greeks modeled their masterpieces, not from one model only, but from the most perfect parts of many.

— It is not facts alone that are accumulated without assimilation by those who have mistaken notions about culture; that seems like a harmless amusement in comparison with the swift and reckless absorption of opinions, so commonly to be observed about us. It is true that there cannot fail to be considerable unanimity concerning matters of taste among people exposed to the same influences, but this cannot explain the monotony of fashionable verdicts. No trained choir could more sensitively follow its leader's beck than do those anxious to prove their culture; with but slight variety of adjective do they praise what seems good, with gentle deprecation do they condemn. Now it needs no public proclamation to tell us how immense is the difference between honest conviction and the willful adoption of others' opinions. To believe that a thing is good because X says it is may be caused by humility or servility. The opinion of an expert is always entitled to respect, but not necessarily to blind acceptance. To say that no one's opinion should be waited for and deferred to would be wholly to destroy the value of authority, and, moreover, it would be impossible entirely to eradicate respect for some persons' opinions. One bows to them as to the verdict of a violinist

about the value of a given violin. To distinguish between proper respect and unquestioning acceptance is a very nice and difficult matter. No general statement can be made that shall apply to all cases. It must be left for the conscience to decide between, on the one hand, the shameful thrusting one's own opinion into the dark, as it were, and, on the other, a humble acknowledgment of one's incompetence to decide for one's self the matter in question. It would be the height of presumption for us all to keep reopening every difficult question; when we are ourselves unable to give a satisfactory explanation of this or that, it is only right to accept a current explanation which we know to be the correct one. It is not every one who is able to give a satisfactory account of his reasons for holding the views he does on the tariff or on finance, for instance, but a man agrees with certain other persons who have examined the whole matter and whose judgment he respects; he takes their views as he accepts the higher laws of astronomy without profound study of Newton's *Principia*. This is a perfectly justifiable course of action. It may be argued that when carried too far it leads to humiliating subservience to fashionable notions; this is true, but when not carried too far, it is not an evil and is often the only way of avoiding absolute indifference. When no pretense is made that this policy is in all cases the best possible, no harm is done; but what terms are too strong for the man who borrows his information or his opinions in this way, and then sets up to be an astronomer on this slender knowledge, or pretends to be an authority in finance? While it is perfectly fair to form our opinions in this manner, and to let them govern our own actions, it is a very different thing to give them out to others as our own original thought. Yet this strutting in borrowed plumage is one of the commonest of faults. By making themselves guilty of the misappropriation of others' views and opinions, there are to-day many eloquent expounders of thoughts and sentiments which they only yesterday caught up from some other

person's lips. They know where to go for their opinions, and, having filled themselves with another's inspiration, they set up for prophets and are puffed up with false pride. Instances will occur to every one: there are those who learn from a painter the technical phrases of his profession, and proceed therewith to intimidate awe-stricken hearers; others, again, cull musical phrases for conversational decoration; and so with other things. These people not only impose on those who listen to them, but they do a far worse thing in crushing out whatever originality of their own might once have existed. They learn to shut their eyes to faults which they cannot help detecting, quite as often as they must to simulate admiration for what really finds them cold. They are dishonest to their own convictions, besides being insincere in pretending all their new cleverness is their own. It is commonly supposed that the higher polish these added graces give fully outweighs the disadvantage of their unguineness; but without discussing further the morality of the subject, it is possible to point out the bad effects on the mind which is supposed to be improved. It is making one's thoughts as purely a matter of conventionality as the choice of a hat or the cut of a coat. It makes glib-tongued, smooth-spoken models for general admiration and imitation, but it is a parrot-like memory to which the credit, such as it is, is due. It will be noticed that this method exactly goes against the true principle of culture, which is the unfolding of the intelligence, and while nourishing the faculties one really possesses, opening the mind to the influence of a greater variety of persons and subjects.

It is no sound objection to culture that it encourages dilettanteism, for it avowedly does that. It nowhere takes the place of the limited special education; it only bridges over the gaps without pretending to give mastership in anything. It is true that it will probably be found that the stronger the head the less justly can the charge of dilettanteism be brought; weak heads will appear injured

by everything acquired from books, but this unsatisfactory result is not a fault of culture so much as a natural consequence of the feebleness of its votaries. To denounce culture on this account would be very unjust, and in fact committing the same mistake which those people make who fancy that devotion to culture can change the quantity of a person's mind. It may improve its quality, it may and often does improve the taste, but it adds nothing to the original amount; it puts that into good working order, and then its effect stops. Granting that culture is only beneficial, it is likely to bring in its wake a certain amount of pretense and unhealthy effort against which it is impossible to be too much on one's guard. Culture is not merely the adding of statistics to the memory, but the enlarging of the mind, the opening of it to new and refining pleasures, the demonstration of the proper relation of one sort of mental occupation to another; it teaches humility, not vanity, in acquirements; sincerity, not affectation. A truly cultivated person no more obtrudes his knowledge on his fellow-beings than he does his skill, if he have any, in mental arithmetic. The cheap display of information is as senseless as any other exhibition of vanity; the information in itself is nothing unless there are lessons learned from it. The study of history, for instance, is not an exercise in learning dates, but a means of getting knowledge of human beings, of setting before us the experience of other people, of saving us from the common delusion that we alone have wisdom and that with us it will die. The advantage of studying pictures is not alone the familiarity we may acquire with the works of different painters such as would facilitate us in making a catalogue, but that new sense of appreciation of the painter's art which shows us another way of looking at the world, which gives us new eyes, as it were, which opens to us new delights. These results, if fortunately they make their appearance, are parts of the benefits of culture; but because culture teaches its lessons only

from a large number of examples, it seems to be supposed that in collecting examples all that is necessary is done, that the task of learning anything from them is useless drudgery, that the blessed work of culture is complete. Hence it is that we see people who cram their minds with ill-arranged items, parading them with the manner of those who regard themselves as triumphs of civilization, continually rejoicing over the new fact at their tongue's end.

It is a mistake shared by many teachers and scholars that by judicious skimming of the surface, by making the most of the prominent points, by learning from compendiums some of the more important results, one may know a subject as well as those who have spent their lives over it, without the fatigue of mind and waste of time required to make one master of the minutiae, which apparently are only learned to be forgotten. It is argued that even the most thorough students fail to retain more than certain general principles and vague results, while everything else, accumulated with much labor, is sure to crumble into oblivion; and that any one can make himself the equal of these students by learning these few surviving results. In fact, however, one is tolerably sure to learn but little more than an equally fragmentary portion of even this diminished amount, and there is totally lacking the skill and tact which only long practice can give, as well as the knowledge, next in value to a good memory, of where different matters can be found explained. This easy substitution of a thin, superficial layer of information for thorough knowledge can never be anything but harmful, when the pretense is made that it satisfactorily takes the place of anything genuine. It is not, as has been said, fragmentary knowledge which hurts a man, but the delusion that nothing else is necessary; that by hastily grasping a few facts any one can reach the level of the man who has acquired them in their proper order, compared them with others, and learned their use from practice.

RECENT LITERATURE.

To our taste, Mr. Parton always writes entertainingly, and with a right-mindedness that rarely fails him. His papers upon Caricature,¹ which Messrs. Harper offer as their principal contribution to holiday literature, deal with a subject which could easily be made mischievous to that great body of readers who want their thinking done for them; but Mr. Parton treats it in such a way as to be historically instructive, while he guards against the acceptance of the caricaturist's wit as necessarily either truth or justice. The chapters on Caricatures of Women and Matrimony, and Caricature during the French Revolution, are eminently illustrative of this fact, and of a humane conscience in the writer which gives tone to his whole work. He recognizes the moral quality of caricature, and refuses to consider it solely from the artistic stand-point. Sometimes, indeed, his care not to have vicious or cruel things liked becomes almost too explicit, but this is an error in the right direction. His book is one which may safely become popular. For the student of the subject, it has very serious limitations. It is inevitably superficial; however, it is by no means so superficial as a casual glance would make it appear. It sketches very agreeably comic art among Greeks, Romans, Hindoos, and Egyptians, as it has come down to us in frescoes, mural sculptures, and ceramics; in the Middle Ages as it appears in the grotesque details of Gothic architecture; and of the times since as painting has preserved it, not omitting a glance at the caricature of the Chinese and Japanese. It thus affords a means of comparison and contrast, which the reader will find curious and interesting, and to which he will like to turn from whatever history he is reading for that vivid glimpse of past feeling which history is so rarely able to give. One does not understand all the passion of the Reformation till he looks at the clumsy and brutal caricatures of that time; one has not a due sense of the ferocity of the French Revolution till he sees it in the ruthless pictorial satire of the period. When we come to our

own century it is French caricature which Mr. Parton treats most fully, and here we think he might have spared something and given us more of the manlier and finer wit of the Punch caricaturists of the days when Punch was a great power; even now Du Maurier, the most exquisite and spiritual of all those who make us smile, is better than Gavarni, and should have had greater and not less space. Mr. Nast is not represented at his best; one does not get a just conception of his fertile and powerful genius from the illustrations given; and we resent the intrusion of even one of the revolting vulgarities of Mr. Sol. Eytinge. The taste of Spanish wit which Mr. Parton offers has a very distinct and pungent flavor, and makes us ardently desire more. Italian satire is very inadequately touched. Apparently Mr. Parton has not examined any Italian comic journals since 1849, and does not know how full of good things they are.

— Mr. Benjamin is a painter with feeling and respect for his art, whom the average reader may trust for a plain and unpretentious statement of the present condition of art in England, France, and Germany; whoever turned to him for brilliant literature or subtle criticism would be disappointed. What he does in the first of the three magazine papers which form his volume on Contemporary Art in Europe² is to treat of English art in some general observations on the characteristics of various schools of art, and then with brief biographical sketches and critical notices to acquaint the reader with the different English painters and their principal works. The paper on French art is much the same in method. In both chapters there is a clear and good account of governmental patronage; and this is also the case in respect to German art, to the several schools of which in the several small and great capitals due attention is paid. The illustrations are portraits of the painters and reproductions of their works; and into a little space is thus collected a great deal that it is useful and pleasant to know. Mr. Benjamin has succeeded generally in

¹ *Caricature and other Comic Art in all Times and many Lands.* By JAMES PARTON. With 203 Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers 1877.

² *Contemporary Art in Europe.* By S. G. W. BENJAMIN. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1877

choosing something fresh as well as typical from each painter; though in some cases he conspicuously fails, as in that of Millais, whose well-worn Huguenot Lovers is given. His comments are usually just, if a little crude in expression, and the reader who spent some time in the different rooms of the art-gallery at the Centennial will find this volume extremely convenient in the arrangement or rearrangement of his impressions of European art. It is rather for such a reader than for the connoisseur, whose knowledge may be more particular or more general. There is no charm in Mr. Benjamin's style; and his reader will have some honest work of his own to do, but he will be repaid for this in the end.

— To the vast majority of the vast public to whom Millais's Huguenot Lovers and Faed's Evangeline have made their work known, if not their names, we fancy that Messrs. Osgood & Co. could have offered no more acceptable holiday books of the kind than their heliotype selections from these masters.¹ They are both painters of the kind of pictures dearest to the Anglo-Saxon heart,—the pictures that tell stories,—and they differ only in Faed's appealing to the natural sympathies, and in Millais's appealing to the cultivated sympathies. For the connoisseur they both tell their stories somewhat crudely, but no one can deny that they tell them effectively. They are men of dramatic genius, and they are liked by all who like to be strongly moved. It is easy to see how, when they approach each other's level, they begin to fail; the simpler subjects of Millais especially, are poor; but at his best, he is extremely good. The text which accompanies the selection of his pictures gives an interesting sketch of the pre-Raphaelite school which he helped to found in England and then forsook, and the comments on his work are very good. In this respect the Millais Gallery is more satisfactory than the Faed Gallery.

— The illustrations to Mr. Whittier's *River Path*² form in unusual degree that sort of accompaniment which we all feel to be the true office of illustration. The descriptions in the text are so general, so abstract, that the artist is forced from the sterile ease of

mere graphic repetition, and is obliged to create, to imagine something of his own, and add it to the poem. We have, therefore, some half score of exquisite little landscapes in which the artist seems to have won a charm from the poet's thought rather than his words; the only unpleasing pictures in the book are Mr. Waud's helpless literalisms and Miss Curtis's extremely black eyelashed angels and cherubs. The lovely sketches in which Messrs. Moran, Brown, Colman, Hart, and McEntee have found themselves equal to the interpretation of the poet's sense are all bits of New England scenery, stream and hill and quiet forest depth, treated with singular tenderness and sweetness. For the two lines,

"A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glow,"

we have two pieces, one by Mr. J. A. Brown and one by Mr. Anthony, which are exquisite studies of the pensive evening light on still water and lonely pasture land, the detail at once distinct and soft, and all suffused with the spirit of the lingering, vanishing day.

"The dusk of twilight round us grew"

is another of Mr. Brown's studies, kindred in mood, and almost as good. In

"No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem,"

Mr. Hart studies, with the most charming effect, a group of tall, slim birches, and a peaceful river vista. Mr. Moran's best contribution is the opening illustration of a wild hill-side clump of trees with the slender moon in the far horizon. The final picture is by Mr. Anthony, who here appears to equal advantage as engraver and designer: subtly felt, delicately wrought, a scene of solitary, land-locked waters, with the night beginning to darken down and through the tops and stems of its wooded shores. We must not forget to mention with cordial praise Mr. McEntee's riverside aisle of willows; it is delicious.

— There seem now to be signs of a general revival of the trade in American books for children, which for some years past have been almost driven from our book-sellers' counters by the cheap and pretty illustrated wares of the London presses. Messrs. Hurd and Houghton have done the little ones a

¹ *The Millais Gallery.* A Series of the most Renowned Works of Millais, reproduced in Heliotype. With a sketch of the Life and Works of the Artist. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

The Faed Gallery. A Series of the most Renowned Works of Thomas Faed, reproduced in Heliotype.

With full Descriptions and a Sketch of the Life of the Artist. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

² *The River Path.* By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. With Illustrations. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

most distinct pleasure and service in Mr. Scudder's Bodley Family books; Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. will have the thanks of all boys who read Mr. Warner's delightful study of *Being a Boy*; Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. offer several entertaining books to the little public; and Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have also done their part towards the provision of the same sort of holiday literature. The *Signal Boys*,¹ by George Cary Eggleston, is the best on their list, and may be safely praised as a thrilling book of adventure, with few or none of the faults of books of that kind. It is the story of half a dozen boys who were in the service of General Jackson at the time of the battle of New Orleans, and of their many perils from fire and flood; their part in a naval fight, their capture by the British, their escape, their wanderings in the swamps, their second captivity by smugglers, and their final escape and restoration, after the war, to their Alabama homes. Dealing with scenes of violence, Mr. Eggleston is able to reduce the amount of bloodshed to a minimum; at the worst their captors are stunned or shot in the knee by the boys in their efforts to escape; we believe they actually kill no one in the whole book. Homicide has no share in the excitement; at the same time the art of the book is so good, especially in the minuteness of the narration, that we think it will be found intensely exciting, in a wholesome way, by the boys for whom it was written. The *Wings of Courage*,² a little volume composed of three stories and named from the first, is adapted from the French, and is rather too fantastic and a little too distressing to be entirely commended; the stories are also somewhat oldish for children in some respects, without being quite old enough for their elders. Yet they are not unamusing, and they are not vulgar, as both *Patsy*³ and *Six Sinners*⁴ are. These two little books are as false to life and character as they are in taste, and if they were true their coarseness of tone ought alone to condemn them. Their sprightliness is of a kind to make one shudder.

— The humor so characteristic of all Mrs.

Diaz's writings for children fills the history of the *Jimmyjohns*⁵ with something of the same quiet pleasure that made the William Henry books unique among boy's books. But the *Jimmyjohns* are very much younger people than William Henry and his friends: they are four-year-old twins, and their history deals with the every-day adventures of that age, with side glances at character in the *Funny Man*, the *Lobster Man*, and other casual acquaintance of theirs. The funny man, especially, is a creation; though you see him only from the *Jimmyjohns'* point of view, you recognize him for a charming type of the friendly humorist who likes to puzzle children, and to seem to be posed by them in many jokes they have together. He is apt to stop them in their play, and to be very much astonished by them, and to suggest just the very things they would prefer. He is managed with the greatest art by Mrs. Diaz, who has a genius for looking at everything in the world with childhood's eyes, and for rediscovering the interest that has faded out of the world for old people. How the Barn came from Jorullo is an admirable example of her fun; and a peculiar, racy quaintness gives its zest to a score of other sketches and little stories in the book. What we like in her writings is her love for simple conditions and for the naturalness of all sorts of natural people. Her books form a real addition to the scanty number which can be placed in children's hands with absolute safety to them in every way, and with the certainty of pleasing them.

— A new fairy tale is such an anachronism that one may be pardoned for refusing to read *On a Pincushion*⁶ except as a professional duty; yet once read it becomes a pleasure to commend so pure and delightful a piece of imagination and fancy. The story which gives a title to the book is the frame-work for three clever stories, and four more follow it, each marked by originality and by freedom in the main from the vices of modern fairy tales. The author must have come very near to believing her fancies before she could write so simply and truthfully; for the fault which underlies most modern work of this kind is a total

¹ *The Signal Boys; or, Captain Sam's Company*. By GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

² *The Wings of Courage*. Stories for American Boys and Girls. Adapted from the French by MARIE E. FIELD. With Illustrations by LUCY G. MORSE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

³ *Patsy: A Story for Girls*. By LEORA B. ROBINSON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

⁴ *Six Sinners; or, Schools-Days in Buntam Valley*. By CAMPBELL WHEATON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

⁵ *The Jimmyjohns, and other Stories*. By MRS. A. M. DIAZ. Illustrated. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

⁶ *On a Pincushion, and other Fairy Tales*. By MARY DE MORGAN. With Illustrations by WILLIAM DE MORGAN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1877.

disbelief in the creatures of fairy and a use of them for various moral and scientific purposes. Here, on the contrary, there is an honest delight in a good story, and what moral there is partakes of the blunt, homely character of the old fairy-tale morals.

The invention shown is very fresh and surprising. Everything follows naturally and with the serene reason of fairy-land, and the machinery which is set in motion is after the most approved model, while yet it does not copy the old stories in a cheap manner. The only exception which we notice is in the clever story of *The Hair-Tree*, which everybody in the kingdom is eager to find in order to repair the losses of the unfortunate queen, who has become absolutely bald. The finding of the tree is made the conclusion of a series of involved adventures. Rupert sails to the north until he comes to an island upon which are three solitary trees, one containing peculiar nuts, the second precious stones, and the third wholly bare except for an enormous pod like a brass drum at the top; the pod bursts with a tremendous noise, and sends out a dozen gold nuts. Armed with the red nuts, the precious stones, and the gold nuts, Rupert makes his way through ingenious difficulties, bribing right and left sunflowers with beautiful, cruel hands and arms, a swan, flowers with deceitful mouths, and lilies with tender eyes; he reaches the hair-tree, secures some seeds, beats a beautiful tigress, and so sets free an enchanted princess, and hurries back to court, arriving just in time to prevent the execution of a dreadful decree by which all the women in the kingdom were to have their heads shaved in order that the queen might not feel mortified at her own peculiar condition. Here is a story entirely of fancy so far as we can discover, and very skillfully elaborated, yet a little unsatisfactory, for the very reason that there is not an element of moral heroism in it. Rupert in an old fairy tale would have been, not some chance sailor, but supplied with a reason for making the search, and in his encounter with the enemies on the way the moral conflict and triumph would have been apparent.

In other stories the homely morals are very well incorporated. Vain Lamorna loses her reflection, which is drawn down from the surface of the water by ropes of

sand, and kept for the entertainment of the water-elves until she can safely be entrusted with it again; and in the *Seeds of Love* a charming allegory of love and envy appears. There is a good deal of fun and some truly witty conceptions, as in *A Toy Princess*, where the real princess, who is being stifled under court etiquette, is removed by the fairy godmother to grow up in a sunny childhood, and a toy princess substituted, which is so much more satisfactory to the court that when the change is afterward confessed and the real princess restored, there is considerable consternation, and a vote being taken it proved that there was a unanimous preference for the sham Ursula. There is a very pretty fancy accounting for the opal, into which a sunbeam and moonbeam have been turned, because they could not live apart, and the marriage of the princess of fire and the prince of water is as pretty a story as one could desire, with no suspicion, thank Heaven, of any lecture on the properties of steam. Altogether, *On a Pincushion* is a book to make one listen again for the faint bells of fairy-land, and with its beauty and sweetness it is worth a shelfful of pragmatical priggishness.

— *Pussy Tip-Toes Family*,¹ *Frisk and his Flock*,² and *The Little Brown House and the Children who lived in It*,³ by Mrs. D. P. Sandford, are books skillfully made up by a practiced hand to meet the insatiable desire of the little ones for "stories," no matter if they are only the simplest possible reproductions of the childish characters and trivial incidents that make up their own real, every-day world. The first two are a companion pair of quartos, bound in chocolate-brown paper, stamped with colored pictures, and profusely illustrated throughout with attractive designs corresponding to the text. The first one relates the destinies that befell four kittens, of whom *Pussy Tip-Toes* was the happy mother, — destinies, it must be confessed, all strikingly similar, since each was adopted by some little girl into a comfortable home, appropriately named, and very much valued by her little mistress. Toward the middle of the book they are reunited at a party to which they are brought by their respective owners, but the mother and kittens naturally meet each other with perfect indifference all round.

¹ *Pussy Tip-Toes Family*. A Story for our Little Boys and Girls. By MRS. D. P. SANDFORD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1877.

² *Frisk and his Flock*. By MRS. D. P. SANDFORD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1877.

³ *The Little Brown House and the Children who lived in It*. By MRS. D. P. SANDFORD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1878.

After that they are dropped from the story, and the narrative confines itself to the doings of a certain little Eva, whose friends on every occasion tell her stories of children just like herself and her playmates. On this account it is specially well adapted for reading aloud to very young listeners.

Frisk and his Flock will entertain those who are somewhat older, and we fear the little people who trudge daily to the great brick caravansaries of our public schools, so stingily and unaccountably deprived as they universally are of the ample playgrounds that should surround them, will sigh over the idyllic picture of Miss Agatha's school-room in the "barn-chamber," with all of her orchard and garden to run over, and with her sagacious dog Frisk to bark them out of mischief and when the bell rang to gather them together and drive them before him toward the school-room steps! Miss Agatha evidently had no "school-committee men" or "male principal" of a "graded school" over her. Every morning she taught her children beautiful texts that might last them through life as precepts to go by. She allowed them to have a "school-baby" in the school-room, that is, a wide-awake three-year old, whose mother was ill, and who kept running away because there was no one to direct her baby energies; if the scholars got promptly through their lessons at three, Miss Agatha encouraged them to ask her any questions they pleased, and she spent the last hour in talking to them about what they had been learning, or she would read them a story or teach them a new song. In short, here is a picture of a model school for training children in the "humanities"—and all evolved out of a single feminine brain—that might be commended to the consideration of the ladies of the ever "exercised" Boston school committee!

The Little Brown House is bound in slate-colored cloth and stamped with a black landscape and a little brown house in the midst of it, and with children and a kitten and also the title in gold and silver. It is of the same general character as the foregoing, by the same author; the only "point" attempted in the story being the principles and rules of manliness, chivalry, kindness, and helpfulness that a company of boy soldiers (of whom the lieutenant, Christie, lived in the Little Brown House)

made for themselves, and how much they were appreciated by their neighbors.

Captain Fritz, his Friends and Adventures,¹ is a moving little story of a French poodle, told in the first person by the poodle himself, Captain Fritz, who, originally the pet of a petted little girl, afterward became the miserable thrall of a master who beat him and trained him until he was a "performing dog" and was able to be taken about the country with a performing monkey, and help the latter earn their owner's living. After many sufferings, Captain Fritz finds a friend and spends his old age in tranquillity and ease; but most of the tale is one of misunderstandings and maltreatment of this poor little canine on the part of humanity, and it must help to awaken the sympathies of children for the dumb creatures which often so willingly serve or amuse them. The style of the narrative, with its involuntary reflections, is taken from the inimitable tales of Hans Andersen, but the truth, subtlety, and finesse of the model are not approached, as it was hardly to be expected they could be, by the copy, since those marvelous strokes of insight and of sympathy are just what made Hans Andersen the unique and priceless genius that he was; still this failure will not lessen its value for the readers for whom it was designed, and in its admirable full-page illustrations even a grown-up lover of dogs may take delight, for they are by a French artist, E. Pirodin, and every one of them is a delicious character portrait, not only of the outer poodle, but of the inner as well.

—In the two volumes, *Western Windows* and *The Lost Farm*,² Messrs. Osgood & Co. present to the public all that is best in the work of a genuine and very original poet; and we know of no two books of recent verse that we could more heartily urge upon the buyers of holiday gifts. The quality and value of Mr. Piatt's work have already been discussed in these pages, and we shall not now enter upon any extended criticism. But we have to say that a fresh examination of his poems in the present collection leaves us disposed to reaffirm with increased emphasis all that we have ever said in their praise. He is a poet whose charm is often too subtle for instant perception, and the very simplicity of his expression sometimes bewilders the sophisticated literary sense;

¹ *Captain Fritz, his Friends and Adventures*. By EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1877.

² *Western Windows, and other Poems Landmarks: The Lost Farm and other Poems*. By J. PIATT. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

but his poetry has that element of growth in it that is sure of a future. In material and in form it is so distinctly individual that almost any stanza—we were going to say any line—of his books will declare its authorship; no poetry of our time has a more proper or more recognizable atmosphere. Something very wild and sweet, like the scent of dusky woodland depths or the breath of clover overrunning the site of fallen homes or the track of deserted highways, is its perfume; its tender light is the clear, pensive radiance of autumnal eves. So much of it deals with themes which are Western in their physical aspects that a hasty criticism might content itself with recognizing their local truth; but we are not disposed to resign Mr. Piatt to the section with whose color and life he has done so wisely to tinge and vitalize his rhyme. A man is cosmopolitan only by being first patriotic, and Mr. Piatt is broadly American because he is so thoroughly Western; he is true to human experience everywhere, because he is true to what he has himself known and felt in the locality where he was born. It is the poet's duty and privilege to divine the universal in the simple and common things; and the soft pathos of these poems, which touch with transfiguring loveliness the past of the Western pioneers and farmers, appeals to all hearts. The farm devoured by the growing city; the old well, secret and clear beneath its curb choked with stones and brambles; the chimney tottering, gaunt and lonely, above the empty cellar of the vanished log-cabin; the deserted tavern beside the forsaken highway,—these are symbols of the homely past which is dear to the whole human race, and which in various symbols stirs always the same fond and piercing regret. The West may well be proud of her poet's fealty, but he belongs to us all in moods which come to us all. Not that Mr. Piatt is merely the poet of these moods. His range is as great in feeling, if not in theme, as that of most of his contemporaries, and his work abounds in lines that reveal the thinker as well as the dreamer. But there is undeniably—and fortunately—the idyllic and dreamful tendency in him, and this makes him a poet. Examine certain of his airiest fancies,—butterflies that seemed to toss hither and thither in an air of intellectual caprice,—and you find them flowers of strong and fruitful stem, fast rooted in the soil of experience. His dreams, however mystical, have their meaning; they prophesy and

warn and console. Wherever he touches matters of fact and knowledge, as in his poems about the war, it is with the transfiguring touch of the poet, but also the warm and vigorous grasp of a man. His pensiveness is not morbid; his regret is impersonal, universal in its sense, however intimate its source; and his sympathy with nature is often as joyous and sound as Wordsworth's. Here is a sonnet of his which we have always liked for its rich vitality and hearty pleasure in the wholesome gladness of the earth:—

SEPTEMBER.

ALL things are full of life this autumn morn;
The hills seem growing under silver cloud;
A fresher spirit in Nature's breast is born;
The woodlands are blowing lustily and loud;
The crows fly, cawing, among the flying leaves;
On sunward-lifted branches struts the jay;
The fluttering brooklet, quick and bright, receives
Bright frosty silverings slow from ledges gray
Of rock in buoyant sunshine glittering out;
Cold apples drop through orchards mellowing;
'Neath forest-eaves quick squirrels laugh and shout;
Farms answer farms as through bright morns of Spring,
And joy, with dancing pulses full and strong,
Joy, everywhere, goes Maying with a song!

This is like Wordsworth in the way in which one poet may be like another without ceasing to be entirely himself. In almost all respects we think Mr. Piatt shows less than any other poet of his generation the influence of his elders. His art, his technique is singularly his own.

We are tempted to quote another of Mr. Piatt's sonnets, which we have always admired:—

TRAVELERS.

We may not stand content: it is our part
To drag slow footsteps after the far sight,
The long endeavor following up the bright
Quick aspiration; there is ceaseless smart
Feeling but cold-hand surety for warm heart
Of all desire; no man may say at night
His goal is reach'd; the hunger for the light
Moves with the star; our thirst will not depart,
Howe'er we drink. 'T is what before us goes
Keeps us aweary, will not let us lay
Our heads in dreamland, though the enchanted
palm
Rise from our desert, though the fountain grows
Up in our path, with slumber's flowering balm:
The soul is o'er the horizon far away.

In the lyrical pieces the reader who recurs to them again and again, as we do, will find a peculiar and alluring music; and in poems which have to do with character, he will feel not less the touch of genius. The Mower in Ohio and Riding to Vote are studies as diverse as they are strong and

true. Few things are more affecting than the former, more delicately, more vividly suggestive. Mr. Piatt is no mere colorist; while his diction does not lack richness, it is rather refined than opulent; and of his art generally it may be said that you have the sense of something done rather than of something being done; he values your sympathy rather than your surprise. Pure in thought as in ideal, his verse has the charm of the best in its remoteness from all that may be indicated as Swinburnian; and we cannot but believe that a wider and wider appreciation awaits his work, which, not to our credit, has been more cordially praised by English than American criticism hitherto.

— There is nothing pleasanter, to the generous lover of literature, than to follow the constant advance of some favorite author, — to watch his star tranquilly increase, while the sky is streaked everywhere with meteoric lights that flash and expire, with rockets that climb the heavens to apotheosize into sticks. Mr. Aldrich's growth as a poet has been one of the most notable facts of our recent literary history; and his latest essay in fiction is stamped with the same tokens of maturing power. By power we do not mean the convulsive force that so often goes by that name in literature, but the quiet ability to imagine clearly, and the art to execute with delicacy and distinction; the conscience that forbids the artist to let anything go from his hand without the last refining touch. It matters very little what the material is; with this power the work becomes excellent. In his new romance,¹ however, Mr. Aldrich has something more than his usual mere fortune in the choice of a fable. The story, as our readers know, is one of singular freshness and interest, and from first to last it is treated with a certain charming respect for its rare qualities, as if one chancing on a precious stone should grow more and more in love with it as his labor brought out its rich lights and tints. In the opening of the romance there is the very breath of the happy morning on which Lynde sets out for his holiday; all outdoors smiles and sings in the prospect which spreads before the reader; one becomes instantly the friend of hero and of author, and one remains so throughout, with a little dread, a little misgiving, that the daring plot may be going to involve a heart-break at the end. Each chapter of the book is a distinct

drama, with its proper scenery, which is made not merely the dumb, perfunctory witness of the action, but seems somehow a sentient element of it, and whether in New Hampshire or in Switzerland has its conscious part in the story. The descriptions, of which there are many very lovely ones, have rightfully their place, because one feels that what happens could hardly have happened save in just such presences and aspects of nature; and in this way Mr. Aldrich's romance totally differs from that mistaken class of fiction in which character is subordinated to landscape. Take, for instance, the pretty love passage where Lynde and Ruth leave the good aunt in the carriage and walk from one point to another on the Alpine road: it would lose half its charm but for the reader's sense of the dark pines above the lovers' heads, and the mild, balsamic odors that breathe around them. But this episode ought to be studied much more for the art with which the delicate flirtation is managed: it is just enough; if there were more, if any speech or any action were more openly significant, less apparently irrelevant, the scene would fail of its present effect. At every point Mr. Aldrich has shown the same wisdom in holding his hand, and nowhere more conspicuously than in that most difficult scene where the maniacs invade the New Hampshire village. As it stands, how successful it is! But one trembles to think how small a thing would have destroyed the fine poise it now has. So, too, where Lynde has the bliss to give Ruth and her aunt a dinner in the Geneva hotel: it is quite enough that he should do this, and when the author has once realized the situation to the reader's mind, he lightly turns from it to something else. With all this humor, with all this lightness, however, the author does not fail to keep alive the sense of a mystery, sad and menacing, throughout the course of the story; he turns to full account the undertone of weirdness in it, and the heroine is always treated with a peculiar tenderness, as if there were in his mind something like compassion for the dark fact of her history which she does not know. She is as a character very charming in her pure girlishness, and Lynde is a young fellow who takes your heart from the beginning.

We touch at a few points only a lovely romance which no reader of ours can have forgotten in any point. To speak of the style of the book, to say that it is witty and full of a genial spirit, is to say that it

¹ *The Queen of Sheba*. By T. B. ALDRICH. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

is Mr. Aldrich's work. As for the mere diction, it must be very good since it does its office so transparently that one does not think of it.

—*Surly Tim*¹ is the first in number of eight stories which Mrs. Burnett puts forth as companion in some sort to her recent novel. They need no other introduction than their own merit, and that is of a kind which does not call for very elaborate analysis. There is in each instance a story to be told, unless indeed *Le Monsieur de la Petite Dame* be excepted; that is, a reader recalling the stories would find it quite possible to give the outline of each as a simple narrative. Then the characterization, if not especially vivid, is consistent. It may be said that Mrs. Burnett conceives her characters for what they do and say rather than for what they are; she lacks the high power of creating men and women who remain in the reader's mind as separate, living persons; they all exist only for the story that is to be told. They serve the purpose of that, and are subordinate to the story, not the creators of it.

The subjects of which Mrs. Burnett treats are mainly emotional: a man marries a woman whose first husband, supposed by both to be dead, comes back and claims her; he tells the story sitting by her grave and the grave of their child; a beautiful woman marries a chivalrous but repulsive-featured man, and struggles to repress an unfulfilled love for a younger and more selfish man; a showman of wax-works marries a young girl who falls into his hands just in time to be rescued from a rascal who subsequently causes him for a while to doubt his wife; a fisherman, who has won his wife by deceit, yet loves her with a heavy, dog-like constancy, is dismissed passionately when the deceit is discovered, and immediately afterward, working with others to remove a boat, is caught and held fast by the weight of the boat falling upon him, and is drowned before their eyes, past any chance of succor; a simple North Carolina girl and her simpler father are carried off to Paris by the mother of the family, when a sudden fortune has fallen to them, and pines away in the hated luxury until her lover comes across the seas to her; a French peasant girl going to Paris

falls into sin, but is befriended by her unselfish brother, who silently sustains his mother's contempt while he shields his sister's career from the mother's eyes; a young artist, engaged to a faithful girl, sketches in the mountains of North Carolina, and basely deserts her for an Amazonian beauty whom he discovers there, only to hate himself for his baseness and desert the Amazon as the only way to recover his manhood; a Lancashire girl, who has been treated kindly by a gentleman, crosses the Atlantic to find him, and is forced to don male attire, in which guise she lives near and serves her friend humbly, never discovered by him till after her death.

The pathetic is the strong element in the book, and it is strong because allied with noble suffering. It will be seen by the above scanty *résumé* that the subjects taken are such as are capable of an ignoble and vicious treatment. Mrs. Burnett shows at once her power and her right-mindedness in using them with dignity and with purity. There are situations like those with which the novel-reader is too familiar, where an author succeeds in disclosing his own sneaking fondness for vice by the very prudence with which he avoids it, but here there is not the faintest lingering at the edge of sin. Nothing could be more admirable than the manner in which Laure Giraud's life is suggested, with the foil of her brother Valentin in *Mère Giraud's Little Daughter*. The shame of Lennox, too, in *Lodusky*, has no trace of melodrama or affectation about it.

It is a pity that the obverse of the pathetic, the humorous, is not more apparent. In *Esmeralda* the best touch is seen in the figure of the father. *Smethurstses* shows more careful and elaborate effort in this direction; but seems somehow to have been anticipated by Dickens, and the humor is a little too conscious to be thoroughly enjoyable. The last story, that of *Seth*, we could easier spare, for a certain uncomfortable romance about it; and after that *Le Monsieur de la Petite Dame*, with its unsuccessful Frenchness. The others all have strength and beauty, and if at times a little too hard and intense to be truly light literature, they have a nobility and a breadth of handling which make us believe that Mrs. Burnett's more mature work will possess elements of ease and quiet which will render her stories enduring.

¹ *Surly Tim and other Stories*. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Adams, Victor, & Co., New York: Vital Magnetism: Its Power over Disease. By Frederick T. Parsons.

Allen, Lane, and Scott, Philadelphia: Personal Appearance and the Culture of Beauty. By T. S. Sozinsky, M. D.

American News Co., New York: Chatterbox. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M. A.

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, showing the Operations, Expenditures, and Condition of the Institution for the year 1876.

A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco: Checkered Life: In the Old and New World. By Rev. J. L. Ver Wehr.

D. M. Bennett, New York: Christianity and Infidelity; or, The Humphrey-Bennett Discussion between Rev. G. H. Humphrey, of a New York Presbyterian Church, and D. M. Bennett, Editor of the Truth Seeker.

Cassell, Pether, and Galpin, London and New York: The Leopold Shakspeare, from the Text of Professor Delius; and an Introduction by F. J. Furnivall. Illustrated. — The Life of Christ. Parts 13, 14, 15, and 16. By F. W. Farrar, D. D., Canon of Westminster. Illustrated.

Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education. Nos. 1 and 2. 1877.

Congregational Publishing Society, Boston: Notes on the International Sabbath-School Lessons for 1878. Part I. Old Testament. By Rev. John E. Todd. Part II. New Testament. By Rev. Matthew B. Riddle, D. D. — The National Question Book and Hand-Book on the Sunday-School Lessons for 1878. By Rev. John E. Todd and Rev. M. B. Riddle, D. D. — Little Pilgrim Question Book on the International Lessons for 1878. By Mrs. William Barrows. — Lottie. By Mrs. M. F. Butts. — David Kent's Ambition. By Joy Allison.

Davis, Bardeen, & Co., Syracuse: Syllabus of Lectures in Anatomy and Physiology for Students of the Normal and Training School at Cortland, New York. By T. B. Stowell, A. M. — The Philosophy of School Discipline.

Dodd, Mead, & Co., New York: A Knight of the Nineteenth Century. By Rev. E. P. Roe. — Lapsed, but not Lost. By the author of the Schönberg-Cotta Family. — The Harmony of the Reformed Confessions, as related to the Present State of Evangelical Theology. By Prof. Philip Schaff.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York: Lectures on Preaching, delivered before the Divinity School of Yale College in January and February, 1877. By the Rev. Phillips Brooks. — Switzerland and the Swiss: Sketches of the Country and its Famous Men. By the author of The Knights of the Frozen Sea.

Edmonston & Co., Edinburgh: The Tragedy of Macbeth. Hammet Edition. By Allan Park Paton. — Estes and Lauriat, Boston: Forbidden Fruit. From the German of F. W. Hackländer by Rosali Kaufman.

Freethought Publishing Company, London: The Religion of God and the Scientific Philosophy. By Joachim Kaspari, Humanitarian.

Ginn and Heath, Boston: The Parliament of Fables. By Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, by T. R. Lounsbury, Professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College.

S. C. Griggs, Chicago: Monday Chats. By C. A. Sainte-Beuve, of the French Academy. Selected and translated from the *Causeries du Lundi*, with an Introductory Essay on the Life and Writings of Sainte-Beuve by William Mathews, LL. D. — Hours with Men and Books. By William Mathews, LL. D.

Henry Hoyt, Boston: Sermons on the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1878. By the Monday Club. — Five Problems of State and Religion. By Will C. Wood, A. M.

Jansen, McClurg, & Co., Chicago: Rebecca; or A Woman's Secret. By Mrs. Caroline Fairfield Corbin.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: Charlotte von Stein. A Memoir. By George H. Calvert.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: Elements of the Laws; or, Outlines of the System of Civil and Criminal Laws in Force in the United States, and in the Several States of the Union. By Thomas L. Smith, Late one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State of Indiana. New and Revised Edition. — Voltaire. By Colonel Hamley. — The Cross above the Crescent. A Romance of Constantinople. By the Rt. Rev. Horatio Southgate, D. D. — New Ireland. By A. M. Sullivan, Member of Parliament for Louth. — Who and What. A Compendium of General Information. Compiled by Anah De Pui Miller.

Lockwood, Brooks, & Co., Boston: Life of Edward Norris Kirk, D. D. By David O. Mears, A. M. — The Story of Creation. By S. M. Campbell, D. D. — Slices of Mother Goose. By Alice Parkman. Served with Sauce by Champ. — Harry Holbrooke of Holbrooke Hall. By Sir Randal H. Roberts, Bart. Illustrations by the Author.

D. Lothrop & Co., Boston: Voyage of the Steadfast. By William H. G. Kingston. — Miltiades Peterkin Paul. By John Brownjohn. With illustrations by L. Hopkins.

Macmillan & Co., New York: Womankind. By Charlotte Mary Yonge — Chrysomela. A Selection from the Lyrical Poems of Robert Herrick. Arranged with Notes by Francis Turner Palgrave. — The Principles of Science. A Treatise on Logic and Scientific Method. By W. Stanley Jevons, LL. D., F. R. S. — Transcaucasia and Ararat, being Notes of a Vacation Tour in the Autumn of 1876. By James Bryce.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Boston Monday Lectures. — Biology, with Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. — A Counterfeit Presentment. Comedy. By W. D. Howells. — Characteristics. By Thomas Carlyle. — Schiller. By Thomas Carlyle. — Favorite Poems. By Thomas Campbell. — Favorite Poems. By Robert Herrick. — Favorite Poems. By William Wordsworth. Illustrated. — Favorite Poems. By Alexander Pope Illustrated. — The Pleasures of Memory. By Samuel Rogers. Illustrated. — Is she his Wife? or, Something Singular. A Comic Burletta. In One Act. By Charles Dickens. — Memoirs of Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina, Princess Royal of Prussia, Margravine of Bareuth, Sister of Frederick the Great With an Essay by William D. Howells. Two vols. — Tears for the Little Ones. A Collection of Poems and Passages inspired by the Loss of Children. Edited by Helen Kendrick Johnson. — The Story of Avis. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. — The United States as a Nation. Lectures on the Centennial of American Independence, given at Berlin, Dresden,

Florence, Paris, and London. By Joseph P. Thompson, D. D., LL. D. — *Life of Vittorio Alfieri*. With an Essay by William D. Howells. — *Artist-Biographies*. Raphael. — *Christmastide: Containing Four Famous Poems by Favorite American Poets*. With Illustrations. — *Excelsior*. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With Illustrations. — *The Rose*. By James Russell Lowell. With Illustrations. — *Baby Bell*. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. With Illustrations. — *Substance and Show, and Other Lectures*. By Thomas Starr King. Edited, with an Introduction, by Edwin P. Whipple. — *Memoirs of Carlo Goldoni*. Translated from the Original French by John Black. With an Essay by William D. Howells. — *Dürer*. *Artist-Biographies*. — *Lessing*. *His Life and Writings*. By James Sime. In two volumes. With Portraits. — *Lives of Lord Herbert of Chesham and Thomas Ellwood*. With Essays by William D. Howells. — *Artist - Biographies*. Titian. — *Burns*. By Thomas Carlyle. — *Goethe*. By Thomas Carlyle. — *Favorite Poems*. Translated from the German of Goethe by W. Edmondstone Alton, D. C. L., and Theodore Martin. Illustrated. — *Favorite Poems*. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. — *Favorite Poems*. By Felicia Hemans. — *Favorite Odes and Poems*. By Collins, Dryden, and Marvell. Illustrated. — *Shakespeare's Songs*. Illustrated by John Gilbert. — *The French Parnassus*. A Book of French Poetry from A. D. 1550, to the Present Time. Selected by James Parton. — *Hawthorne, and Other Poems*. By Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Porter and Coates, Philadelphia: *A Miracle in Stone; or, The Great Pyramid of Egypt*. By Joseph A. Seiss, D. D. — *Proceedings of the Convention of the American Bankers' Association, held at New York September 12, 13, and 14, 1877*. — *Dolly: A Love Story*. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. — *Music in the House*. By John Hallah, LL. D.

Charles Potter, Sydney, Australia: *Annual Report of the Department of Mines*.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: *The World's Progress. A Dictionary of Dates. Being a Chronological and Alphabetical Record of all Essential Facts in the Progress of Society, from the Creation of the World to the Present Time*. Edited by Geo. P. Putnam, A. M. Revised and continued to August, 1877, by F. B. Perkins. — *Economics, or the Science of Wealth*. By Julian M. Sturtevant, D. D., LL. D. — *Myths and Marvels of Astronomy*. By Richard A. Proctor. — *Money and Legal Tender in the United States*. By H. R. Linderman, Director of the Mint. — *Doubleday's Children*. By Dutton Cook. — *The Flood of Years*. By William Cullen Bryant. — *History of French Literature*. By Henri van Laun. III. *From the End of the Reign of Louis XIV. till the End of the Reign of Louis Philippe*. — *Essays on Freethinking and Plain-speaking*. By Leslie Stephen. — *Devil-Puzzlers, and Other Studies*. By Frederick B. Perkins. A Blue-Stocking. By Mrs. Annie Edwards. — *The Life of Count Cavour*. From the French of Charles M. de Mazade. — *Diana*. By Susan Warner. — *Ocean Note for Ladies*. By K. R. L.

Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of Indiana, being the Eighth Biennial Report.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: *Last Series of Chris-*

tian Aspects of Faith and Duty. — *Discourses by John James Taylor*. Late Principal of Manchester New College, London. — *The Biography of Alfred de Musset*. Translated from the French of Paul de Musset by Harriet W. Preston. — *Sursum Corda. Hymns for the Sick and Suffering*. Compiled by the Editor of *Quiet Hours*. — *Will Denbigh, Nobleman*. — *Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner*. By Edward L. Pierce. Vols. 1 and 2. — *The Fletcher Prize Essay, 1877. The Children of Light*. By Rev. Wm. W. Faris. — *Table-Talk*. By A. Bronson Alcott. — *Science of the Bible; or, An Analysis of the Hebrew Mythology, wherein it is shown that the Holy Scriptures treat of Natural Phenomena only*. By Milton Woolley, M. D. Illustrated.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: *Modern Philosophy, from Descartes to Schopenhauer and Hartmann*. By Francis Bowen, A. M. — *The Earth as modified by Human Action. A new Edition of Man and Nature*. By George P. Marsh. — *The Beginnings of Christianity. With a View of the State of the Roman World at the Birth of Christ*. By George P. Fisher, D. D. — *The Final Philosophy or System of Perfectible Knowledge issuing from the Harmony of Science and Religion*. By Charles Woodruff Shields, D. D. — *Popular Science; or, The State, theoretically and practically considered*. By Theodore D. Woolsey, lately President of Yale College. Two vols. — *Faith and Philosophy: Discourses and Essays by Henry B. Smith, D. D., LL. D.* Edited with an Introductory Notice by George L. Prentiss, D. D. — *Upper Egypt: Its People and its Products*. By C. B. Klunzinger, M. D.

Sheldon & Co., New York. — *A Vocabulary of the Philosophical Sciences*. By Charles P. Krauth, S. T. D., LL. D. — *The Science of Rhetoric. An Introduction to the Laws of Effective Discourse*. By David J. Hill. — *The Narrative of a Blockade-Runner*. By J. Wilkinson, Captain in the Late Confederate States Navy. — *Miss Misanthrope. A Novel*. By Justin McCarthy.

Smith, Elder, & Co., London: *Renaissance in Italy. The Age of the Despots*. By John Addington Symonds. — *Renaissance in Italy. The Revival of Learning*. By John Addington Symonds. — *Renaissance in Italy. The Fine Arts*. By John Addington Symonds.

Charles P. Somerby, New York: *Through Rome on: A Memoir of Christian and Extra-Christian Experience*. By Nathaniel Ramsay Waters.

Statistics of the American and Foreign Iron Trades. Annual Report of the Secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association.

The Fifty-Third Annual Report of the Officers of the Retreat for the Insane, at Hartford, Conn.

The International Conference on Education held at Philadelphia July 17 and 18, in Connection with the International Exhibition of 1876.

Peter G. Thomson, Cincinnati: *Lotus Land, and Other Poems*. By G. S. Ladson.

Trübner & Co., London: *The Mount: Speech from its English Heights*. By Thomas Sinclair, M. A.

Van Voorst, London: *Zoological Record*. By E. C. Rye.

W. J. Widdleton, New York: *The Prose Tales of Edgar Allan Poe*.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

*A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.*

VOL. XLI.—FEBRUARY, 1878.—No. CCXLIV.

THE CRADLE OF THE HUMAN RACE.

At some time in the remote future there will be a modest historian of the remote past.

He will commence and conclude his account of the cradle of the human race by saying that he does not in the least know what it was, nor where it was situated, nor when the race quitted it. He will spend as little time upon the Meru of the Hindus as upon Mount Parnassus, the Ararat of Deucalion, or upon the centres of creation which are believed in by the Patagonians. He will not weary himself with superintending the migrations of all the peoples of Europe from a region in Central Asia where now no European peoples dwell, nor ever have dwelt since the dawn of history. He will begin his world-chronicle by admitting that the grand divisions of humankind have from time immemorial held substantially the same habitats which they hold at present, or at least held until the colonization of America.

Having thus humbly avowed his ignorance, he will immediately be rebuked for his presumption. Theologians, who suppose that a failure to affirm is equivalent to a negation, and who cannot understand how a species can have a moral unity and responsibility unless it is derived from one pair, will charge him with denying the federal headship of Adam and the right of the Creator to govern

his creatures. Philologists, who cannot see how an inquirer can accept their linguistic discoveries without drawing therefrom all their migratory inferences, will accuse him of ignoring the affinity of the Sanskrit with the German. Let us try to divine how he will maintain himself between two bodies of assailants, who cannot argue against each other without rendering him some assistance.

He will find advantage in the fact that while his position concedes little, it also asserts little. Confessing at the start his inability to prove or disprove that all the dark nations descended from a white man, or that all the white nations descended from a dark one, he will not attempt to convert those learned writers who dispute the physical unity of the human race, nor those other equally learned writers who affirm it. In view of the lack of monuments and documents illustrative of the primal ages, he will commence his first volume at a convenient distance this side of the creation. Remembering that the Adamite peoples were destroyed by the deluge, he will observe that the original seat of modern mankind must not be located in the Garden of Eden, even though that should be positively discovered on the Alpine plateau of Little Bokhara. Having noted that tradition places Mount Ararat in Armenia, five hundred miles north of

Shinar, and that, on the other hand, the scripture narrative makes the builders of Babel arrive in Shinar from the east, he will decline to establish a cradle of races on a mountain which is liable at any moment to change its residence. In short, he will prudently leave the starting-point of humanity in the immense, impenetrable, and sublime obscurity which necessarily covers it. Nor will he strive to show by what routes the pristine tribes quitted an unknown birthplace during an incomputable antiquity.

The first assured step of the modest historian will be to state where those tribes were when they began to leave memorials of their presence and to record their knowledge of each other. His first principle in accepting authorities will be that beyond the information derived from monuments, from places of sepulture, from buried weapons and implements and ornaments, from the remains of languages, and from the inscribed or written accounts of early nations concerning themselves and their neighbor nations, true ancient history cannot go. But before we can admit his premises, before we come to use only such materials as he will use, we must learn to question bravely a formidable array of olden credences and modern hypotheses.

Migrations from the East? A peopling of Europe from Asia? Successive descents of population from the Belurtagh, or the Hindu-Kush,¹ or some other Oriental race cradle? A stream of nations flowing through Scythia, Hellas, Italy, Germany, and Gaul into Spain, Britain, and Scandinavia? All these things are in our days so confidently talked about, and, one may almost say, so minutely and picturesquely described, that the popular mind has learned to look upon them as established facts. Yet the proofs are so slight, and the events themselves are meanwhile so striking to the imagination, that a satirical inquirer is tempted to compare them to the narratives of the conquests of Bacchus and Hercules which were received from the Orientals by the Greeks, or even to the

accounts of warring dwarfs and giants which passed current among our mediæval ancestors.

It would be overbold, certainly, to affirm outright that the West was not peopled from the East. But one may surely hold that such peopling could have occurred only at some prodigiously ancient period, and that the evidence of it is so purely composed of conjecture and inference as to be unworthy of the name of history. Just consider the force of the fact that the very oldest chronicles and traditions of Europe fail to speak of westward-flowing migrations. Remark, also, that from all recorded time the Occident has invaded and colonized the Orient far more persistently and successfully than the Orient has colonized the Occident. So much has this been the case that a writer would be pardonable who should set forth the hypothesis that Europe is the true cradle of humanity. He would of course find it impossible to demonstrate his theory; but he would have as much to say as would the advocate of any special conflicting assumption; he would hold his ground triumphantly against Africa and America, and would wage at least an equal battle with Asia.

Let us glance at some of the earliest facts known to us concerning the abiding places and movements of the European peoples. Where were the Pelasgians — the undeveloped ancestors of the Helleno-Italians — under the light of the first flickering of history? Just where their descendants are now: in Hellas and its northern border of mountains, in the islands of the Grecian sea, in Crete, and Sicily, and Italy. What was passing between them and other men? It is impossible to say how far we may literally understand the old Achaian traditions of Egyptian and Punic influences. They may mean conquest; they may mean littoral colonization; they may mean the civilizing advent of commerce. What we know on the one hand is that the Greeks concede an Egyptian ruler in Argos, an Egyptian or Phœnician ruler in Thebes, and the advent of letters, if not of mining and ship-building, from Egypt or Phœnicia.

¹ Or Cush; commonly written Koosh, and so pronounced

What we know on the other hand is that Hellas, both insular and continental, soon threw off whatever yoke it may have submitted to, and that its original stock was not displaced nor so much as seriously ingrafted upon by the alien races. It is like some rich gift to the imagination to be permitted to believe that this prosperous sweeping of Hamitic galleys into Pelasgian harbors dates back to the time of the Hyksos kings, who knew Abraham and welcomed Joseph, or at least to that of the great Thothmes dynasty, which succeeded them and poured Egyptian conquest as far as Nineveh.

But only a century or so later than the grand Memphian era, the relations of Mizraim and Hellas had become inverted. In the old age of Rameses II. (the Sesostris of the Greeks), while the Hebrews were building the treasure cities of Pithom and Rameses, and nearly two hundred years before Agamemnon sailed to the shores of Ilium,¹ Egypt began to be harassed by the fleets of the Pelasgian pirates. Under his son Meneptha (the Pharaoh of the Exodus) they conquered a large part of the country, took the strong cities of Heliopolis and Memphis, made their name memorable on indestructible monuments for ferocious ravages, and, although at last defeated in a great battle, effected a settlement in the western Delta. Not long afterward, during the period of the Hebrew judges, they landed on the coast of Syria and founded the principalities of the Philistines, the destroyers of Sidon and the subduers of the Israelites. Meanwhile, they were so closely united in adventure with a fair-skinned people in Libya, called by the Egyptians the Mashuash, that we may suspect these last to be of kindred blood, lately arrived from widespread Pelasgia. In short, the first that we know of the movements of the Helleno-Italicans, they were invading Africa and Asia. They were not journeying westward; they were colonizing southward and eastward.

It is difficult to lay too much stress

¹ Of course there is no established chronology of these times.

upon the circumstance that these are the earliest facts which we can establish concerning the residence and migrations of the oldest people known to European history. In Egyptian records as ancient as the period of the Exodus there is not the slightest hint that the Pelasgians were looked upon as an Asiatic race, or identified in any manner with the Orient. They are called the men of the north, the men of the mists, the Pelesta of the mid sea, Danaans, and even Achaians. They are depicted with high Caucasian features, often of a beautiful classic type; with light complexions, blue eyes, yellow and even reddish hair. If they had but lately come into Hellas and the isles, it must have been from a land further north, and not, at all events, from the sunburned portions of Asia.

Such is the Egyptian account of the Helleno-Italicans, or Pelasgo-Tyrrhenians, inscribed and colored three thousand five hundred years since; a people as European as any people could be, with no trace of late residence in warmer regions of the earth, and pushing, after the usual manner of Europe, toward the south and east.

Let us now turn to the Hellenes' own story of their early activities. "The starting-points of the Dorians," says Curtius, "were well known to the ancients; they pressed forward out of the Thessalian mountains, forcing a path from district to district." "Asiatic Ionia was regarded by common consent as a country composed of Attic colonies, which only gradually became Ionic after the Trojan war." "Such was the national pride of the Greeks that they regarded their land as central,—as the starting-point of the most important combinations of peoples." "The original kinship of the Hellenes and the Phrygians was expressed by representing the Phrygians as emigrants from Europe, and the Armenians, in their turn, as descendants of the Phrygians."

It is Herodotus who records the tradition of the Macedonians, that from their land, harassed by the savage Thracians, proceeded the Phrygians and Armenians. Other chroniclers, including Xan-

thus, the historian of Lydia, a writer who preceded the "father of history," mention a migration of Phrygians out of Thrace. From Herodotus, Theopompus, and Pliny we learn that the mingled Pamphylians were believed to be largely of Greek race, the offspring of heroes who fought under Archilochus and Calchas against Ilium. "The Lycians," declares Herodotus, "are certainly of Cretan origin." "The Caunians are in my opinion aborigines; nevertheless they assert that they came from Crete." "The Carians are a race who migrated to the main-land [of Asia] from the islands." He goes on to say that this is the Cretan account, and that the Carians deny the truth of it, calling themselves indigenous. But Strabo follows the Cretan version, both as to the insular origin of this ancient people and as to their expulsion from the archipelago by Dorians and Ionians. Thucydides relates that they once held the Cyclades, and that they were driven into Asia by Minos, the suppressor of the pirates. In corroboration of his account he states that when the Athenians purified Delos, during the Peloponnesian war, above one half of the bodies removed from the ancient sepulchres proved to be Carians, easily identified by their posture and their armor.

The Mysians, according to Strabo and other writers, were originally Thracians. Philology suggests that they may have descended from the Moesi of the Danube. If any authority or special meaning attaches to the tradition that Car, Mysus, and Lydus were brothers, and if it is conceded that the Carians and Mysians were emigrants from Europe, then the Lydians must be included among European peoples, in spite of Lenormant's effort to deduce them from the Semites. The Teucrians, the earliest known settlers of the Troad, were believed by the Greeks to have come across the Hellespont. Of Dardanus, who introduced the other element of the Trojan people, we have many traditions, the Italians bringing him from Pelasgic Tyrrhenia or Tuscany, and the Hellenes, with greater probability, making him

an adventurer from Crete or, more commonly, from Arcadia. The Bithynians, as Herodotus tells us, called themselves Thracians and emigrants from the banks of the river Strymon, the boundary between Thrace and Macedonia. They added that they were removed from their ancient seats by the Teucrians and Mysians; but this, we must understand, was after those two peoples had become Asiatics and invaders of Europe. Concerning the Thracians there is abundance of Hellenic evidence that they passed both the Hellespont and Bosphorus, and occupied a considerable region along the southern shore of the Black Sea, where they were well known as the Thracians of Asia. Whatever the story of the Argonauts may mean, whether commerce, or freebooting, or colonization, it records a Greek movement eastward. Whatever may be the historical accuracy of the Iliad as to causes and minor incidents, it certainly describes an invasion which poured Argives and Achaians into Asia.

Be it noted that most of the migrations above mentioned are supposed or known to date before the Trojan war. After that event a clearer light opens upon Hellenic history, revealing to us the certitude that it included a widespread colonization eastward and southward, as well as into Sicily, Italy, and Gaul. The old Attic and other Pelasgian communities of Asia Minor, and the still older Carian or Lelegian states of Miletus, Ephesus, Smyrna, etc., were rapidly bordered, overlaid, or reinforced by swarms of Athenians, Argives, Thebans, Phocians, Lesbians, Epidamnians, bands of adventurers from every portion of European Greece, the founders or rebuilders of that many-cited Ionia which modern whim has represented as the parent of its own motherland. Spreading broader wings to the gale of prosperity, the Hellenes penetrated the stormy mystery of the Euxine, established towns or trading-posts along its shores as far as the Caucasus, and even mingled with the agricultural Scythians of Southern Russia, producing tribes which spoke a tongue half barbarian.

From Thera sailed Lacedæmonians and Minyans, to settle among the nations of Cyrene, — descendants, it may be, of vastly earlier Pelasgo-Tyrrhenian migrations. For a long period after the expedition of Agamemnon the Hellenes were the great colonizing race of the Levant. Meanwhile, the original stock remained in Greece and the isles, unconquered, unmixed, and indestructible.

Now, what is the result of this inquiry into elder and later Pelasgic history? The Hellenes knew of themselves simply as aborigines of Hellas or of the mountainous country immediately north of it. They firmly believed that the greater part of the nations of Asia Minor were colonists from that region, and that the unvarying course of migration in the earliest ages visible to them was from west to east. Of any contrary wayfarings of peoples, of great ethnic journeyings from Asia into Europe, of derivations from Armenia, or Bactria, or India, they had no report and no suspicion. The theory upheld by Curtius and so many other moderns — the theory that the Pelasgic and Thracian settlement of Asia Minor was but a reflux of some mighty anterior tide westward — was totally unknown to Herodotus and to the peoples whose traditions he recorded. From all that we can learn of the Greeks themselves, it would be more rational to bring them from the Alps than from the Belurtagh. If an inquirer will be content with the probable, and will for once throw Oriental tradition to the winds, he will bring them from no further than Thessaly. Will not this be the point where the historian of the future will commence his Grecian history?

Meanwhile, the historian of the present, clothed in a mixed armor of poetry and philology, bravely combats universal Hellenic tradition. "The Greeks," says Curtius, speaking for many others, "simply inverted their whole connection with the nations of Asia Minor."

Is not this, when one meditates upon it, a surprising assertion? One of the specially historical races, the very race which invented history, as civilized men

understand the word, is accused of systematically and instinctively falsifying its own credences as to its own origin. Is it not, to say the least and the mildest, an improbable hypothesis? But Curtius, you will reply, an eminent thinker and a profound scholar, undoubtedly has reasons for his belief. Yes, he has one: he has the theory of a "cradle of the Aryan race" somewhere in Middle Asia; he has that, and must make all Europe proceed from it, no matter what the ancient Europeans affirm to the contrary. It is a curious fact that, while he repeatedly speaks of the Hellenes as reaching Greece through Asia Minor, he nowhere offers an argument to show that they ever made such a journey. Yet, when he was tossing all Hellenic tradition out of the window, a few proofs that he had a right so to do would surely have been appropriate.

They left kindred peoples behind them in their march westward, he might say; the Afghans, Persians, Armenians, and Phrygians indicate the line of Aryan migration. Why not reverse a pilgrimage which is as easily conceived in one direction as the other? Why not believe the Greeks when they assert that the Phrygians went from Macedonia, and the Armenians from Phrygia? Carry out this tradition sufficiently, and you will account very nicely for the Persians, the Afghans, and the Hindus; for the whole chain of Indo-European races, stretching from the Hellespont to the Ganges. It is as good a hypothesis, in itself considered, as the contrary one. It agrees with the Hindu story of an advent across the Indus quite as well as does the theory of an Aryan race cradle in Turkestan.

By the way, why is it that all these cradles of races and centres of creation must be on Alpine plateaus or amid mountain ranges? It is not usual for Nature to plant and bring forth her choicest germs in such inhospitable regions. Why, then, does the historian of these days conduct his original colonists from Armenian, or Turkoman, or Thibetian altitudes? Is it solely because the story of the ark lingers in his mind?

At the centre of his fanciful hypothesis there is a kernel of historic truth. Mountaineers are hardy, needy, heroic, warlike, and aggressive. From mountains descend the subduers of fat plains and wealthy valleys and prosperous sea-coasts; from them have marched many nations which have changed the face of history. They are centres of invasion and of conquest. But that is all. As well call an eagle's nest or a robber baron's castle a centre of creation.

By the way, also, if the modern historian must always bring forth his races in highland districts, why should he not accept mountainous Hellas as the birth-place of the Greek people? With its delicious climate, its fertile soil, and its seas abounding in fish, it is certainly better adapted to producing men than are the barren steppes of Tartary or the snowy dells of the Belurtagh. It has, moreover, the claim of a central position: the Pelasgic groups were all around it, at the beginning of history; they went forth from it every way, except towards that bitter north which so rarely brooks colonization. Finally, the discoverer of race cradles and creative centres would for once agree with the traditions of the people whose origin he offers to explain.

Of the widely spread Greek settlements under Alexander and his successors, it is not worth while to speak further than to note them as another exhibition of the immemorial tendency of Europe to pour into Asia and Africa.

Let us turn to other Occidental races. We shall still see, so far at least as the light of history extends, that men have gone out from Europe rather than come into it. Who were the Kimmerians? If they were Kymry, as the majority of modern inquirers suppose, then we can understand how so many rivers in South-eastern Europe came by the Keltic prefix of *don* or *dan* (river); and we may, moreover, infer that they dwelt during many centuries in that region, for geographical names do not become fixed in a short period. But it does not matter to our present purpose whether the Kimmerians were Kymry or Kimbri, wheth-

er they were Gauls or Germans. It suffices to know, as we positively do know, that they were Europeans, and that their first chronicled act was an invasion of Asia. Inhabitants of the country immediately north of the Euxine, pressed upon by the wide, vague, savage power of the Scythians, they left their name to the Krimca and the Kimmerian Bosphorus, burst in successive billows over Asia Minor, and ravaged it as far southward as Cilicia. There were certainly two Kimmerian migrations: one reputed to be seven hundred and eighty-two years before our era, and one some one hundred and twenty years subsequent. Herodotus assumes, from various circumstances, that the invaders followed the eastern shore of the Euxine, along the base of the Caucasus, and so entered Asia Minor by the northeast. Strabo and other authors, speaking probably of the later overflow, describe it as passing the Bosphorus. However and whenever they came, the Kimmerians committed terrible and wide-spread devastations, laying waste Paphlagonia, Bithynia, Ionia, Phrygia, Lydia, and Cilicia, destroying armies, sacking cities, and burning temples. In their second irruption they entered Lydia during the reign of Ardys, and were not expelled until the time of his grandson, Alyattes, the father of the famous Cræsus.

The next great movement of northern peoples was that of the Scythians, the conquerors of the Kimmerians. I say northern, merely, because the term Scythic was applied by the Greeks to both Northeastern Europe and Northwestern Asia, and because it is not certain whether this horde came from the one or the other continent. Herodotus "inclines to believe" that they were Asiatics, and were forced westward by the Massagete, a nation undoubtedly Oriental. On the other hand, Aristæus, the epic poet of Proconnesus, a far older writer than Herodotus, who is reputed to have traveled widely in the regions north of the Euxine, states that they were driven upon the Kimmerians by the Issedones, who had been dislodged by the Arimaspians. In other

words, they were inhabitants of the region now called Russia, caught in one of those ethnic avalanches from north to south so characteristic of early Europe. Be it noted that if the Kimmerians, in their first movement, really fled through Colchis, the relation of Aristæus seems the most probable. A people dwelling between the Don and the Dnieper could not well retreat directly south, except before invaders who came upon them from the north, or northwest, or west.

Uncertainty concerning the origin of these Scythians still pursues us as we trace out their road into Asia. Losing track of the Kimmerians, as Herodotus surmises, they turned far away toward the Orient, followed the western shore of the Caspian, threaded (probably) the defiles of Kurdistan, and so entered the valley of the Tigris. It must be admitted that this was an immense circuit for a people who had come from at least as far as the banks of the Don. On the other hand, it would have been still more difficult to reach Assyria across Armenia, and perhaps the Kimmerians were not a comfortable race to follow through mountain passes.

However all this may be, the Scythians found Cyaxares, the Mede, attacking Nineveh, defeated him, and became the great Asiatic power of the time. In one of their expeditions they entered Palestine, purposing to conquer Egypt. Psammetichus, who was then probably engaged in his long siege of Ashdod, "met them with gifts and prayers, and diverted them from advancing further." On their return, however, they marched through Ascalon, and a straggling rear-guard pillaged the temple of the celestial Venus, "the most ancient of all the temples dedicated to this goddess." For twenty-eight years they were "the rulers of Asia." Then Cyaxares rallied strength enough to expel them therefrom, just about the time that Alyattes drove the Kimmerians out of Lydia. Did the Scythians retire altogether from Asia, or did they remain there to give birth to one of the many inexplicable races of that region, such as the Aryan Kurds

and the Turanian Parthians? Were the Slavonic hordes then sufficiently developed to send forth such a potent migration, or was this an offshoot of that Finnish or Ugrian population which in the traditionary ages waged battle with the Slaves for the empire of Scythia? I will merely say that I incline to believe Aristæus when he tells us that the pursuers of the Kimmerians came from Europe.

Let us now consider the Kelts. The prevalent theory is that they arrived in their present dwelling-places from the Orient, and philologists trace their march westward by the Gallic names of rivers and regions, such as the Don, the Dnieper, the Danube, Bohemia, and Bavaria. But these fossilized Keltic words disappear the moment that you enter the proper East. Except, perhaps, in ancient Galatia, there is not a sign throughout all Asia that Gaelic or Kymric tribes ever dwelt there. Furthermore, what were these tribes doing when they first became known to the history-writing peoples? Migrating, after the immemorial fashion of olden Europeans, toward the rising or the midday sun. We have already glanced at the expeditions of the possibly Keltic Kimmerians. The same tendency southward or eastward is discoverable in the earliest chronicled movements of the clans of ancient Gallia. In the time of Tarquinius Priscus, if Livy is correctly informed; this mother of warriors sent forth two gigantic migrations: one, mainly composed of Boians, crossed the Rhine, occupied Bavaria, and eventually seized Bohemia, giving their name to both regions; the other, drawn from the superfluous youth of half a dozen nations, pushed southward, overwhelmed the Ligurian Salyans near Marseilles, traversed the Alps, defeated the Etruscans on the Ticinus, settled in Western Lombardy, and built Mediolanum, now Milan. From the fact that they found the country already known as Insubria, it appears probable that they were preceded by other Gauls, of whose history we have no record but this single word.

Following on this migration came suc-

cessively the Cenomanians, the Salluvians, the Boians, and Lingonians, dispossessing Ligurians, Etruscans, Umbrians, and filling all Northern Italy. Three hundred and ninety years before our era arrived the Senonians, famous for the victory of the Allia and the sack of Rome. A hundred years later the Teutosages and other tribes marched through Germany, devastated Macedonia and Thessaly, penetrated Greece as far as Delphi, traversed a large part of Asia Minor, and founded Galatia. About 100 B. C., the Helvetians and Tigurini took part in the Kimbrian movement: the former invading Italy and returning safely to their mountains, laden with plunder; the latter defeating and killing the consul, L. Cassius Longinus, near Lake Leman. As the result of these great outpourings there were Gallic colonies throughout all Middle Europe. Northern Italy, Switzerland, Swabia, the Tyrol, Bavaria, Bohemia, a large part of Germanic Austria, scattered tracts far down the course of the Danube, and even, for a time, districts in Macedonia and Thrace, were held by the victorious hordes.

We have, be it observed, a series of movements toward the east, and none toward the west. The Kelts, so far as we can learn anything of them from history, had nothing to do with Asia, except as invaders and colonizers. Is it not fair to suppose that the Kimmerians, or whatever tribes named the Don, the Dnieper, the Dniester, and the Danube, may have come from ancient Gallia, as well as the Boians of Bohemia, the Senonians of Umbria, and the Teutosages of Galatia? Why imagine an immensely ancient movement *from* the Orient to account for geographical nomenclatures which are sufficiently accounted for by a well-known movement *toward* the Orient? The historian should always accept the simple and the obvious when they will explain his facts as well as the complex and the obscure.

Nor do we find in Spain that the Kelts, when first discovered, or for long previous, were journeying toward the Atlantic. They held the barren mount-

ains like a nation which is defending itself with difficulty; while the dark-skinned Iberians held the rich plains and valleys, like a victorious people. It is clear that the tide of conquest was rolling northward, gradually submerging the Gauls, driving them into fastnesses, or perhaps forcing them from the peninsula. We may fairly conclude that the Basque population in Aquitaine was not the *débris* of a settlement which had been left undisturbed by westward-marching Gauls, but the result of an Iberian overflow of the Pyrenees. Supposing this to be the case, we can perfectly understand the great Boian, Avernian, Senonian, and Galatian wayfarings. The Gauls had a potent and harassing foe behind them; the general set of Western Europe was then eastward.

But whence came the Iberians? Scholars have sought for their root-words in the Finnish and other Turanian languages. In view of the fact that when first discovered they were pushing northward, would it not be well to direct this inquiry toward the tongues of Barbary? Within the cognizance of history Spain has been twice conquered from Africa. It would be no very violent conceit to imagine that Hamilcar's Libyan spearmen or Numidian troopers may have found a kindred race in the Iberic peninsula.

Let us turn to the Germans. During the great period of Gallic activity and migration, — a cycle of conquests which perhaps extends from the advent of the Kimmerians to the settlement of Galatia, — during these five centuries and all the centuries which preceded them, and for nearly two centuries after them, the Germans remained unknown to the history-writing nations. It is not unusual to account for this obscurity of a people subsequently so famous by suggesting that they were in the mysterious deserts of Tartary or Siberia, making their way toward Europe from the Aryan race cradle in Central Asia. The supposition is utterly unsupported by facts; and is it not also unnecessary? We may fairly believe that the Teutonic tribes were in the earlier ages much less nu-

merous, less civilized, and worse armed than when they appeared, strangely mingled with Gallic hordes, before the Rome of Marius. Their rude dwellings may as well be imagined in Scandinavia, around the Southern Baltic, in Prussia, and in Hanover, as in Bactria or Scythia. There was plenty of room for them amid that chilly and boggy northern wilderness where the mightier Kelts, intent upon reaching the lands of the vine and the palm, did not care to wander.

The very earliest fact which we know of concerning the Germans is furnished by Julius Cæsar. When he speaks of an ancient time, during which the Gauls frequently invaded and colonized their eastern neighbors, he couples it with an allusion to the trans-Rhenan conquests of the Volcæ and Tectosages, the spoilers of Asia. It follows that the Germans were in Middle Germany three hundred years before our era. Nor is there any fact or inference to show that they had not been there for many centuries previous. And when the Keltic line of tribes from the Rhine to Thrace was at length broken, the assault was undoubtedly delivered by the Teutonic foresters lying to the north of it. The Hernunduri, as we know, recovered Swabia, and the Marcomanni Bohemia. The great Helvetic movement, which included Boians and Rauraci, was a flight of Kelts from Germany, seeking safety in the populousness of ancient Gallia.

Thus there is no cause for inventing a warlike migration out of Asia to account for the disappearance of Gauls and the subsequent presence of Teutons in Austria, Bohemia, and Bavaria. Both the need and the proof of an ethnic pilgrimage from the Belurtagh, or some other Oriental race cradle, vanish into air. In short, history finds the Germans already in Germany; and there the coming historian of them will begin his judicious narrative. At that point, and no earlier, opens the wondrous tale of Teutonic migration: Kimbrians, Teutones, Suevians, Goths, Franks, Burgundians, Lombards, Saxons, following

each other in stormy succession; in more modern times, Richard the Lion-Hearted, Frederic Barbarossa, Charles the Fifth, and the English invading Asia, Africa, and America; Germans forever bursting out of their native abode to colonize the four quarters of the globe. No race has done more to show that the mission of Europe has been to send forth rather than to receive populations.

Of the Slavonians, before the Greeks began to write of them, we know just this: that we do not know of their coming from the Orient. According to Herodotus, all the country which we now call Russia—all the country between the Don and the Dniester and far to the northward—was anciently filled with a multitude of nations, whom he styles Scythians, Sarmatians, Issedones, Arimaspians, etc. From the frozen sea to the Danube, these wild hordes were crowding upon each other, forever pushing southward, driving before them Kimmerians and Thracians, and perhaps flowing after them into Asia. The Sarmatians and Scythians spoke cognate languages, and we may infer that they were both of Slavonic race. There is no good reason why we should not hold that all these peoples were Slaves and Ugrians, the ancestors of Croat, Pole, Bohemian, Russian, Finn, and Lapp. There is solid reason to believe that the Finns anciently dwelt much farther south than at present, and that a considerable proportion of the present inhabitants of Middle Russia are of Finnish stock, their nationality and language having disappeared under Slavic conquest.

The Slaves have been slow to mature in civilization and slow to exceed their early boundaries. Not until migration had left Germany half deserted did they begin to drift westward. Not until the Byzantine empire was in its decadence did they, to our certain knowledge, cross the Danube. One tribe alone exhibited, during the dark ages, an enterprise equal to that of the Teutonic nations of conquerors. The Vandals, or Wends, marched through Germany, Gaul, and Spain, to found a power in Africa, and even renewed the naval grandeurs of

Carthage by sailing to the shores of Italy and plundering Rome. But the African Wends were destroyed by Belisarius; the Wends of Prussia were crushed by Henry the Fowler and by the Teutonic Ritters; the Bulgarians and Russians were foiled in their assaults on Constantinople by Basil II. and by John Zimisces. The Scythia of Herodotus has waited twenty-three centuries to see a Scythian empire take potent shape and resume the everlasting European task of overrunning Asia.

The Hungarians, or Magyars, were for long supposed to be an Oriental people. But we now know that their language is closely related to the Finnish, and that there is no historical reason for assuming them to be emigrants from the East. When first discovered they were just north of the Caucasus; then between the Don and the Dniester; then in Hungary. It seems reasonable to believe that they left an abode in North-eastern Europe, drifted southward along the western base of the Ural chain, and thence followed the Volga to their Caucasian seat. No honest historian will insist on bringing them out of Bactria any more than on deriving them from the Huns, or from Gog and Magog. It is true that there are Finnish or Ugrian peoples to the east of the Urals and the Volga. But which is the parent group, the Asiatic or the European? We cannot certainly decide; the one as likely, perhaps, as the other.

Neither the Roman conquests and settlements nor the gigantic deluges of the crusades produced any permanent impression upon the races of Asia. It is merely worth while to note them as additional proofs that, in the struggle between the two continents, it is the western one which generally plays the part of invader and colonizer.

Let us now consider the known migrations of the Orient into the Occident. In the elder times, as we have already seen, there was a constant advance and retreat of armed hordes across the Hellespont and Bosphorus. Kimmerians and Thracians passed over into Asia; Mysians and Teucrians (after they be-

came Asiatic) into Europe. But the majority of these inroads, especially those which established peoples, came from the northern shore. Indeed, it does not appear from Herodotus that a single tribe of Asia Minor founded a lasting colony in Thrace or Macedonia.

The mighty invasions of the Persians, whether directed against Greeks or Scythians, ended in disaster and withdrawal. For eight hundred and fifty years after the repulse of Xerxes not a single Oriental people, so far as record or tradition or monuments can inform us, penetrated the western continent. In 375 A. D. the Huns appeared in Sarmatia, rapidly built up an empire which extended from the Rhine to China, gathered half of barbaric Europe under their banners, recoiled at Chalons before Ætius and Theodoric, buried their great king Attila in 453, fell to pieces almost immediately, and vanished utterly. It was a conquest of some eighty years in duration; not a single Hunnic settlement remained as a consequence of it; no new element was added to the population of the West.

Of the Alani, who aided the Vandals to overrun Gaul in 406 A. D., I will merely remark that their origin is unknown, and that they are as likely to have been Slavic or Finnic as Asiatic. The Mongolian Avars entered Dacia in 555 A. D.; conquered Pannonia some thirteen years afterward; oppressed the Slaves, pillaged Germany and Italy, and founded settlements in Greece; were nearly exterminated by Charlemagne; and shortly disappeared as a people. If any remnants of them exist, they are mingled with the Bulgarians, their language long since extinct.

Eight centuries or more after the Huns, the Mongols played a similar part in European history. Advancing under Genghis Khan and his sons from the borders of China, they completed the conquest of Russia by the middle of the thirteenth century, and lost it by the middle of the fifteenth. We find, as results of their inroad, no Mongols this side of the Volga and the Urals. A population of Tartars, the subjects and

soldiers of Genghis, still clings about Kazan and in the Crimea and along the northern shore of the Black Sea. But it is a slender and impotent vein, more likely to vanish than to increase.

Of the intrusion of the Moors into Spain I need say little. They came, and they are gone. It is worth adding, perhaps, that this was mainly an African migration. The number of Saracens and other Asiatics who crossed the Strait of Gibraltar was insignificant as compared with the multitudes of Moors who accompanied and followed them.

The Turks. At last we find, west of the Euxine, a people whose origin appears to be Asiatic, although we have a right to note that their language is allied to the Magyar and Finnish, and that this fact justifies a suspicion — a mere suspicion — of ultimate Uralian descent. But no matter whether the three millions of European Ottomans are the offspring of a primal Oriental tribe or of an Occidental tribe temporarily lost in the Orient. An easier question, and one quite as germane to our general purpose, is, How long can they remain where they are? We seem already to discover signs that they will soon fall into subjection, and presently thereafter vanish, as a people, from their seat of conquest. Then, once more, Europe will be free of Asiatic colonists.

Well, we have gone over the whole recorded battle of races between the two continents. The result is that, so far as history can throw any light on the subject, no Oriental stock appears to have made any large or permanent impression on the population of the Occident. What, then, of the times of unchronicled antiquity? Is it not fair to suppose that, in the main, they were like in this matter to the times which we know? The men of cold regions are usually hardier, more warlike, and more difficult to subdue than the men of warm ones. If civilized Europe has repelled civilized Asia, it is probable that barbaric Europe repelled barbaric Asia.

"But the old Turanians!" answers one of the wilder devotees of the Oriental centre of creation. "In the stone

age there were Turanians all over Europe; the Basques and Finns are probably remnants of them, and of course all Turanians are by origin Asiatic."

Ah, my enthusiastic friend, you have not yet proved your old Turanians. You do not in the least know to what race belonged the lake dwellers of Switzerland and the cave dwellers of France. You do not yet feel sure that the Basque is related to the Finnish, nor have you any certainty that the Turanians did not primally proceed from Europe. At all events, let us stop talking confidently of the origin of these extinct troglodytes and lacustrians. It may even be that they were not very ancient. The stone age of Switzerland was coeval, perhaps, with the bronze age of Italy, the iron age of Greece, the splendor of Babylon, and the decrepitude of Egypt. The prehistoric Swiss are more likely to have been the ancestors of the Gauls who succeeded them than to have been the relatives of peoples whom history has never known in the neighborhood of their curious dwellings. A derivation near at hand has a stronger claim to belief than one brought from the antipodes.

"But the immensely ancient past?" queries the Belurtagh theorist. "The time when from the Tagus to the Urals there were not even any lake dwellers? The time when there was no one? A period must have been during which Europe was an uninhabited wilderness. How was it peopled?"

Well, I do not know, and neither does any one. That is the plain, gigantic, widely visible, and, I fear, indestructible fact of the case. It covers and dominates all history and all tradition and all hypothesis. The very humbling and yet really valuable result of our inquiry is that we are brought to admit our complete ignorance.

Nevertheless, in reviewing the subject, certain inferences may seem permissible; and I shall venture, with many doubts of their correctness, to state them as follows: —

First, There is no proof, whether historical, or traditionary, or archaeological, that the great races of Europe arrived

thither from Asia. Within the historic era colonization has been mainly the other way, flowing oftenest and most potently from west to east, though without permanent result in changing populations. Of ethnic movements during the prehistoric era we know nothing whatever, — neither as to the direction in which they tended, nor even as to whether there were any. In short, there is no solid basis for the popular theory that the European races came from Bactria, or Thibet, or the Hindoo-Kush, or some other Asiatic centre of creation.

Second, There is some historical or at least traditionary reason for believing that the so-called Aryan peoples of Asia proceeded from Europe. On the other hand, neither victorious invaders nor wayfarers who could choose their abodes at will in an uninhabited region would be likely to occupy the barren mountains where history discovers the Armenians, Persians, Kurds, and Afghans. Did the unremembered forefathers of these nations dispossess some Central Asiatic race, long since extinct and gone to forgetfulness? Were they themselves then encroached upon by the Semites, and driven out of the rich valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates into the rugged uplands where our earliest records place them? Or is this chain of Indo-European mountaineers, stretching of old from the Hellespont to the Indus, a proof that the Indo-European stock is aboriginal to the Orient? We have a certain measure of geographic probability pitted against other probabilities supported by Hellenic tradition. Shall we decide in favor of Mount Hæmus or of the Belurtagh? My belief is that the historian of the future will make no decision whatever, and will commence his history of the Armenians, for instance, by saying that they were first found in Armenia.

Third, So far as our knowledge extends, the great European races have never materially changed their habitats, not even in Europe. The ancient stock of the Goths has not disappeared from Scandinavia. The Teutons still hold as much of Germany as they held when

Cæsar revealed them to us. The "drums and trappings of many conquests" have not driven the races of the Helleno-Italians from their ancient seats. In spite of giant colonizations into America and Australia, there are more Anglo-Saxons in Great Britain, more Iberians and Keltiberians in Spain and Portugal, than when those movements commenced. It may be objected that the Kelts have lost both territory and power; that Saxons, Franks, and Burgundians have driven them from much of England and France; that their Brenns no longer lead them victorious from the Atlantic to the Bosphorus; that they are not found in Bavaria and Bohemia and along the Danube; and that even their languages have nearly fallen dumb. But the destruction caused by the Germanic incursions is popularly exaggerated; the northern French and the western British are still in the main either Gaelic or Kymric; the old blood beats, although the old tongue is silent. In the matter of diffusion, also, we must not forget the days of Napoleon. Under him Gallic warriors once more trampled half Europe and part of the Orient; under him the range of the old heroic race was even wider than when it strove against phalanx and manipule. We must not confound the temporary empire of a people with its permanent abode. The former expands and contracts; the latter seems unchangeable. Notwithstanding the narrowing of Keltic conquests, the race itself is more numerous than ever, and still holds, in the main, its primal lands.

Fourth, No migration which forces its way into a denser population of a vigorous race can long keep its own characteristics or maintain a separate existence. Look at the disappearance of the Saracens from Spain; of the Huns and Mongols and Alani from Middle Europe; of the Roman swarms which settled in Africa and the Levant and Germany; of the Greek communities which once flourished in Scythia, Asia Minor, and Bactria. A million crusaders took no root in Syria. The Vandals perished from Tunis, and the Visigoths from Ar-

agon. The Franks and the Lombards ceased long since to be distinguishable from the peoples whom they conquered. The Normans rapidly became French in France, Italians in Naples, and English in England. The descendants of the Danes who triumphed under Guthrum do not know themselves from the descendants of the Saxons who regained their sovereignty under Alfred. The German immigrants to the United States are surely assimilating, in appearance and language, to the Americans of English race. History is full of similar instances of the absorption of transplanted stocks of humanity. It seems to be certain that colonization is a difficult venture, prosperous only under very favorable conditions. To thrive easily, abundantly, and permanently, it needs fertile soil, a hospitable climate, and uninhabited or thinly peopled territories, such as were offered by the America of Columbus. A dense population can colonize successfully into a sparse one; but a sparse population cannot hold its ground amid a dense one. As a result of this rule the world will some day see the downfall of the British empire in India, and perhaps of the Russian empire in Northern Asia.

Fifth, No migration which quits its native latitude or climate can permanently flourish. There is reason to believe that, without the favoring of artificial and incessant culture, this law holds good of shells, of plants, and of the lower animals. Its application to humanity, at least, is proved by all history. In Tunis, Cyrene, Egypt, and Mesopotamia there are no communities which we can even suspect of being descended from the Greek and Roman colonies planted there from the time of Meneptha to the time of the Cæsars. All the southward Germanic migrations have vanished from sight, like rivers lost in meridional deserts. The Mongols have disappeared out of Hindostan, and the Turks fail to perpetuate their

race beside the Nile. Meantime, Teutons, Kelts, and Iberians colonize successfully their own latitudes in America and Southern Africa and Australia.

It would seem, at first sight, that there is an exception to this rule in the chain of Aryan peoples stretching diagonally across Asia from Smyrna to Calcutta. But it should be observed that most of these nations are mountaineers, and so possess a climate similar to that of their supposed original seat, whether this be Europe or on the table-land of Bokhara. It should also be admitted that their geographical position and continuing existence constitute one of the notable puzzles of history.

Well, here we are, at the end of our little line of knowledge, pieced out though it be with tradition and inference. What is the result? There is an infinite past, or what seems to our short-sighted view an infinite past, in the great adventure of humanity. We see the harbors at which it has arrived, but not the routes by which it voyaged, nor the points from which it started. We behold, perhaps, but the survivors of the mighty armada. There is a solemn possibility that many races of pristine men have gone all to wreck, their languages unrecorded like those of the extinct tribes of Hispaniola, or surviving only as enigmas like the Etruscan. Amid the chances and changes and obscure tragedies of the unchronicled past, how ridiculous for the searcher into origins to pretend that he treads securely! He cannot so tread; he does not know the itineraries of the primeval nations; he has not discovered their prehistoric seats, and much less their centres of creation. Of Europe, for instance, he is sure only that there came a period when it was found to be inhabited by races which yet abide there, and which in the main have kept their possession good against intruders from other continents. There, as I venture to predict, the historian of thirty years hence will begin European history.

THE PATENT OFFICE, AND HOW TO REPAIR ITS LOSSES.

It is very generally known that our patent system finds its origin in the English monopolies of Queen Elizabeth's days. Most of these privileges became justly odious, and were abolished by a statute of James I.; but an exception was pointedly made therein to grants of patents for the "sole working and making of any manner of new manufacture within the realm, to the true and first inventor or inventors of such manufacture, which others at the time of making such letters patent shall not use, so that they be not contrary to law nor mischievous to the state," etc. There is a close similarity between the plain, literal sense of this language and the actual state of American patent law to-day; but the interpretations of the English courts have brought about a very wide divergence.

In the interval between the separation of the colonies from the mother country and the adoption of the present constitution, the several States claimed and exercised the right of issuing patents for inventions. These grants seem to have been made in all cases by special legislative enactment. Thus, in 1788, we find John Fitch obtaining patents for his method of steam navigation from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. Soon afterward James Rumsey applied for similar concessions; when, to use a modern technical phrase, an "interference was declared" and argued, *pro* and *con*, before the assemblies of two of the above-mentioned States. In the course of this controversy one Barnes published a statement, still extant, to the effect that in the year 1787 Mr. Rumsey had a working steamboat on the Potomac. Fulton's patent bears date February 11, 1809.

But with the adoption of the new constitution this form of state rights disappeared. That instrument empowered Congress "to promote the progress of science and the useful arts by securing, for limited times, to authors and invent-

ors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." Pursuant to this authority, Congress in 1790 passed an act vesting the power of issuing patents for inventions in a board consisting of three heads of executive departments: namely, the secretary of state, the secretary of war, and the attorney-general.

The first United States patent ever issued was granted June 29, 1790, to William Pollard, for an improved machine for spinning and roving. Then, and for three years after, the board, constituted as above stated, examined the applications brought before it, and exercised discretionary power in rejecting for lack of novelty or usefulness. But this organization was obviously fitted only for the infancy of a nation. As inventions increased in number, it became evident that some less cumbrous method of dealing with them must be found. The country could not afford to have three of its cabinet officers periodically withdrawn from their high functions to perform the work of one subordinate.

At first, the secretary of state (with the attorney-general for legal adviser) was substituted for the former board, and his duties were lightened by abandoning the attempt to pass upon the merits of applications, and simply granting patents to those who requested them. It was an easy way out of the difficulty, but not altogether a satisfactory one.

The work still growing upon the hands of the government, the office of superintendent of patents was created. That functionary was in effect a clerk who attended to this particular branch of the secretary's business. As more and more applications poured in, his position grew in importance, until at length he was dubbed "commissioner," in imitation of the English. For a long time the patent-office remained under the control of the secretary of state, but has since been a branch of the department of the inte-

rior. William Thornton was the first head of the office.

Of course, under the patent act of 1793, many worthless patents were issued, to the encouragement of lawsuits and confusion of titles; but it was not until after forty years of inconvenience and the great fire of 1834 that an effort was made to return to the system of examinations. The law of 1836 is often spoken of as having created our present system; but in reality it merely revived and improved the first system ever employed by our government, adapting that system to the great demands soon to be made upon it. To Mr. Keller, then the clerk of the patent-office, and lately deceased, belongs the honor of perfecting and reintroducing the most masterly scheme of the kind which the world has thus far seen.

The great fire above mentioned obliterated for the time being everything that was destructible in the patent-office, and some of the gaps then made still serve to check inquiry and hamper business. The records, it is true, have been in great measure replaced by the contributions of inventors who still retained their patents; but many of these documents had been lost, and many more had been carried into remote corners of the world by men who never learned that their assistance was desired. Thus many blank leaves still help to fill out the old books.

The growth of business in the patent-office went on, nevertheless, with rapid acceleration. All the books of the period before the fire, taken together, do not make so imposing an array as those which contain the issues of any recent year. In 1848 six hundred and sixty patents were granted; in 1869 very nearly fourteen thousand; in 1876 more than seventeen thousand. Yet the rate of increase has been far from constant. The requirements of the war and the period of artificial stimulus which followed caused a temporary flood of inventions which was the astonishment of the world; and on the other hand the revulsion of 1873 and the immediately succeeding years was accompanied by a corresponding ebb in the tide of invention, so that

1869 long continued to present the high-water mark.

If the system of simply registering and granting patents without inquiry had continued, a considerable increase in the force of the office would undoubtedly have been required; but the introduction of the element of examination made necessary a much greater development. Thenceforward the examining corps became the life and heart of the office, and that corps grew with the growth of its work.

Mr. Keller was naturally the first examiner or examining clerk. In 1840 there were two clerks. Two assistants were then added. In 1848, the work having more than trebled, the force was doubled. In 1853 the grade of second assistant was created, and six clerks were detailed to perform its duties. So the ball rolled, until there are now more than eighty persons engaged in examining. This force is distributed into divisions, each having exclusive charge of certain classes of cases, and consisting ordinarily of a principal examiner, a first, second, and third assistant respectively, and a lady clerk. Two of the third assistants are ladies also.

The examiners have *quasi* judicial functions, though a considerable part of their work is almost purely clerical. It is their duty to criticise specifications, so as to detect formal errors, and require their correction; and also to investigate the questions of novelty, utility, and abandonment, rejecting all applications found wanting therein. A thing is new if it has never been patented or published anywhere, nor known nor used in this country. It is useful if it will work without public injury. It may be abandoned either expressly or by implication resulting from two years' allowance of public use in this country. For the determination of this last question examiners have, however, but few facilities.

After rejection an application may be amended until the applicant, or his attorney, and the examiner are in accord or at issue. In the former case, the application is allowed, and, on payment of the final fee, ordinarily goes to issue

In the latter case an appeal usually lies to a board of examiners in chief, thence to the commissioner, and thence to the supreme court of the District of Columbia. Questions purely of form are appealable directly to the commissioner.

The average cost of each examination to the government since 1840 has been not far from thirty-seven dollars. During that and the succeeding year the maximum was reached; but the figures fell off nearly one half between 1844 and 1848. In 1853 and 1854 the maximum was almost reattained, but the average then sank again, with slight fluctuations, till it touched bottom at twenty-four dollars in 1866. It has never quite repeated that last feat, though in 1869 it came a little within twenty-five dollars.

There have been in all but five years when the expenses of the office exceeded its receipts, — 1853, 1854, 1856, 1857, and 1861, — so that it may fairly claim to have been a profitable institution from the very beginning.

The period between 1840 and 1869 was not marked by any notable changes, but in the few years succeeding the latter date they have come thick and fast. The rule of Commissioner Fisher (from 1869 to 1872) was remarkable in this respect. He first employed women in the work of the office; he introduced the system of competitive examinations in filling vacancies in the examining corps; he settled finally, by one decision, the practice of the office with regard to functional claims; he formulated in another the still accepted criterion as to duplicity in generic inventions; and he gave to the whole theory of the patent law, as applicable in the patent-office, a definiteness and precision which it had never before attained.

His immediate successor, Mr. Leggett, founded the Official Gazette, procured the abolition of the old patent-office reports and the introduction of women into the examining corps, created the positions of law clerk and chemical expert, settled the practice relative to design patents, and carried the verbal criticism of claims to a dubious extreme.

His successor, Mr. Thacher, following

the decisions of the courts, partly abolished the citation of rejected applications to defeat subsequent ones, substituting a system of *ex parte* testimony which proved a total failure. Mr. Spear, next in order (as acting commissioner), made the above abolition absolute. He also affirmed the right of a rejected applicant to make a second application for a patent on the same invention. Other changes have occurred from time to time, but they cannot well be noticed here.

Since Mr. Fisher's time the examiners (including assistants) have been generally appointed after competitive examinations and in accordance with the results thereof. The only considerable exception was during the last presidential campaign, when the exigency of the case brought about in high quarters a brisk impatience of anything except politics.

The examinations to fill vacancies have been very properly of a technical nature, with especial reference to the duties of the office; and the general verdict of competent judges is that the result has been satisfactory. The number of incompetent members of the examining corps is now very small and continually decreasing, and there are scarcely any mere drones; while the new blood of office is nearly all good.

The heaviest part of the examiner's work is in the determination of the question of novelty. A perfect examination on this point would involve a search through all patents from America to New Zealand, the formidable army of magazines, encyclopædias, scientific treatises, books of travel, and printed publications of all sorts. The Scriptures have been used as references several times, — once, I think, to show some article of dress worn by the Queen of Sheba, and again as an evidence of the fiery chariot which Ezekiel saw in his vision. In response to this last the applicant wrote, "Since the examiner is so apt in scriptural quotations, I trust he will inspect" a certain indicated text. This was found to read: "Let his days be few; and let another take his office."

Sometimes carelessness on the part of

the examiner has given rise to strange results; as when a certain inventor, after long delay, was rejected on his own model, which the rejecter had been using upon his desk until he had forgotten whence it came. A still more discreditable error was that of the examiner who gravely requested an applicant to correct his "*authography*." Such things would be scarcely possible now.

One source of trouble, confusion, and inaccuracy has always been found in the classification of the subjects of invention. Absolute lines of demarkation, not existing in nature, can hardly be discovered in art. There will be overlapping cases, and it is often necessary to choose between convenience and logic. Still, the ordinary human intellect is apt to experience a sense of the unfathomable on first learning that car brakes are distributed through three divisions, and that centrifugal clothes-wringers come under the head of sugar. An effort has recently been made to reform the classification, but all anomalies cannot possibly be discarded.

After the complete destruction of the old patent-office, it was generally supposed that the records would be intrusted for the future only to a fire-proof depository; and it does seem that the lessons of that appalling catastrophe were not wholly thrown away. The first two wings of the new interior department building were indeed made to stand, as their resistance to the recent fire proved. But as time went on, carelessness seems to have gained ground, and the remaining wings, though more expensive, had only an external resemblance to the earlier ones.

Thus, on the 24th day of September, 1877, the interior department building consisted of a casemate-like quadrangle, one half of which was well shielded by brick arches, while the other half had nothing but pine wood between its upper story and the tinder-box loft above.

Now that the patent-office has been so largely devastated by fire, the questions naturally arising are, What has it cost us? and, How is the loss to be repaired?

The former requires a brief examination of the nature and use of models in their relation to the convenience of the public and the rights of inventors under existing law. In the first place, then, very nearly one half of our finest national exhibition is at least temporarily ruined. Until the lost models are replaced, there is not and cannot be any adequate presentation to the public of the immense advance of American genius in many of the most important arts.

Again, until replaced, these models are unavailable as a means of ascertaining the novelty (or lack of novelty) of any invention. This was a great convenience to all persons having business before the office. Nor can the latter now adopt any course with reference thereto which will wholly avoid serious inconvenience. To allow promiscuous access to its drawings—though, perhaps, on the whole, the best course—would be in a measure to invite confusion and to clog its own work. On the other hand, to afford no facilities whatever for preliminary examinations would impose unnecessary expense upon meritorious inventors, and compel the examiners themselves to waste, sooner or later, a great deal of labor.

But a model is something more than an exhibition or a specimen. It is potentially, though not actually, a part of a patent. When the inventor makes his model, he has made his safeguard. Let his attorney be ever so negligent in the preparation of his papers and his drawings, his model is a reserve fund of invention upon which he can surely draw at will. It is good for all that it shows, and may at any time during the life of the patent form a basis for a reissue, including the omitted features. This is one of the very wisest provisions of the patent law, since it secures the ignorant or trustful client from wrong through the malpractice or dishonesty of his agent.

In this view of the case it becomes evident that the model is often of more importance than all the other records of a case which the office contains; and that, unfortunately, what is most valuable in it is also most utterly destructible. In

spite of the nicest means that can be devised for remedying the evil, the loss to worthy men by reason of this fire must reach many millions of dollars. And who will gain thereby? Unhappily, the men who are trespassing upon the property of others, and using without compensation the fruits of their minds. But this iniquitous transfer will certainly be greatly augmented if the scheme be adopted which seems just now to meet with most favor.

In truth, there are but four courses possible. The first is to leave the models unsupplied, allowing the drawings to be the sole memorials of the inventions embodied therein. This cannot be seriously contemplated. The people want the models and will have them. Moreover, in the agreement whereby the models were delivered there was an implied covenant that good care should be taken of them. Otherwise the requirement would be an oppression and a wrong as well as a folly. The government cannot shirk its responsibility for any part of the records committed to its care. A model is as truly a document as a specification or an assignment.

Still less can the government compel the inventor to reproduce his model. The law makes certain requirements, compliance with which is a condition precedent to a grant of a patent. When he has complied therewith, the inventor's right is certainly indefeasible by the negligence of the other party. It would seem unnecessary to state so plain a proposition but for the fact that one or more examiners assumed for a time to make this irrational requirement with regard to pending cases.

Nor can the government safely allow the inventors, where willing, to reproduce their models. In the case of applications awaiting payment of the final fee this plan has been adopted. Circulars were sent out soon after the fire inviting such contributions, but distinctly stating that nothing new could be introduced. As such cases are still subject to the revision of the examiners, the general objection can there have little force; but with regard to patented mod-

els such a course would open the door to all kinds of fraud. In very many cases the additions of unscrupulous assignees would far outweigh the importance of the original invention, and a plentiful crop of reissues would soon spring up, which would lay every manufacturer at the mercy of a horde of impostors.

The plan now most in favor seems to be to reproduce the models from the drawings. But this is proceeding in the opposite direction to an equally unjust and unwise extreme. It is in effect to make the government an accomplice of the fire, and to supplement negligence by willful wrong. Nothing can be reproduced from the drawings except what is already in them; and the chief value of the models (as already explained) lay in what is *not* in the drawings. Thus, such a limitation to reproduction is only another name for the destruction of legal, equitable, and moral rights; and that, too, by the very party chiefly intrusted with their protection.

There is yet another plan which can be and should be adopted. It is supported by analogy in the constitution and practice of the office, as well as by the plain dictates of common sense. The cardinal defect in the two schemes last mentioned is that each involves an utter surrender of the case to one of the two parties pecuniarily interested in every question of reissue, — the men who may have to pay tribute, and the men who may receive it. The obvious remedy lies in the creation of an impartial tribunal, with power to hear both sides and determine precisely the right of the case. It is after all only the common expedient of all civilized society for adjusting disputed rights and wrongs. Such proceedings have long been the rule in the patent-office in extensions and interferences. There is no reason in the world why applications for reissue should be considered wholly *ex parte*. There are many and sound reasons why they should not.

This remedy may be applied in more ways than one. For instance, the models may be at first simply reproduced from the drawings, and such a change

made in the law as would unquestionably allow the introduction by testimony (on application for reissue) of features not shown in the drawings or specification, but embodied in the destroyed model. Of course this testimony, in conjunction with the adverse testimony, would properly be taken after due notice and before a designated official. On a favorable decision, the model could be made to conform to its original construction as thus established.

Or, before the reproduction of any model, notice could be sent to the patentee and his assignees (if any) of the intention of the department to accept, subject to his protest, the drawings and specification as its guides, and giving him a

certain space of time wherein to file said protest. On its filing, a future day could be set and advertised for the taking of testimony pro and con, and on the decision arrived at thereby the future construction of the model would depend.

Of course it would be advisable to operate only under congressional authority. Slight delay awaiting legislative action would be far better than taking the wrong road.

The only objection that can be possibly urged against this plan is that it would be costly. But it is often costly to retrieve (even partly) a lost opportunity or to redress a wrong; and we have no more right to shirk this duty than to commit any other act of repudiation.

W. H. Babcock.

JAMAICA.

I KNOW an island which the sun
Stays in his course to shine upon,
As if it were for this green isle
Alone he kept his fondest smile!
Long his beams delaying flood
Its remotest solitude,
Mountain, dell, and palmy wood,
And the coral sands around
That hear the blue sea's chiming sound.

It is a watered island, one
The tropic rains pour down upon.
Oft the westward-floating cloud
To some purple crest is bowed,
While the tangled vapors seek
To escape from peak and peak,
Yield themselves, and break, — or glide
Through deep forests undescried,
Moaning their lost pathway wide.

In this land of woods and streams
Ceaseless Summer paints her dreams:
White, bewildered torrents fall,
Dazzled by her morning beams,
With an outery musical
From the ridges, plainward all;
Mists of pearl, arising there,

Mark their courses in the air,
Sunlit, magically fair.

Here the pilgrim may behold
How the bended cocoa waves
When at eve and morn a breeze
Blows to and from the Carib seas,
How the lush banana leaves
From their braided trunk unfold;
How the mango wears its gold,
And the sceptred aloe's bloom
Glorifies it for the tomb.

When the day has ended quite,
Splendor fills the drooping skies;
All is beauty, naught is night.
Then the Crosses twain arise,
Southward far, above the deep,
And the moon their light outvies.
Hark! the wakened lute and song
That to this fond clime belong, —
All is music, naught is sleep

Isle of plenty, isle of love!
In the low, encircling plain
Laboring Afric, loaded wain,
Bearing sweets and spices, move;
On the happy heights above
Love his seat has chosen well,
Dreamful ease and silence dwell,
Life is all entranced, and time
Passes like a tinkling rhyme.

Ah, on those cool heights to dwell
Yielded to the island's spell!
There from some low-whispering mouth
To learn the secret of the South,
Or to watch dark eyes that close
When their sleep the noondays bring,
(List, the palm leaves murmuring!)
And the wind that comes and goes
Smells of every flower that blows.

Or from ocean to descry
Green plantations sloping nigh,
Starry peaks, of sapphire hewn,
Whose strong footholds hidden lie
Furlong deep beneath the sea!
Long the mariners wistfully
Landward gaze, and say aright,
"Under sun or under moon
Earth has no more beauteous sight!"

Edmund C. Stedman.

TRIALS AND ERRORS OF JOSEPH PRIMROSE.

I.

1774. In the evening of life, when all the ambitious projects of youth have been happily fulfilled, or, peradventure, laid aside with the lowly prayer of resignation, "Thy will, not mine, O Lord, be done!" one can well afford to look back along the vista of vanished years and smile at the recollection of many disappointments which, at the time of occurrence, seem limned in the most glaring colors upon the desponding imagination, but which, like the pictures of certain unskilled painters, — at first coarse and gaudy in tone, — become mellowed down to a very bearable degree of softness under the kindly touch of Time. From a vintage gathered in sorrow and privation in the season of youth hath flowed a golden peace for my declining years, and as I recall the hard but valuable lessons I have learned from the stern teacher, Adversity, I own I can scarce regret that sad and humiliating epoch in my otherwise uneventful life. Blessed with a more than common share of comfort, even luxury, in the post of chaplain to a serene and pious household, with a commodious and costly chapel in course of erection for my sole use and behoof, I hope I may be pardoned a perhaps too ready compliance with the request of my generous patrons that I should set down in writing for their amusement, and as *they* are pleased to say instruction, the account of my voyage to America in the year 1742; my aspirations, disappointments, and failures; and, finally, my deliverance from the depths of despair, when almost ready to pray for death itself to release me. I do not choose, in the following narrative, to pass over any of the circumstances connected with or leading to my journey across the seas; my honored mistress hath long known the secret of a young man's folly and presumption, and will smile indulgently, I trust, when an old man tells the

woful tale anew. As for her deceased father, the mention I shall venture to make concerning him in these pages can give to none, I am sure, the least disquiet, nor diminish by one jot the deep respect and veneration due to his memory.

It was not without much self-communing, long wrestling with the rebellious flesh, and prayerful seeking for guidance where 't is never denied, that I wrought my courage to the serious task of imparting to my cousin and patron, my Lord Fairthorn, my fixed resolve to enroll me an avowed though most unworthy disciple of the New Light under the instructions of the pious and learned Mr. George Whitefield, whose clear expoundings and fervent exhortations had at last awakened my slothful conscience and pricked it into life and action. I was the more reluctant to take this important step as I was under deep obligations to my kinsman, who had been at the charges of my education from the dame school to the university (I having been left an orphan and friendless at a tender age); and I had dwelt at free quarters within his gates both before and since my ordination as a minister of the church, receiving many sweet proofs of condescension from my Lady Fairthorn and her daughter the Lady Catharine, now the beloved consort of the excellent Lord Hare. Beside all this, I had the promise of a certain lucrative charge in my lord's gift, which was expected to fall in at no very distant date, and for which I was meanwhile qualifying myself whilst holding the responsible post of chaplain in my patron's household. When I venture to call cousins with my Lord Fairthorn, I do not desire to mislead: I am well aware that the kinship is in so remote a degree as to be matter for very small consideration in a family of so exalted a rank; but on the other hand, to wit, from my point of view, the connec-

tion was and is of no little importance. Thus 't will be understood that 't was not without a sore struggle I had brought my courage to the signing the death-warrant, as it were, of my temporal advancement. But here was I, at that time a young man of thirty, or thereabouts, abounding in health, strength, and zeal, fitted by nature to bear the burdens of those less favored, and by faith to point out the sure way to the short-sighted, — here, I say, was I eating and drinking to repletion of the best, lying softly by night and preaching dull sermons by day to my lord and lady, who not infrequently dozed comfortably through their delivery, to my very great chagrin and indignation, whilst even my Lady Kitty, though she kept her lovely eyes bent upon me in duteous attention, could not forbear toying furtively with the silken ears of her lap spaniel, yawning abstractedly the while under my very nose. Here was an easy, comfortable life to lead, everything arranged for my pleasure and profit, now and in the future, and I do not pretend to deny that the allurements of such a state are almost sufficiently powerful at any time of life to pervert the most honest intentions and to stifle the voice of conscience. But what, after all is said and done, is this vile body that we comfort and pamper into sleekness, and before which we continually lay offerings of meat, drink, and fine raiment, — what is it in comparison with the immortal soul, which goes starving and naked through life, and yet survives triumphantly when the object of all our sweet cares is become but a moldering mass of dust, fit only to be hurried away under-ground as a thing too unsightly and unsavory to meet the fastidious eye of man? This seasonable reflection proved a strong prop to me in my hour of trial, and I had sore need of some such support, for my lord in his displeasure not only set before me in forcible terms my most odious sin of ingratitude to his family for favors past and to come, but cunningly portrayed in lively colors the certain loss of pretty preferment, world's goods, fair repute, and so forth; nor did he fail to

remind me that the aforementioned living should never suffer disgrace at the hands of a common bawler in the public fields. This unhandsome epithet he was pleased to bestow upon me on my making allusion to my intention to expound the Scriptures in the open air, like Whitefield and others before me; and truly the picture that he was enabled to call up before my mind's eye (from a great fluency he had in speaking) was so little enticing that my fainting soul had like to have fallen vanquished on the very threshold of regeneration. However, by a mighty effort of inward prayer I cast Satan behind me, and lifted my voice in testimony against the world, the flesh, and the devil, to such good purpose that my patron, in a very ecstacy of ungodly wrath, bade me get out of his sight and hearing until I should so order my conduct as to render me a fitting inmate of his family. In some distress of mind, but with a sweet peace settling down upon my hitherto uneasy conscience, I clapped my hat upon my head and went forth into the streets, betaking myself to a small house of entertainment nigh at hand, where I sat me down, and, when the flurry of my spirits was somewhat abated, indited a respectful epistle to my patron, begging of his cousinly love that he would dispatch to me, per bearer, my small stock of theological works, as that I should have great need of them in the new life about to commence for me. I did not mention a word concerning my other belongings, not choosing to be further beholden to my kinsman than absolute necessity called for; the books, tracts, and so forth were mine own, but the clothes I wore were gifts of my lord, even to the very shoes upon my feet, and I had no mind to increase my obligations in that direction. However, with the books arrived a goodly packet of linen and other essentials, accompanied by a vituperative letter inclosing a ten-pound note and a recommendation to betake myself to the master whom I served (to wit, the devil) by whatsoever route best pleased myself, all paths being sure to bring me up in the same place in the end. My blood was

so roused by the tone of this injurious epistle and its contemptuous inclosure (as like casting a bone to a beaten cur) that I lost no time in returning the obnoxious money to the donor, wrapped about with two of the most powerful of Mr. Whitefield's sermons (those on Regeneration and Intercession), which proceeding so enraged my noble patron that, as I am credibly informed, he instructed his lackeys to cudgel the bones of the bearer of any future message from the same quarter without even the ceremony of an inquiry into the nature of his business. I, however, had no desire further to disturb the peace of my kinsman's household, and now proceeded to take serious counsel with myself regarding my future maintenance. No time must be lost in idleness, for, on casting forth the contents of my purse upon the table before me, I found to my great chagrin that the whole amount barely summed up a couple of guineas and a few odd shillings and pence, the poor remnant of a handsome fee paid me by an opulent fleshier who served my lord's larder, for the composition of a Latin pastoral, introducing cattle, sheep, swine, and so forth in the approved rustical manner, which ode the man intended to recite at the annual feast of his guild, without comprehending a word of the Latin tongue. As I sat lost in reflection on the smallness of my means, a great noise of ribald singing broke out in the adjoining room, whence, indeed, much loud talking and laughter had already issued, and I started to my feet as blasphemous words, fit to make a decent man's hair rise upon his head, reached my offended ears. Resolving in my quality as a minister of the gospel to set my face as a flint against all such devilish diversion, I hastily gathered up my money, and going to the door of the other apartment banged upon it without ceremony. Receiving no reply, I made bold to walk in uninvited, and presently found myself in the midst of a choice company indeed: half a dozen men seated about a table, each with a jug of spirits at his elbow; the air of the room a cloud of abomination from pipes of tobacco; and presid-

ing proudly over the festivities a seafaring man of a goodly presence, but with a face flaming red, doubtless from the quantity of liquor he had imbibed. I had no sooner set eyes upon him than I remembered him perfectly well as a late frequenter of Mr. Whitefield's open-air expoundings, where indeed he had always assumed an air of great edification. Now, to see him in such misbehaving company was a sad commentary on the infirmity of human nature, and I longed to pluck him as a brand from the burning. He arose as I came forward, and civilly invited me to be seated, explaining that he was entertaining a few of his friends, as was his custom, prior to setting out on his yearly voyage to the port of Philadelphia,—his vessel only awaiting the completion of her cargo to weigh anchor. At the mention of America a new thought came into my mind with the quickness of lightning, but postponing it to a more favorable season I set about relieving my conscience of the business I had come upon. So, declining the man's offer as civilly as it had been made, I took my stand firmly, demanding that the utterer of the blasphemous song I had interrupted should be pointed out to me, to the end that a fitting rebuke might be then and there administered and the offender be perhaps turned from his scandalous courses. Upon this there arose such a disturbance, the company all jumping from their seats with loud outcries, that I might possibly have sustained bodily injury had not the ship's captain called them to order, even offering, in his heat, to lend a whack on the ear of the first man who should lay so much as the tip of his finger on my coat. All sitting once more, the ship's captain pulled me into a chair beside him, confessing handsomely that none other than himself was the culprit, adding that he was "plaguey glad to be able to lay his sin to the bottle, an ancient enemy of his, and continually playing him some scurvy trick or other."

He confessed, in fine, that gin-drinking was the only carnal indulgence he had not as yet been enabled to sacrifice

to his sound religious convictions, adding, however, that he meant to take this evil habit well in hand as soon as he should be once more afloat, desiring my prayers and good wishes for his success in the forthcoming struggle. The man was so earnest in his self-upbraiding, and had taken my interference with such a perfect understanding of the intention, that I was vastly struck by his good sense and humility; so, rising from my seat, to the certain relief of the company, I took my leave without further parley, but not before I had appointed a meeting with the captain for the ensuing morning.

II.

I got but small measure of sleep in my unaccustomed bed that night, and spent the long hours in turning over a certain project which was newly come into my mind, and upon the accomplishment of which I was fully bent: no less, in fact, than a journey across the seas to America, — a soil that Whitefield had lately turned up and sown with gospel seed, and that now lay ready for the blessed harvest of souls. London was become so distasteful to me, since the loss of all that had hitherto made it so precious, that I longed to shake its dust from my feet and hide myself in a far country from the unfeeling gaze and pointed finger of the scorner. I arose betimes in the morning, and waited impatiently until Captain Hewlett made his appearance, which he did in an hour or so, apparently not a whit the worse for his potations over night, although he professed to be mightily ashamed of himself. I found him to be a man of some parts and of a very particular soundness on doctrinal points. Indeed, he protested with most awful oaths that he was a religious man, and although at first his conversation, from its shocking profanity, caused my ears to burn outrageously, I was presently astonished to find myself becoming accustomed to his sea-faring manner of speech. I took care, however, not to allow a single trespass of this sort to pass without a fitting rebuke, so that

my share in the conversation was occupied almost wholly in this manner, whilst he cursed and swore away his precious soul with the utmost unconcern. He had much that was cheering to tell me of the progress of the New Light in America, particularly in the town of Philadelphia, where Whitefield had preached to thousands, converting many and moving all by the vondrous power of his eloquence. There was yet, he said, a great work to be done in the New World, where the people were the more inclined to religion from the dearth of any excitement or amusement with which to relax their minds and bodies outside of working hours.

I was roused to such a pitch of enthusiasm by the man's account that I opened my mind to him then and there, and was met with all the sympathy and encouragement that I could possibly desire. I frankly disclosed the dismal condition of my means, but he chose to make nothing of it, protesting that he should esteem it a favor, honor, and blessing to have me aboard his ship free of price, and that he looked to getting much profit from such decent companionship during the long evenings of this perilous voyage, the which he had hitherto wiled away with the aid of strong liquors and foolish books, to his very great detriment. Without much loss of time I now sallied forth to the lodging-house of the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, designing to take counsel with him concerning my new project and to ask of him letters to certain of his good friends in the town of Philadelphia. I learned, however, to my deep chagrin, that the reverend gentleman was in Scotland, purposing a stay of some weeks. To venture into an unknown country, without the power to give a creditable account of my belongings was a sore trial, but to delay until Mr. Whitefield could communicate with me was to lose the free passage in Captain Hewlett's ship, a matter not to be thought on under the circumstances. Returning to the inn in great perplexity, I was met by one of the servants, who whispered me that a young gentlewoman had just arrived with her maid in the chair then standing

in the hall-way, and was awaiting my return in a private room above-stairs. My beating heart told me who this must be, and rushing up, two steps at a time, I found myself in the presence of my Lady Kitty, who sat by the window with a flushed face, her eyes full of tears. She came running to me (she was just eighteen, and distressingly lovely), giving me her two white hands, the which I kissed reverently, and "Oh, cousin," says she, "thou wilt surely think me very bold, and indeed methinks I have done a forward thing in venturing here; but I did so fear that I might be forbidden to see thee or to speak to thee again, and I am bent upon telling thee that I do not think thee so wicked at all, for I too went once to Moorfields to hear the preaching of that good Mr. Whitefield whom you love, and I did so cry when I heard tell of my sins. But thou must not tell of me, dost hear, cousin?"

Now, was not this a sweet soul? Here she was, a tender young creature, her blue eyes looking so innocently into mine, her soft hands given so freely to my clasp; how did it happen that such joy and happiness were granted me? What had I done to deserve such condescension? My heart so overflowed with pride and gratitude that I would fain have laid down my poor life then and there for this noble and gracious young lady, who had risked so much to give to her poor kinsman the sweet assurance of her sympathy. "Nobody knows that I am come, cousin," said she, as I led her to a seat, "and I dare not stay long, for there is company bidden to dinner; but pray tell me what I shall do to serve thee. Alas! my honored father is bitterly angered against thee; he vows that he will never see thee more. Cousin, dost thou want for money? I can lend thee some. See here! I have a whole guinea. My mother gave it me in a birthday gift, and I have never changed it. Dost remember my last birthday feast, and the big plum-cake that made thee so dreadfully ill next day?"

"Honored lady," said I, in great distress, "put away thy guinea and let me, in Heaven's name, lead thee to thy coach

again; this place is not fit for one of thy condition."

"Why, cousin," said she, smiling through her tears, "it seems that the place is good enough for thee, and I am not proud, as thou shouldst know. I find myself very well here indeed, but I protest thou art strangely anxious to have me gone. I had thought to give thee a pleasure, but have only brought thee pain;" and she began to pout, the tears flowing afresh. I was truly beside myself with perplexity, for, as may be surmised, I was and had been for more than a year past in a perfect agony of love for this young creature, but had sooner plucked my tongue out by the roots than allow her the least suspicion of it. Ungrateful and contumacious I might be in a matter concerning my spiritual welfare, but *never* the base hound to turn upon and rend the master who had showered so many benefits upon me. At the sight of my young lady's distress I was smitten with such a pang of love and longing as went nigh to betray my desperate condition and to ruin me forever. Cold shudders ran through and through me as she peeped at me over her kerchief, and my heart thumped loudly, such was the awful conflict betwixt man's love and honor. Presently she broke into a girlish fit of laughter, as I verily believe at the spectacle of my disordered countenance, but as suddenly checked it, and, thrusting her kerchief into her side pocket, jumped from her seat and ran to the chimney glass to adjust her hood, and also, doubtless, the better to conceal the smiles that were dimpling her rosy cheeks.

Will it be believed? I found myself affronted at her innocent mirth, and bitterly mortified to be the occasion of it. Here was I, a minute ago, pained and affrighted at the sight of her tears, and now behold me wroth to perceive her comforted! Such a wretch was I become, and all through the elevating passion of love. Truly is the heart of man a most mysterious structure. At this moment came a smart rap upon the door, and, on my opening it, Captain Hewlett appeared with the news that all

hands aboard the Polly were making ready to weigh anchor, and that she was expected to drop down stream in the course of the afternoon, should the present favorable wind hold out. "Give me your bundle," said he, good-naturedly, on seeing that I was engaged with company, "and you can follow at your leisure, — that is, providing that you are still in the mind to go;" and he winked and grinned over my shoulder into the room.

"What is this?" says my young lady, coming forward. "Where art thou going, cousin? What is it?" And she looked from me to the captain, who, on his part, was so ravished with the sight of her high-born beauty that he only stared with all his eyes, and never offered to open his mouth.

Suddenly a great uproar came from below, and the voice of the landlady clamored shrilly up the staircase: "I tell you there is ne'er a gentlewoman in the whole house. Nobody is here but me and the reverend gentleman who lodges above, and no bullies shall go clattering in upon him, I promise you, until I get speech of him first; so you had as well content yourself below till I find whether he chlooses to have you up."

"I tell you, woman, that I saw my daughter's hood at the window, and I cannot be mistaken. Stand aside!" 'T was my lord's voice, and at the sound Lady Kitty gave a faint cry and ran to the further end of the room, pale as death.

"Your daughter's hood, forsooth!" cries the foolish woman. "And pray is there ne'er a damson hood in the whole town but the one atop your daughter's head?"

"Who talked of damson hoods, hussey?" cries my lord, in a voice of thunder. "Stand out of my way! Zounds, woman! move aside, I say, or I'll pull your house about your ears!" Before I could collect my senses my lord was on the stairs. I ran to the door to bar the way, but he was aforehand with me. "How now, dog!" says he, drawing his sword with a clash and glitter that made

my blood run cold, "where is my child? Tell me, before I thrust your coward soul out of your body! Make way there!" and he rushed past me into the room.

Never shall I forget the look of rage and chagrin that shot from his eyes as he beheld his daughter, half dead with fright, in the arms of her woman, who on her part set up a great outcry at the sight of her master's drawn sword. "Oh, Catharine," cries my lord, "can I believe my senses? What hast thou done, cruel, cruel girl?" and he sank into a chair, covering his eyes with his hand.

"Oh, my dear, dear papa," cried she, running to him and pulling down his hand, "forgive your own Kitty for coming away without leave! Think, our poor cousin hath scarce a friend in the world but me; thou art so angered against him that my mother dared not mention his name, and I did so want to comfort him a little. I meant to give him my guinea, only he won't have it. Indeed, papa, I cannot forget that poor cousin taught me all I know, — my prayers and all; and some day, when I am married to a rich lord, — as I mean to be, — I shall give him a whole bag full of gold, so I will!" and she kissed her father's hand again and again, in the prettiest way, never dreaming that her childish prattle was stabbing to the quick the poor heart already bursting with its load of love and pain.

"A bag full of gold?" said my lord, drawing a great, deep breath, and lifting her on his knee with a loving smile. "God bless thee, pretty wench; it must needs be a heart of stone that can resist thy coaxing," and he folded her tenderly in his arms, scowling at me over her shoulder the while. "And now, child, get thee home. And here, hark ye, hussey, leave off your noise, and take your mistress to her chair; d'ye hear?"

"But, papa, thou wilt not be hard with cousin Joseph, promise me now; and pray let me bid him farewell. Be sure I'll never forget thee, cousin." With a smile she gave me her hand, which I held for a moment in mine without a word; a minute more and she was

gone, leaving me in a depth of misery of which the recollection, even at this late day, causes my heart to stir and swell with a familiar feeling of the old pain. I cannot quite call to mind what followed; I think that there was further talk of money, and passion got quite the better of me. Well, 't is best forgotten. The good captain led me away quite bewildered with wretchedness, and when I came out of my stupor it was midnight; we were tossing wildly on the waters, and all the horrors of a death-like nausea were added to the burden of my woes.

III.

In those days—it is of the year 1742 I write—the American voyage was a much more serious undertaking than at the present time, when a swift-sailing packet crosses every six weeks or so. It will scarce be credited that we were well-nigh three months the plaything of wind and wave: now tossing about wildly, and, as it seemed to me, in defiance of chart and compass; anon lying becalmed for days, languishing vainly for a brisk breeze to send us forward cheerily, and to clear away the intolerable odor of bilge that pervaded our clothing and bed-furniture, and tainted every morsel we ate or drank. I was so long in recovering from my sea nausea that Captain Hewlett was sadly put about on my account, and brought, as I verily believe, all the remedies in his medicine chest to bear upon my case, weighing out great doses from the printed directions he kept by him, — I looking on languidly from the berth where I lay, — and going nigh to murder me outright by the mistakes into which his affectionate zeal occasionally led him. More than four weeks passed by before I was able to leave my bed; but a couple of Dover's powders, which at first brought me to the very verge of dissolution, were the means by which I was finally restored to health, and in the fifth week of our voyage I was walking about the deck of the vessel, a thing of skin and bones, surveying the "wonders of the mighty

deep." I now took the sensible resolution to put from me, in the future, all thoughts concerning the passion of love, doubting not that with the powerful aid of prayer and by dint of persistent meditation on religious subjects I should soon be enabled to get the better of this sweet foe to my peace. But alas! notwithstanding all my praiseworthy intentions, it seemed that hanker I must, and for months there was scarce an hour in the day but the enchanting figure of my sweet mistress floated before my mind's eye, tantalizing me with visions of impossible happiness, and making of me a creature for self-scorn and reprobation. As soon as I was able to hold forth, prayers and worship were set afoot, and I hope, at this late day, that 't will not be accounted as boastful if I set down here the statement that my labors aboard the Polly were not allowed to go unrewarded. More than half the godless, unregenerate crew were brought to a full sense of their perilous condition, — tottering, as it were, on the brink of the awful pit, their mouths full of blasphemy, and their hearts hard as the nether millstone. It was a heavenly sight to see those strong, weather-worn men kneeling round about me on the bare deck of the vessel, and ejaculating with choking sobs and sighs, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" It was a season of great refreshment, and I was so encouraged by this first triumph of my ministry that I felt myself secretly puffed up and exalted, projecting still greater conquests when I should be in the way to exhort multitudes, thus losing sight of the work in vainglorious anticipations for the worker. Truly did a great pride go before a most grievous fall. There were aboard the Polly several of the crew who viewed our religious exercises askance. These men had been foremost in a general indignant uprising that had ensued upon the stoppage of their daily allowance of rum, which step had been taken on my earnest recommendation. For this injurious drink we had substituted a harmless and refreshing beverage concocted of molasses, vinegar, and water, from a choice recipe I had come

upon in a medical book aboard the vessel. The sailors, to a man, refused to touch it, egged on by these contumacious fellows, and more especially by one Springer, a daring villain, who reviled me with bitter execrations. In fine, the captain was obliged, for our own safety, to restore the cherished dram, and I had the mortification to find myself, from that time forth, an object of dislike and suspicion to these men, who were kept within decent bounds only by their respect for their master. I became convinced, on reflection, that I had gone the wrong way about this unfortunate piece of business, having, in fact, made a very serious error in the beginning, gentle argument and good example being more apt to bring about the desired end than compulsory measures, these dulling the understanding by rousing the temper, especially among persons of the meaner sort.

All my efforts — and they were not few — to place myself upon a friendly footing with these men were of no avail; they had conceived the notion that I was their enemy, and met all my advances with obstinate coldness. As Captain Hewlett exacted the daily attendance at prayers of every soul on board, these knaves were compelled to be on hand with their fellows, but they rarely failed to conduct themselves with such indecent levity as made me rue their presence, playing covertly at cat's - cradle, jack-straws, and what not, besides grinning familiarly in my face whenever they could contrive to catch my eye. This unseemly behavior, which I thought a very great trial at the time, sank into nothing, however, when compared with the serious injury they were enabled to do me afterwards; and to this day I doubt not that their plans for my overthrow were being laid at the very time I was striving to implant in their stubborn hearts some seeds of repentance, and watching vainly for the first faint signs of sprouting grace.

It was about the break of a beautiful day in the month of June that the Polly entered the Delaware River, and coming up to Philadelphia before a stiff breeze

anchored at High Street wharf an hour or two before sunset. Leaving the vessel in charge of his mate, Captain Hewlett led the way to a decent dwelling on Second Street, where dwelt one Mistress Prinkett, a wholesome widow of the middle age, who was used to board and lodge the captain in his visits to Philadelphia. She readily agreed to take me under her roof at a moderate charge, and I soon found myself bestowed in a neat chamber smelling most enticingly of clean sun-aired linen and dried lavender. On the following morning I waited upon one Mr. Benjamin Franklin, a printer of some weight and importance in the town, and of whose controversial dispositions I had frequently heard Mr. Whitefield speak with sorrow. He had, however, been a good friend to the reverend gentleman during his stay in Philadelphia, and I thought I might best serve my cause by introducing myself to his notice without delay.

I was most cordially received by that remarkable man, with whom, indeed, I have ever since maintained a friendly commerce, although I was never able to get the better of his persistent spiritual blindness, he being always ready to serve me in any way save the admitting the truth of my arguments in favor of predestination, — a dogma that I have seen again and again exemplified, even as concerns the affairs of this life. We had much pleasant talk together, and he agreed to insert in his paper, the *Gazette*, a notice to the effect that "the Reverend Joseph Primrose, newly arrived out of England, purposed the delivery of a discourse on the Comparative Nothingness of Works to such as might choose to repair to Society Hill on the following Friday evening at six o'clock." This was Tuesday, and much of the time that intervened betwixt that day and Friday was spent by me wrestling in prayer and striving to divert my mind from the dwelling too much on earthly success, for I was yet full of the old vainglory and carnal longings for renown.

When the eventful day was come round, Captain Hewlett was suddenly

called away to New Castle on urgent business touching the disposition of a part of his cargo. This was a sore disappointment to us all, but there was no remedy for it, the matter pressing. Mistress Prinkett and myself walked over to the Hill at the appointed hour, I engaging privately in prayer by the way, so that I was more than once in the mire, my companion not venturing to call my abstracted attention to the dry places. A goodly assemblage awaited me, and as I came forth on the balcony of the house whence I was to discourse, and beheld the multitude sitting and standing round about me, I could not forbear secretly thinking of John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness, whereby such an exaltation of soul possessed me, such a fullness of mingled pride and joy distended my heart, that I gushed forth in prayer like a stream that bursts its bounds and carries all before it. During the exhortation that followed the people listened with becoming attention, but toward the close began to be distracted by the movements of some unmannerly fellows who had just arrived with a great clatter and were elbowing their way to the front with a vast deal of dexterity. The moment I clapped eyes upon them I knew them for the sailors who had so persecuted me aboard the Polly, and my heart sank at the bare sight of them. The discourse being ended, these knaves now joined in the beautiful hymn that followed, singing, or rather bawling, ribald words of their own to the sacred tune, scandalizing the older portion of the assembly and bringing some of the young people in their vicinity to great disgrace, they being led into unseemly mirth against their wishes. In fine, the villains conducted themselves with such flagrant indecency that a gentleman near by sternly bade them hold their peace or be taken into custody on the spot. This rebuke only served to make matters worse, for one of the party, the miscreant Springer, whipped a cutlass from his belt, and offered to cut at the gentleman, swearing such awful oaths that I well-nigh lost my presence of mind, especially at the sight of a na-

ked weapon, so unsuited to the gravity of the occasion. With a mighty effort I roused my courage, and declared firmly that the exercises should proceed no further until these fellows were driven from the ground. A dozen hands were ready to execute the sentence, when Springer cried aloud, with devilish malice, "Down with the Jesuit! Drag the wolf out of his sheep-skin and duck him in the creek! Don't you know a Papist when you see him?" On this arose the most horrible clamor to be conceived this side of Bedlam. "A Jesuit! A Jesuit!" resounded on all sides. Females screamed, children were trampled, and men vociferated, shaking their fists at me and cursing me for an impostor. The better class of people made haste to escape from the throng, but the evil-disposed remained, greeting me with a shower of mud, sticks, and stones when I attempted to make myself heard above the din. At length I was compelled to retire for very bodily safety, and joined Mistress Prinkett below-stairs, she having taken refuge in the house at the beginning of the outbreak. The windows were smashed before the shutters could be put up, and having sated their rage the rabble set off in the direction of the town, but it was night ere the coast was cleared and we could venture forth, — I with the sorest heart, sure, that ever beat in man's bosom, and Mistress Prinkett in vain striving to rouse my flagging spirit, beaten down to the dust in the very moment of success. Could the malice of fiends imagine a more diabolical revenge? No blessed sleep came to my relief that night: I could not close my eyes but horrid yells of "Drag down the Jesuit!" rang in my ears; bright lights danced fitfully before me in the pitchy darkness; my heart beat with leaden thumps; my hands and feet seemed made of ice; whilst the awful wailing of a homeless cat beneath the windows froze my very blood with horror. With what a sick yearning my disordered thoughts flew to that elegant and secure household whence I had been driven forth to wander, like Cain, upon the face of the earth! How I longed for the refined

sympathy and companionship of the gracious ladies my kinswomen! And the torturing reflection that I was now probably cut off forever from all hope of re-joining that elevated circle in which I had once basked with such carnal security filled my soul with unspeakable anguish. Hope died within my breast, and — will it be credited? — religion was no longer a compensation to my wounded spirit. With the dawning of a beautiful day came relief from the horror that oppressed me; as the first streaks of early morning stole into the chamber I crept from my bed, and, after pouring forth my sorrows in prayer for an hour or so, rose from my knees wondrously lightened in mind and body. In the course of the forenoon Mr. Franklin waited upon me, and, expressing his deep regret at the affront that had been put upon me, strongly urged me to abandon all further intention of preaching for some time to come, — the prejudice against Roman Catholics being so universal at that time in Philadelphia that the towns-people were ready to bolt doors, bar windows, and gather their children about their knees at the mention of the name of Jesus, it be it never so undeservedly bestowed. Though loth to be convinced of the soundness of this counsel, I could not but admit that my entire lack of letters, credentials, and the like might render it an extremely difficult matter for me to disprove the charge of papistry if brought in due form, and so reluctantly agreed to postpone my appointed task for the present, Mr. Franklin offering to give me a little work from his office to enable me to preserve a becoming independence till the times should mend. After the good man had taken his leave, I found myself greatly disordered in body, having taken a painful crick in the back of my neck, probably from standing too long in the wet shoes I had gotten the preceding day on my way to the Hill. Peggy, the maid, was had up with a hot sad-iron to heat the affected part, but Mistress Prinkett did so confound the poor wench with manifold directions that, the cloth shifting, she clapped the thing upon my bare skin, burning me a place twice the big-

ness of a penny piece, and causing me excruciating pain. The neighbors were roused by the noise that ensued, for Peggy, on the strength of it, thought proper to fall into a hystericky fit, like her betters, probably to be rid of a chiding. People flocked to the door, all agog to learn what sort of doings were on hand at the house where the Jesuit lodged, and Mistress Prinkett had much ado to prevent their entering the premises, so eager were they for startling and horrid revelations. The accident being fully explained from the window, the crowd dispersed with evident discontent, whilst Mistress Prinkett, entirely overcome, seated herself and, putting up her apron, broke into a fit of bitter weeping. My distress was now become almost insupportable, for I doubted not that the poor woman was lamenting the folly she had committed in giving the shelter of her roof to such a Jonah as I had proved to be, and, although scarce able to turn my head from the pain I was suffering, I very properly made offer to remove myself to some other place, as I had no mind to bring discredit upon a decent household. The good matron, however, protested that she would not hear to such a step, and, bravely drying her tears, went away to the kitchen to prepare a healing poultice to soothe the anguish of my hurt.

IV.

On the following day a "Hue and Cry" was printed and the town officer instructed to ferret out and take into custody the authors of the late outrage; but although the houses about the water-side, where 't was thought they would go into hiding, were well searched, nothing was heard of them, and Captain Hewlett, who had meanwhile returned, held the opinion that they had left the town without loss of time, shipping possibly aboard a West Indian vessel that had cleared the following morning.

About the beginning of September, the Polly, having taken on her cargo, set out on the return voyage to England, bearing away from my straining gaze

one of the best friends, sure, man ever had on earth. I sent no letter or message to my old home, for what had I to tell that could give the least satisfaction to any that loved me, and why gratify my enemies by the dismal tale of failure? However, I begged of Captain Hewlett that he would send to me, by the earliest opportunity, what tidings he should be able to glean concerning my kinsman's family, the which he readily promised to do. I contrived, during the ensuing four months, to defray the charges for my board and lodging, Mr. Franklin continuing to send me such odd jobs of work as he could spare; but that gentleman setting out on a journey to Boston in the month of January, his foreman took it upon himself to deprive me entirely of employment, alleging that there was now no more work coming in than sufficed to keep the journeyman and two apprenticed lads in the proper occupation of their time. 'T was a piece of petty spite, the man having taken affront at a friendly remonstrance on my part touching the profanity of his language, a matter wherein he habitually offended; doubtless he hath since seen reason to regret his hasty action. At this juncture Mistress Prinkett had a good opportunity to rent out the room I occupied in her house to a newly married pair, who were willing to pay nearly twice the sum for it that I could afford; and, though loth to disoblige me, the good woman could not forbear mentioning the matter in my hearing, saying at the same time that she had a small room in the roof, containing a cot-bed and chair or two, where a person not overly nice might be comfortable at a trifling charge. I seized upon the hint at once, and betook me to this apartment, — if such it might be called, — deeming myself mighty fortunate to have it at the small price, although I sorely missed the little fire by which I was used to read and meditate in the evenings in my old chamber, there being no chimney-place in that I had removed to; the wind, too, whistled shrilly through chink and cran-ny, even lifting the boards of the flooring on hard nights, till I was more than

once half frozen as I lay in my bed. About this time, my worsted stockings being nigh given out, despite the several skeins of wool I had been at the pains to darn into the soles, I laid by all the cash I had in hand as the nucleus of a sufficient sum with which to purchase new pairs, seeing that my feet must otherwise be on the bare leather before many weeks should elapse. The disastrous stoppage of my sole source of maintenance put me at my wits' end, and I actually had it in serious consideration to offer my services as a sort of porter to one of the great warehouses about the wharves, when a circumstance occurred that diverted my mind from personal anxieties for a season. One morning a message was fetched me, to the effect that a person then languishing of a desperate complaint at the Sailor's Rest, a small tavern at the water-side, greatly desired to have speech with me, — the matter pressing. I followed the messenger to that place, and was greatly shocked to find myself brought into the presence of my old enemy Springer, who turned his dull eyes upon me from the squalid bed whereon he lay, and entreated my forgiveness in an humble and broken voice. I was so disordered at the sight of this man and at the recollection of the horrid mischief he had wrought me that my heart grew hard as a flint; but, thanks be to God, 't was only for a moment, for I was presently enabled to get the better of Satan, and falling contritely upon my knees prayed no less fervently for myself than for mine adversary. I found, upon inquiry, that he had been desperately cut in a brawl with his comrades on the night following the outrage at the Hill, and those miscreants, fleeing the town before morning, had left him in the tavern, where he had lain in hiding ever since, his wound refusing to close. He was in sore need of proper nourishment and medicines, and feeling that he was drawing nigh the end of his career had sent for me, in order to be forgiven ere it should be too late. Here was a work that exactly jumped with my humor; full of love and compassion, I yearned over the poor,

forsaken creature, and set about bettering his condition at once, lest he should slip from my hands ere he was come to a full sense of the awful peril in which he stood, and be totally lost for want of a little time for repentance. As may be surmised, I thought no more of new stockings, but laid out my hoarded money in the purchase of suitable food and drink to support the poor sinner in his groping quest for his Lord and Master. At first he was much more concerned about the disposition of his body after death than the ultimate fate of his soul; but I soon fetched him to another way of thinking, and in a week or so he made such an edifying end as gives me a vast satisfaction to reflect upon, even after the lapse of thirty years. This circumstance was a great refreshment to me in such a season of perplexity and privation, and I have no doubt that 't was brought about for that especial end, for a merciful Providence never leaves us to utter despair, as I have had occasion to observe time and again in the course of my experience.

It was a sad business, though, concerning my stockings; the darns began to intrude above the backs of my shoes, and I could not always remember to stand face front to the enemy; 't is too paltry a part for a man of brains to play, and although I can smile now when I think on the unmanly straits to which I was then reduced, I can certify that I did not feel merry at the time. The wonderful death-bed conversion of Springer had drawn a great number of people of the common sort about the tavern where he died, and I had delivered an awakening sort of discourse over his remains to a vast assemblage, making, as I judged, no small impression upon the consciences of those benighted beings. This put me upon thinking whether a great work might not be performed in this humble direction, and I was in deep consideration of the matter when an English ship coming into port brought me a letter from Captain Hewlett, containing news of sorrowful yet joyful import: no less, in fact, than the marriage of my Lady Kitty Fairthorn to that friend and pa-

tron of the Wesleys, the pious young Lord Hare, one of the most considerable noblemen in the kingdom. I have the letter before me now, and can well recall the strange medley of contending feelings with which I read its contents. "You will wonder," wrote the captain, "that my lord would give his daughter to so lax a churchman as my Lord Hare, but allow me to tell you that a man with ten thousand pounds a year purchases the right to think as he pleases. He first saw my lady at Moorfields, where she was gone on the sly with her mother to hear Mr. Whitefield expound, and 't is said he made up his mind to be after her on the spot."

I could not but reflect long and bitterly on the open inconsistency that consigned one man to perdition for venturing to follow the teachings of his own conscience, whilst rewarding another of precisely similar opinions with the choicest gift of fortune. Envy and jealousy, indeed, found no place in my heart, for was she not the bride of the man of her choice? and what more could be wished for her, even by those who loved her fondest? But 't was a long time ere I could dwell with even decent composure upon that enticing picture of newly wedded happiness. Must there always be hungry, shivering wretches, who wander in the cold and darkness outside the house of happiness, snatching now and then only a hasty glimpse of the feasting and merry-making going on within? In those days, I gnawed my dry crust with, I humbly hope, a not unthankful heart, but dare I assert that its savor was sweet in my mouth? I had gotten a hurt that took away, for a season, all relish for wholesome food, — a hurt of which but a slight scar now remains, and which throbs occasionally with a not all-unpleasant memory of pain, as I sit a hale and happy old man basking before my evening fire.

V.

I now entered into consultation with the landlord of the Sailor's Rest concerning the delivery of a series of dis-

courses from the balcony over the tavern door. He seemed a civil and obliging person, and met my proposition with astounding heartiness; but observe the sequel. I was greatly in the mind to take up my lodging in his house, Mistress Prinkett's neighbors eying my poverty-stricken appearance somewhat askance of late, and I was loth to cause that excellent person the least inconvenience; but she opposed the notion so obligingly that I forbore to make further mention of it. Would that I had carried out my intention, for, being on the spot, I should the sooner have perceived the mischief of which I was about to become the occasion. I cannot here forbear casting a retrospective glance at the singular appearance I must have made in the streets of Philadelphia at this time. Pale and lean (I had shrunken strangely in flesh of late), wrapped about with an ancient brown roquelaure, its color in nowise improved by copious drenchings of salt water gotten aboard ship, my stockings curiously needle-worked about the ankles, my shoes (loose and shapeless from long wear) clattering abominably as I walked, it is small wonder that I rarely took the air without a delighted rabble at my heels. But my mind was so intent upon the business I now had in hand that personal vanity was quite laid asleep; observe, I do not say *dead*, for of all human weaknesses that, I think, survives longest, else why, at this late day, do I strut proudly forth in silk and linen, when better men content themselves with woolen and not a few must needs go bare?

'T was now about the middle of February, and the weather being extremely inclement, I got but a meagre attendance during the first week or two of my expoundings; but as the season advanced the assemblage increased, and in the course of a month or so I had the satisfaction to exhort upwards of three hundred persons daily, — all, however, of the meaner sort. This, of course, gave me no disquiet, it being a pleasing work to scatter seed in such ground, and one for which I concluded I must surely be fitted, as I had had no sort of success in

any other quarter. I was, however, sorely troubled by my extreme straitness of means at this time, numerous cases for charity coming under my notice that I was utterly powerless to relieve, and many a bitter pang did I suffer in being unable to provide for the pressing wants of my poor people. Although I now procured a little work from a scrivener, through the unfailing kindness of Mr. Franklin, the proceeds no more than sufficed to pay the charges for my board and lodging, and I was never able to command more than a penny or two to disburse to the most necessitous; however, my ministry in this direction soon came to untimely end. A West Indian vessel coming into port about the middle of April, and a horde of roystering sailors gathering in the common room of the Sailor's Rest to drink spirits and throw dice, I announced a discourse on the subject of gin-guzzling, choosing one that I had delivered aboard the Polly, and which seemed to fit the occasion to a nicety. No sooner had the landlord seen the notice to this effect that I had attached to his door-cheek than he sends for me to repair to the tavern without loss of time, and on my appearing in great haste comes blustering up to me in a most offensive manner, demanding if I purposed the ruin of his trade by the putting forth of such a mischievous paper; adding, with astounding audacity, that he should certainly lose all the custom I had been the means of fetching to his house did I persist in my intent. Mark the cunning of the knave: he had encouraged my labors for none other purpose than the bringing of fresh grist to his mill, and here was I blindly leading precious souls to destruction, the poor dupe of a specious villain, — a wretch without bowels. My agony of mind on being thus suddenly enlightened was of such a desperate sort that, gnashing my teeth, I leaped upon the miscreant, and, bearing him to the ground with an awful crash, beat him about the head and shoulders with the stout cane I carried, and with such good will that I presently found myself lying in the town jail, covered with the blood of my enemy, and

every bone in my body aching from the unaccustomed exercise. I was in such a frenzy that I doubt I had the proper use of my wits for a while; but when I at length realized all the horror of my situation, the bitter humiliation and disgrace I felt had like to have made an end of me then and there. All was now over for me in America. I could never hope to regain the ground I had lost in being haled away by the hair of the head to durance vile, like a common malefactor. Truly was I as forlorn and friendless a creature as any the world ever saw. My clothing had been rent beyond repair in the shameful struggle, and, yet worse, one of my shoes was gone, how and where I knew not; and although I promised the jailer's little lad a penny in the event of his finding it, nothing was ever heard of it from that day to this. One thought alone cheered me in the dark abyss into which I was fallen: I had administered wholesome and righteous correction in proper season; hip and thigh had I hewed my enemy, and to reflect upon that was as a healing balm to my sore bones. During the afternoon Mistress Prinkett arrived, quite disheveled, and drowned in tears of compassion. That good creature had already been at the trouble to wait upon Mr. Franklin, who had promised to see the mayor of the town as soon as might be, to bespeak his kindly interest in my sad case, feeling pretty confident of my speedy enlargement when that official should come to hear the true statement of the matter. I was so heartened by the certainty that good friends were stirring in my behalf that I had most refreshing sleep that night, notwithstanding the comfortless nature of the bed I lay upon. Next morning, the jailer, a man of kindly dispositions, lent me the *Journal* (a new weekly paper, printed by one Bradford), and behold! the first thing my eye lit upon was a ribald account of the sad transaction of the preceding day, portraying it as a "drunken brawl," in which a certain notorious Jesuit had figured in company with the keeper of a tavern of bad repute on the wharves, giving such a false version of

the affair that my reputation—had I any left at that time, which is something doubtful—was ruined forever as far as concerned the town of Philadelphia. After poring over this shameless account with feelings I care not to dwell on, I threw myself recklessly across my bed, and sank into a sort of dull lethargy, not even thinking to seek comfort where I had never yet failed to find it, a prey to a sullen despair, from which the certainty of immediate dissolution would have been absolute relief. I scarce know how long I lay thus, but the day was far advanced when Mr. Franklin appeared, and with him Mr. Till, the good mayor, who had made the proper inquiries concerning the matter in hand, and who, being satisfied of the iniquitous part the landlord of the Sailor's Rest had played in the business, was pleased to grant me immediate release, the villain declining to come into court to testify against me, well knowing that the day could not fail to go against him. We sallied forth from the jail, and indeed 't was time, for affairs were come to such a desperate pass with me that I really think my wits were on the eve of departure. Howbeit, I was soon bestowed snugly in Mistress Prinkett's best feather bed, a comfortable dish of tea at my elbow, and the faithful woman herself nigh at hand to minister to my wants. "And now," says she, "now, reverend sir, I think I may venture to give you certain news that I dared not mention sooner. This morning I had a letter from Captain Hewlett inclosing another for yourself; but before you break the seal I think it my duty to prepare you in some degree for the contents, which are not wholly unknown to me. In the first place, you must know that the captain hath been with my Lady Hare; she spied him from her coach windows, and knowing him on the instant condescended to invite him within that she might learn news of you. The captain could not forbear, when once she got her eye upon him, giving her a full account of matters as far as he knew, and he writes that the sweet young lady wept most prettily on it. Then, my Lord Fairthorn is dead of a

fit these two months, and my lady is lodging with her daughter." Thus saying, Mistress Prinkett put the letter she had drawn from her side pocket upon the bed, and stepped softly out of the chamber, leaving me well-nigh stunned with the suddenness and nature of the news she had communicated. 'T was more than a few minutes ere I was sufficiently calmed to break the seal of the letter, which was in my dear young mistress's hand, and inclosed a goodly sum of money, — praying also my return to England without delay, her loving lord having granted her leave to tender me

the post of chaplain in his own household, there to partake of the sweets of family affection, and to expound the gospel according to the blessed tenets of the New Light. A flood of sunshine burst into my darkened soul and lit up every nook and corner there, and slipping out of my bed I fell upon my knees, crying aloud, "O God, thy wondrous goodness droppeth upon me as a mantle, hiding all mine infirmities from the eyes of mine enemies; in my extremity, when I sought thee not, thou didst not forsake me, and I will continue to praise thy name forevermore!"

Mrs. C. M. Town.

RECORDING.

A SUMMER gloaming lit by one pale star,
 When cricket songs the night's weird echoes woke,
 And katydids sent their sharp notes afar
 From out the coolness of a spreading oak,
 Now fills my soul with memories most sweet.
 The light-house gleamed, a flame-crowned sentinel,
 And where the lines of earth and ocean meet
 The long, low rollers softly rose and fell.

Then, from the mist that hung above the sea,
 Like a gold cresset full of amber'light,
 The broad moon came. Above a bending tree
 A floating cirrus showed its snowy white,
 And coming with the moon, and growing strong,
 The cool night wind ran o'er the heated ground,
 Making the low waves murmur into song,
 Through broadening circles of melodious sound.

Who counts his life in fleeting hours and days
 Makes sad mistake; but by sweet scenes like this
 We should keep record of its devious ways,
 And use for stops a hand-clasp or a kiss.
 Ah, what are all the years to that short hour —
 When only one pale star in heaven outshone,
 And sent its thin light wavering o'er the flower,
 Dew-gemmed and sweet, — that sealed you mine alone!

Thomas S. Collier

EDMOND AND JULES GONCOURT.

IN a few weeks after its publication, *La Fille Elisa*, the latest romance from the pen of the brothers Goncourt, had already reached its twelfth edition, — had made a sensation in France, and even some noise in such American circles as keep themselves *au courant* with foreign literature. It is therefore a suitable time to study the character and the physiognomy of these two authors, whose reputation is increasing every day, and who are assuming in French literature a place which constantly becomes more important.

The writings of the brothers Goncourt are too numerous and varied to be reviewed in detail, one after another. But the volume which precedes *La Fille Elisa* may be said to represent them all; we mean *Les Idées et Sensations*, — a work well suited to a general analysis, since it is composed of independent fragments, thrown together as if by chance, and treating of a multitude of subjects. It consists of the impressions of an artist intermingled with the conclusions of a thinker. It is a conglomeration of apothegms, a *pot-pourri* of reflections, some serious, others fantastic, when indeed they are not serious and fantastic at the same time. There is almost everything in this book; for the writers have thrown themselves entirely into it, and, almost unconsciously, have thereby given to the world a complete epitome of their intellectual and moral development. We will quote a few of the shortest among these fragments:—

“The quickest way to succeed is to jump up behind on the cab of Success. Here one is sure to get bespattered, and even risks a few cuts of the whip, but finally arrives safely, with the footmen, at the antechamber.”

“Great events are often intrusted to small men, as diamonds are sent by Paris jewelers in the hands of their shop boys.”

“The worst prudery is that of corrup-

tion. It seems to me that modern society is as tawdry in regard to morals as are rogues in regard to the point of honor.”

“Slander is, after all, the strongest bond in social intercourse.”

“The world only pardons those superiorities by which it is not humiliated.”

“A book is never a masterpiece; it becomes one. Genius is the talent of a dead man.”

But there is no subject upon which a Frenchman discourses more willingly than upon women; nor are the Goncourts silent. It must be premised, however, that the brothers, — thoroughly French, Parisian among the Parisians, — when they think they are speaking of woman, generally have in view only the Parisian woman, who in reality is not the only type of her sex:—

“Between men and women, perhaps all that is sincere is what is not expressed in words.”

“Virtuous women often speak of the faults of other women as if these faults had been stolen from themselves.”

“There are conventionalities whose absence is more shocking in a woman than a lack of virtue. Women are more amenable to the tribunal of society than to that of morality.”

“A man sometimes looks for truth in a book, a woman always for illusions.”

“Too much is sometimes enough for a woman.”

“The beauty of woman is Love looking at her.”

The Goncourts, as we understand them, were born poets, and endowed with a fair amount of imagination. Since imagination consists mainly of sensibility, the majority of poets — certainly those who are nothing else — contemplate rather than observe, color rather than design, and feel rather than think. When they have clothed their impressions in a clear and elegant form, they

believe that they have formulated ideas and judgments. Most men in whom imagination is the predominating faculty absorb themselves in the spectacle of their sensations, well satisfied when they have reproduced externally these interior phenomena in a more or less fantastic garb. Nothing is perhaps more charming so long as the writer is young and sensitive; but this habit becomes a serious misfortune to those who, arrived at the age of reflection, persist in living by sensation, a faculty which constantly tends to become blunted and worn out. This was the misfortune of poor Alfred de Musset, with whom the Goncourts have a certain affinity. They might have repeated the tragic termination of his career, if they had not early adopted a system of methodical work, of which Musset was incapable. Our young authors first appeared in the literary world under the *nom de plume* of Cornelius Hoff. The first productions signed Goncourt were a *Revue du Salon*, in 1852, and a few light pages, *La Lorette*, *Les Actrices*, *Les Mystères du Théâtre*, *La Voiture de Masques*, — pages wherein fantasy entirely predominated over the observation which, at a later period, became so closely intertwined with it.

From criticism, from the history of literature and of art to history itself, is but a step. The Goncourts entered this new domain by the path of anecdotes. Everybody likes anecdotes, but only artists know how to appreciate them: artists only can tell how often by its brevity an anecdote is rendered more expressive than a long recital; how it is able, in a single trait, to concentrate an entire character, an entire life, and even, sometimes, an entire epoch. Anecdotes may be compared to pen- and -ink sketches, or to the outlines which are drawn by the painter in order to fix the ideas of his picture. For the connoisseur, such a charcoal outline, dashed off in a few minutes, is often worth more than the great picture of which it is the forerunner. The Goncourts were artists in history. They wrote books composed mainly of anecdotes, collected to justify whatever theories were advanced. They made

a specialty of the second half of the eighteenth century, and studied minutely its art, its literature, and above all its manners and customs. They collected pamphlets, drawings, autographs, engravings, newspapers, neglected nothing, however trifling or obscure, which might revive the life of the time. It was their ambition to paint France exactly as it had existed, — in its customs, its characters, its national physiognomy, its true color, its life. It was a great ambition. We dare not say that it has been realized.

In the Revolution there had been a vitality so intense that the fragments of whatever had lived and moved during its great epoch began to breathe and palpitate afresh as they were rescued from the dust. Passion still exhales from the remnant of this passionate period; it is almost impossible not to take sides for or against the actors in the drama. Notwithstanding their impersonal programme, the Goncourts entered into political personalities, as all their predecessors had done. Enrolling themselves among the anti-revolutionists, they wrote a book containing a few fine effects of rhetoric, but no impartiality. Their so-called Social History is only a conglomeration of tittle-tattle, fibs, and gossiping stories, whose veracity is unchallenged if their wit passes muster and if they "produce a good effect in the scenery." This superficiality is not very surprising in young writers who were mingling dissertations upon the terrible duel between the Old World and the New with studies, not less serious, on the mysteries of the theatre and on the life of the lorette. But the real reason for this superficiality lies below the surface. The habit of trifling seems to confer the right to be unjust, to omit saying all that one knows, to evoke or to silence one's conscience. With this habit, also, it is much easier to be amusing, and wit is hard to impress into the service of equity and of laborious exactitude. The Goncourts did not lack erudition, but were entirely deficient in the philosophical capacity, the breadth of view, the warm breath of humanity, which make the true historian. They

wished to prove something with their book, and the thesis which they maintained, and which is still popular in fashionable circles at Paris, is the assertion that 1793 was an invasion of barbarians, an ebullition of bad passions, a paroxysm of fury and of stupidity. Intrenched behind their hedge of quotations, Edmond discharged his popgun of peas and Jules fired off his mortar of pins upon Robespierre, Danton, Saint Just, and Marat, and riddled the grand corpses with their petty projectiles. The Castor and Pollux of *bric-à-brac* set out to war upon the dead giants as if they were going to hunt mosquitoes, and after each well-aimed blow exclaimed with lively satisfaction, "Ah, well done! That monster will not raise his head again!"

We can hardly refrain from smiling when we listen to the pathos of their accusations:—

"*It has been sold*, — the furniture of Versailles, the magnificent furniture of embroidered blue silk, ornamented with flowers and peacock feathers, and with black ribbons fringed with silk. *It has been sold*, — the magnificent summer furniture, embroidered with flowers and columns on a background of white, with detached bouquets and garlands forming a mosaic, held up by wreaths of gold-leaf-work inwrought in the stuff! *It has been sold*, — this furniture in mosaic, with garlands of gold, and bordered with braids and gold-lace-work, and fringes in silk and gold."

From Dunkerque to Perpignan, from Bayonne to Givet, the authors have collected exact statistics concerning all the acts of vandalism. "Not a tree remains in a forest of a hundred arpents belonging to the marshal of Castiers. . . . Go to the north, the south, the east, the west, — everywhere are traces of the Revolution. . . . Equally lamentable and monotonous would be the list of religious edifices suppressed, ruined, regretted, and mourned over." The Goncourts draw up a list of "churches dishonored" by having been turned into granaries, workshops, schools, lyceums; and after each name they set an exclamation mark, which represents for the

innocent reader a cry of horror, or at the very least a tear.

These are the "excesses" of the Revolution which principally excite the indignation of our authors, and which, in their opinion, justify all the baseness and the villainies of the period of reaction. They justify the scandals of the Directory avowedly because they had been satiated by the idyls of the fêtes of flowers, of harvest, and vintage, and because the fêtes of the goddess Reason had bored them to death. But having justified the Directory as being only a reaction against the Revolution which had preceded it, the historians make a sudden volt face, and show us the Directory in the darkest colors, in order to justify the advent of the empire by which it was to be overthrown. "Nothing remained in France but debased intellects, selfish hearts, enslaved thoughts, degraded instincts, impure principles, tottering truths, — in a word, the complete materialization of man." "All these abominations were necessary, it would appear, for the development of the new empire; they were foreseen by 'divine providence,' until France, exhausted as at the termination of an orgy, should kneel in submission to Cæsar."

The history of French society during the Revolution corresponds well to its date and to the character of its epoch. February, 1848, the massacres of June, the *coup d'état* of December, had been the mitigated repetition of the taking of the Bastille, the Thermidorian reaction, and the crime of Brumaire. When the book of the Goncourts appeared, all "respectable people" were regarding Napoleon III. as a revival of Napoleon I., as the saviour of society, as the predestined hero who should reassure the good and make the wicked tremble. Such enthusiasm was pardonable in dupes or in rogues, but inexplicable in the brothers Goncourt, assuredly neither the one nor the other, and who nevertheless consented to enlist on the side of the adventurer. Having completed their invective against the Revolution, the Goncourts proceeded naturally to a pleading in favor of its enemy, and wrote a sec-

ond bad book, — the History of Marie Antoinette. Their heroine is represented as constantly a victim, — victim of the court, victim of the diplomatic policy, victim of the bigots, victim of slander and calumny, victim of the *bourgeoisie*, victim of the people, victim of feminine jealousies, victim of human perversity. By an inexplicable fatality the entire world was leagued against her, and of a saint made a martyr. Our authors admire this royal saint without reserve, — admire her when she gets up and when she sits down; when she dances; when she walks; when she acts as a queen and when she poses as a milk-maid; when she rises and when she goes to bed. This admiration is not history; it is esoteric enthusiasm. Thanks to Messrs. Edmond and Jules, Marie Antoinette became at once the ideal of the fashionable Bonapartist world, and the royal patroness of Breda Street and of the Jockey Club. The Empress Eugénie moistened with a tear the recital of her Passion, paid for masses for the repose of her soul, and led the Princess of Metternich and the Queen of Holland on a pilgrimage to the expiatory chapel. The ladies who danced the famous “germans” at Compiègne adored the Virgin Mary on Sunday and Marie Antoinette on week days. It became the fashion to consider Marie Antoinette as the last flower of the antique aristocracy, as the incarnation of all that may possess elegance and distinction. Through hatred of the democracy the gentlemen of the coup d’état became all chevaliers of Marie Antoinette. Bonapartism exhibited itself amorous of legitimacy, sighed for the old monarchy, coquetted with the ancient church. With a few *bons mots* it was deemed possible to travesty history, and to prove that the Revolution, by whose results all were profiting, was nevertheless but a tissue of crimes, while the old *régime* possessed nothing but virtues. Because the queen had been a sufficiently headstrong coquette, the assertion that the taxes, the imposts, the farms, the customs, and the salt dues had crushed the poor people was an infamous falsehood. The tears of Marie Antoinette at the Conciergerie

relegated to nothingness the iniquities of the Bastille. That Marie Antoinette’s head was cut off was sufficient proof that she had never lied, had never persuaded her husband to perjure himself, and had never betrayed France to its armed enemies.

It is precisely such mixed natures as those of the Goncourts, such intellects, at once refined and somewhat sickly, which become impassioned for ambiguous beings, for elegant murderesses, for beautiful criminals, such as Beatrice Cenci, Brinvilliers, Marie Stuart, Marie Antoinette, Marie Lafarge. These they admire because of their beauty, because of their rank, and above all, because of their guilt!

But the brothers Goncourt have turned their studies on the eighteenth century to better account than in their histories of Marie Antoinette and of French society during the Revolution. At the time they began to write, it was fashionable in France to speak with extreme disdain of the literature and art of the last century, for contempt is always facile to ignorance. But in rapid succession the brothers Goncourt published their *Portraits Intimes of the Eighteenth Century*, a biography of Sophie Arnaud, and studies on Watteau, the painter of their predilection. A reaction of public opinion set in; a taste revived for the subtle and delicate qualities of these eighteenth century artists, and to the Goncourts in great measure belongs the honor of the revival. It is with a secret satisfaction of *amour propre* that we find them saying: “It needs more than taste, it needs character, properly to appreciate a work of art. Independence of ideas is necessary to independence of admiration.”

This bold campaign secured for the authors a merited reputation, and their intellectual horizon enlarged with their renown. They succeeded in so impregnating themselves with the art which they studied, in so saturating themselves with the literature, that their own sense of the beautiful developed, and with it the brilliant logic, the agreeable good sense, the light and delicate handling, characteristic of the eighteenth century.

These conscientious studies, moreover, enabled the brothers better to understand the century in which they themselves were living. They learned to observe the *salons* and workshops of the world around them with the rigid exactitude of which they had acquired the habit in the retrospective observation of a former world. The success obtained by this method made them enthusiastic for it.

"The power of observation," say they, "is one most characteristic of our century; it is the great talent of modern art. The art of learning how to see demands the longest apprenticeship of all the arts." It is in the patient and intelligent study of certain sides of contemporary social existence that the Goncourts have disclosed their real originality, and have developed into artists of intrinsic value. Hitherto they had written history which was nothing but romance; now they wrote romances which were in reality history. Hitherto they had modeled in clay, but henceforth they were destined to cast in bronze.

We do but mention their dramatic effort, *Henriette Maréchal*, which was drawn out with spirit, we are told, but which could not even get a hearing. The piece had been given to the public under the official patronage of the Princess Mathilde, whose *protégés* the Goncourts were known to be; and the Parisian students resented that intrusion of politics into art. Likewise fell *Gaëtana*, of their friend About, another *familiar* of the notorious lady. Likewise fell *Tannhäuser*, of Wagner, which the empress had forced upon the opera. Too clever by half, the Goncourts had contrived to enjoy the profits of opposition and the comforts of power; therefore *Henriette*, their daughter, was ignominiously pelted with rotten eggs.

But *Renée Mauperin* was a great success. The world was taken by surprise, all the more because the authors were not unknown. But in them had not been suspected the new talents which were now exhibited, — the penetration of character, the living psychology, which determined at once the success of the

book. This success was confirmed by the romances which followed: *Manette Salomon*, *Madame Gervaisais*, *Germaine Lacerteux*, *Charles Demailly*, *Quelques Créatures de ce Temps*, and, finally, *La Fille Elisa*, which at present is attracting almost as much attention as *L'Assommoir*, of M. Zola. We may pardon the *Marie Antoinette*, in consideration of *La Fille Elisa*. The truth, cold and severe, the healthy emotion, the advocacy of a justice superior to legality, which appear in their last work, may serve to redeem the tinsel, the gilding, the false elegancies, the vicious perfumes, of the pretended history of which the maids of honor at the Tuileries had such a high opinion. The authors have themselves said in the *Ideas and Sensations*: "Everything is turning towards the people and from the kings. Even romances no longer enlist our sympathies for royal misfortunes, but for private griefs, descending from Priam to Cæsar Birotteau," — and we might add, in view of the writers' subsequent experience, from *Marie Antoinette* to *La Fille Elisa*.

The Goncourts have been reproached for their frankness and for the minuteness with which they depict things which are coarse, unwholesome, or painful, not hesitating to use the plain name for the plain thing. For our part, we approve of the physiology which the Doctors Robin and Ouimus have taught them; we approve even of this crudity of detail, for, in books destined to become monuments of contemporary history, accuracy is of far more importance than elegant prudery. The moral value of a book is measured by the amount of truth which it contains; its artistic value depends on the distinctness of the lines and on the clearness of the impression: for the artist the nude, for the *bourgeois* the draping; for the naturalist and man of science the fact, — the fact pure and simple; while disguises and circumlocutions are the delight of those who reproach nature for being ugly and common, of those who, not daring to look realities in the face, admire appearances and enjoy illusions. Yet it seems to us

that there is an increasing number of people who dare to speak out frankly, and of those who are pleased to be spoken to without disguise.

The Goncourts are at the same time delicate and realistic; they know themselves to be refined, and declare with satisfaction, "The epithet *rare* is the true mark of a writer." They are sculptors who carve conscientiously after their model, and dissect their "subject" as expert anatomists. Under the same glass they exhibit preparations made for the Musée Dupuytren and delicate statuettes in white marble or Florentine bronze.

From progress to progress the Goncourts, once fantastics and elegant skeptics, have reached the point of pleading the cause of certain social reforms. But they are not on this account democrats, and never will be. They are capable of pity; they know how to awaken compassion on behalf of the unfortunate, because they themselves have been moved; they have ceased, in a word, to disdain justice, and we are glad of it, but we must ask from them nothing farther. Belonging to the upper classes of the bourgeoisie, and to that minority which "sets the fashion" for all Paris, aristocratic in fact if not in name, they have, like others of their class, calumniated the Revolution by which their class had been emancipated. This does not prevent them from being pitilessly severe upon the horde of enriched *parvenus*, — "this class, daughter of the republic, and ill-mannered daughter who denies the republic in order to conceal her origin." Our artists condemn this bourgeoisie as foolish and spiteful, as envious, vain, and timid. They despise, and justly, *le peuple gras*, — to use the expression which the French have borrowed from the Florentines in the Middle Ages, when the state was torn by the factions, *il popolo grasso* and *il popolo magro*. As to *il popolo magro*, whose black multitudes stir in inquiet and discontented agitation, and who advance confusedly, pushing insurrections and revolutions before them, they seem also to inspire these writers with contempt, but a con-

tempt extremely complex, mixed with a compassion which impels to devotion, and a terror which leans toward hatred. The masses seem to them *canaille*, but as such more *distingué* than the bourgeoisie, which is vulgar. They are capable of frightful stupidities, of ignoble crimes, and sometimes of sublime virtues; they are personified by the authors in the features of Germaine Lacerteux. More far-sighted than many of their fellows, the Goncourts see that the flood of democracy is rising, but they see it with keen regret. They seem to be convinced that with the progress of time the wild boars of the democracy cannot fail to transform themselves into the obese swine of the bourgeoisie. They are convinced that modern republics — they have in view especially Switzerland and the United States — are destitute of art and forever incapable of possessing any. This is sufficient to render these countries detestable to artists who have no hope that the miracle of the Athenian republic will ever be repeated. There is, they say, a necessary opposition between the interests of art and the interests of the populace. The authors declare that "the beautiful is precisely what appears abominable to uneducated eyes. The beautiful is what your mistress and your servant consider, instinctively, to be frightful."

And they quote D'Alembert as enunciating "one of the most ridiculous assertions possible when he declared, 'Woe to those productions of art whose beauty is only appreciable by artists!' 'The mass of the people love neither the true nor the simple; they love *fanfaronnade* and charlatanism.' " Must we conclude, therefore, that the people require a better education? Not at all!

"The peril, the great peril, of modern society is education. Every mother in the working classes wishes to give her children instruction that she has not had, and an orthography that she does not know, though she should drain her heart's blood for it. From this general folly, from this mania, wide-spread in the depths of society, to throw the children over the parents' heads, and to raise

them above their own level, as if at an exhibition of fire-works, is growing up a France of clerks, employees, and penny-liners, — a France where the laborer no longer engenders the laborer, nor the peasant the peasant; and where, before long, there will not be enough arms to carry on the rough work of the nation."

The grand preoccupation of the Goncourts is, lest the European proletariat, by means of popular education, should become transformed into something resembling the American democracy, — a democracy rich, powerful, ambitious, but destitute of all feeling for art. "Alas for the day," exclaim these new Jeremiahs, "when our people succeed in Americanizing themselves!"

Far apart from this vulgar crowd, the Goncourts believe they have withdrawn themselves into a select circle of congenial spirits, such as collected every Friday around the dinner-table of Sainte-Beuve, like Taine, Berthelot, Gavarni, Renan, Scherer, Flaubert, — Flaubert, to whom is dedicated this very volume, *Idees et Sensations*. "There are in France a few score of us, artists, *savants*, men of the world, who understand the end and the groundwork of things. Enlightened epicureans, we enjoy all that the world has to offer of most rare, delicate, and agreeable. Outside of our circle surges incessantly the vile multitude."

Thus might have spoken Byron, Chateaubriand, or, later, Alfred de Musset. But the pleasures afforded by vanity leave in the mouth a disagreeable taste. Those who have cried, *Odi profanum, vulgus et arceo*, who have withdrawn themselves to the heights of their proud solitude, must learn to live in an isolation of heart, and this is painful for those who have the faculty of loving and of being beloved. From the summit of his tower of ivory, a thousand times did Alfred de Musset complain bitterly of his fate, and repeat, in his fashion, "It is not good for man to be alone." It is the same with the Goncourts. Notwithstanding all that life can offer them of exquisite pleasures, they are melancholy, and like so many others seem to

misunderstand the cause of their sadness. They attribute it to the faculty of observation which they had cultivated with so much care.

"All observers are sad, and must be so. They are spectators of life. They are not actors, but witnesses; they take part neither in what may deceive nor in what will intoxicate. Their normal condition is that of melancholy serenity."

The extreme sensibility which they had hoped to blunt by their social studies was only increased.

"I perceive regretfully that literature and observation, instead of blunting my sensibility, have extended, refined, exposed it to the quick. A thousand resources, a thousand latent capacities for suffering, become revealed in us. Through prolonged self-analysis the soul is laid bare, and, losing its protecting envelope, becomes abnormally sensitive, defenseless, bleeding at the slightest touch."

It is perhaps pretentious to claim to know an author better than he does himself, and yet we dare assert that this melancholy comes less from knowing humanity too well than from believing themselves freed from the obligation to love it. In reality the authors dissect their subject with too lively curiosity to permit them to compassionate the sufferings which may have been borne before it was stretched on the marble table. And it is to this very curiosity, to this intense mental activity, that they owe the preservation of their mental health. For it must be admitted, the subjects to which our two writers devote themselves are not enlivening. A thousand times must their eyes be saddened at the contemplation of so many wounds, of so many ulcers, of the ignominies and perfidies, — the stratagems and the treasons, which abound in society, in business, in politics, in industry. Humanity is stupid and perverse, and they have not failed to perceive it. They accuse nature of cruelty, and we dare not affirm that they are altogether wrong.

"The telescopic and microscopic researches of the present day, the exploration of the infinitely great or of the

infinitely little, the science of the star or of the microphyton, lead to the same infinite depth of sadness. They lead the human thought to something far sadder for man than death, — to a conviction of the nothingness which is his lot even while alive."

"Nature is for me an enemy; the country seems to me funereal. This green earth suggests a cemetery awaiting its dead. That grass feeds on man. Those trees grow upon and blossom from what has died. This sun which shines so brightly, imperturbable and peaceful, is but the great force which putrefies. Trees, sky, water, all appear to me merely as a life grant of land, where the gardener sets out a few new flowers every spring, around a small basin of gold-fish."

"Are you not aware of the value of man and of life? No man is to be found who would live his own life over again. Hardly is there a woman who would revive her eighteenth year. This shows the value of life."

"If it were known how much the pleasures of life cost, no one would buy them."

"As we advance in life, our love for society increases with our contempt for men."

Here in a few lines is condensed a masterpiece of the philosophy of history: "I was inquiring how justice had been born into the world. I walked along a quay, where some boys were amusing themselves. The biggest of them exclaimed, 'We must have a tribunal; I am the tribunal.'"

The works of the Goncourts (for although Jules has died, the surviving brother retains the collective signature) will gain in value as they grow older, differing in this from many contemporary productions. They have solid qualities which deserve permanent fame, an artistic sincerity, a truthfulness, a manner of representation, which will render them precious in the eyes of future moralists and historians. Their agreeable water colors, their charming sketches, wherein they have caught the essence of contemporary French intellect and the

features of Parisian physiognomy, will be one day studied by antiquaries with the same curious care which they have themselves expended upon the pictures of Fragonard or the pastels of Latour. Their exceptional merit consists in the happy alliance of a lively imagination with patient and conscientious work; of a witty and mercurial poetic faculty with an observation as delicate and precise as that of the physician and statistician; of exact drawing, brilliant color, elegant style, and a form often exquisite, united to a perfect command of technicalities. Passing with singular facility from graceful fancies to painful realities, they find on their rich palette colors at once for the diaphanous wings of the butterfly, and also for malignant pustules and cancers in suppuration. They transport themselves readily from the infirmary to the workshop of the painter or of the sculptor; they pass from the salon of the Princess Mathilde to the bedside of the outcast.

Doubtless there exists an obverse to these multiform talents. A severe critic will notice that these authors describe too much for the sake of the description; that they too often paint objects which have no other merit than to have been looked at by the artists; that they encroach deliberately upon the domain of painting, and exact from their pen what the brush alone is able to give; that they are sometimes over-refined, and perhaps affected; that occasionally they seem to be the dupes of their own paradoxes, and insist upon an apparent opposition of ideas which in reality is only a juggle of words; that the artistic effect becomes of too much importance to them, and the moral significance too little. Nevertheless, while we might often wish them to be other than they are, we must acknowledge that the Goncourts as Goncourts are a decided success. And in view of the steady progress manifested in the succession of their books, they deserve to be judged, above all, by their latest productions.

Finally, should we attempt to trace the intellectual paternity of the Goncourts, we should say that they proceed

chiefly from Théophile Gautier, who was at once a realist and a man of fantasy. They are also assimilated in method to Watteau as a painter, and to Flaubert as an observer; they are impregnated with the doctrines of Taine, but most of all are they disciples of Gavarni. What Gavarni concentrates in an outline drawing, they develop in one or more pages, or they extend it even to a book. They explain Gavarni to us, and Gavarni explains them. Having traversed several schools, and having learned something of each, they in their turn have become masters, and have acquired a style peculiar to themselves. It is a style of a secondary sort. In order to rank among the first, they require more strongly accentuated qualities and defects than they possess. Such as it is their art is delicate rather than powerful, and perhaps the reader must be himself an artist to be able fully to appre-

ciate it. And we seem to be able to trace in the productions of this art the various influences which have contributed to its development, as distinctly as we perceive in a smooth and polished agate the different silicious strata by which it has been successively constituted. These rose-tinted lines we have already seen in Boucher and in Watteau; these gray bands are from Flaubert; this lace-work in opaque red reveals Gautier; these amber-hued crystals are of Musset; and from Gavarni, this opal veined with sombre violet. All these concretions are united in a fine and hard cement, which has assumed the most brilliant polish. To such a curious union of lines curved and broken, of angular designs, of variegated colors in whimsical yet harmonious juxtaposition, — to this agate, this gem of subtle, unconscious workmanship, would we compare the brothers Goncourt.

Elie Reclus.

METEORS.

How strangely through the immense unclouded gleam
Of shadowy skies, to starry calmness given,
Flash out these hurrying golden lights that seem
The wild aerial accidents of heaven!

Silent as blossoms that in odorous Mays
Fall at the tremulous breeze's mild caress,
Down dim serenities of night's awful ways
They float mysteriously to nothingness!

But while in volatile beauty speeding so,
They touch the infinite with scarce deeper trace
Than if some languorous hand should vaguely throw
A glimmering lily through the dusk of space!

Along its measureless purple, densely-starred,
No answering tremor wakes, or faintest noise;
Eternally by these weird mishaps unmarred
Reigns the cold radiance of its equipoise!

Even thus, one after one, the friends we prize
Drop from life's mazes if the moment dooms,
Closing at last their dulled, indifferent eyes,
And journeying forth amid unfathomed glooms!

Yet where they have passed, at fate's commandant signs,
Too often, against the darkness death may weave,
Their memory's brightness perishably shines,
Like those pale furrows that the meteors leave!

Edgar Fawcett.

DETMOLD: A ROMANCE.

PART III.

V.

HIS MOOD.

No plan further than the bent of his own fancy guided Detmold to Verona. His taste as formed by his latest study inclined him strongly towards the rich Lombard architecture. After installing in the place of honor and dethroning one after another of the Classic, Renaissance, Oriental, and Gothic styles in turn, he had come to transfer his affections almost wholly to this. It seemed to him to combine the perfections of all. The territory in which it flourishes has been the battle-ground and dwelling-place of the most diverse peoples, and their influence is strongly impressed upon it. The studied dignity of Greece and Rome, the wild imagination of the barbarians who were conquered by Classic civilization in the very act of destroying it, the mysterious elegance and feeling for color of Saracens and Byzantines, are all discernible. There are monuments showing in mass the Classic purity of line and proportion, in their frame-work and sculptures the Gothic ingenuity and wealth of fancy, and in their minor details of ornament—the rich marbles, mosaics, frescoes, and quaint intertwined patterns—the sub-

tle Oriental taste brought back by crusaders or by Venetian merchant princes. In others the same elements are seen side by side, as the successive tides of conquest or fashion have left their impress upon structures as durable as the everlasting hills, juxtaposed but not mingled.

The mood of Detmold at Verona resembled some of the darkest of his former life. He had not, except at some rare moments of extreme self-delusion, looked for complete success in his mission, perhaps not even an *immediate* conditional success, but he had trusted that from the interview, whatever its character, some fragment of hope might be brought away. As it was, nothing remained to the future. He had been not simply rejected but, as it seemed to him, repulsed with cruelty and scorn. His reflections, too, brought him again a vivid realization of the situation which his journey and his ardent passion had for a while obscured. What had he, in fact, to offer Alice in exchange for the comfortable surroundings of her life? He could hardly expect to be able to maintain even a moderate establishment from the earnings of his profession for several years. His small capital was rapidly wasting, and it was to be feared from the tenor of his home advices, which

showed his father struggling in serious difficulties, that it might never be replenished with an inheritance of any sort. And then his secret. Obscure it as he might, there would have to come a time when it must be disclosed, when she would be called upon to rest under the shadow with him and would know all of his disingenuousness. Had he, then, any deserts which merited a better result?

Still, love rarely makes a beginning upon the basis of reason alone, and it is rarely to be put an end to simply by reasoning processes. As Detmold had secretly despaired in the midst of his hope, so he secretly hoped a little when there were the best of reasons for despair. It is a beneficent dispensation that human nature derives its sustenance from the circumstances about it, as vegetation from the sun and air and soil, and is not inexorably coerced by some original bias implanted in the germ. Breathing a new atmosphere, surrounded by novel sights and sounds, nourished upon strange viands, speaking and spoken to in an unaccustomed tongue, Detmold was actively conscious of change in himself. There were times when the unhappy past did not seem to attach to his present identity, but to one shuffled off and far distant.

Besides, is it not out of the obstacles in the way of passion that its greatest intensity and sweetness have been evolved? The stream ripples musically only when it surmounts impediments. It is rarely in the unhampered, business-like joining of equal ranks and fortunes that are developed those instances of devotion and supreme tenderness in the contemplation of which a sympathetic public takes delight. It is the Cinderellas, King Cophetua and the beggar-maid, the romance of the poor young man, the condescension of the noble lady to the page of low degree, to which we extend our most friendly interest.

The unpropitious and apparently impossible inclose the germ of a felicity, vivid and ideal, beyond the conception of ordinary experience.

It is true that the obstacles in Det-

mold's way were largely of his own contriving, yet they were not the less formidable. For the reader may as well be told that Alice knew nothing about his fortune, for one thing, and cared less. She was not in the least of a mercenary turn. She was capable, if her affections were enlisted, of generosity, of giving herself without reserve. She would have trusted that the future would be all that honest effort and a devotion implicitly relied upon could make it, and would have asked no more.

In matters of the heart Detmold was little experienced; he too had developed slowly. It is doubtful whether women appreciate too much idealizing. A less distant and romantic policy might have been attended with better results. Nothing had yet transpired to indicate that Alice would have wished her decision to have been different. But it is a phenomenon not entirely unheard of that a lover has been plunged into the deepest gloom when the case really was that the object by whose fancied coldness his misery was caused had scarcely an inkling of the reverence with which she was regarded, or perhaps was no more than gently coy, not to wear the appearance of being too easily won. Detmold combated mainly with himself. It amounts to the same thing, of course, but character is difficult to read, not so much on account of its essential depth and mystery as of the imperfection of the lenses we bring to bear upon it.

Detmold, wavering in his hopes and fears from day to day, and by no means more composed after the arrival of Alice, had set himself to transfer the masterpieces of the beautiful architecture of his sketch-books. The image of Alice was ever present. It dawned upon him in the morning like a more precious sunrise, and rode in his dreams like the moon of midsummer nights.

His apartment was in what had once been a wing of the Grazzini palace, but had long been sequestered to different uses. The window of a closet attached to his principal chamber looked down into the court-yard. The view showed a quadrangle of buildings, two tall sto-

ries and an attic in height. One of the wings which still remained devoted to palatial uses was supported upon an irregular arcade of columns. There was a wide frieze at the top of the stuccoed walls, of frescoed medallions, Cupids, and flowers, all much streaked and faded. Upon the red-tiled roof were small dormers far apart. An old pomegranate-tree and some lemon and oleander shrubs in boxes grew by the walls. Underneath one of the windows was a saint upon a bracket. On its head a good-natured housekeeper occasionally hung towels to dry. There was a well-curb with a tackle so adjusted that it could be swung from above, and buckets of water hoisted to some of the upper rooms. A goat, keeping his head-quarters somewhere under the arcade, patrolled the court with an air of proprietorship; a family cat moved stealthily about, and sometimes clambered into the pomegranate-tree with a tiger-like clutch.

Hyson came quite often to this apartment of Detmold, and so did his neighbor Antonio. It had a balcony in front, where the three sat in the evenings and ranged pleasantly over the subjects young men talk about. Mr. Starfield also came there once and smoked with them, and brought back such an account of the artistic manner in which it was fitted up that Mrs. Starfield, upon Detmold's next visit, exclaimed that she must be allowed to see it too.

Castelbarco turned the conversation often to the subject of Alice, and desecrated upon her beauty and grace. Sometimes at the cafés he raised his glass and drank to the health of *la bella Americana*.

"Do you suppose he is going to fall in love with her?" said Detmold to Hyson, after one of these manifestations, in considerable annoyance.

"Oh, nothing to signify," said the other. "These Italians are all susceptible; they fall in love — as much as they can — with every pretty woman. I do not know but I should make a very tolerable Italian myself. But supposing he should, would you consider him a formidable rival?"

"He is a very handsome fellow," said Detmold, "and wealthy, and claims to be a kind of royal duke, or marquis, or something of that kind."

"I should not be at all alarmed if I were you. I think you stand well, as I have told you before. Miss Alice would never marry out of her own country or her own language unless there were extraordinary inducements. Antonio is handsome enough, but that amounts to very little, and he takes himself seriously, which is a good point, — but so do you, for that matter, except in a much better way. Women like to be imposed upon with an appearance of importance. They will carry on and have a good time with a fellow like me, for instance, but they don't wish really to tie up to a person who thinks almost everything a farce, and himself as much of a one as the rest. That is the reason I have such confounded poor luck with them when I really mean business."

"Why, your luck is the admiration of all your acquaintances."

"Oh, well, it looks pretty fair, but there are particular cases that they know nothing at all about."

Hyson was getting on tolerably well with his irrigation, studying the language to be able to read works on the subject in the original, — for there are scarcely any to be had in translations, — and making frequent excursions into the country. Still he was annoyed by his linguistic deficiencies. In his journeys he could rarely ask the questions or receive the answers he desired with any degree of satisfaction. He wished he might have the advantage of examining some extensive properties treated by irrigation, with the friendly explanations of some one of authority with whom he was perfectly at ease.

"I can put you in the way of what you want," said Antonio, upon hearing him express this desire. "Why did I not know of it before? You must go to Signor Niccolo."

"By all means; but who is Signor Niccolo?"

"He is a rich farmer on the canal of Este, near Vicenza. He has all kinds

of crops, — Indian corn, wheat, millet, *colza*, *panico*, and vegetables; marcite meadows; fruits, — figs, apples, peaches, melons, everything; rice-swamps, too; but above all his white mulberry-trees, from which he raises the fine silk of which we buy considerable quantities at our factory. I used to go there often in my boyhood to enjoy rural pleasures, and still I go sometimes for a day to taste the Signor Niccolo's good wine. He has a pretty daughter, too, who is very quick in languages. She will interpret for you, or, for that matter, I will go with you myself."

"The sooner the better," said Hyson. "It is precisely the opportunity I have been seeking."

"He is often in town, and I will arrange it," said Castelbarco.

Not long afterwards he brought the farmer he had spoken of to Detmold's apartment to see if perhaps Hyson were there, where he indeed found him. The Signor Niccolo was a short, round, very vivacious old gentleman, with a pleasant face, and white hair upon which he wore, under his hat, a skull cap. When his talk was obscure, Castelbarco explained it.

The evening was sultry, and at the suggestion of Hyson the party adjourned to a café. "It will delight me beyond measure," said Signor Niccolo, "to show you my poor estate. Do you know you could not have done better? I have the temerity to say I am no common farmer. I have made it a study. I have made it a science. I have traveled in the south of France where there are irrigated farms; in the Netherlands also, — it was there I got the idea of my windmill for cleaning the rice. As to water I can tell you everything. Ask me what you will. More than forty millions of tons of water are spread over the surface of Lombardy every day. Does it produce a damp and humid atmosphere? Not in the least. The hygrometer rarely rises above zero of its scale; it shows excessive dryness. You may imagine what we would be without irrigation. You shall have a detailed account of the canal of Este, — plans, sec-

tions, everything will be shown you. It is now twenty years that I have been the general deputy of our *consorzio*, and sit as such in the council by which the whole canal is controlled."

"I do not understand *consorzio*," said Hyson.

"Do you not? You shall hear. The country irrigated by each main canal is divided into a number of districts. In each district a body of six or nine persons is chosen. It is called a *consorzio*. We make repairs and improvements, arrange what tax it is right for each proprietor who uses water to pay, and manage the water affairs in general. The chairmen of the *consorzios* form a superior body which supervises the canal as a whole."

"You cultivate rice also. Is it not very unhealthy for the laborers?"

"It is bad for those who come from the high country, and so are the winter meadows. In the fall there is considerable malaria. Still in that we are fortunate, too. My rice-swamps are located on the borders only of the estate, remote from our buildings, and I work them generally with hands who are acclimated, so that there is very little trouble. You shall see how I clean my rice with my windmill. That is my own idea. My neighbors use mills run by water diverted from the canal. But suppose there comes a drought. A head of water for such a purpose costs something then, I can tell you, — even if you are fortunate enough to get it at all. Besides, another thing. Here is my principal channel."

The demonstrative old gentleman suddenly stopped, laid down his stick upon the pavement, and made explanatory gestures over it, while passers-by were obliged to turn out to the right and left.

"Good! Here are the secondary channels — so," drawing imaginary lines at right angles to the stick with the toe of his boot. "But now, here is a knoll far distant, which is near to my barns and my road, and is much the most convenient place for me to prepare my rice for the market. The water from the streams does not rise high enough to turn a mill

here. Well, what do I do? Go down to the low ground with my mills, where it is very inconvenient? No, I simply recall what I have seen. I remember the Netherland mills. Signor Castelbarco can tell you. It costs nothing to run; but when the wind does not blow, then I have my water-mills elsewhere, like the rest." Signor Niccolo took up his stick and placed it again under his arm, with the air of having elucidated a very knotty problem.

"And how is pretty Emilia, Signor Niccolo?" inquired Castelbarco.

"She is well, but she is not with me now, though I expect her soon. You have not then heard that she is again at Milan to study her music. I have given her the best master in the city."

"Bravo!" said Castelbarco. "She will be a famous cantatrice."

"I know not what she will be, but she is a very good child," said the old man.

Upon taking leave, he cordially extended an invitation to the three to pay him a visit. They should have his best wine and his new horses, and Hyson should examine the irrigation to his heart's content.

"If you will let me choose a time," said he, "let me pray you to come when the early wheat is ripe. You shall see some fine stalks, I promise you."

Before they parted, a date not far distant was fixed upon for the excursion.

VI.

THE TORRE D'ORO.

The weather was at times excessively warm, and the hotel Torre d'Oro al gran Parigi was not in all respects as grand and airy as its title. Still, the streets were often freshened; the fountain splashed in the Piazza Erbe; our friends partook copiously of the half-frozen ices (*granita*) and of *aqua marena*, which is ice-water mingled with syrups, and were upon the whole sufficiently comfortable. Alice brought down to the breakfast table the morning after

their arrival, and preserved afterwards as a memento of the Torre d'Oro, a copy of a cautionary notice affixed to the door of her chamber. It was a monument of ambitious but misguided etymology and spelling, apparently aggravated by reckless type-setting. It was the production of the secretary of the hotel, who acknowledged its authorship with pardonable pride.

"In order to avoiwhod," said this interesting notice, "any trouble which might arise, Mr. Mr. Canti et Gambogi beg to inform those Gentlemen who patronise their hôtel that they will not behold themselves responsible for valuable propriety unless deposited with them and a receipt taken."

"'Valuable propriety' is good," said Hyson, "and Messrs. Canti and Gambogi do quite right not to be responsible for anything of the sort."

The phrase became a merry by-word. When anybody rattled on too fast in the flow of animated talk, or trenched upon a subject to which there were objections, it was common to hear "valuable propriety" interjected at him by some of the others.

Mrs. Starfield cared little for sight-seeing. She suffered herself to be driven about occasionally, took a nap in the afternoons, walked with the girls in the cool part of the day to see the shops, or sat in her room reading or knitting. The young ladies, who had seen most of the great show places, were pleased with the quaintness of Verona, but looked upon their stay there as a sort of respite. They were rather glad that the sights were not too numerous and engrossing. Alice had obtained permission to copy at the Museo Civico. She had chosen a subject, and went quite regularly to work at it. Miss Lonsdale sometimes accompanied her, or sat with Mrs. Starfield, or wrote in a voluminous journal, or went out with a lady cicerone who explained things to her in French at a *lira* an hour.

Mr. Starfield was much absent in his researches among the *filande* and *filatorie*, the factories for winding and spinning silk. He went to Mantua and Brescia and back to Milan, and again

to Roveredo, on the road to Trent. With the elder Castelbarco he spent several days at Iseo on Lake Guarda, where the latter had considerable interests. The country between Verona and Mantua produces the best twist and sewing silk, to which Mr. Starfield was giving especial attention.

On the trip to Mantua he was accompanied by the entire party, who, however, spent the day among the antiquities while he pursued his affairs.

Owing to the prolonged absences of Mr. Starfield, the young men organized and conducted much of the sight-seeing that was done. Detmold, by Hyson's advice, had taken early advantage of the invitation extended to him by Alice, and they were again upon a friendly footing. In spite of what had passed there was soon even greater ease between them than ever before. Detmold noted this, and ascribed it to the hopeless indifference of Alice, unembarrassed by a trace of constraint. He had decided within himself that no further advances could be made towards the all-important subject unless in the wild contingency of some direct encouragement from her. It was perhaps an instinctive apprehension of this, on her side, and a trust in Detmold's delicacy, upon which the renewed intimacy was based. There was a tacit agreement that they were to be friends and nothing more. To natures more impatient and more completely penetrated with a sense of their own merits than Detmold's, such a footing might have seemed irksome and humiliating, but he found it happiness to be with her on any terms.

Among other changes Alice was now less scrupulous in her adherence to foreign conventionalisms. She excepted Castelbarco, who would have been likely to misconstrue any other manners than those to which he was accustomed, but did not refuse to take such short jaunts alone with Detmold or Hyson as might have been permitted in accordance with American usage. The presence of her family gave her a greater sense of security, and the possibly unfavorable comments of persons among whom she was

to make so brief a stay were less an object of deference.

In the evenings there was a sort of familiar levee in the apartment of Mrs. Starfield. Our friends compared the experiences of the day, played cards, made caricatures, examined the additions to Alice's collection of photographs, and discussed the personal intelligence in the American Register.

Other pleasant travelers stopped at the hotel, and an acquaintance was sometimes formed at *table d'hôte*. They met the Blumenthals and Lilienthals, wealthy German families of Lakeport, who were revisiting the fatherland after having made fortunes in America. They had not known them before, but now agreed that they were very interesting, and regretted that the diverse elements were not more fully mingled in the society of Lakeport.

There was the Honorable Hard-Pan Battledore, a member of Congress, who had come over the Brenner pass with his family. When asked by Alice if he did not find these old cities delightful, he gave the extreme opposite view of the subject.

"Frankly," replied he, "I do not. They are not comfortable. They are not active in a commercial way. There is nothing to be learned from them about the present, in which our important interests are vested. Why should we delight in what is old and decrepit in towns more than in men? We sympathize with it in the latter, but after a certain stage of having outlived their usefulness, they become painful. Our fancy turns rather to what is young and blooming. I would rather look at you than at a quarter section of noseless statues" —

"Thank you," said Alice.

"I find no fault with people who like such things, but to me it seems a species of shiftlessness. I do not live near it myself, but I like to hear the rattle of the axe in the backwoods — progress — continually pushing on. When I want amusement I go to Lake Superior and fish. I am taking my family home as quickly as I can induce them to go."

A young Mr. Gilderoy, an artist and

an acquaintance of Hyson's, came up to Verona to spend a day or two, and was introduced. He was preparing to paint a picture of The Ships of Tarshish, and was studying effects of color, and the models of antique galleys in the marine arsenal at Venice. He was enthusiastic in his talk, and Mrs. Starfield predicted a great future for him. But Hyson said he was an æsthetic loafer, without fixity of purpose, even if he had the disposition to accomplish anything. He merely made a pretext of his art to sponge upon his wealthy relatives.

At another time there arrived a mild-eyed young man in glasses, an ex-divinity student, Mr. Acolyte Dean, also of Lakeport. He had been an inmate of an Episcopal seminary, had become infected with extreme ritualistic notions, — an idea of the substantial unity of all branches of the ancient church, — and like Miss Lonsdale had become a Catholic. He was then on his way to visit Rome. He inquired of the young ladies with much particularity concerning their experiences there. Alice mentioned to him that they had had two audiences with the Pope, and that she as well as Miss Lonsdale had taken his hand and kissed it.

"Oh, have you indeed?" cried the young divinity student, with an enthusiasm that was entirely artless and unreflecting. "Do you know, I could kiss your hand with the greatest honor because it has touched his."

"Ho!" scoffed Hyson, who was sitting by, practicing a new method of stacking cards, "I lay no claim to reverence, but I will offer to do that much myself, out of pure good-nature."

But Alice folded her pretty hands demurely out of sight, and projecting her head, with the chin a little in advance, said, "None of you shall do anything of the kind," while Detmold thought of getting up in a Berserker rage and slaughtering everybody.

Castelbarco was present at these informal receptions nearly as often as the rest. He spoke both English and French, and had therefore no difficulty in holding his part in the conversations. Det-

mold remembered him well as a school-boy at Wardham. He was then a dark and unhappy little foreigner, in nankeen pantaloons, with his shoe-strings always untied, his fingers and thumb stained with ink, and his tasks in a state of backwardness. He had been noted for a quaint and amusing dialect which it had been the study of his companions to draw out. He said upon his first arrival that he spoke English "a leeter one." If he knocked at a door and one asked, "Who is there?" he answered, "It is this."

Once, when he had performed some feat that brought him into momentary prominence, the by-standers said in surprise, "Is that you, Antonio?" He replied, "Yes, I am."

He had grown up to be a tall and handsome young man. His card bore the imposing superscription, Antonio Castelbarco di Gualterio, which meant simply that he was Anthony Castelbarco, the son of Walter, and indicated that there were others of the name.

He had, out of his own language at least, no sense of humor. At the flip-pant sallies of Hyson, at which the rest laughed, he remained grave, somewhat puzzled, and even at times frowned. He spoke of his own concerns with naïve confidence. His conversation consisted largely of disquisitions upon political, literary, or historical subjects. He made critical remarks upon Manzoni, — the Italian Walter Scott, — the modern poet, Giusti, and others, and was also forward to show his acquaintance with English and American writers. He made severe strictures upon ecclesiastics, which displeased Miss Lonsdale.

One evening they read among the arrivals at Paris the name Wyman, of Lakeport. "It is Monroe Wyman and Florence, on their wedding trip," said Mrs. Starfield. "I hope we shall meet them."

"They have been engaged so long that it almost seems as if they were married a good while ago," said Alice.

"Their engagement was nearly broken last winter; they came near not being married at all," said Mrs. Starfield.

"How, mamma?"

"It was about oval windows, — Mr. Detmold, as an architect, will appreciate this. You see, they were building a house, to have everything in readiness after their marriage. Florence was very partial to oval windows, — to light the hall, and so on, you know; Monroe did not like them. They compromised by agreeing to have two on one side and one on the other, but on the side on which there were two, Monroe was to be allowed shrubbery partly to conceal one of them. He was called away for a week, and upon his return he passed by the house on his way to see Florence. By some blunder of the builders all three oval windows had been put upon the same side. He jumped to the conclusion that it was Florence's doing, and was so hurt by this unkindness and evidence of self-will on her part that, without assigning any reason, he did not go to see her for a long time. It was very serious, I assure you, and it was only by accident that things were explained."

"Lovers are so absurd," was the extraordinary comment of Alice, considering the presence of Detmold.

"That is a pretty sentiment, at the head-quarters of Romeo and Juliet!" said Hyson. "It is rank impiety."

"I do not think you have chosen much of an example," said Alice. "I have been reading over the play to-day, after a visit to the shabby garden where they pretend to show you Juliet's tomb. They were absurd, if no other lovers ever were. The idea of persons falling in love without knowing the first thing about each other, — without having exchanged a word! And the extravagant way in which they began to talk! Imagine anybody you know doing so at an evening party in these days."

"But it was not in these days," said Hyson.

"That is the point," said Detmold. "The better class then made an exclusive business of fighting and falling in love; they had nothing else to occupy themselves with. Exaggeration of speech was another of their habits. I imagine their talk matched their trunk hose and

satin doublets and ostrich plumes. Modern speech tends towards plain black and white, like its dress. Besides, here in Italy the custom of complimenting women within an inch of their lives has not disappeared yet. You yourself have probably heard some of the impertinences the gentlemen utter to unknown ladies on the streets."

"Still, with all allowances," persisted Alice, "for us, at any rate, the story is silly. I do not mean all of it, — only the first part, where they fall in love without any reason. There is neither dignity nor sense in it."

"It is pretty hard to tell what makes people fall in love," said Detmold, with a sense of treading on very delicate ground, while Hyson regarded him with curiosity, to see how he was coming out. "This play is not merely a story; it is a poem. The falling in love is a fatality, in spite of logic, which is perhaps not entirely unknown in modern times. The friar, in summing up the tragedy at the close, recognizes it in a very sublime sentence: '*A greater power than we can contradict hath thwarted our intents.*'"

"Mr. Detmold's opinion agrees with my own," said the good Mrs. Starfield. "There is a fatality. In these matters I always say, 'Whatever is to be, will be.' I have seen so much of it. You cannot hurry anything or force it."

This doctrine found in Detmold a ready disciple.

"These matters have to take their course," continued the motherly lady. "I know it from my own experience. The first engagement of Mr. Starfield with myself was broken off. We sent back each other's letters and gifts. He went East, and was gone several years. I heard that he was married, and he thought I was married. We met again, and the result was doubtless what it was always intended to be."

"I have seen my papa's letters, too," continued Alice, with an audacious railery; "they were like all the rest, — so sentimental, so — oh!" A musical rising inflection could alone express the character of these letters.

"Why, you atrocious girl," said the

horrified mamma, "you shall not talk so."

"Valuable propriety, my dear!" said Miss Lonsdale.

Detmold decided indubitably that this ridicule of passion meant more than mere flippancy. Was it not aimed especially at him? He could not but construe it as another of those indications—of which he had observed so many—of the absence of any depth of sentiment on her part, or of any comprehension of the seriousness of his.

Yet he did not construe it rightly. Whatever might have caused the levity of Alice on this and other occasions, she had reflected about Detmold very much since his proposal, and had decided that she liked him. To what extent,—or indeed anything definite further than this,—it would be difficult to say. Perhaps a second attempt on his part to draw from her some favorable expression would not have succeeded better than the first. She would have been glad, in truth, to postpone the subject of marriage indefinitely. Her life was very pleasant as it was. In such a great change there was—how could one tell what! There was room for grave apprehensions. If there could be a husband who was a kind of brother, and her papa and mamma and all the people she knew were to remain about her just the same, why, then it might not be so formidable, and might be thought of. She had as yet no comprehension of the devotion that is stronger than all else and makes the woman say to him she loves, "Whither thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Still, in these days together at Verona Alice saw more of him than in years before, and the intimacy was not without its effects. She found herself contemplating him critically, and not any longer as an indifferent portion of the furniture of society. The scrutiny did him no harm. She could admire in him elevation of sentiment and an honorable ambition for distinction. There were minor traits; he was charitable, good-tempered, dignified without pretense, and when entirely at ease could be humorous and

vivacious. She asked herself in a speculative way, "How would it be to have him always around?"

Physically, Detmold was not disagreeable. He was tall, square-shouldered, and muscular, without heaviness. He had an honest expression, a clear skin, good teeth, and warm blood. It was not unpleasant to be touched by such a person. His hand when it met hers was dry and firm. Hers was soft, and shrank a little from a grasp which she must say was at times unwarrantably close. His dress was less scrupulously fashionable than Hyson's, but well fitting and in good taste.

His devotion to her was complete: he was ready to fetch and carry, to shift her chair into a better light, to find her the proper shop in the Corso for canvas and tubes of colors, to explain the money and the language, to find her little curiosities, and to send her flowers from the Piazza Erbe.

Perhaps there are natures that leap to an intuitive appreciation of each other in the sudden ignition of an intense flame of passion; but for humanity in general, fear and strangeness are laid aside, an adequate comprehension of character is obtained, and a happy future prepared, by such gradually advancing intimacies as this.

VII.

THE CASTELBARCOS.

The Castelbarcos were the owners and operators of one of the principal silk-spinning establishments at Verona, and were pecuniarily interested in others at a distance. The senior Castelbarco was a business man somewhat after the American style. He was an excellent calculator, skilled to feel the delicate pulses of the market and quick to seize its most favorable moment. He had purchased the venture in which he was engaged at a low ebb of its fortunes, and had built it up by his good management into a flourishing concern. He was enterprising and public spirited as a citizen. He talked much of the advan-

tages of Verona as a commercial point and as a place of residence. He even wrote communications for the journals, which had the ring of articles in the press of some of the thriving towns of our own West.

"We have a population of seventy thousand souls," he would say; "why is it not one hundred thousand? We must have eventually thrice that number. Everything points to the future of Verona as a great metropolitan point: the railroads centring in our midst, the limitless water-power of the Adige, the valuable mines and inexhaustible marble quarries in the neighborhood, our silk of unsurpassed quality, and the attractiveness of our well-governed and healthful city, in which the taxes are low and no trace of malaria can be detected. A united effort must be made to disseminate a knowledge of these advantages. A partial impulse has been given of late to some of our industries by enterprising individuals, — notably to the silk manufacture; but this is not enough. Many of those whose interests are most nearly concerned manifest no conception of the need of activity. United and persistent effort is called for. All must put their shoulders to the wheel. Let the contest be henceforth, not who shall hold back the longest, but who shall most energetically take the lead."

Signor Castelbarco had spent some years of his youth in the United States. He had been thrown mainly upon his own resources, and it was to this fact that he considered himself indebted for his industrious and accurate business habits. It was as a clerk in a silk-importing house at New York that he had made the acquaintance of Mr. Starfield, who was a nephew of one of the members of the firm, and a fellow employee. With some means acquired in various enterprises there and afterwards in Montevideo, where there is a body of Italians who keep up a close connection with the mother country, he made upon his return the investment which had now advanced him so well upon the high road to fortune.

He had continued his relations with

America for some time after leaving it, and had made occasional visits thither. Upon one of these he brought with him his eldest son, a boy of twelve, and left him during two years at an American school, in the hope that he would acquire something of the energetic spirit and dexterous methods which had proved invaluable in his own case. He wrote to Mr. Starfield, who was long since established as a prosperous manufacturer at Lakeport, and asked him to take a general cognizance of the boy. He did so, and, having a daughter at an institution near by, paid young Castelbarco occasional visits. Sometimes he took him with him on his visits to Alice, on half-holidays. The walk in the spacious grounds, which had once been those of the country-seat of an opulent Knickerbocker family; the parlors full of bright and modest young girls chatting with their friends, whom they were allowed to receive on these days; but above all the pretty face and manners of Alice, were extraordinary events in the monotonous life of the school-boy, and they made a profound impression upon him. He believed himself in love with Alice. He planned to run away to sea, discover a sunken treasure, and return and marry her.

The boy proved different in many respects from what his father would have desired. He brought back none of the commercial briskness or business tact which the senior Castelbarco looked for. His spirit was even injured instead of improved by his American schooling. The effect with him was precisely the reverse of that which had operated in Detmold's case. Detmold had been received upon terms of equality, and found a relief from persecutions at home. Castelbarco was a foreigner and an eccentricity among a troop of thoughtless boys. He learned timidity and self-distrust instead of the ease and confidence natural in more normal surroundings. He became reserved, sometimes to the point of moroseness, while under the surface lay a sensitiveness keenly played upon by every passing circumstance. The annoyances to which he was subjected

caused him to abstain from the rougher sports of the school. This, together with some instances when in extreme anger or disappointment he had been known to burst into tears, was looked upon as a feminine trait, and gained him the nickname of the *Signorina*. Once, in a paroxysm of rage, he pursued a boy with a pocket-knife, after which care was taken to stop short of the point of driving the *Signorina* to desperation. Detmold was pained at such scenes from the recollection of his own early sufferings, and he used what small influence he had to abate them. Castelbarco was duly grateful, and a kind of friendship sprang up between them.

Antonio pursued his schooling further at home, and spent some time in the sculptured courts of the University of Padua, after which he was appointed his father's lieutenant in the factory. Whether from incompetency or disinclination for the duties of the place, he fell presently to a subordinate position. His lack of aptitude for commercial success excited the disgust of his driving parent, and was the occasion at times of stormy reproaches. His mother, meanwhile, a stately old lady, devoted to ideas of ancestry and family dignity, wished that he need have nothing to do with the factory. She continually solicited her husband to put back less of his profits into trade, and to use them to restore something of the state and consideration which their family had once enjoyed. She would have liked to have her son more bold and dashing, displaying in his manner a patrician haughtiness. She wished him to make an aristocratic marriage, and urged him much into society with that end in view.

The young man read with interest the biographies of his ancestors. All had been dignified, and some eminent. The Castelbarcos had no title, though they claimed connection — through descent from some far remote younger brother — with the counts of that name, the quaint sarcophagus of one of whom is bracketed out over the gate-way close to St. Anastasia. On the maternal side the descent was as good, and more clear-

ly-established. A Grazzini in the thirteenth century had been the chamberlain of the Duke of Modena, and had married a daughter of the counts of Novellara. Another, at a later date, had served with distinction under the great captain Gonsalvo de Cordova, and had married into a Spanish family at Naples. There were portraits of this couple in the collection that still remained at the Grazzini palace. Few of these ancestors had been remarkable in any civilian capacity. Their specialty was fighting. They had fought against the Turks, against the Paduans, against the Bergamasks, and against the Venetians and for the Venetians by turns, participating in the mediæval taste for hard knocks to the full. Under the long Austrian domination the fortunes of the Grazzini had declined. From a noble castle in the mountains they were reduced to a *palazzino*, and then to a small *casino*, while their city property disappeared altogether. The history of the Castelbarco side of the house was not very different. While the blood of these two fine families flowed as pure as ever, it happened that the grandparents of Antonio on both sides had barely sufficient means to maintain their families in a style of moderate respectability. It was poverty, in fact, and nothing less, that drove the elder Castelbarco upon the wanderings in the New World which had resulted so prosperously. He returned with democratic notions and little respect for finical traditions which could not give a man a coat to his back or a roof over his head, though he were a cousin of all the Cæsars. The Signora Carmosina, his wife, retained, however, enough for both. It was at her instance that he repurchased, at a favorable moment, the main portion of the Grazzini palace. It was much dilapidated, had been out of the family for long generations, and had even passed under another name.

There were in the Antonio of the present few traces of the slouchy little school-boy of years past. In an atmosphere of respect and consideration he had returned to a juster appreciation of himself. He was one of the fashionable

young men of the day, elegant in manners, at home in the cafés and at his *cercle* or club. He was open-handed with his money, scattering it in cases of apparent distress to deserving and unworthy alike.

Notwithstanding the changes and improvements noted by our friends upon the renewal of the acquaintance, Castelfarco was still far from being a harmonious and well-balanced character. In the presence of his father he was morose, and at other times imperious and willful. His irregular process of education had resulted in nothing like discipline. He was not lacking in generous traits, but all was disorderly. He was spoiled and passionate. The good and evil in him were not comminuted and mingled, but seemed to rest side by side, in chaotic portions. Either was likely to have the upper hand of the other on any given occasion. At the time of the arrival of the Starfields he was drifting with events, displeased with himself, without knowing how to be different, and wishing vaguely — he knew not what.

The sight of Alice affected him with a new and lively emotion. It brought back the memory of his unhappy school-days. He compared the actual events of his life with the imaginings of that remote period. There was but one bright spot, one tender reminiscence in it, and it was Alice herself. She was not more beautiful now than he had thought her then. He recalled his romantic plans, in which she had been so conspicuous a figure. What if they might yet be realized? Things as strange had happened.

He saw her almost daily, and her kindness charmed him. Suddenly he said to himself, "I love her still." He persuaded himself that it was the same old passion that had only slept, and was now again awake. As if it had been really cherished all these years it seemed to take at once the strength and fixity of long duration. Here was at last an object and a purpose. He shared the not uncommon belief of ardent suitors, that could he but win the companionship of her he loved he should be filled with irrepressible ambition; everything

would be open to him. He began to send her gifts — flowers, photographs, pretty scarfs and trinkets — in such profusion that Alice was obliged to go to the verge of rudeness to check his unwelcome liberality.

Somewhat more than a fortnight after the arrival of the Starfields, Detmold, one afternoon, crossing the Piazza Erbe, paused a moment to glance at the ancient Madonna Verona, presiding in the sunshine over her fountain and the now comparatively idle market-place. He was accosted by Castelfarco, who drew him into the arcade of the Casa dei Mercanti. It is the chamber of commerce of Verona, a picturesque brick building of the fourteenth century, resting upon an arcade of red marble columns. It is one of the few that retains its bright external frescoing. It has a long balcony, a battlemented cornice, and at one corner, in a niche, a statue of the Virgin.

Castelfarco was there with some of his brother merchants on 'Change. But it was matter far different from quotations of staple goods or the fluctuations of corn and oil that he poured into the unwilling ear of Detmold.

"I am moved by an impulse of the moment, my dear friend," said he, "to seek your counsel; I think you will not refuse it to me. I am moved to it by a sudden impulse of the moment."

"I am not much of a counselor," said Detmold, "but I will do my best."

"I would learn of your social customs in respect to marriage," began Castelfarco. "I was too young, and saw nothing of them, when present in your country. Do you know what I intend? I will not delay to say to you. I will marry the Signorina Starfield."

"Marry Alice? Marry Miss Starfield?" exclaimed Detmold, in consternation.

"It astonishes you, does it not? But see, now; my regard for this beautiful girl is not a new thing. It does not now commence. It is of years, — of the date when I was your companion of school in a distant land. Since she comes here it is only renewed — not for the first

time commenced — you understand. It is strong now with the strength of a man. She has possessed me so fully that I think of nothing else. Her eyes set my heart on fire, and her lips speak sweeter accents than music."

"Have you proposed to her?" said Detmold.

"It is in that respect that I would consult your friendly advice. I have not. I do not know whether she divines of my purpose, though I have tried that it should be so. She does manifest to me unvarying kindness. Do you not think she would be content to remain in our Italy, which she thinks so beautiful?"

"I do not know, I am sure."

"It is only last night, at our parting, that she did express her sorrow to leave it. As for me, it never was beautiful till now. You cannot know how fine is everything that was before nothing, since I love her, and will make her my bride."

Ah, only too well did Detmold know this, — how the sun shines with a more genial light, how the heaven is bluer, how all nature is joyous, when the golden wine of a noble passion pulses in the veins!

"You do not reply anything," said Castelbarco.

"Why, man" — began Detmold, with an irritated impulse. He checked it, and said in a tone that he endeavored to make argumentative, "You must see that you are asking things to which any answer from me would be perfectly useless."

He found in the announcement made to him a cause for new alarm and despondency. Here was a love as ardent as his own. If love constitutes a claim upon its object, here was a claim as valid as his own. In what respect was he more favored than the young Italian? In how many respects was he not far less favored? Castelbarco was handsome, well-born, wealthy, and capable of generous devotion: His father, too, was her father's friend. This old acquaintance

would abridge the interval between their so widely separated nationalities.

"That is right. Of course," said the Italian, "it was not that, but of the American custom to make the marriage proposal, that I wished to converse. I can ask you only without embarrassment. Is it, as with us, conveyed by means of the families of both, or must the signorina herself be supplicated, or are there other methods?"

"It is most usual to obtain the consent of the young lady; then her parents are consulted."

"Do not think me foolish, if you can avoid it. You have a thousand times obliged me. I will throw myself at her feet. She shall not refuse me. Say that you do not think she will, my dear friend."

"I have not the slightest idea," said Detmold, coldly. "There may be others — elsewhere — that love Miss Starfield, also. Her affections may be already engaged."

Castelbarco darted at him a glance of sharp resentment. Then he said, passionately, "I know not what you mean. There can be no others, — there shall be no others. I have not loved before. Now I will not fail."

He conferred no more with Detmold. He began to suspect a rivalry, which had he not been so blinded by his own impetuosity he could have plainly seen. But if he had it is probable that he would not have considered Detmold formidable — as compared with the dashing Hyson, for instance. He knew something of his pecuniary circumstances, and felt that they would not commend him to the much-indulged Alice, or at any rate to her family. Furthermore, the architect was a heavy fellow, and not at all lover-like.

But as to Hyson, if there were no other rival in the field, he might easily rest secure. What devotion that studious young gentleman had to spare from his pursuit of irrigation was distributed in impartial shares to every pretty face he met.

W. H. Bishop.

VENICE AND ST. MARK'S.

No city in the world appeals more strongly to the poetic imagination than Venice. Her site, her people, her history, her institutions, her art, are all alike unique. Appearing first as a little group of fishermen's huts on a sand bank in the midst of a waste of waters, her solitude and her humility afforded protection to successive bands of exiles flying from ancient cities of the main-land to escape from the scourge of the Northern barbarians, who thronged through the passes of the Eastern Alps to share in the spoils of the ruined empire of Rome. Secure within her broad moat of waves, her foundations were firmly set. Rising in the dawn of modern Europe, she linked the tradition of the old civilization to the fresh conditions of the new. She was independent from the first; her people framed their own institutions, and administered them for themselves. The destiny that ruled her beginnings seemed, as she grew, to have had no element of chance, but to have been determined by foresight and wise counsel. Her position was unrivaled. She lay fronting the East, but tributary rivers on either hand brought the trade of the Western main-land to her gates, while the Adriatic opened before her a broad pathway for commerce and for conquest.

In the character of her people intelligence and energy were combined with fancy and sentiment as in no other Western race. Not only were her statesmen the ablest, her merchants the most adventurous and the most successful, her sailors the best trained, her craftsmen the most skillful of their time, but her artists were the earliest to give fine expression to the new moods of the Middle Ages, her gentlemen were the first in Europe, and the first modern ladies were Venetian. She lacked, however, a poet. Her life and feeling found utterance in other modes of art. She was her own poem.

The affection in which she was held by her people had the depth and intensity of a passion. The large spirit of national patriotism was hardly felt in Italy during the Middle Ages. Its place was occupied by a narrow local sentiment which the natural and political divisions of the land stimulated often to a degree fatal to peace, to prosperity, even to honor. But in Venice this local spirit was justified by the peculiar conditions of her existence. She was nation as well as city to her people. "First Venetians and then Christians" was a saying which stood her in good stead. First Venetians and then Italians was the abiding sense of her citizens. Cut off by the sea from the main-land, she held herself aloof, and through all her better days it was her steady policy to keep herself free from entangling alliance with any of the Italian states.

Her interests lay upon the sea, and she sought to extend her dominion over the islands and coasts of the Adriatic and the Ægean, over Crete and Cyprus, and to obtain settlement and power still farther east, rather than to increase her Italian territory. Her close relations with the East affected the character and temper of her people. The commerce with distant and strange lands developed in the Venetians not only foresight and gravity of counsel, strength of purpose, steadiness of will, firmness in peril, and calmness in success, but also the love of adventure, the taste for splendor, the sense of color, and a capacity for romantic emotion. The charm and mystery of the East pervaded the atmosphere of Venice. Mere trade became poetic while dealing with the spices of Arabia, the silks of Damascus, the woven stuffs of Persia, the pearls of Ceylon, or the rarer products of the wonderful regions whence travelers like Marco Polo brought back true stories that rivaled the inventions of Arabian story-tellers. The ships of Venice were indeed the signiors and rich

burghers of the sea. Refinement increased with wealth, and while the feudal nobles of the main-land were still half barbaric in thought and custom, the civic nobles of Venice had acquired a culture that isolated them still more than they were separated by position and material interest from the natives of other cities.

Moreover, all that the Venetians acquired, whether of wealth or culture, was concentrated within the limits of their single city, and became an ever-accumulating heir-loom transmitted from one generation to another. Seldom did civil discords and tumults, such as many a time devastated every other city of Italy, disturb her tranquillity; no factions of Neri and Bianchi, of Guelf and Ghibelline, divided her people into hostile camps; no army of barbarian invaders or of jealous neighbors ever sacked her houses or wasted her stores; no siege ever distressed her. And thus she grew from age to age in beauty as in strength. Her citizens were the first people of the modern world to acquire confidence in the perpetuity not only of the state, but of their personal possessions. Secure under just laws against domestic oppression, safe within the entrenchment lines of the lagoons, they built for themselves homes surpassing in stateliness and in beauty any homes of private men that the world had seen, — homes not only correspondent to their own love of splendor and of comfort, but to the lofty genius of the city.¹

The perpetuity of Venice was a fixed part of the patriotic pride of her people. "*Imperium stabile, perpetuum et mansurum*," says Sabellico, the first of the official historians of the republic; and Sanzovino, writing seventy years later, in the middle of the sixteenth century, begins his description of the government of Venice with these confident words: "The Republic of Venice, surpassing all other states in grandeur, nobility, wealth, and every quality that may conduce to the felicity of man, hath divers members,

all well ordered, as is plainly evident, since through their good disposition it hath endured for one thousand, one hundred and sixty-five years, and gives sign, moreover, that it will endure forever."²

With such faith in their city, and such reason for it, and with affection for her quickened by the constant appeal of her material beauty, it was not strange that in the imaginations of her people Venice became personified as a half-divine ideal figure. She is the only city of modern times that has shared and has deserved to share this distinction with Rome and the other great cities of the ancient world. A mythologic legend concerning her origin and destiny gradually formed itself, in which Christian and pagan symbols were curiously intermingled, and which the Renaissance found half ready to its hand when, in accordance with its general spirit, it proceeded to introduce the deities of Olympus in harmonious coöperation with the Virgin and the saints, for the protection and exaltation of the favored city. In almost every other city of Italy, — in Verona, in Mantua, in Florence, in Siena, in Padua, — one finds the attempt of chroniclers and artists to have been to connect the early legendary history of their respective towns with the glories of Rome. Rome was mistress of all Italy except Venice. Here she had no dominion.

Christian to her core, devout in spirit, her history abounding in miracles, her imagination touched by domestic legends of saints and relics, Venice was yet as independent in her ecclesiastical relations as in her civil administration. The authority of the Pope, revered and acknowledged in all matters of faith, was steadily and successfully resisted in all matters that pertained to her own domain. She chose her own bishops; her priests were her own citizens. She admitted no divided claim to allegiance, and would endure no subordination of her authority, even in the church, to that of Rome. Her church was Vene-

¹ The Casa Dario on the Grand Canal near San Gregorio, built about 1496, one of the most elegant of the smaller palaces of the Renaissance, bears on its facade the words "*Urbis Genio Joannes Darius*."

² F. Sansovino, *Del Governo de' Regni et delle Repubbliche Venetia*, 1567, p. 169.

tian and not Roman, and that it was so only increased the fervor and constancy of her piety.

In the very heart of this unique and splendid city, and worthy of the city of which it was the most sacred and superb adornment, rose the church of her patron saint. Here was her treasure lavished, and her wealth consecrated; here her piety, her pride, her imagination, found expression, and here was the symbol of her power. It was under the banner that bore the winged lion of St. Mark that she won her victories and extended her dominion. The saint to her was more than St. George to England, or St. Denis to France, or St. John Baptist to Florence, or St. Peter to Rome. He was specially her own, for, according to the tradition which she cherished, she had been destined by the will of Heaven, long before she rose from the sea, to receive and guard the body of the saint, and to flourish under his effectual protection. She believed, though the legend was never received by the church universal, that St. Mark had been sent by St. Peter as apostle to Aquileja, and that on his return to Rome his bark, driven by the wind, came to a landing on the low island which was the first site of the city of the lagoons. Here, while he was wrapped in ecstasy, an angel of the Lord appeared to him and said, "Pax tibi, Marce. Hic requiescet corpus tuum." (Peace be with thee, Mark. Here shall thy body rest.) The angel went on to prophesy that a devout and faithful people would here, after many years, build a marvelous city (*mirificam urbem*), and would deserve to possess the body of the saint, and that through his merits and prayers they would be greatly blessed.

St. Mark was martyred and buried in Alexandria. Centuries passed. Venice had founded herself solidly upon the sand heaps of the Rivo Alto and the salt marshes around it. She was gaining consciousness of independence and strength, and her people had established for themselves a settled social and political order, under which they were prospering, when, according to another pop-

ular legend, in the year 829, two Venetian merchants, Buono, tribune of Malamocco, and Rustico, of Torcello, sailing in the Mediterranean with their vessels, for the purposes of trade, were driven by stress of weather to take harbor in the port of Alexandria. There was an edict at this time forbidding the Venetians to have any dealings with the Saracens, or to repair to their ports. The Venetian merchants, compelled to seek safety in Alexandria, visited the church in which the bones of St. Mark were preserved and venerated. Now a certain Regulus, a ruler over the Saracens, was building a splendid palace in the city of Cairo, and was seeking for columns and slabs of marble for its adornment, taking them from sacred no less than profane edifices. The guardians of the church where the relics of St. Mark were worshiped were in fear lest it might be despoiled and desecrated, and the Venetian traders, finding them depressed and anxious, proposed to them secretly that they should allow the body of the saint to be carried to Venice, where the angel of the Lord had prophesied it would find its final resting place. This they did in the hope that by carrying home so precious a treasure their disobedience of the edict against visiting the ports of the Saracens might be atoned for and forgiven. After long and doubtful debate Staurazio, a monk, and Teodoro, a priest of the church, consented to the proposal. But they feared the wrath of the people if the removal of the relics should be discovered. The body of the saint, wound in silken wrappings of which the edges were sealed, lay within a shrine. To conceal its removal the wrappings were cut open behind, and the body of Santa Claudia was artfully substituted for that of St. Mark, so that when, attracted by a sweet and pungent odor diffused from the displaced relics, the faithful flocked to the altar, no trace of the pious fraud was visible. In the darkness of night and the fury of a tempest the body, laid in a basket and covered with leaves upon which was laid a quantity of pork, was carried from the church to one of the vessels. Certain officers of the Sara-

cens, seeing the Christians bearing away this load at this strange time, were fain to know what it was, and opening the basket, and finding the swine's flesh, turned from it in disgust and allowed the sacred burden to pass on its way. The voyage to Venice witnessed many miracles, which gave assurance of the willingness of the saint to be transferred to his destined abode. Pardon for their disobedience was readily granted to the merchants in consideration of the priceless gift which they brought to Venice, and the Doge Giustiniano Partecipazio went, accompanied by the clergy, to the vessel, and with greatest reverence bore the holy relics to the ducal chapel, where they were deposited till a more fitting resting place could be prepared for them.

The Doge at once began the construction of a new church, but he had hardly put his hand to it before his death, in the same year, and the work was left to be carried on by his brother Giovanni, who succeeded him in the dogeship.

This first church of St. Mark's, erected about 829, stood for nearly one hundred and fifty years. One day in August, 976, a long-smothered hatred of the Doge Pietro Candiano broke out in open tumult. His palace was surrounded, the houses near it were set on fire, and the flames, reaching the palace, drove the Doge to take shelter in the church; but the fire soon seized upon this also, and the Doge, seeking safety in flight, was set upon by his enemies at the portal and barbarously murdered. The flames spread fast, and not till palace and church and more than three hundred houses had been destroyed did they cease their work.

One of the first cares of the successor of Candiano, Pietro Orseolo, was the rebuilding (*recreate* is the word used by the chronicler) of palace and church. There is no account of the character or progress of the work, but about seventy years later Domenico Contarini, who was Doge from 1042 to 1051, began to remodel the church upon a new design, reconstructing the edifice, in the essential features of its plan, such as it now exists. The building begun by him was

completed by his successor, Domenico Selvo, in the year 1071, and artists were employed to cover its domes and vaults with the splendid adornment of mosaics "after the Greek manner." The phrase of the chronicler is significant; for though to him it meant merely the manner of the degenerate Greeks of Constantinople, yet in truth their manner was an inheritance — wasted now and scanty indeed, still a true inheritance — from those Greek artists of the ancient time who had carved the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon, or designed the pattern for the woven *peplus* of Athena.

The church was complete, but its consecration was still delayed. Ever since the fire of 976, for now a hundred years, the body of St. Mark had disappeared. This was occasion, says the Doge Andrea Dandolo in his chronicle, "of lamentation to the clergy, and of great depression to the laity." It was not to be believed that the sacred treasure, the palladium of the city, destined for it by the decree of Heaven, had perished. Without it the new church must remain vacant of its chief dignity. It could not be the divine will that Venice should be deprived of her own special saint. Now that at length the church was finished and adorned worthily to contain such a treasure, it was resolved, in June, 1094, to keep a fast throughout the city, and to make a most solemn procession through the church, with devout supplication to the Almighty that he would be pleased to reveal the place of concealment of the sacred relics. And lo! while the procession was moving, of a sudden a light broke from one of the piers, a sound of cracking was heard, bricks fell upon the pavement, and there, within the pier, was beheld the body of the saint, with the arm stretched out, as if he had moved it to make the opening in the masonry; and on one finger was a ring of gold, which, after others had tried in vain, was drawn off by Giovanni Dolfino, one of the counselors of the Doge.

The joy of the people was now as great as their grief had been before. The miracle quickened their devotion

and excited their fancy, and on the 8th of October following, "the church being dedicated to God, the reverend body was laid away in a secret place, the Doge, the primate, and the procurator alone knowing where."¹

The design of the new church, both in its general plan and in its details, was not copied from any existing edifice. It gave evidence in its conception of a quality characteristic of Venetian art at all times and in all departments, — the quality of independent and original treatment of elements derived from foreign sources. This is the distinguishing trait of the artistic races of the world, and this it is which gives Venice a higher rank in the history of the arts than that which any other mediæval Italian city can claim. Florence, indeed, at times presses her hard on the ground of originality, but even the Florentine artists were less inspired by the spirit which remodels traditional types of beauty into new forms, adapted to give expression to the special genius of a people of definite originality, than the great masters of Venetian architecture and painting. Whatever Venice touched she stamped with her own impress. She studied under Byzantine teachers, but was not content merely to copy their works. She partook of the inheritance of Roman tradition, but improved upon and modified its rules. She felt the strong influence of the Gothic spirit, — no other Italian city felt it so strongly; but instead of yielding her own originality to the powerful compulsion of the Northern style, she accepted its principles, not as ultimate canons of a fixed system, but as vital and plastic elements for her own invention to work with, and created a fresh, beautiful, and complete Gothic style of her own.

The architect of St. Mark's is unknown, but that he was a Venetian is evident from the exhibition of this prime trait of Venetian genius in his work. Constantinople and Rome furnished him with separate elements of his design,

which he fused into a composition neither Byzantine nor Romanesque, unexampled hitherto, only to be called Venetian. Adopting the Greek cross for his ground-plan, he placed over the point of intersection of its arms a central dome, forty-two feet in diameter, connected by pendentives with four great arches that sprang from four piers of vast dimensions. Over each arm of the cross rose a similar but somewhat smaller cupola, each cupola, including the central one, having a range of small windows at its base, which seemed to lighten its pressure upon its supports. Through the piers ran archways in both directions, so as to open a narrow aisle on each side of the nave and transept. The level of the eastern arm of the cross was raised above that of the body of the church, to give space to a crypt beneath it, where, below the high altar, the relics of St. Mark were laid in their secret repose. A semicircular apse terminated the eastern end of the nave, stretching out beyond the end of the aisles, which were closed externally by a flat wall, but shaped within into small, also semicircular apses. The material of the structure was brick, but the whole surface of the building, within and without, was to be covered with precious incrustations of mosaic or of marble.

The form of the cross, the domes, the incrustated decoration, were all borrowed from the East, and all had their prototypes in Byzantine buildings. But the crypt and the apses and many of the details were derived from Romanesque examples; and the diverse elements of the two styles mingled here in harmonious combination.

How far the adorning of the church with mosaic and marble had advanced at the time of its dedication in 1094 cannot be told, but the work was not of a nature to be speedily accomplished, and the twelfth century may well have been drawing to its close before the completion of the elaborate and splendid covering of the walls. The consistent

¹ This secrecy was doubtless adopted in order to secure the body against the possibility of being a second time stolen. Thefts of relics were not un-

common in the Middle Ages. 'The wonder-working relics of a famous saint were the source of great profit to the church where they were preserved.'

and steadily carrying out of a system of decoration so costly and so magnificent is a proof of the interest of the Venetians in the work, and of the reality of that piety which was one of the constant boasts of the republic. The church was properly the chapel of the Doges, and, as such, under their immediate charge; but though successive Doges devoted large sums to its construction and adornment, the chief cost was doubtless defrayed by the offerings of the citizens, to whom, year by year, it became more and more an object of pride, and who saw in it the image of the faith and the power of the state itself. It became by degrees the centre of Venetian life, the type of the glory of Venice. And thus while the mosaics of its vaults and domes display the religious conceptions of the age and the sentiment and skill of a long succession of nameless artists, in like manner the slabs of marble and alabaster that cover pier and wall, the multitudinous carvings, and the priceless columns of marble exhibit no less plainly the persistent zeal of traders and men at arms in contributing for the adornment of their church the gains of their commerce or the spoils of their conquests. From far and near, — from the ruins of Aquileja or from the desolate palace of Spalato, from the temples of ancient cities along the coast of Italy or Asia Minor, from Athens or Constantinople, from the islands of the *Ægean*, from Sicily or Africa — were brought shafts and capitals, fragments of sculpture, blocks of colored stone, to be offered for the work of the church. It is a most striking indication of the prevalence of a genuine artistic spirit at Venice, not only that these objects should have been so widely sought, but that the successive master-builders should have had the genius to make such use of this medley of materials, supplied to them irregularly and without order, as to produce not a mere variegated patchwork of carved and colored ornament, but a skillful, harmonious composition, in which each detail seems

to be calculated in relation to the general effect with hardly less intention and appropriateness than if all had been so designed from the beginning. Their success, however, lay in the fact that they worked upon a principle wholly diverse from those which controlled the builders of Gothic structures, — a principle which subordinated the effects of pure line and constructive form to those of color. The church was designed to afford broad, unbroken masses of wall for colored surface decoration, and the elaborate multiplicities of form peculiar to Gothic architecture were altogether unattempted. There have been no such colorists in architecture as the Venetians. It was as special a gift to them as the perfect sense of form was to the Athenians. Gifts such as these, limited to single races, to defined epochs, are not to be accounted for by any enumeration of external conditions. Their sources lie concealed in undiscoverable regions. But their influence is to be traced in all the most characteristic expressions of the race, and may be perceived often in remote and varied fields of thought and of action. They appear not merely in art and manners and language, but their subtle influence penetrates into all those relations of private or public conduct in which the imagination claims an interest. Of all the legacies of Athens to the world, none is more precious than the teaching of the intellectual value of form and proportion; of the many heir-looms that Venice has bequeathed, one of the best is the doctrine of the refined and noble use of color.

Though the original plan of the main building seems to have been that of the simple Greek cross, yet not long after its walls were erected an addition to it was begun, by which the western arm was to be inclosed within an atrium or vestibule upon its northern side and western end, and on its southern side with a chapel dedicated to St. John Baptist and an apartment for the sacred treasury of the church.¹ This addition, in the course

¹ It is possible, indeed, that the hall at the western end, with its triple portal, supporting a gallery, may have been part of the original design. It ap-

pears certain that it was constructed before the northern or southern additions. The exact dates are not to be ascertained, nor are they of great con-

of the twelfth century, gave to the building that magnificent façade which is the most striking and original characteristic of its exterior. Upon the adornment of this façade the resources of Venetian wealth and art were lavished. It was enriched not only with precious marbles, but with carvings and mosaics, till it was made the most splendid composition of colored architecture that Europe has beheld. No building so costly or so sumptuous had been erected since the fall of the empire, and none more impressive in proportion to its size, none more picturesque, has been built in later times.

And in truth, not merely picturesque, but pictorial. The system of mosaic decoration with which arches, vaults, and domes were covered was intended not merely for ornament, but as a series of pictures for religious instruction. The Scriptures were here displayed in imperishable pictures before the eyes of those who could not read the written word. The church was thus not only a sanctuary wherein to pray, to confess, to be absolved, but also a school-house for the teaching of the faithful. It was like "a vast illuminated missal," its pages filled with sacred designs painted on gold. One of the inscriptions on its walls truly declares in rude rhyme, —

HISTORIIS, FORMA, AURO, SPECIE TABULARUM,
HOC TEMPLUM MARCI FORÈ DECUS OMNIUM ECCLE-
SIARUM.

The scheme of its pictorial decoration includes the story of the race of man, his fall and redemption; the life and passion of the Saviour, and the works of his apostles and saints.

The ceiling of the *atrium*, or fore-court of the temple, was naturally, according to the order of thought of its designers, occupied with subjects from the Old Dispensation; and there appears to have been an obvious and impressive intention, as has been pointed out by Mr.

sequence, for the whole work belongs to the great period of creative activity and imaginative design throughout great part of Europe, extending from the close of the eleventh to the beginning or middle of the thirteenth century, 1075-1225.

¹ I am glad of the opportunity which the mention of Mr. Ruskin's name affords me to refer to his *Stones of Venice*, and his recent, still incom-

Ruskin,¹ in the conclusion of the series with the miracle of the fall of manna. It was to direct the thoughts of the disciple to the saying, "Your fathers did eat manna and are dead," and to bring to his remembrance that living bread whereof "if any man eat, he shall live forever." Entering the central door of the church, he would see before him, dim in the distance of the eastern end, the mighty figure of the Saviour throned in glory, and uttering the words, —

SUM REX CUNCTORUM, CACO FACTUS AMORE REORUM,
NE DESPERETIS VENIAR DUM TEMPUS HABETIS.

Then turning, and looking upward to the wall above the door by which he had entered, the worshiper would behold the same figure, with the Virgin on one side and St. Mark on the other, Christ himself holding open upon his knee the Book of Life, on the pages of which is written, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved;" and above, on the moulding of red marble around the mosaic, were the words, "I am the gate of life; enter through me ye who are mine." (*Janua sum vitæ; per me mea membra venite.*)

It was thus that Venice received within the church of her patron saint the followers of the faith of which she boasted herself the bulwark and the hope.²

At the beginning of the twelfth century St. Mark's was essentially complete. But such a building was not erected by contract, with the stipulation that it should be finished at a certain date. It was not, indeed, regarded as a work that admitted of definite conclusion, but rather as one to be continually in hand, to be made more excellent from generation to generation, the constant care of the state and of the people, an object of unceasing interest and of endless increase in beauty and adornment. There was never a time when some one of the arts was not adding to its embellishment. Of

plete St. Mark's Rest, as the books from which a better acquaintance with the qualities of Venetian art and of Venetian character may be gained than from all others beside. The dry bones of history are changed to a body with a living soul by the inspiration of his genius.

² "Sempre l'antemurale della Cristianità" was her own claim.

much that was done no record remains, but the history of the building can in part be traced from its own walls, in part from written records. During the twelfth century the Campanile was carried up above all the other towers of Venice, and from that time has been the most conspicuous signal of the city by sea or by land. It stands, after the common Italian fashion, detached from the church, with whose low domes and enriched arcades its own simple and stern vertical lines are a vigorous and picturesque contrast.¹ For at least two centuries (1125-1350), the structures annexed to the main body of the church, and forming a part of it as seen from without, including the baptistery, the treasury, and the forecourt or vestibule, were slowly advancing toward completion and receiving their rich adornment of marble and mosaic. All this work corresponded in general style with that of the church, and was in harmony with its general design. But meanwhile a great change was going on in the taste of the Venetians. The influences of the East were losing ground before those of the West, and the Byzantine elements in Venetian architecture were giving place to those of Gothic art. It was about the end of the fourteenth century, or perhaps in the early years of the fifteenth, that all the incongruous but picturesque and fanciful mass of pinnacles and tabernacles, of crockets, finials, and canopies with pointed arches, which is in such striking opposition to the older and simpler forms of the building, was set up on the church. They enhance the impression of variety and wealth of adornment, they give a strange and complex character to the façade, but they serve no constructive purpose; they are mere external decoration; and though their effect is brilliant and surprising, it is not in keeping with the scheme of the earlier builders. These architectural adornments, with no meaning but to increase the richness of the front, have,

indeed, a real significance as marking a change in the moral temper of Venice and a loss of fineness in her perceptions of fitness and of beauty. She was growing luxurious, sensual, and prodigal. A century earlier she had known how to use the forms of Gothic architecture with dignity, and with imagination all the more powerful for being held firmly in restraint. But this new adornment of St. Mark's indicated by its wantonness the beginning of a new epoch of Venetian art, in which architecture, sculpture, and painting, after having long united their powers to express the sentiment and faith of a high-spirited community, were to become the ministers to its ostentation and the servants of the luxury and display of private citizens.

The moral history of Venice for five hundred years is indelibly recorded on the walls of the church, the decoration of which had been the chief task of her arts; the arts are incorruptible witnesses, and form and color are undeniable indications of spiritual conditions. The testimony of mosaics and marbles concerning the character and aims of the Venetians corresponds with and is confirmed by the less instinctive evidence of the inscriptions set in the walls or engraved on the monuments of the dead buried within the church.

St. Mark's, the chapel of the Doges, was used, not for religious services and ceremonies alone, but served as the gathering place of the people when great affairs were to be determined, and the Doge saw fit to summon the citizens to hear and to decide by their vote what course should be followed. Here, too, each Doge, upon his election by the council, was presented before an assemblage of the people, called together by the ringing of the bells, that the choice might be confirmed by the voices of the common citizens. "We have chosen this man Doge, if so it please you,"²

¹ The Campanile frequently suffered from strokes of lightning and from fire. In 1489, after its summit had been shattered by lightning, it was restored, and since then has remained essentially unaltered.

² This form lasted till the election of Francesco Foscari, in 1423, when it was disused, all semblance

of a popular element in the state having by this time disappeared. "Suppose the people were to say No; what would it matter?" asked the grand chancellor. "Let us therefore only say, We have chosen this man Doge." See Sanudo, *Vite de' Duchi*, 966, E.

were the words with which their consent was asked, and it was seldom that the people had reason not to be pleased with the choice. Then before all the people the new Doge, kneeling at the high altar, was invested by the primate with the ducal mantle, and received from his hands the red banner of St. Mark, the triumphant standard of the republic. Near the door by which the Doge entered the church from his palace, above the altar of St. Clement, was an inscription in letters of gold, addressed to the Doge himself; it was the monition of Venice to him:—

DILIGE IUSTITIAM, SUA CUNCTIS REDDITO IURA: PAUPER CUM VIDUA, PUPILLUS ET ORPHANUS, O DUX, TE SIBI PATRONUM SPERANT. PIUS OMNIBUS ESTO: NON TIMOR AUT ODIUM VEL AMOR NEC TE TRAHAT AURUM.

UT FLOS CASURUS, DUX, ES, CINERESQUE FUTURUS, ET VELUT ACTURUS, POST MORTEM SIC HABITURUS.

“Love justice, render their rights unto all: let the poor man and the widow, the ward and the orphan, O Doge, hope for a guardian in thee. Be pious toward all. Let not fear, nor hate, nor love, nor gold betray thee. As a flower shalt thou fall, Doge; dust shalt thou become, and as shall have been thy deeds, so, after death, shall thy guerdon be.”

The close connection of palace and church was the type of the connection between the politics and the religion of the state. There was no divorce between them in theory. The men who founded, built up, and administered the republic were, with few exceptions, men not merely pious, but in a noble sense religious. During the centuries of splendor and power of Venice, a standard of honesty, uprightness, and steady justice in the conduct of public affairs was maintained by her, superior to that of any other mediæval state. The qualities which distinguished the private dealings of her citizens were displayed in her public administration. Her merchants were men of honor, who valued their word.

¹ Close by the tomb of this Doge is that of the young wife of his successor, Vitale Michele. She died in the first year of the twelfth century, and the inscription which commemorates her virtues gives us a conception of the Venetian ideal of the womanly character at that early time. This record of one of the long train of fair Venetian women, deficient as it is in literary art, but with the grace of

They knew that their prosperity and that of their city depended on the confidence inspired by their integrity. The habit of honest dealing became a ruling principle in Venetian character. There were cheats and thieves and traitors at Venice as well as elsewhere, but there was no laxity toward fraud, and the Venetian ideal of character was one in which honesty and justice were the first elements. The Doge Vitale Faliero, in whose time St. Mark's was consecrated, died in 1096, and was buried in the portico of the church. Upon his tomb, enriched with mosaics of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the archangels of the last judgment, is an inscription of which the first lines render the old Venetian ideal:

MORIBUS INSIGNIS, TITULIS CELEBRERRIME DIGNIS
CULTOR HONESTATIS, DUX OMNIMODÆ PROBITATIS.¹

The evidence of epitaphs, however doubtful as regards the character of special individuals, is trustworthy in respect to the qualities honored by the public. Through all the period of the best life of Venice, from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, the virtues of probity and justice are constantly cited as the chief titles to honor of the dead.

“Justus, purus, castus, mitis, cuique placebat” is the praise of the Doge Sebastiano Ziani, who died in 1188. It was while this just, pure, chaste and mild man was Doge that St. Mark's was the scene of one of the most striking incidents in Venetian annals, and one that so deeply impressed the popular imagination that a poetic legend concerning it sprang up and so flourished, with the aid of the church and of the arts, as for centuries to obscure the real facts of history. During the twenty years' strife between Frederic Barbarossa and the Pope Alexander III.,—a strife which distracted the whole Christian world,—Venice, though cajoled and threatened by either power in turn, had maintained

childish simplicity, adds an association of tenderness to the historic memories of St. Mark's:—

Cultrix vera Dei, cultrix et pauperel;
Sic subnixæ Deo quo frueretur eo;
Comis in affatu, nullis onerosa ducatu;
Vultu mitis eras, quod foris intus erat.
Calceavit luxum, suffugit quemque tumultum
Ad strepitum nullum cor tulit ipsa suum

an independent neutrality. At length the Doge, a man trusted and skilled in affairs, succeeded in prevailing upon the Pope and the emperor to meet in Venice, where, after long and difficult negotiations, terms of accord were settled upon between them. It was agreed that in token of reconciliation there should be a solemn service in which Pope and emperor should take part. The Pope, in presence of a vast multitude of spectators, received the emperor in the vestibule of the church, before the main door of entrance, and the place of this meeting was marked by three slabs of red marble inserted in the pavement.

Great as was the splendor of the scene, and great as its significance may have appeared to the chief actors in it and to the crowd of spectators, they did not appreciate its full meaning. It was in truth the sign of the decisive victory of the ecclesiastical over the secular power, — a victory of which the consequences are manifest even in contemporary history. The event deserved commemoration, and the popular and ecclesiastical legend, though in great degree a pure invention, expressed more vividly than the true record the essential significance of the facts.

According to this legend, the Pope, poor and deserted, flying in disguise to escape the persecutions of Frederic, took refuge secretly in Venice, and being received into a monastery ministered to the brethren for some days as their cook. At length a Venetian, who had been on a pilgrimage to Rome and had seen the Pope there, recognized him under his disguise, and informed the Doge of his presence in the city. The Doge, accompanied by the clergy and the people, at once went to the monastery, and thence conducted the Pope, with all honor, to the palace of the Patriarch. Then the Doge sent messengers to the emperor to arrange terms of peace, but he angrily refused, bidding them tell the Doge that he demanded the surrender of the Pope, "and if this be refused," he added, "I will come to take him by force, and will set my eagles on the very church of *St. Mark*."

The Doge did not tremble when he heard these words. It was resolved to send out a fleet at once to meet the fleet of the emperor. That of the Venetians consisted of but thirty galleys, while that of the emperor numbered seventy-five. On the 26th of May, 1177, the Feast of the Ascension, the Venetians won a signal victory, with their thirty galleys capturing forty of the enemy's vessels, and taking prisoner Otho, the son of Frederic and the captain of his fleet. Defeat only embittered the stubborn heart of the emperor. After a while Otho persuaded his captors to let him out from prison on parole, that he might try to turn his father's mind to peace. Great was the joy of his father at seeing him. Then Otho told him that the rout of his armada had been due to no natural cause, but was a manifest judgment of God, and the sign of his displeasure with the emperor because of his persecution of the Pope; and he besought his father to make peace before the arm of the Lord should fall more heavily upon him. At last the stiff-necked Barbarossa yielded to the arguments and persuasions of his son, and the two set out for Venice accompanied by a great train of followers. The Doge and the people went out to meet the emperor, while the Pope in his pontifical robes remained standing on a pulpit that had been erected before the entrance of *St. Mark's*. As the emperor drew near, the Pope left the pulpit, and entering the vestibule of the church awaited his approach. The emperor came, and overcome with awe at the sight of the viceroy of the Lord whom he had so deeply offended and who had visited him with such heavy chastisement, prostrated himself upon the pavement, kissed the foot of the Pope, and prayed for pardon. Then the Pope said, setting his foot upon the head of the emperor, "*Super aspidem et basiliscam ambulabis, et conculcabis leonem et draconem*," or, as translated, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet." (*Psalms xci. 13.*) The emperor, not yet humiliated so far as to endure patiently such indignity, re-

plied, "Non tibi sed Petro" (Not to thee, but to Peter, do I humble myself); and the Pope answered, "Et mihi et Petro." (Both to me and to Peter.) Then the Pope raised him from the ground, and they entered the church with the Doge, all the clergy singing, *Te Deum Laudamus*.¹

Such was the legend which was cherished by the Venetians and adopted by the church. It represents, better than the true history, the popular feeling of the time; and it is itself a piece of the history of St. Mark's, as having exalted the pride of the Venetians in the church that had been the stage on which a scene of such import had been transacted. As time went on, they connected these fabulous events with some of the chief dignities and chief festivals of the republic. Of all her festivals there was none more fanciful or more splendid, none which more clearly reflected her poetic temperament, than that of the annual espousal of the Sea by the Doge, on the day of Ascension. The actual date of the origin of this ceremony cannot be certainly fixed, and it seems likely that the custom began not far from the year 1000. But the later Venetians were apt to regard it as being in part, at least, a commemoration of the marvelous and fabulous victory, gained on Ascension Day, over the imperial fleet; and it was believed that the Pope had given to the Doge the first ring which was cast into the sea, as the bridal ring, the sign that as the wife to her husband, so the sea should be subject to the republic.²

Sebastiano Ziani, who thus accomplished peace between the two swords, died an old man in 1178. Fourteen years later a still older man, and one still more famous, was chosen Doge, En-

rico Dandolo. The repute of the Venetians for wealth, for arms, for arts, was high throughout Christendom. Their energies were fresh and their spirit unexhausted. It was during the dogship of Dandolo that St. Mark's was the scene of incidents of hardly less interest than those attending the pacification of Pope and emperor, and of which, fortunately, a vivid and trustworthy account by one of the chief actors in them has come down to us.

Dandolo had been Doge for six years when, in 1198, Innocent III. was chosen Pope. He was but thirty-seven years old, a man of resolute will, of ardent temperament, and with a political genius that made him not only the foremost statesman of his time, but gives him claim to rank with the ablest in the long line of the successors of St. Peter. He had hardly become Pope before he devoted himself, with all the energy of his vigorous character, to inciting the rulers and the people of Europe to a new crusade. He recognized the effect of the crusades in increasing the authority and extending the jurisdiction of the papacy. There was no lack of motive to excite zeal in a new expedition for the recovery of the Holy Land. The true cross had been lost; Jerusalem was in the hands of the infidel; with the loss of Jaffa, in 1197, scarcely a stronghold remained for the Christians in Palestine, and the Latin kingdom was little more than a name. But Saladin, the great leader of the Mahometans, was dead, and his power had fallen into weaker hands. Let but a determined effort be made, and there was yet a chance to free Christendom from the ignominy of leaving the holy city of its Lord in subjection to the Saracen.

¹ See Sanudo, *Vite de' Duchi*, col. 511. This famous legend for centuries was very widely adopted, not merely by unscrupulous partisans of papal pretensions, but by many veracious historians. Even Daru, in his *Histoire de Venise*, i., 230 *seqq.*, maintains it in spite of the fact that Muratori, and before him Sigonius, and Baronius had exposed it as a tissue of fables. A thorough examination of the subject by the Nobile Angelo Zon is to be found in Cicogna, *Inscrizioni Veneziane*, iv., 574-593. A series of pictures on the walls of one of the apartments of the Palazzo della Repubblica, at Siena, painted by Spi-

nello d'Arezzo in 1407-8, represents the scenes of the story. Siena was proud of being the birthplace of Alexander III.

² "Uti uxorem viro, ita mare imperio reipublice Venetæ subjectum," — these were the words of the Pope; or, according to another version, *Te, fili, Dux, tuosque successores aureo annulo singulis annis in die Ascensionis mare desponsare volumus, sicut vir subjectam sibi desponsat uxorem, quum vere ipsius custos censearis, quare ab instantibus nostrum mare quietasti totaliter*" Sanudo, *Vite de' Duchi*, col. 510.

Innocent dispatched his briefs and sent his messengers throughout Europe, to rouse the hearts of men and to press upon them the new enterprise. He proclaimed an indulgence, by the terms of which all those who should enlist in the crusade and do the service of God for one year under arms should be relieved from all penalty for the sins of which they should devoutly make confession. Nowhere was the cause more ardently preached or the cross more readily taken than in the lands of France. The fervid eloquence of Foulques, priest of Neuilly, near Paris, stirred the blood of young and old, of high and low. Among those who pledged themselves to go across sea to fight in the cause of the Lord were Thibaut, the young count of Champagne and of Brie, Louis, count of Blois and of Chartres, both cousins of the king; Simon de Montfort, who had already served well in the Holy Land, and who was years afterward to acquire terrible repute in the mis-called crusade against the Albigenses; and, following the example of these leaders, many more of the chief barons of France. In the spring of 1201 the preparations had so far advanced that six envoys were sent to Italy to make arrangements for the embarkation of the crusaders from some Italian port. Furnished with full powers they proceeded to Venice, because they knew that there they would find a larger supply of vessels and of needful stores than at any other port. Geoffroy de Villehardouin, marshal of Champagne, was the head of the commission, and in his chronicle of the conquest of Constantinople he reported their proceedings, and the later doings of the crusaders, with a spirit, simplicity, and picturesqueness that make his narrative one of the most interesting and delightful pieces of early French literature, as well as the most important historical record of the events which he describes. His book affords such an image of the character and temper of the times as is not elsewhere to be found.

On the arrival of the envoys at Venice, at the season of Lent, in February, 1201, the Doge, "a man very wise and

of great worth," welcomed them cordially and with much honor. Having presented to him their letters of credence, it was agreed that four days afterward they should lay their propositions before the council. At the appointed time "they entered the palace, which was very rich and beautiful, and found the Doge and his council in a chamber, and delivered their message after this manner: 'Sire, we are come to you on the part of the high barons of France, who have taken the sign of the cross in order to avenge the shame of Jesus Christ and to reconquer Jerusalem, if God permit. And, because they know that no people have so great power to aid them as you and your folk, they pray you, for God's sake, to have pity on the Land beyond the Sea and on the shame of Jesus Christ, and to take pains that they may have ships of transport and of war.' 'In what manner?' said the Doge. 'In every way,' said the envoys, 'that you can propose or advise, provided only they can meet your proposals.' 'Certes,' said the Doge, 't is a great thing they have asked of us, and it seems truly that they are devising a high affair. We will reply to you eight days hence. And marvel not if the delay be long, for so great a matter needs much reflection.'

"At the time fixed by the Doge they went back to the palace. All the words that were uttered there I cannot report them to you, but the end of the conference was this: 'Gentlemen,' said the Doge, 'we will tell you the decision we have taken, if we can bring our great council and the commonalty of our land to confirm it, and you shall consult together to see if you can agree to its terms. We will provide fit vessels to transport four thousand five hundred horses and nine thousand squires, and ships for four thousand five hundred knights and twenty thousand foot-soldiers. And we will agree to provision them for nine months. This is what we will do, at least on condition that four marks shall be paid for every horse and two marks for every man. And we will make this agreement to hold for one

year, counting from the day we shall leave the port of Venice, to do service for God and for Christendom in whatsoever place it may be. The sum of this expense before-named amounts to eighty-five thousand marks. And thus much more we will do: we will add fifty galleys armed for the love of God, on condition that so long as our joint company shall last, of all the conquests we shall make of land or of goods, on sea or on land, we shall have one half and you the other. Now, then, consult and see if you can do and bear your part.'

"The envoys went out, saying that they would talk together, and reply on the next day. They consulted and talked together that night, and agreed to do it, and the next day went to the Doge, and said, 'Sire, we are ready to conclude this convention.' And the Doge said he would speak to his people about it, and would let them know what he found out.

"The morning of the third day, the Doge, who was very wise and worthy, summoned his great council, and this council was of forty men, the wisest of the land. And he, by his sense and wit, which was very clear and good, brought them to approve and will it. Thus he brought them to it, and then a hundred, then two hundred, then a thousand, till all agreed and approved. Then he assembled at once full ten thousand in the chapel of St. Mark, — the most beautiful that can be, — and he said to them that they should hear a mass of the Holy Spirit, and should pray God to counsel them as to the request that the envoys had made to them. And they did so very willingly.

"When the mass was said, the Doge sent word to the envoys that they should humbly beg the people to consent that the convention should be concluded. The envoys came to the church. They were greatly looked at by many people who had never seen them. By the consent and wish of the other envoys Geoffroi de Villehardouin took the word and said to them, 'Gentlemen, the highest and most puissant barons of France have sent us to you, and they cry you mer-

cy, that you may take pity on Jerusalem, which is in bondage to the Turks, and that for God's sake you would aid them to avenge the shame of Jesus Christ. And they have chosen you because they know that no people who are on the sea have so great power as you and your people. And they bade us fall at your feet and not to rise till you had promised that you would take pity on the Holy Land beyond the sea.' " The memories of the church were eloquent in seconding the appeal of the envoy. More than a hundred years before, the people had been summoned to St. Mark's to deliberate as to the part that Venice should take in the first crusade, and had resolved to join in the holy enterprise. The favor of Heaven had attended them, and they had brought back with them, as a sign of its grace, the most precious body of St. Theodore, chief patron of Venice next after St. Mark, and the body of St. Nicholas, who was another of their heavenly advocates. Again, in 1123, they had met in St. Mark's once more, to resolve, in the presence of the Lord, to take share in a new crusade; and again the fame of Venice had been increased by the deeds of her crusaders, her dominion had been extended, her power in the East augmented, and she herself had been enriched with new store of relics and with those stately columns that now stood at the edge of the sea, near to her palace and her church, monuments of the ancient glory of Tyre, transferred to the still more glorious modern city.

The voice of such memories and monuments as these was clear. There could be but one answer to the new call to help to rescue the sacred walls of Jerusalem. And so when Villehardouin had finished his address, he tell us that "the six envoys knelt down weeping, and the Doge and all the rest burst into tears of pity, and cried out all with one voice, and stretched their hands on high and said, 'We promise it! We promise it!' Then there was such a great noise and uproar that it seemed as if the earth trembled. And when this great uproar was quieted, and this great emotion (and

greater no man ever saw), the good Doge of Venice, who was very wise and worthy, mounted to the pulpit and spoke to the people, and said to them, 'Gentlemen, behold what honor God has done you! for the best people in the world have turned from all other people and have sought your company in so high an emprise as the deliverance of our Lord.'

"Of the fair and good words that the Doge spoke I cannot report to you all; but the end of the thing was that they took till the morrow to draw up the papers. . . . And when the papers were completed and sealed they were brought to the Doge in the great palace, where were the great council and the little. And when the Doge delivered his papers to them he knelt down, and with many tears he swore upon the saints to keep in good faith the agreements that were in the papers; and all his council did in like wise. And the envoys on their part swore to hold to their papers, and that the oaths of their lords and their own oaths should be kept in good faith. You should know that many a tear of pity was shed there. Then the envoys borrowed five thousand marks of silver, and gave them to the Doge to begin the fleet; and then they took leave, to return to their own country."

The news that the envoys carried to France of the good will and the promises of the Venetians was received with joy. But "adventures happen as it pleases God," says Villehardouin, and many things occurred to disarrange the plans of the leaders of the crusade. At length, after Easter, in May and June, 1202, the pilgrims began to depart from their country. Many of them journeyed to Venice, but not all who had promised to do so: proceeded thither, so that when all who had gone there met together, they were greatly troubled, finding themselves too few in number to keep their bargain and to pay the promised money to the Venetians. Such as had come were received with joy and honor by the Venetians. They were all lodged on the island of St. Nicholas, near the city, and the army, though small, was "very

beautiful and composed of good folk." The Venetians provided them well with all needful supplies, and the fleet which they had got ready was the finest any Christian man had ever seen, and sufficient for three times as many people as there were in the army. "The Venetians," says Villehardouin, "had fulfilled completely their agreement, and done much more even; and now they summoned the counts and barons to perform their part, and they demanded the money due them, for they were ready to set sail." But when the price of passage had been paid for all the crusaders who had come to Venice, the sum fell short by more than half. After long and bitter debate, it was agreed by the crusaders, in order that the expedition might not be broken up, that each one of the rich men among them should give, over and above his share, all that he could spare or borrow. "And then," says Villehardouin, "you might have seen quantities of fine plate of gold and silver carried to the palace of the Doge to make payment. And when all was paid, the sum still fell short by thirty-four thousand silver marks; and those who had kept back their property were very joyous, and would set nothing thereto, for they thought then that surely the army would fail and go to pieces. But God, who consoles the disconsolate, would not suffer it thus."

"Then the Doge spoke to his people, and said: 'This folk can pay no more, but let us not therefore break our word; let us agree that the payment of the thirty-four thousand marks which they owe us be postponed till God let us, we and they, gain this sum together, on condition that they help us to recover the strong city of Zara, in Slavonia, which the King of Hungary has taken from us.'" And so, finally, it was arranged.

"Then they assembled one Sunday in the church of St. Mark. It was a very great feast, and the people of the land were there, and the greater part of the barons and pilgrims. Before the high mass began, the Doge of Venice, who was named Enrico Dandolo, mounted

the pulpit and spoke to the people, and said, 'Gentlemen, you are associated with the best people in the world, for the highest affair that has ever been undertaken; and I am an old man and feeble, and have need of repose, for I am ill of body; but I see that no one could so govern and lead you as I who am your lord (*sire*). If you will permit me to take the sign of the cross, in order to guard and direct you, and my son to stay in my place and guard the land, I will go to live or die with you and the pilgrims.' And when they heard him, they all cried with one voice, 'We pray thee, for love of God, that you do this, and that you come with us.' Very great was then the emotion of the people of the land and of the pilgrims, and many a tear was shed, because this worthy man might have had such great reason for staying at home; for he was an old man, and though his eyes were fair to look on, yet he saw not at all, for he had lost his sight through a wound on the head.¹ But he had a very large heart. He came down from the pulpit and went before the altar and knelt down, weeping much; and they sewed the cross on the front of his tall cap of cotton, because he wished that the people should see it. And the Venetians began to take the cross in great numbers. Our pilgrims had great joy, and very deep feeling on account of that cross which he had taken, because of his wisdom and his prowess. Thus the Doge took the cross, as you have heard. Then they began to deliver the ships and the galleys and the vessels to the barons for setting sail, and so much time had passed that September [1202] was drawing near." The resolution of the Doge, ninety-four years old as he was, is an effective illustration of the spirit that made the crusades possible,

¹ Dandolo had been blinded when Venetian envoy at Constantinople, in 1171, by Manuel Comnenus, Emperor of the East. His blindness does not seem to have been complete. His descendant, the Doge Andrea Dandolo, says simply in his chronicle, "Emanuel itaque erga Venetos furore accensus, se eos ad nihilum redacturum adjurans, in legatos, dum ea quae pacis erant requirerent, injuriose prorupit. Cui Henricus Dandolo pro salute patriae constanter resistens, visu aliquoties obtenebratus est.

and not less of that which inspired the great works of church building of this period.

This is not the place to tell the story of the crusade, which did little for the honor of the cross, but in the course of which Constantinople was besieged and taken by the allied forces of the French and Venetians. From the pillage of the imperial city Venice gained many precious objects. Her piety was rewarded by receiving from the Doge as part of the booty a piece of the true cross, one of the arms of St. George, a part of the skull of St. John Baptist, the body of St. Lucia, — *Lucia nemica di ciascun crudele*, — the body of St. Simeon, and a phial of the blood of Jesus Christ. The crusaders were not of a temper to respect the priceless works of ancient art with which the city was adorned: the statues of marble were shattered, those of bronze melted down; but Dandolo interposed to save the four horses of gilded bronze that Constantine had carried from Rome to decorate his hippodrome, and in 1205 they were sent to Venice, and shortly after set up on the front of St. Mark's, — a strange but striking ornament of its fanciful façade,² and a permanent memorial of the share of Venice in the crusade.

The story of St. Mark's is an epitome of the story of Venice. So long as Venice lived, St. Mark's was the symbol and expression of her inner life. Among the noble works of men, few more beautiful, few more venerable, adorn the face of the world. It is the chief monument of one of the communities which in its time did most to elevate and refine mankind. For a long period the Venetians served as the advance guard of modern civilization, and their history can never cease to be of interest to the student of political institutions and of the highest

Qui illatam injuriam sub dissimulatione secretam tenens, una cum socio Venetias redeunt." Lib. x., ch. 1, § 4. The "pro salute patriae" is a true touch of the Venetian spirit.

² After the overthrow of the republic they were carried in 1797 to Paris, but were restored, as an inscription curiously out of place on the front of the church records, by the Emperor of Austria, Francis I., in 1815.

forms of human society. "From the top of the fair building of the tower of St. Mark's," says an old traveler, "you have the fairest and goodliest prospect that is (I thinke) in all the worlde. For therehence may you see the whole model and forme of the citie, *sub uno intuitu*, a sight that doth in my opinion farre surpasse all the shewes under the cope of heaven. There you may have a syn-

opsis, that is a general viewe, of little Christendome (for so doe many intitle this citie of Venice), or rather of the Jerusalem of Christendome," and among all the sights of this glorious city the chief is "the beautiful church of St. Marke, which though it be but little, yet it is exceeding rich, and truly so many are its ornaments that a perfect description of them would require a little volume."

Charles Eliot Norton.

THE QUAKER GRAVE-YARD.

FOUR straight brick walls, severely plain,
A quiet city square surround;
A level space of nameless graves,
The Quakers' burial-ground.

In gown of gray or coat of drab
They trod the common ways of life,
With passions held in sternest leash,
And hearts that knew not strife.

To yon grim meeting-house they fared,
With thoughts as sober as their speech,
To voiceless prayer, to songless praise,
To hear the elders preach.

Through quiet lengths of days they came,
With scarce a change to this repose;
Of all life's loveliness they took
The thorn without the rose.

But in the porch and o'er the graves
Glad rings the southward robin's glee;
And sparrows fill the autumn air
With merry mutiny;

While on the graves of drab and gray
The red and gold of autumn lie,
And willful Nature decks the sod
In gentlest mockery.

Weir Múchell.

THE ADIRONDACKS VERIFIED.

II.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

It ought to be said, by way of explanation, that my being lost in the woods was not premeditated. Nothing could have been more informal. This apology can be necessary only to those who are familiar with the Adirondack literature. Any person not familiar with it would see the absurdity of one going to the Northern Wilderness with the deliberate purpose of writing about himself as a lost man. It may be true that a book about this wild tract would not be recognized as complete without a lost-man story in it, since it is almost as easy for a stranger to get lost in the Adirondacks as in Boston. I merely desire to say that my unimportant adventure is not narrated in answer to the popular demand; and I do not wish to be held responsible for its variation from the typical character of such experiences.

We had been in camp a week, on the Upper Ausable Lake. This is a gem, emerald or turquoise as the light changes it, set in the virgin forest. It is not a large body of water, is irregular in form, and about a mile and a half in length; but in the sweep of its wooded shores and the lovely contour of the lofty mountains that guard it, the lake is probably the most charming in America. Why the young ladies and gentlemen who camp there occasionally vex the days and nights with hooting and singing sentimental songs is a mystery even to the laughing loon.

I left my companions there one Saturday morning, to return to Keene Valley, intending to fish down the Ausable River. The Upper Lake discharges itself into the Lower by a brook which winds through a mile and a half of swamp and woods. Out of the north end of the Lower Lake, which is a huge sink in the mountains and mirrors the savage precipices,

the Ausable breaks its rocky barriers and flows through a wild gorge, several miles, to the valley below. Between the Lower Lake and the settlements is an extensive forest, traversed by a cart-path admirably constructed of loose stones, roots of trees, decayed logs, slippery rocks, and mud; the gorge of the river forms its western boundary. I followed this caricature of a road a mile or more, then gave my luggage to the guide to carry home, and struck off through the forest, by compass, to the river. I promised myself an exciting scramble down this little-frequented cañon, and a creel full of trout. There was no difficulty in finding the river or in descending the steep precipice to its bed; getting into a scrape is usually the easiest part of it. The river is strewn with boulders, big and little, through which the amber water rushes with an unceasing thunderous roar, now plunging down in white falls, then swirling round in dark pools. The day, already past meridian, was delightful, — at least the blue strip of it I could see overhead.

Better pools and rapids for trout never were, I thought, as I concealed myself behind a boulder and made the first cast. There is nothing like the thrill of expectation over the first throw in unfamiliar waters. Fishing is like gambling, in that failure only excites hope of a fortunate throw next time. There was no rise to the "leader" on the first cast nor on the twenty-first, and I cautiously worked my way down stream, throwing right and left. When I had gone half a mile, my opinion of the character of the pools was unchanged; never were there such places for trout; but the trout were out of their places. Perhaps they didn't care for the fly; some trout seem to be so unsophisticated as to prefer the worm. I replaced the fly with a baited hook; the worm squirmed, the waters rushed and roared, a cloud sailed across the blue; no trout rose to the lonesome opportu-

nity. There is a certain companionship in the presence of trout, especially when you can feel them flopping in your fish-basket; but it became evident that there were no trout in this wilderness, and a sense of isolation for the first time came over me. There was no living thing near. The river had by this time entered a deeper gorge; walls of rocks rose perpendicularly on either side, — picturesque rocks, painted many colors by the oxide of iron. It was not possible to climb out of the gorge; it was impossible to find a way by the side of the river; and getting down the bed, over the falls and through the flumes, was not easy and consumed time.

Was that thunder? Very likely. But thunder-showers are always brewing in these mountain fortresses, and it did not occur to me that there was anything personal in it. Very soon, however, the hole in the sky closed in, and the rain dashed down. It seemed a providential time to eat my luncheon, and I took shelter under a scraggy pine that had rooted itself in the edge of the rocky slope. The shower soon passed, and I continued my journey, creeping over the slippery rocks and continuing to show my confidence in the unresponsive trout. The way grew wilder and more grewsome. The thunder began again, rolling along over the tops of the mountains and reverberating in sharp concussions in the gorge; the lightning also darted down into the darkening passage, and then the rain. Every enlightened being, even if he is in a fisherman's dress of shirt and pantaloons, hates to get wet; and I ignominiously crept under the edge of a sloping boulder. It was all very well at first, until streams of water began to crawl along the face of the rock and trickle down the back of my neck. This was refined misery, unheroic and humiliating, as suffering always is when unaccompanied by resignation.

A longer time than I knew was consumed in this and repeated efforts to wait for the slackening and renewing storm to pass away. In the intervals of calm I still fished, and even descended to what a sportsman considers incredible

baseness: I put a "sinker" on my line. It is the practice of the country folk, whose only object is to get fish, to use a good deal of bait, sink the hook to the bottom of the pools, and wait the slow appetite of the summer trout. I tried this also. I might as well have fished in a pork barrel. It is true that in one deep, black, round pool I lured a small trout from the bottom and deposited him in the creel, but it was an accident; though I sat there in the awful silence — the roar of water and thunder only emphasized the stillness — full half an hour, I was not encouraged by another nibble. Hope, however, did not die; I always expected to find the trout in the next flume, and so I toiled slowly on, unconscious of the passing time. At each turn of the stream I expected to see the end; and at each turn I saw a long, narrow stretch of rocks and foaming water. Climbing out of the ravine was in most places simply impossible, and I began to look with interest for a slide, where bushes rooted in the scant earth would enable me to scale the precipice. I did not doubt that I was nearly through the gorge. I could at length see the huge form of the Giant of the Valley, scarred with avalanches, at the end of the vista; and it seemed not far off. But it kept its distance, as only a mountain can, while I stumbled and slid down the rocky way. The rain had now set in with persistence, and suddenly I became aware that it was growing dark; and I said to myself, If you don't wish to spend the night in this horrible chasm, you'd better escape speedily. Fortunately I reached a place where the face of the precipice was bush-grown, and with considerable labor scrambled up it.

Having no doubt that I was within half a mile, perhaps within a few rods, of the house above the entrance of the gorge, and that in any event I should fall into the cart-path in a few minutes, I struck boldly into the forest, congratulating myself on having escaped out of the river. So sure was I of my whereabouts that I did not note the bend of the river nor look at my compass. The

one trout in my basket was no burden, and I stepped lightly out.

The *fojst* was of hard wood, and open, except for a thick undergrowth of moose-bush. It was raining; in fact, it had been raining, more or less, for a month, and the woods were soaked. This moose-bush is most annoying stuff to travel through in a rain, for the broad leaves slap one in the face and sop him with wet. The way grew every moment more dingy. The heavy clouds above the thick foliage brought night on prematurely. It was decidedly premature to a near-sighted man, whose glasses the rain rendered useless. Such a person ought to be at home early. On leaving the river bank, I had borne to the left, so as to be sure to strike either the clearing or the road, and not wander off into the measureless forest. I confidently pursued this course, and went gayly on by the left flank. That I did not come to any opening or path only showed that I had slightly mistaken the distance; I was going in the right direction.

I was so certain of this that I quickened my pace, and got up with alacrity every time I tumbled down, amid the slippery leaves and catching roots, and hurried on. And I kept to the left; it even occurred to me that I was turning to the left so much that I might come back to the river again. It grew more dusky and rained more violently, but there was nothing alarming in the situation, since I knew exactly where I was. It was a little mortifying that I had miscalculated the distance, yet so far was I from feeling any uneasiness about this that I quickened my pace again, and, before I knew it, was in a full run, — that is, as full a run as a person can indulge in in the dusk, with so many trees in the way. No nervousness, but simply a reasonable desire to get there. I desired to look upon myself as the person "not lost but gone before." As time passed and darkness fell, and no clearing or road appeared, I ran a little faster. It did n't seem possible that the people had moved, or the road been changed, and yet I was sure of my di-

rection. I went on with an energy increased by the ridiculousness of the situation, the danger that an experienced woodsman was in of getting home late for supper, — the lateness of the meal being nothing to the gibes of the unlost. How long I kept this course and how far I went on I do not know, but suddenly I stumbled against an ill-placed tree and sat down on the soaked ground, a trifle out of breath. It then occurred to me that I had better verify my course by the compass. There was scarcely light enough to distinguish the black end of the needle. To my amazement the compass, which was made near Greenwich, was wrong! Allowing for the natural variation of the needle, it was absurdly wrong. It made out that I was going south when I was going north. It intimated that instead of turning to the left I had been making a circuit to the right. According to the compass, the Lord only knew where I was.

The inclination of persons in the woods to travel in a circle is unexplained. I suppose it arises from the sympathy of the legs with the brain. Most people reason in a circle; their minds go round and round, always in the same track. For the last half hour I had been saying over a sentence that started itself: "I wonder where that *road* is?" I had said it over till it had lost all meaning. I kept going round on it. And yet I could not believe that my body had been traveling in a circle. Not being able to recognize any tracks, I have no evidence that I had so traveled, except the general testimony of lost men.

The compass annoyed me. I've known experienced guides utterly discredit it. It could n't be that I was to turn about and go the way I had come. Nevertheless, I said to myself, You'd better keep a cool head, my boy, or you are in for a night of it. Better listen to science than to spunk. And I resolved to heed the impartial needle. I was a little weary of the rough tramping, but it was necessary to be moving, for with wet clothes and the night air I was decidedly chilly. I turned towards the north, and slipped and stumbled along. A more

uninviting forest to pass the night in I never saw. Everything was soaked. If I became exhausted, it would be necessary to build a fire; and, as I walked on, I could n't find a dry bit of wood. Even if a little punk were discovered in a rotten log, I had no hatchet to cut fuel. I thought it all over calmly. I had the usual three matches in my pocket. I knew exactly what would happen if I tried to build a fire. The first match would prove to be wet. The second match, when struck, would shine, and smell, and fizz a little, and then go out. There would be only one match left. Death would ensue if it failed. I should get close to the log, crawl under my hat, strike the match, see it catch, flicker, almost go out (the reader painfully excited by this time), blaze up, nearly expire, and finally fire the punk—thank God! And I said to myself, The public don't want any more of this thing; it is played out. Either have a box of matches, or let the first one catch fire.

In this gloomy mood I plunged along. The prospect was cheerless; for apart from the comfort that a fire would give, it is necessary at night to keep off the wild beasts. I fancied I could hear the tread of the stealthy brutes following their prey. But there was one source of profound satisfaction. The catamount had been killed! Mr. Colvin, the triangulating surveyor of the Adirondacks, killed him in his last official report to the State. Whether he dispatched him with a theodolite or a barometer does not matter; he is officially dead, and none of the travelers can kill him any more. Yet he has served them a good turn.

I knew that catamount well. One night, when we lay in the bogs of the South Beaver Meadow, under a canopy of mosquitoes, the serene midnight was parted by a wild and human-like cry from a neighboring mountain. "That's a cat," said the guide. I felt in a moment that it was the voice of "modern cultchah." "Modern culture," says Mr. Joseph Cook, in a most impressive period, "modern culture is a child crying in the wilderness, and with no voice but a cry." That describes the cat-

amount exactly. The next day, when we ascended the mountain, we came upon the traces of this brute, a spot where he had stood and cried in the night; and I confess that my hair rose with the consciousness of his recent presence, as it is said to do when a spirit passes by.

Whatever consolation the absence of catamount in a dark, drenched, and howling wilderness can impart, that I experienced; but I thought what a satire upon my present condition was modern culture, with its plain thinking and high living. It was impossible to get much satisfaction out of the real and the ideal, the me and the not-me. At this time, what impressed me most was the absurdity of my position, looked at in the light of modern civilization and all my advantages and acquirements. It seemed pitiful that society could do absolutely nothing for me. It was in fact humiliating to reflect that it would now be profitable to exchange all my possessions for the woods instinct of the most unlettered guide. I began to doubt the value of the "culture" that blunts the natural instincts.

It began to be a question whether I could hold out to walk all night; for I must travel or perish. And now I imagined that a spectre was walking by my side. This was Famine. To be sure I had only recently eaten a hearty luncheon, but the pangs of hunger got hold on me when I thought that I should have no supper, no breakfast; and as the procession of unattainable meals stretched before me, I grew hungrier and hungrier. I could feel that I was becoming gaunt and wasting away. Already I seemed to be emaciated. It is astonishing how speedily a jocund, well-conditioned human being can be transformed into a spectacle of poverty and want. Lose a man in the woods, drench him, tear his pantaloons, get his imagination running on his lost supper and the cheerful fireside that is expecting him, and he will become haggard in an hour. I am not dwelling upon these things to excite the reader's sympathy, but only to advise him, if he contemplates an adventure of this kind, to provide himself with match-

es, kindling wood, something more to eat than one raw trout, and not to select a rainy night for it.

Nature is so pitiless, so unresponsive, to a person in trouble! I had read of the soothing companionship of the forest, the pleasure of the pathless woods. But I thought, as I stumbled along in the dismal actuality, that if I ever got out of it I would write a letter to the newspapers exposing the whole thing. There is an impassive, stolid brutality about the woods that has never been enough insisted on. I tried to keep my mind fixed upon the fact of man's superiority to Nature, his ability to dominate and outwit her. My situation was an amusing satire on this theory. I fancied that I could feel a sneer in the woods at my detected conceit. There was something personal in it. The down-pour of the rain and the slipperiness of the ground were elements of discomfort, but there was besides these a kind of terror in the very character of the forest itself. I think this arose not more from its immensity than from the kind of stolidity to which I have alluded. It seemed to me that it would be a sort of relief to kick the trees. I don't wonder that the bears fall to, occasionally, and scratch the bark off the great pines and maples, tearing it angrily away. One must have some vent to his feelings. It is a common experience of people lost in the woods to lose their heads, and even the woodsmen themselves are not free from this panic, when some accident has thrown them out of their reckoning. Fright unsettles the judgment; the oppressive silence of the woods is a vacuum in which the mind goes astray. It's a hollow sham, this pantheism, I said; being "one with nature" is all humbug; I should like to see somebody. Man, to be sure, is of very little account, and soon gets beyond his depth; but the society of the least human being is better than this gigantic indifference. The "rapture on the lonely shore" is agreeable only when you know you can at any moment go home.

I had now given up all expectation of

finding the road, and was steering my way as well as I could northward towards the valley. In my haste, I made slow progress. Probably the distance I traveled was short, and the time consumed not long; but I seemed to be adding mile to mile and hour to hour. I had time to review the incidents of the Russo-Turkish war, and to forecast the entire Eastern Question; I outlined the characters of all my companions left in camp, and sketched in a sort of comedy the sympathetic and disparaging observations they would make on my adventure; I repeated something like a thousand times, without contradiction, "What a fool you were to leave the river;" I stopped twenty times, thinking I heard its loud roar, always deceived by the wind in the tree-tops; I began to entertain serious doubts about the compass; when, suddenly, I became aware that I was no longer on level ground; I was descending a slope; I was actually in a ravine. In a moment more I was in a brook, newly formed by the rain. Thank Heaven, I cried, this I shall follow, whatever conscience or the compass says. In this region all streams go, sooner or later, into the valley. This ravine, this stream, no doubt, led to the river. I splashed and tumbled along down it, in mud and water. Down hill we went together, the fall showing that I must have wandered to high ground. When I guessed that I must be close to the river I suddenly stepped into mud up to my ankles. It was the road! Running, of course, the wrong way, but still the blessed road. It was a mere canal of liquid mud, but man had made it and it would take me home. I was at least three miles from the point I supposed I was near at sunset, and I had before me a toilsome walk of six or seven miles, most of the way in a ditch. But it is truth to say that I enjoyed every step of it. I was safe; I knew where I was; and I could have walked till morning. The mind had again got the upper-hand of the body, and began to plume itself on its superiority. It was even disposed to doubt whether it had been "lost" at all.

Charles Dudley Warner.

APPLEDORE.

Oh, is it moss or weather-stain
I see upon the narrow ledge
Where North Head lifts above the main,
Or roses wind-sown 'neath that ledge
Of iron-gray, or some bright waif
Lost from a tropic-laden deck
And wafted on the current safe,
Or piece of some sad, beauteous wreck?

Oh, list! wave-murmurs come to me
And guess it: neither stain nor moss,
Nor lodge of roses by the sea,
Nor tropic-laden vessel's loss,
Nor stuff torn out of beauty's sail,
The waters whisper; and their palms
Clap softly to the passing gale,
To summon all the scents and balms

Of ocean to her ladyhood,
As in that setting of old rock
She glows; sea-faring fancies brood;
To her the tilting cloudlets flock
And take her tender dream for freight;
The sea-flags dip in a salute
At her first visit to their state;
The ocean is her page and lute.

She sits, rare piece of Nature's joy
In some day made when color blent
With charm the happiest, to employ
Her passion, and a low wind lent
Its temper to the level voice,
And ocean plashed a stain of green
Into her eye to guide its choice
To claim a kinship with his scene.

So sits she, on the planet's coast,
And for a sentry bids to stand
The keen horizon at its post,
To bar the curses of the land,
And challenge sorrow, and repulse
With sun-tipped halberds all affray,
That she may watch the crimson dulse
Sway languid as her fancies sway,

And watch white billows of the air
And crested billows of the sea,

As to her mood they all repair
 In simple bliss with her to be.
 She is the soul within a cloud,
 Anon the sparkle on the deep;
 No scene was e'er before so proud,
 So happy, such a tryst to keep.

Could I too keep it! Or should I
 With some note jar on her content,
 Displease the ocean and the sky,
 The flattering of the waves prevent,
 And give the cloud a sullen turn?
 Could I too keep it, all my ill,
 All tricks that mar, desires that burn,
 Would die; my discord would be still.

Oh, I do keep it! In her palm
 As in a cup there brimming lie
 The tender vastness and the calm,
 The ripple's whisper, soft and shy,
 Her hush, her dream; she lifts it up,
 Puts it to my far lip to drain:
 Her ladyhood is in the cup —
 It thrills, it drenches, heart and brain.

J. W.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

X.

V. WEAVING.

HAVING considered the subjects of basket and wattle work and of spinning, we may advance a step and examine what the Centennial Exhibition showed us in the way of weaving. We are met here by the difficulty which attends all attempts at rigid classification: no precise line can be drawn between wattling, plaiting, and weaving.

The making of mats was probably the first exertion of ingenuity which culminated in the art of weaving. The wattle has already been described: it has rigid sticks in one direction, which are

interlaced with pliable withes; the structure is for the side of a house, a panel of fence, or the revetment of a fortification, as the case may require. The mat is of more pliable material, and forms a carpet for the floor, a screen, a sail, an awning, or a garment. Where stiffness is required the woof may be of splints; where thickness and softness are desired the woof is of bundles of soft grass or rushes, with a single or double series of warps interwoven to keep the filling in place. This does not yet, however, come up to the technical idea of weaving, which, strictly considered, involves the idea of the twisting of the yarn or bunch of fibre of which the weft and the woof are composed. The dis-

tion cannot be drawn from the manner of making, either with or without the use of frames, for, except among rude tribes, mats and woven fabrics are equally made in frames, and the Japanese mat loom shown at the Centennial is a more complicated and ingenious device than the cotton-cloth loom of the African Gold Coast in the English colonies exhibit. There is also but little to choose between the Angola loom, which makes cotton yarn into what we should call toweling, and the Maori frame, in which the New Zealand flax is made up into the characteristic mats of the island.

It was a pity that our friends from abroad, who gave so handsomely of their best productions to our celebration, omitted in most instances the crude and the common. Many of the coarser implements of the natives of the various countries were not brought, because they had so rude an appearance that they would reflect upon the state of progress of the nation exhibiting. This was especially noticeable in the Brazilian exhibit, and the reason above was assigned for their absence. Notwithstanding this discrimination against the crude and primitive, diligent search in the nooks and corners discovered many things which were not prominently displayed, and specimens of various plaited goods and matting among the number.

The conditions of mat-making are simple, and the principal differences are in the material. The *matta* or rush mat of the Romans was the same as the modern, and the plaited rushes and grass mats, panniers, and baskets of the Spanish collection in the Main Building were the same, doubtless, as when the Celtiberians traded with the Carthaginian and Greek colonists upon their shores.

The National Museum, which as yet forms a part of the Smithsonian collection, had numerous specimens of mats from our Northwestern territory. Mats of cedar bark are plaited by the females of the Makah Indians of Cape Flattery; other tribes, who can obtain bulrushes and flags, make their mats of these materials, which do not grow in the vicinity of the cape. The inner bark of the

cedar is prepared by first removing the outer bark and then peeling off the *liber* in long strips, which are dried in the sun, folded, and used as an article of barter. The strips are split into strands from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in width, and are then plaited into a mat six feet long by three feet wide. They are used principally for wrapping, protecting cargoes in canoes, and for sale to the whites as a substitute for carpets. A more durable mat is made from the divided fibres of spruce root.

The Killéyute tribe makes mats of a species of coarse grass.

The Ahts of Vancouver's Island use mats of cedar fibre, the inner bark being beaten into strings which are twisted into twine. A number of these cords are stretched in parallelism, being arranged between two sticks like a warp, and strings are tied across them at intervals, forming a sort of woof; but this is not weaving. Such a mat is frequently used as a cape, and is sometimes edged with fur. Hats are also made by plaiting cedar-bark strings with white-pine bark.

Africa has its mats, cloth, skins, and bark cloth. The attendants of Dr. Livingstone slept in *fumbas*, or double mat bags of palm leaf, six feet long by four wide, and left open only at the end. The mats of the Hottentots are used for screens and for covering their huts: they are made of reeds cut to an even length of six feet and strung upon parallel cords, of acacia bark, each reed being pierced through the centre with a needle or an acacia thorn. The Cape of Good Hope and Orange Free State exhibits were not large, but very interesting.

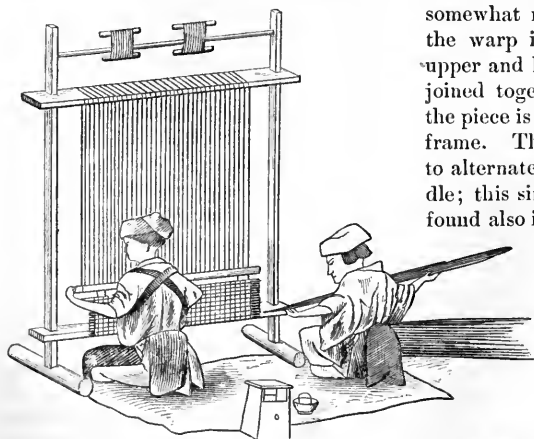
The mats of Madagascar are of rushes and fine grass, and are used for beds, carpets, and wall-hangings. They are plaited by hand.

The mat used for a floor covering in India is wattled, rather than plaited, from a kind of long grass known as *mā-door-katee*.

The collection of the Dutch colonies was somewhat exceptional in that it furnished specimens of crude materials and implements which looked, if possible,

still ruder from their vicinity to the admirable engineering models and plans of the Netherlands. The Javanese mats are of several species of *pandanus*, a grass called *mandong*, and various palms; they are woven on frames which are also used for coarse linen goods.

The mat fabric (*ataps*) of the Dyaks is of strips from the dried leaves of the *nipa* palm, one of the indispensables of Bornean existence. Of this leaf are the mats which form the walls of the houses, being stretched from post to post; also the doors and screens in their community dwellings. These leaves form the thatch of houses and the deck awning of boats, and a single leaf on occasion furnishes a sail. Hats are made of this material, as we noticed in a previous article. The plant looks like a gigantic fern, and has leaves fifteen or twenty feet in length. Dyak mats are also made of rattan cut into narrow strips, stained of various colors, and interwoven in patterns, with borders. This mat bears the same relation to a grass or leaf rug that floor-cloth does to carpet. The natives are very curious in regard to the forms of knives for splitting rattan. The handle is held under the arm, the blade pro-

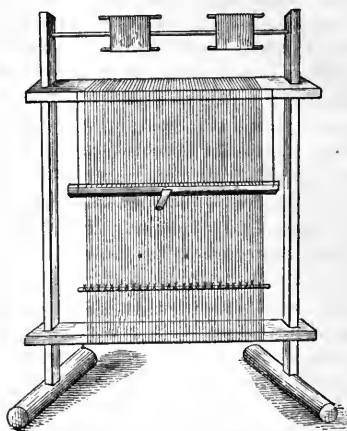


(Fig. 250.) Japanese Mat Weavers.

jecting in front, and the rattan strip is manipulated by both hands.

The Japanese mats used for screens are woven in an upright frame, which is equivalent to a loom, an arrangement

being had to open the shed by alternately drawing forward and pushing back one set of warp threads, an assistant pushing a leaf split into the shed as it opens. The plant looks like the rush, and is grown in artificial ponds, where the cul-



(Fig. 251.) Japanese Mat Loom.

tivator has command of the height of the water. Being cut in gavels and gathered into sheaves, the leaves are taken to a lawn and laid out in parallel order to dry, after which they are ready for the weavers. Figure 251 shows the frame somewhat more clearly. The length of the warp is once over and under the upper and lower beams, the ends being joined together, so that the length of the piece is about twice the height of the frame. The bar in front is connected to alternate threads, — a primitive heddle; this simple form of harness may be found also in the African and some other looms, as we shall notice presently.

The Japanese snow-cloak is a skeleton of network, with a bunch of vegetable fibre tied up in each mesh, so as to make a shaggy garment in which the tussocks overlap those beneath them like a thatch. The Maories make a shaggy cape of the New Zealand flax. The less ingenious Australian takes the skin of the emu, and makes a garment which yields to neither of the others in shagginess.

The South Sea Islands were not well represented, as they are mostly independent and unenterprising. The Sandwich Islands had a fair show. Fiji, acquired so late as 1874 by Great Britain, was not included in her colonial exhibit, although the Seychelles, Gold Coast of Africa, and Trinidad were not overlooked. The mats of the Kingsmill islands are made of strips of the pandanus leaf, dyed brown and yellow, and plaited in diamond or square patterns. A small cape of the same, with a slit like a *poncho*, goes over the head, and a conical hat of pandanus leaf completes the costume. Mats were shown from the Sandwich Islands; their most curious ones are used as armor, and have been noticed with a breast and back plates of teeth strung in rows. The mantles of the great chiefs of the Sandwich Islands are a sort of net-work, with interwoven feathers. The royal mantle of Kamehameha was four feet long and eleven feet wide, and was ornamented with the yellow feathers of the honey-bird, which has one yellow feather under each wing. It took the collection of nine reigns to complete it.

The mats of Fiji are plaited from coir, plantain leaf, grass, the pandanus, rushes, etc. They are of very diverse character, each island of the perhaps ninety inhabited ones of the group showing a kind peculiar in materials or in quality. They are used for carpets, sails, beds, etc. The sail mats are of the fibre of the cocoa-palm leaf. They are from two to four feet wide and twenty feet long, the usual length of a sail, which is made of a number of breadths sewed together. Floor mats and sleeping mats are used as carpets and mattresses, the former being twenty by sixteen feet, with an ornamental border.

The Australians weave circular mats (*paing-koont*) of reeds twisted into rope, coiled round and fastened in the manner of our rope door-mats. They are sewed with thread made of the chewed root of the bulrush. The Australian sea-grass (*zostera*) cloak is a mat: the long and tough fibres are laid parallel and lashed together at intervals, being allowed to

hang like a long pile, and forming a deep fringe at the edges.

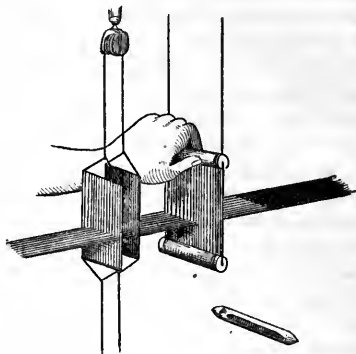
The Maori mats are elaborately made of the New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*), one of the *Asparagaceæ*. The long leaves yield a strong and silky fibre. The frame on which they are woven has four marginal bars inclosing a space of the size of the mat required, and standing on four short legs which raise it horizontally a little above the ground. The warp threads are stretched across it, being tied to opposite sides of the frame. The doubled weft is then passed in by hand over and under the warp threads alternately and tied at the selvage. To make a shaggy rain-mat, at certain equidistant intersections of the warp an undressed leaf of the flax plant is worked in, just like the knots of colored yarn in tapestry weaving, the rows of leaves thus forming flounces which overlap each other and shed the rain; each row shows about eight inches to the weather, and six rows are sufficient for the mat, which is known as *E Mangaika*. A number of kinds of mats are made to suit various tastes, or such as befit the rank of the wearer. In one, the leaves are dyed of various colors and rolled up so as to look like porcupine quills, being then fastened in regular rows into the material of the mat. They rattle as the wearer walks, and give him infinite satisfaction. In mats of the highest style for the chiefs, dog's hair is knotted into the mat, to give it the appearance of a hide. The colors are so disposed as to make a pattern, markings like those of a zebra being a favorite style. These mantles are about six by four feet. The method of inserting colored knots of hair or fibre is similar to the Gobelin tapestry method. A mat of this kind represents the four years' work of a woman, much depending upon the precision of the markings or matchings; in other words it is a question of quality and patience, and much time is consumed both in New Zealand and in the *faubourg* St. Marcel.

By the process of spinning, short fibres are so tightly twisted together as to make a practically continuous length. Simple

as the process seems it is not universally known, and there is a still greater number of tribes to whom the idea of weaving such threads into mats has not occurred. The reason of the lack of spun material is doubtless to be found in the great abundance of grasses and well-splitting leaves, which leave nothing to be desired for mat-making. The oldest records — the Bible, Hesiod, Homer, Herodotus, the mural paintings and tablets of Egypt and Assyria, the collected remains of the lacustrians of Switzerland — all point to the existence in early times of well-executed textile fabrics. Those of the lake dwellers are coarser than either of the others; one fabric examined has a twisted cord for a warp, while the weft is of smaller twisted threads laid in pairs at intervals. It is but a small advance upon a wattle, but each of the threads bends somewhat to the tightness of the thread crossing it. The linen of Egypt needs no hesitating approval. The coincident voices of the ancient writers and the fabrics recovered from the tombs evince the skill of the Nile people in the weaving of linens. Their word *byssus* was adopted by the Greeks and Latins for linen; this was woven as fine as three hundred and sixty threads to the inch, as recorded by Herodotus; a piece in the British Museum has one hundred and forty threads to the inch in the warp and sixty-four in the woof. The *coa vestis* of the Roman female dancers was of so fine and transparent a texture as to exhibit the wearer's form as in a mist. The references in ancient authors to the gorgeous fabrics of Babylon are numerous and familiar, but are outside of our subject.

Of the crude looms shown in the various foreign exhibits at the Centennial, some were vertical and others horizontal. So it was in ancient times. The old Egyptian looms were of both kinds, and in some the woof was beaten upward, in others downward. Beni-Hassan shows the horizontal and Thebes the vertical. The loom of Palestine was vertical, that of India usually horizontal. The Greeks and Romans had both forms also. A

complicated harness which permitted of twill weaving was known in Greece and Italy in old times, and the technical terms are recognizable in the languages. The Egyptians wove checker patterns;

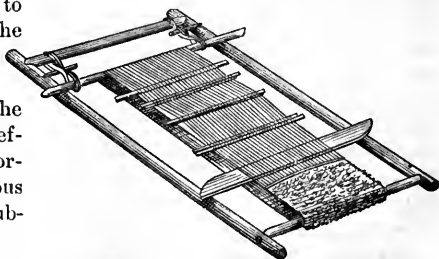


(Fig. 252.) African Loom. Gold Coast Exhibit.

also dyed and printed their linen cloths. The mediæval English loom was horizontal.

The western coast of Africa furnished three looms to the Exhibition, from the Gold Coast, Liberia, and Angola respectively. Those from the two former were so similar that one may stand for both, and their vicinage is such that their correspondence is very natural.

Figure 252 shows the native cotton loom of the Gold Coast of Africa. It

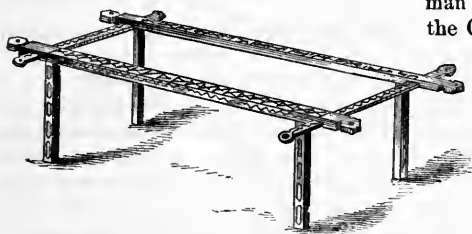


(Fig. 253.) Angola Loom. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

weaves a two-inch cotton stuff with four colors in the warp (red, blue, yellow, and white) and two in the weft (red and white) on separate shuttles. The batten is of wood below, bamboo above, and has seventy-four dents of bamboo splits. The two leaves of the harness work over a pulley above, and are operated by the feet beneath.

The loom of Loanda and of Angola (Figure 253) is worked by men, the women doing the spinning with spindle and distaff. The frame consists of a few simple sticks, the warp being carried around the ends of the cross-bars and secured, as with the Japanese mat loom (Figures 250, 251). The web is five feet long and fifteen or eighteen inches wide, occupies a month in making, and is sold for fifty cents.

In some parts of Loanda-land such a piece is called a *hongo*, and is employed as currency. Several pieces are stitched together to form a *denquis* or robe. The frame is either suspended, so as to make the warp vertical, or it is laid horizontally on a stool, such as shown in Figure 254. The harness consists of a single heddle, which pulls the threads in the



(Fig. 254.) Stool for Loom or Tapestry Figure. Egyptian Exhibit.

heddle loops alternately above and below the general straight line of the warp threads, and thereby opens the shed for the passage of the shuttle, which is merely the spindle on which the yarn was wound in spinning. The harness lifts three warp threads and leaves eight, and so on, so that the woof is alternately floated over eight threads of the warp and then below. The woof threads are then cut in the direction of the warp, and form a soft pile for toweling. A wooden sword is used to beat up after each crossing of the warp.

The shaggy goods of Angola, like the Turkish toweling, recall the description of the erudite Pliny: "The *gausapa* [a thick cloth, shaggy on one side] has been brought into use in my father's memory, and I myself recollect the *amphimalla* [napped on both sides] and the long, shaggy apron [*ventrale*] being in-

troduced, but at the present day the *lati-clave* [broad-striped] tunic is beginning to be manufactured into an imitation of the *gausapa*."

Figure 254 is an Egyptian wooden stool for holding a loom or a tambour frame. It has extension bars at the ends, and is very handsomely inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl.

It is not the least interesting feature of these crude appliances that in looking at them we view the machines or implements which were common among the most civilized peoples twenty or thirty centuries since. Take, for instance, a Roman loom of the better kind, somewhat in advance of the African loom just described, but not superior to the Asiatic looms which we shall consider presently. A description of the Roman loom would answer for some at the Centennial.

Quite a number of the crude looms at the Centennial, notably those from Africa, Java, and South America, had no shuttle, but the woof was wound on a rod or reed which reached through the shed and allowed the yarn to reel off as one hand of the weaver pushed it through to be grasped by the other.

The Malagasy loom seems to be without heddles, the shed being opened by a sword-shaped stick for the insertion of the rod around which the woof is wound. Weaving in Madagascar is with silk, cotton, hemp, and the leaves of the *rofia*. These leaves are split, tied together in lengths like the filing for our rag carpet, and then woven by the women.

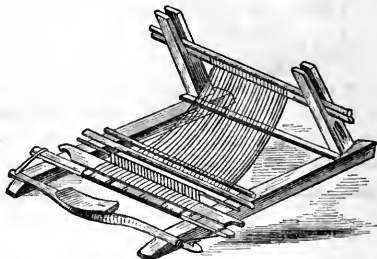
The loom of Muscat is very rude, the warp, instead of being on a frame or roller, being stretched along the ground, and held by the weight of stones laid upon it. The weaver sits on the ground with his legs in a hole, so as to bring him into a convenient position for working the loom. The Singhalese have a similar arrangement. Nothing but a coarse, serviceable cotton cloth is made upon it. Woven asbestos towels are mentioned in the Mahawanzo Singhalese chronicle as being sent by Asoka (B. C. 250) as a

present to the king of Ceylon. Carpets of woolen fabric are referred to in the same record, of a date equivalent to the second century B. C.; and in another place the chronicle speaks of a cotton cloth seven miles long, laid down for pilgrims to walk upon. The same remarkable work mentions bleaching, and dyeing cloths of every color, and describes a feat, still occasionally practiced in Ceylon, of taking cotton from the bush at day-break, and spinning, weaving, dyeing, and making it up into clothes before sunset.

Until of late years the spun and woven India cotton goods have been unexcelled in fineness. The city of Mosul, in India, has given its name (*muslin*) to the fabric, and Dacca on the Brahmaputra has long been celebrated for the manufacture. One pound of the finest Dacca thread is two hundred and fifty miles in length. The muslin may have from one thousand to eighteen hundred threads in a piece of a yard wide, and receives various fanciful names: "dew of night," "web of woven air," etc. A piece brought to England, ten yards long and one yard wide, weighed three ounces two pennyweights, and would pass through a small ring. The Hindoo woman cards her cotton with the jawbone of a *boalee* fish, separates the seeds by means of a small iron roller worked backward and forward on a flat board, brings it to a downy fleece by a small bow, and makes it into rolls which are held in the left hand while the delicate iron spindle — with a small ball of clay attached to give it weight in turning — is twirled by the right. The Hindoo's loom has a yarn-beam, cloth-beam, heddle, swinging batten, shuttle with an eye, treadles, and temple. A very fine piece may occupy the weaver for four months, and be worth from four hundred to five hundred rupees, equal to half as many dollars. The preparation and spinning of the fibre form the greater part of the work.

Figure 255 shows the loom of Java and adjacent islands. The piece in the loom was a cotton gingham, woven in squares of color, red predominating.

The width of the stuff is about twenty inches. The loom has a single heddle, and a reed for beating up. The Javanese print cotton goods with wooden blocks, in imitation of Indian chintz and palampoor. The latter, locally known in Java as *batik*, is dyed by the *resist* process, in which the parts of the cloth to remain white are treated with melted wax run out of the spout of a copper vessel. In India a hair pencil is



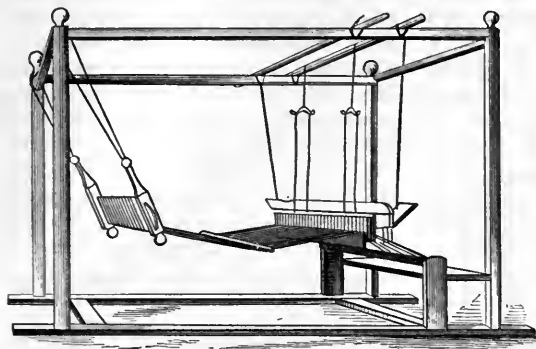
(Fig. 255.) Javanese Loom. Netherlands Colonies Exhibit.

used; the process is very old there, and was described as an Indian art by Pliny. The Javanese have also a mode of clouding yarn by dyeing it in skeins which are tightly tied in places to prevent their taking color.

The Dyaks of Borneo have a loom for cotton fabrics. They beat the picked cotton with wands, and spin it on a rude wheel from a distaff. The Sooloos of the Eastern Archipelago manufacture a fine stuff from the fibres of the plantain. Their loom is composed of a few sticks, and the woof is secured around their waists.

The art of weaving is unknown in most of the islands distant from the coast of Asia; the nearest approach to it in the Navigator's Islands is a belt of coir, woven by the warriors as a defense against the shark's-teeth gauntlets. A number of parallel threads of plaited coir are stretched between two sticks, and cross strings are plaited in, over, and under alternate threads in the manner of a mat. These webs are thirty-six by eighteen inches. A whole plaited suit of armor for body, legs, and arms, and made in a similar manner by the Samoans, is in the United Service Museum of London.

The Siamese loom was exhibited in the navy department of the Government Building, and is quite an advance upon the preceding examples. It is, however, incapable, without laborious and patient manipulation, of making the gor-



(Fig. 256.) Siamese Loom.

geous tissues which so much delight these people who face the Malay seas.

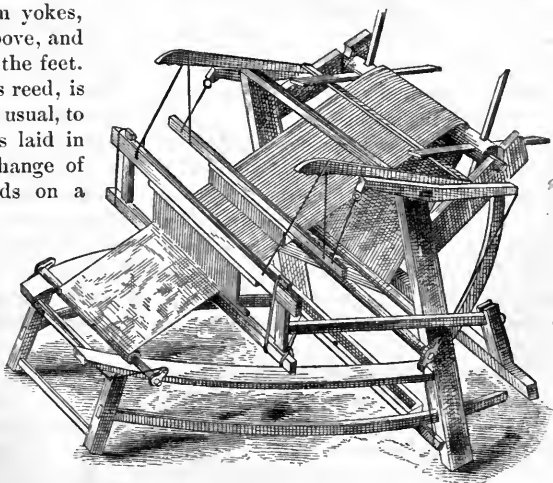
The warp of dyed thread is wound upon the roller in stripes, and passes through one pair of heddles, making the simple changes to raise alternate warps. The heddles are suspended from yokes, depending from a beam above, and are apparently worked by the feet. The lay or batten, with its reed, is in front of the heddles, as usual, to beat up the weft which is laid in the shed between each change of heddles. The cloth winds on a beam.

The most peculiar thing about the work is the weft, which is dyed in patches of colors, so that when laid in the web it forms a regular pattern of considerable intricacy, not of flowers or graceful lines, but geometrical. The problem is not the same as with weaving printed warps to make the cheap pile carpet, — improperly called "tapestry," — since in that the whole set of warp threads is symmetrically arranged, side by side, as they are to lie in the carpet, and are then printed, the color being laid on in such amplitude lengthwise of the warp as to

allow of the yarn being taken up in the loops over the pile wires; the warp makes the loops as in Brussels carpet. In the Siamese fabric, which is in the loom, the woof is dyed or printed, and apparently by the resist process. There

are three possible ways of doing the work: (1) by laying up the woof into a fabric and dyeing it to pattern, after which it is unraveled and wound on to the loom shuttle and woven as before, but into a new silken warp, where the woof shows its various colors in its previous symmetry; (2) by laying the woof back and forth over pegs, and dyeing and treating it as above; (3) by calculating

how the spots should come, and printing it so as to fall in right order. The latter is unlikely; the second supposition is the most probable. No one was in attendance who knew anything about it; the beautiful and rich collection was



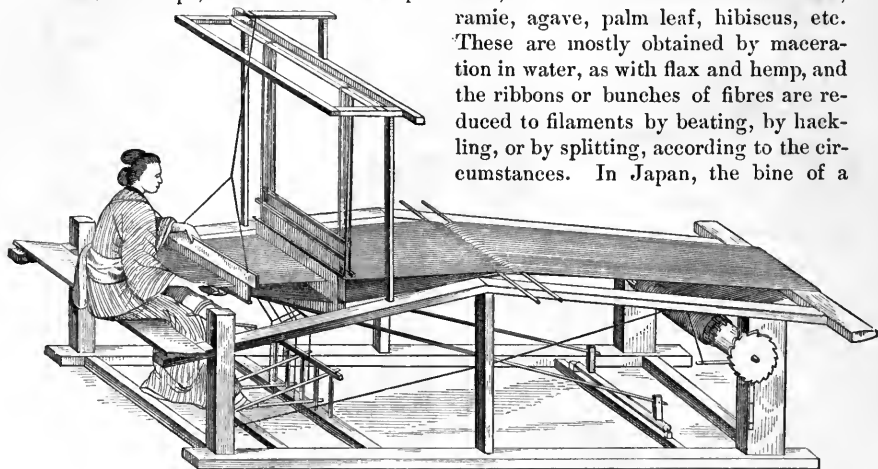
(Fig. 257.) Chinese Loom.

presented to the United States, and landed in San Francisco, where, the report goes, it was tied up with several yards of red tape, on some question of entry or duty, and finally arrived at the Government Building, in a sadly broken and dilapidated condition, a week

or two before the close of the Exhibition.

The Chinese loom (Figure 257) was shown in the Mineral Annex to the Main Building. In it the harness and batten are suspended from levers. It has but one heddle, which raises one half the warps from below, these passing under a lower roller from the yarn-beam. When the heddle drops, the other set of warps

cotton, flax, hemp, wool, silk, include almost all. It is true we are more or less familiar with jute, coir, manila, alpaca, but they are not commonly known except in their worked condition. Besides the barks of *broussonetia* and *ficus*, which supply Polynesia and Central Africa with clean shirts, there are many plants and vines which have excellent fibre, such as the New Zealand flax, ramie, agave, palm leaf, hibiscus, etc. These are mostly obtained by maceration in water, as with flax and hemp, and the ribbons or bunches of fibres are reduced to filaments by beating, by hackling, or by splitting, according to the circumstances. In Japan, the bine of a



(Fig. 258.) Japanese Loom.

is the higher, and thus the other shed is made. It worked very badly, but that seems to be the method.

Figure 258 shows the most perfect of the Japanese looms at the Centennial. It is not claimed that it is the best loom they have, for their richly-flowered silks prove that there is little beyond their ability to do, though they lack the automatic devices which render the European and American machine so labor-saving.

The Japanese cotton loom has all the main features of the twill loom, having four heddles moved by treadles, a swinging batten to beat up the woof, yarn and cloth beams. The different features and parts are shown with clearness in the perspective view. The let-off of the yarn-beam is operated by a cord near the foot of the weaver.

The Japanese — and indeed the same is true of many Oriental and African peoples — use a greater variety of fibre than we do. Our list is soon exhausted:

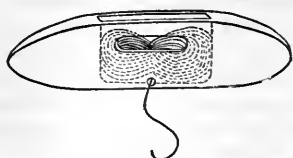
leguminous plant is rotted in water, fermented, boiled, divided by hand into filaments, hung upon racks to dry, then made into hanks, woven, and calendered. Two figures are given to illustrate the peculiar features of the process.

After the filaments have their final division, they are placed in a vessel of water and drawn thence by hand, being coiled into a figure-of-8 skein upon the thumb and finger (Figure 259) so as



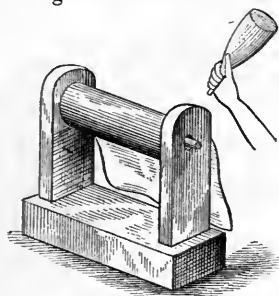
(Fig. 259.) Skeining the Woof. Japanese Exhibit. to fit into the cavity of a shuttle and pay out without kinking. This shuttle (Figure 260) is thrown through the shed of the loom, flat side downward, and runs out the thread as it goes. For some reason the skein is preferred to

a bobbin, though the latter is not unknown to the Japanese. The loom is like the cotton loom: it has two heddles worked by treadles, a suspended batten,



(Fig. 260.) The Furnished Shuttle. Japanese Exhibit.

and a cloth-beam. The warp is of a limited length, and is attached to a bar at the rear which is slacked as weaving progresses; the warp is not wound on a beam. Figure 261 shows a method of



(Fig. 261.) Calendering the Goods. Japanese Exhibit.

calendering the cloth by means of a mallet while the fabric passes over the roller. Calendering-machines are used also in China.

Following still eastward, for the order of the present series of looms is rather geographical than from the simplest to the more complicated, we reach the American continent. No uncivilized tribes were more abundantly illustrated at the Centennial than the North American Indian, the collection of the Smithsonian Institution being liberally drawn upon for the purpose. The group of Pueblo Indians has attained great excellence in weaving, and the blankets of the Mohaves are water-proof. In the Pimo loom the warp is attached to two sticks, and stretched upon the ground by means of stakes. Each alternate thread of the warp is passed around a piece of cane, which, being lifted, opens a passage for the shuttle in manner of a sley.

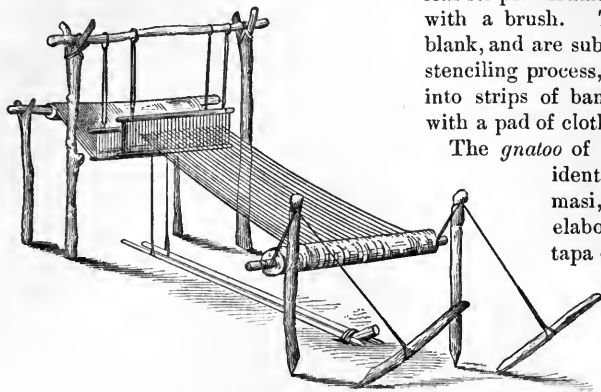
The operative sits in tailor fashion, and, raising the sley with one hand, with the other passes the stick upon which the woof is wound. The thread is beaten up with a sharp, smooth-edged instrument of hard wood.

Two looms from South America were in the Main Building. Figure 262 is the native loom of Paraguay. The frame is all of round sticks, just as cut from the forest. The cloth-beam rests on crotches driven into the ground. The two heddles and the batten are hung from a bar similarly supported. The warp-beam is suspended from a pair of upright posts which are stayed back to stakes in the ground, so as to give the proper tension to the warp. The heddles of bamboo are worked by treadles. The piece in the loom has a cotton warp and a worsted filling. The Chaco Indians of La Plata weave a coarse woollen and cotton cloth. Hand looms have been exhumed from the Peruvian graves. The fabrics are cotton or llama wool.

Figure 263 is a Chilean loom, having two heddles supported by cords running over rollers. There is no batten, but the woof is beaten up by a wooden sword, which is shown lying upon the floor. The woof is wound upon a long bobbin which reaches across the web. The fabric in the loom is a striped cotton warp with white cotton filling. The Araucanians use a rude loom; the poor Fuegians have none.

The loom being unknown in Polynesia, and skins not to be procured, recourse has been had to the liber of the *broussonetia papyrifera* or *malo* tree. The cloth is called by the Fijians *masi*, by the Hawaiians *tapa*. The inner bark yields a cloth of beautiful color and delicate texture. The bark is cut in long strips, soaked in water, and the outer bark removed by scraping with a shell. The liber is then beaten on an elastic wooden block with a square mallet (*iki*) shaped like a razor-strop. The sides of the mallets have longitudinal grooves in different flutings, and by means of them the *masi* maker obtains various patterns, changing the position of the mallet at each blow. One side of the mallet is left flat. A strip

of bark two inches in width is spread by this means to eighteen inches, its length being slightly reduced at the same time. The material is beaten to the thinness of tissue paper; several strips are beaten together to make a sufficient



(Fig. 262.) Loom of Paraguay. Argentine Confederation Exhibit.

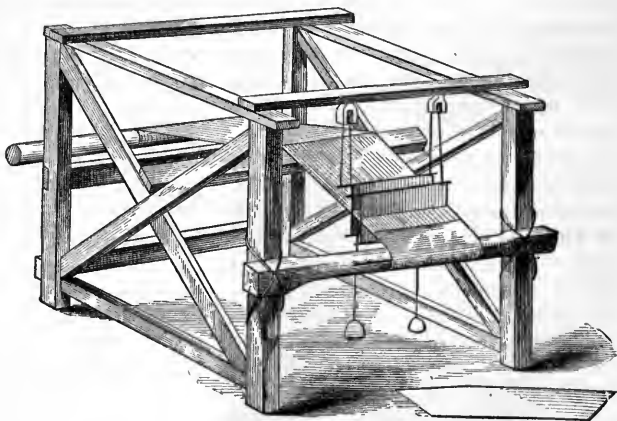
thickness, the natural gluten of the bark uniting them, as with the papyrus of Egypt formerly. Like the papyrus, also, long cloths are made by uniting different sheets of masi, the edges being soaked in arrow-root starch (*taro*) and pounded with the *iki*. One sheet of masi has been seen five hundred and forty feet long. When left of single web only, they are thin enough for mosquito curtains.

These goods are printed in Fiji in the following manner: a piece of twenty or thirty feet square, having been united with other strips in the manner described, is printed, a part at a time, by laying it on a stamp and rubbing a pigment upon it. The stamp is a convex board, on which are fastened thin strips of bamboo a quarter of an inch wide, and a finger's length apart. Curved pieces

made of the under ribs of cocoa-nut leaflets are arranged by the side of the strips. The cloth is laid upon this and rubbed with a red dye (*lauci aleurites triloba*), which adheres where the cloth is supported by the bamboo and palm-leaf strips. Additional figures are made with a brush. The borders are left blank, and are subsequently printed by a stenciling process, the pattern being cut into strips of banana leaf and put on with a pad of cloth steeped in black dye.

The *gnatoo* of the Tonga Islands is identical with the Fijian masi, but seems to be more elaborately prepared. The tapa cloth of the Sandwich Islands, shown in the Main Building, is similar, but it is not certain that the species of the different trees are

identical. The bark cloth of Tahiti and of Samoa is like that of Tonga; the Kingsmill islanders have a bark cloth (*tapula*) like a tippet, which they wear like a poncho, putting the head through a hole cut in the garment. The proc-



(Fig. 263.) Chilean Loom.

ess in the Tonga Islands is as follows: a circular incision is made with a shell in the bark of the tree just above the root, and the sapling is broken off. Being left a couple of days to become dry, the bark is stripped off and is put

to soak in water for twenty-four hours; after the outer bark is scraped away with shells, the inner bark is rolled up lengthwise and soaked in water for a day. The *too-too*, or beating operation, then commences, and is performed with the mallet, which is the same throughout all Polynesia, having ridged sides to spread the bark and a smooth side to flatten the surface. A strip of bark three feet long and two or three inches wide is moved by the left hand to and fro, while it is beaten with the mallet in the right, and in half an hour it is about square, the length being slightly reduced. In this condition it is called *fetagi*. The printing process is similar to that of Fiji, but not identical. The pattern used by the Tonga islanders is made of dried leaves of the *pavongo*, embroidered with fibres of the cocoa-nut husk. A number of such patterns are attached to the convex side of a board, and the cloth is laid thereon and smeared with the dye, which sticks principally to that part raised by the stamp; another piece, of smaller size, is then laid upon the former one and rubbed, the two adhering from the mucilaginous quality of the dye; a third piece in the same way. When the gnatoo is shifted, pieces are attached to the patches, and the design is matched. Piece after piece is added, till the cloth is perhaps six feet in breadth and forty or fifty in length. It is carefully folded, and is baked under-ground to darken the color and remove the smell of the coca dye, and afterwards spread on a grass plat or on the sea-shore; and the finishing operation (*toogi-hea*) com-

mences by staining the cloth a brilliant red on the lines of junction of the printed portion. Sundry dots and other ornaments are then added; it is exposed over night to the dew and one day to the sun, and baled till required for use.

The manufacture of a cloth from bark, so common throughout Polynesia, is practiced in some other parts of the world.

The Monbuttoo cloth is made from the bark of their fig (*Urostigma kotschyana*). When the trunk is about one foot in diameter, two circular incisions, five feet apart, are made around the trunk, and the bark peeled off entire. It grows again from the edge of the upper incision, and the operation may be repeated in three years. By maceration and pounding this is made like a thick, close fabric, known as *rokko*, from the tree, and constitutes the clothing of the men.

The bark cloths of the *rokko* are prized by the Niam-niams of the Upper Nile more than the handsomest of skins. The Lake Nyassa natives make a cloth of the inner bark of a species of *Cæsalpinææ*. It is stripped, steeped, and beaten, like the Polynesian *broussonetia*. The *mbûgû* is the bark cloth of the fig-tree, prepared in Uganda and Unyoro. It is stripped, steeped, and pounded, as before described, the mallet being grooved to give it ribs like corduroy. It is sewn into garments. In Madagascar, also, a cloth is made of the bark of a tree by beating it with a wooden mallet.

The Mosquito Indians prepare a cloth from the inner bark of the *Ula*, a caoutchouc tree.

Edward H. Knight.

SONG.

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;

To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed
They wander East, they wander West,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

Henry W. Longfellow.

OPEN LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

II.

THE Society of Decorative Art, of which I spoke as a coming influence, made itself felt in December with much suddenness and force. It burst out of its narrow quarters in Twentieth Street, planted its loan exhibition in that artistic citadel the Academy of Design, occupied other strategic points with private collections opened for the occasion, instituted morning lectures, and was the subject of such a fusillade of newspaper comments that its objects in the community must have been greatly furthered.

The Academy presented a decidedly Cluny-ish appearance. The exhibition consisted, for the most part, of the highest types of decorative articles of the kind proposed for our emulation. We have had the exotic sensation of walking through rich, dark rooms littered with carved cabinets, ceramics, enamels, ivory carvings, illuminated missals, armor, jewelry, and laces, and hung with old tapestries, Gobelin and other, such as figure in the backgrounds of pictures. This subtle infusion, combined of age and softened glitter and harmoniously faded color, does not fail to penetrate a little even into those who venture into it for the first time and are puzzled by

its unlikeness to the spirit of the fashionable furnisher. The notable aspect of the show, next to its educating influence, is its revelation of the extent to which the appreciation and acquisition of really precious rarities has already reached in New York. The contributors themselves, I think, were astonished at their consolidated affluence. The possession of these articles argues not only money but excellent taste, and the maintenance of a scale of living somewhat commensurate with them. I wish I could think the glimpse it gave into the private life of the first families did not have so much to do with its success. This private life appears to have made a considerable approximation to the palatial scale. There are properties of noble and even royal personages in these American households, — table ware of Napoleon III., laces of a duchess of Parma, others from the wardrobe of Queen Anne, — duly authenticated by fascinating little seals. Out-of-doors the absence of a law of entail has hindered palatial development; our most ambitious dwellings hardly yet surpass the rank of large houses, but this luxurious development within will force its way outwards. The merchant princes will have, I doubt not, before long, porches to their homes, with

polished columns, as spacious as that of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, which juts out so quaintly among them on Fifth Avenue. They will welcome through such porches throngs of guests to apartments adorned in earnest with these tapestries, carvings, and *plaques* of majolica and Nuremberg brass.

The circumstances of the picture department gave occasion for an interesting contrast. The north gallery was filled with the choicest late acquisitions of friends of the exhibition. In the south gallery was shown for a while, free, preliminary to its sale by auction, the private collection of Mr. Robert M. Olyphant, apparently closed up long since. Thus could be seen side by side what a New York collector used to do and what he does now.

The loaned pictures were foreign, of course. The rainbow brightness of a Rossi, a strong representative of the Spanish-Italian school, newer than most of his contemporaries, in these parts, with a Pinchart above it, reduced almost everything else in the room to comparative middle tint. The Rossi showed one of the characteristic luxurious scenes of the school. It chooses them not for splendor alone, but splendor accompanied by a certain piquancy. This is the rococo magnificence of Louis Quatorze. In a great saloon with gilt and sprawling scroll-work decorations, an old prince, surrounded by courtiers like porcelain figurines, watches with a senile interest the dancing of a minuet, for his amusement, by two girls, one habited as a boy and one in the high heels and flowered farthingale petticoat of the date. The figures are small and flatly painted, and the heads especially, like bits in a mosaic. Or they recall those embroideries on silk, in which the faces are painted while the garments are wrought with the needle. This came from Mr. J. J. Astor's; the Pinchart—another variation, in colors pure and unmixed to the point of chilliness, upon the classic maiden swathed in scarfs of white, pink, yellow, and violet embroidered in red, whom he is so fond of depicting—from Mr. Benjamin J. Arnold's. The critics cannot

attack the respectability of their references.

There was another smaller Rossi sent by Mr. W. B. Dinsmore, peculiar even for this peculiar kind. It is called *The Picnic*, though it is certain that only the briefest sort of a picnic, as we understand it, could ever have taken place under such circumstances. A little party of antique fashionables in Watteau costumes have thrown themselves upon a Geordez rug spread upon the ground of a sterile upland for an informal repast. Tufts of grass and a wild flower here and there spring from the poor soil, but no tree or shade of any kind. The edge of the moor is at half the height of the canvas. There is a deliciously grateful sky of rolling cloud masses about it. Two dark figures, one near and one distant, stand boldly up against it. A white umbrella, connecting with the sky, cuts a circle out of the group, and serves to bring down the lighter upper tones to the front. Minute reminiscences of the principal colors in the dresses and the carpet are distributed about in the flowers, a pale blue hill rising over the edge of the moor, and patches of blue sky showing through the gray. There is none of the seriousness of life here. The people are thoroughly artificial, and they know it so well that there is a humor in their being there instead of the honestly lumpish peasants in whom the Millets, or Frères, or Bretons would have enlisted our sympathy. But for the moment they bloom there as bright and cheerful to look at as if they had been some evanescent product of nature, like the flowers and the passing shadows.

You next turn toward a number of small pictures, under glass to enhance the idea of their preciousness,—Meissonier, Gues, Steinheil,—exquisitely finished works, with rich, dark tones suggestive of the flavor of old wines. They are archæological, but of an archæology that revives not only the externals but the human nature of bygone periods. There was a *Doré*, which would go far to convert you to the estimate that he is a great book illustrator but cannot paint, and two *Gérômes*, *L'Almée* and the

Egyptian Butcher, familiar from Goupil's photographs.

Bouguereau seems to me to pursue an ideal policy which is worth pointing out to aspirants in other fields as well as art, who are desirous of substantial returns together with the appreciation of connoisseurs. He has great ability, and he knows just where to put it. He chooses a subject that appeals to the nine tenths who care nothing about art, and then he captures the remainder, who care about nothing else, with his treatment. His *Maternal Solitude*, from Mr. T. R. Butler's, is a mother bending over a naked infant. The rose tints and pearly grays of the tender flesh are wonderfully delicate and correct. As if the normal difficulties of the task were not enough, the soft shadow of a curtain is thrown over half the little body, and in this there are reflected lights and reconcilements of shadow with local color of astonishing subtlety. The atmosphere and roundness are almost illusive. It is not a startling projection, but winning in its soft naturalness.

You, my dear madam, would buy this picture in a minute for the consummate skill you would discover in it, and your neighbor just as quickly for the surprising likeness it bears to the latest addition to her own interesting family. When I write a book, — that is what I purpose to do, — I shall bear Bouguereau in mind. I shall strike a subject that will draw the populace away from the Red-Handed Avenger of the Spanish Main, and I purpose to treat it in a manner that will awaken the respectful attention of Mr. Henry James Jr. himself.

I have said that the Olyphant collection bore the air of having been completed some years back. It goes without saying, therefore, that it was American and mainly landscapes. How helpless our poor early attempts at *genre* looked, coming away from the modern splendors in the other room! In Huntington's Counterfeit Note, one of the first, — you know it by engravings, — everything else is positively slaughtered and jumped on afterwards in the eagerness to tell the story.

Mr. Olyphant seems to have had a *penchant* for Kensetts; there were no less than thirty. The largest of them brought the highest price at the sale, though it had the competitorship of the very much more important figure - piece of Henry Peters Gray, the *Judgment of Paris*. One could not much disparage this taste, however he may have been dazzled in the north room. The Kensetts have genial qualities that endure. He loved gray rocks and blue skies and water and simple lines of composition, avoided florid greens, and maintained a sobriety in the midst of his richest autumn woods. He was contented to be a poet in his landscapes, and did not try to be a five-act tragedian or a Fourth of July orator. It cannot be done. A dismal Hurricane of Thomas Cole and an expansive composition of faded topography of the old-fashioned sort by Church — so like to Cole, his master, that you could hardly trust the signature — were there to prove it. Landscapes breathe a varied sentiment, it is true, but local pride and all that kind that inheres in convulsions of nature is much better to be got out of the human figure. Perhaps with a fuller equipment in its use, fewer attempts in any other direction would have been made. As our life schools increase, an abatement in the spread-eagle style may be confidently looked for. The mission of landscape, meaning now landscape and not water, which is incarnate restlessness any way, is peace. This implies no restriction upon conceptions of grandeur. The gentlemen who desire to show that we are the greatest nation that ever trod shoe-leather, by the exploitation of our Western frontiers, need not find their mission gone. But mere topography will not do it. There is simplicity and idyllic peace in the desolation of the Yellowstone, and sunshine and shadow play as softly on the dizzy heights of the Sierras as on the flesh of Bouguereau's baby.

In Henry Peters Gray, who died the other day, departed "the American Titian." His *Judgment of Paris* showed the sort of work from which he derived his *sobriquet*, and its validity. Should

some of the young women who delight to do so come along and recognize it with effusion, as an old master from Dresden or the Uffizi, you would almost seem to recognize it yourself. A beautiful white goddess, a Cupid holding back her drapery, at the right; Paris, in warm shadow and a mantle of Venetian red bending forward with the apple, from the left, — one fourth light, one fourth dark, one half middle tint, all in regular form. It is one of those conventional subjects, adopted as a pretext for luxurious painting, which had a certain meaning in a Renaissance age, but not much in America in Gray's time.

It has the excuse of being a good thing of its kind, however; you know how good it is when you go down-stairs and see Mr. Page's Aphrodite, which, with a little group of his other works, constituted a private side-show to the exhibition. It is a very slim-waisted figure, posturing on a sea-shell in the mincing attitude of a pretty milliner crossing Broadway in the mud. It is highly varnished, and the cold, yellowish-green sky has the tone of an old county map. You could have paid ten thousand dollars once for this picture. It is far below that now, but perhaps Aphrodites with better constitutions and something of the real sparkle and dainty freshness of the fabled genesis from sea-foam could be brought from abroad as reasonably, even yet.

Our ideal art is yet to come, but for the present both of these pictures seem more foreign to American requirements than the battered Venus Anadyomene in Union Square, unearthed in a New Orleans beer saloon and attributed to Annibale Caracci, — as, in a free country, there is no reason why it should not be.

Mr. Farjeon, the English novelist, is to be counted among the distinctively holiday features, by reason of his publication of a Christmas story and his attention to the charitable aspects of the season in his public readings. A good many people who had never read his books will have done so since his in-

stallment for the moment as a literary sensation of the metropolis. They have attractive titles, and are scattered about, in the paper editions of the Harpers, upon every stationer's counter.

Mr. Farjeon's notices from the press are highly eulogistic. When you really come to know the state of the case, you find it another instance of the great amiability and lack of a sliding scale of adjectives prevailing in not a few newspaper offices. He is freely compared to Dickens. By one authority he is thought to surpass Dickens in his deeper insight "into the secrets of soul life." In the thinking of the Derby Mercury (English), his stories are "the most perfect in our language."

It was at Steinway Hall that Dickens read. The spell of pathos and humor cast by that somewhat grotesque figure, with its horn-like hair, its *bizarre* waistcoat and jewelry, and its red face subdued against the maroon screen, would suffice to draw one back to any entertainment that promised a reminiscence of it.

In the corridors speculators drove a trade now as then in the author's works and photographs. But within the reminiscence was faint indeed. The newcomer is of the school of Dickens in treating of low life, in copying a few of his names, and in reading from his own works. There the parallel ends.

Mr. Farjeon exhibits in his principal work, *Blade o' Grass*, a sympathy with poverty that is very creditable; but he lectures in costume, he does not create. His personages move about for the sake of saying or doing this or that, not of being this or that. His benevolent people are so very impressible, his good children so passionately fond of rectitude and of going to bed punctually on time, that their likenesses will be eyed with distrust in quarters of average perversity. Nor has he anything but the palest reflection of Dickens's humor, and nothing at all of his weirdness.

Perhaps some such foil was needed. Were we not drifting into the habit of disparaging Dickens too sweepingly for artificiality? He exaggerates, carica-

tures; but then good caricature is only the heightening of natural features. There must be a basis to go upon. When you compare him with Mr. Farjeon you find a vital spark of something in every least one of his characters that makes them characters, and not paper-dolls.

The excuse for an author's coming forward as a reader is either some decided elocutionary talent or a reputation that makes him worth seeing for his own sake. The really first-class celebrity could, if sturdy enough to disregard the slight impairment of dignity the fastidious might deem it, traverse the country and collect gate-money everywhere for simply standing on the platform, without so much as opening his lips. In a histrionic way Mr. Farjeon falls as short of his prototype as in others, though the difficulty of throwing yourself into a conception when there is no conception to throw yourself into cannot be overlooked. His talent is confined to a facility in presenting the cockney accent and cringing servility of a couple of London street beggars, who wander through his story, hand in hand, like the unhappy De Quincey and Ann.

The Christmas story, Solomon Isaacs, has more color than the others; indeed, it is interesting new material, an account of modern Jewish low life from an understanding and appreciative witness. There are curious customs and viands, and old Moshé who has lived most of his life in Jerusalem and cannot speak English. The heroine is the daughter of one old-clothes man, and the lover is the son of another and salesman in a "gents'" furnishing store. Here is life, such as you may see it any day you like to go and look at the bargains in Chatham Street. We find that there is in it sensitiveness to social depreciation, love affairs and day-dreams, charitable impulses, and appreciation of the comparative values of life as if it were our own. The descriptions are given with a zest and reality, as if here at last the author

were upon familiar ground, with a decided tenderness for it.

A Christmas story composed entirely of Jews is, of course, with all allowances and without prejudice a wild absurdity. Mr. Farjeon recognizes this in a preliminary word or two in a way that reminds you of those people who preface disagreeable remarks with "I suppose I ought not to ask" or "to say so," and then go on and do it.

Blade o' Grass is a case of poverty and crime of the hopeless sort detailed in the story of the reform-school girl in The Atlantic, last summer. She is born in Stony Alley, nobody's child. She grows up in the gutter, with never any other ideal than how to appease the gnawings of hunger. At eighteen she is the mother of an infant, brought into the world with one more term in the geometrical progression of misery added to the curse of its inheritance. At this stage the benevolent Mr. Merrywhistle—who has had an opportunity to do so all along, and strangely neglected it—would like to redeem Blade o' Grass, but it is too late. She knows nothing, can learn nothing, and clings to her criminal associations.

The dark problem is thus opened up to the very bottom to show that duplicity and even crime ought not to be a bar to the good offices of the kind-hearted, since in the nature of things the graduates of such a life could not be different from what they are. It is true, and if this reduced estimate of Mr. Farjeon, in opposition to the Derby Mercury, should prevent a single person from acting upon the deductions he has made from it in this cheerful Christmas season, I shall never be able to repent of it enough. There are Stony Alleys in New York,—sink-holes where every figure and building is sinister, where you breathe gingerly as if they were filled with carbonic acid gas,—and there whoever will go in search of them may find Blades o' Grass in plenty.

Raymond Westbrook.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE AND THE PUBLIC.

AN eminent divine once declared that not even the saintliest of the saints go straight up to heaven, but zigzag continually; yet, on the whole, make heavenward. This style of advance is not a spiritual peculiarity, but may be seen in the great movements in public affairs.

A real reform once started in a nation which is not actually sliding to final decay is almost sure to advance to victory, however great, from time to time, may be the oscillations of its progress. Not seeing, at some early stages, much advance in a brief period, the faint-hearted may become discouraged and its enemies arrogant. But the past is full of assurance that the good cause will win, and perhaps in a rapid way, in its later stages.

If, in Italy, the statesmen who first had faith that the great claims of liberty and nationality would win were denounced as visionary theorists, and had to wait some weary years of alternate hope and despair, it is nevertheless true that the fulfillment of their dreams, since the national mind was aroused, has been wonderfully rapid.

When Burke first advocated economical reform, and when Pitt refused the rich perquisites which a vicious civil service system attached to office, they encountered as much ridicule from partisans and spoilsmen as has ever fallen here upon an advocate of civil service reform or an opponent of the "salary grab;" but the detractors of disinterested statesmanship on both sides of the Atlantic lived to see the higher sentiment triumph. When, in 1797, Lord Grey introduced a reform bill which was almost hooted out of the house, he did not lose faith in political virtue; but he lived to be the head of an administration which, in 1832, carried a far better bill.

Those two statesmen who, in 1853, brought forward that system for civil appointments which, discarding the theory of partisan selfishness and dictation,

opened the public service of England to personal merit, so that the son of a sailor or the heir of a washerwoman would stand on a level at its gates with the favorite of a bishop or the child of a duke, — those statesmen encountered showers of ridicule. They were characterized as *doctrinaires* and impracticable theorists. It is hardly possible to decide which were the most bitter or the most supercilious of their detractors, — the great politicians whose patronage would be taken away, the great aristocrats whose influence was threatened, or the great official dunces whose incompetency was exposed. Yet these reformers have lived to see their system crowned with a great success, — in the English civil service being taken out of low politics and given to high merit, in a people confiding and proud, in a civil administration worthy of a great nation and honored all the world over. And its authors still live: the one, rewarded by a nation's respect, in dignified, private life; the other, in the cabinet, as chancellor of the exchequer. They are now regarded as having shown more practical statesmanship than the whole generation of partisan leaders and aristocratic pretenders who sneered at their early efforts and have been forgotten. We, too, have those who have occasion to lament their want of faith in justice and public virtue, who blush as they read many a late page of history. Between the higher and the lower forces of politics, which are now arrayed against each other over the question of civil service reform, there was never so mighty a contest as that about slavery. The first protests against that stupendous peril were unheeded. Years that tried the hearts of noble reformers and brought some of them to the grave wore wearily away. But when once the great cause was fairly in the public mind, it developed an irresistible power with marvellous rapidity. The noisy demagogue who threatened to call his slave roll at

the foot of Bunker Hill Monument still lives to join with others in sneering at Senator Hill, because he has written some just and hopeful words for that reform in the civil service without which he sees the safety of the country is but half assured. When Lundy came to Boston, in 1828, in search of an abolitionist, not one was to be found.

To-day there are upon her streets men who — while perhaps still asserting the right of a clerk in the public service to neglect his duty that he may declaim in a caucus — have to recall the fact that they were among the blind partisans who cheered Austin's demagogue appeal, but hissed Channing's burning words of truth, when all that was noble in Boston sought to utter its sorrow because of Lovejoy's martyrdom for the cause of liberty and free speech.

Men and women are yet in full vigor who applauded when Frederick Douglass, because of his color, was dragged from the public cars in Massachusetts; who, in the pretty villages of a New England State, were the fierce actors in that drama of persecution which drove to poverty and exile a noble Christian woman, whose only offense was that of devoting her property and her toil to the education of poor colored girls. It would be strange indeed if a generation which has witnessed such triumphs of the higher over the lower elements of our politics should now lack faith in the better sentiment, and allow victory to be deferred in a contest equally involving the national safety.

If General Jackson, in the same years and in the same spirit of injustice, gained praise and present strength by prostituting the civil service, he nevertheless left a record which will forever cast a dark shade over all his virtues. So long as the faith that man could have property in his brother poisoned the whole sphere of public life and trailed our politics in the lowest depths of intolerance and corruption, it was of course impossible that merit could compete with patronage, or that those whose strength was in principle and whose aim was the general welfare should with-

stand the power of partisanship and organized selfishness. The fierce passions developed in the overthrow of slavery, and the low official morality, made worse by war, were but little more favorable to a reform.

Yet it was apparent, soon after the war, that a better spirit, even amid alarming corruption, was rising. When the smoke of the final battle had hardly vanished over the Virginia homes of Jefferson, Madison, Faulkner, and Randolph, from which the nation had been so early and so solemnly warned of the perils of slavery, Mr. Jenckes and his associates called attention to the danger from abuses in the civil service. The early warnings of peril from that source, given by Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and other great statesmen, were recalled. At first the impression produced seemed slight. Mercenary partisans and leading young politicians listened scornfully or sneered indolently, as they had at Garrison and May a few years earlier. Those few members of Congress who sometimes condescend to patronage at first regarded the movement as an April shower of doctrinaire gush and impracticable theory. But the movement steadily gained strength. Demagogues began to consider which side they had better take. By and by party managers, who rarely touch any cause, however good, until they think it will bring grist to their mill, began to prepare very equivocal resolutions about it. If it prospered, one interpretation would make them prophets; if it faltered, another would let it through their net. There was no broad-spread understanding of the subject among the people, and its best friends had hardly mastered it. But there was a pervading and profound conviction that the condition of the civil service was a great evil, a disgrace and peril to the country, which must be reformed. There were also immense numbers interested in abuses, and they, of course, actively opposed reform. Still, the demand for it grew stronger.

In 1870, President Grant, who as an army officer knew that a person of intelligence was fitter to command, or even to serve, than either a dunce or a com-

mon politician, recommended such a reform in a message. His declaration that "the elevation of the civil service would be hailed with approval by the whole people of the United States" at once showed how limited was his acquaintance with the hundreds of thousands of officers, scheming politicians, and the hirelings they control, who deprecate nothing so much as such an elevation. It also conveyed a suggestion, which his future course so lamentably strengthened, that he did not very much consider that not the prospect but the need of such a reform was the reason why it should be undertaken. This need continued, though the "hailing" was not universal. However poor a leader of reform the president was, it was a rapid advance to have the head of the nation adopt it within five years after Mr. Jenckes stirred the question in Congress.

In 1871, Congress passed a law, still in force, under which the president was authorized to provide rules for the civil service. Rules were framed by a commission appointed by the president. Congress voted money to pay the expenses of applying them, and they were enforced in a defective way for more than two years. The effect was so good and the cause was so popular that, in 1872, the republican national convention, the liberal convention, and the democratic convention each passed resolutions declaring the need of a great reform that should abolish patronage and advance merit. The two latter conventions proclaimed the reform to be "one of the most pressing necessities of the hour," and the republicans declared that "to give offices as a reward for party zeal is fatally demoralizing." Republicans and democrats more devoted to principle than anxious for office and patronage seem to think so still. Of course every well-informed person knew those truths; but it was not a slight matter to have all the great parties of the country put themselves on record to that effect. This was the height then reached by the ascending zigzag of progress. And neither antislavery, parliamentary, corn law, nor

any other great national reform ever made swifter advance in so short a time. But the reform had not as yet much compressed the great bag of patronage, or rather the real compression was not appreciated. Yet more and more the new system filled those public places with merit where the dispensers of patronage had before found rewards for their favorites. Great jobbers in politics and low manipulators of rings found smaller profits in their trade, fewer places to give away, and less obedience among their dependents.

Demagogues, who at first only ridiculed the new system, now took the trouble to misrepresent its effects and to slander its supporters. While in one breath denouncing it as imbecile and impracticable, in the next they sounded the bugle charge upon it, and secretly rallied their forces to crush it before it crushed them. It never cost \$20,000 per year, — not half as much as would be expended in intrigues and bribery about the selection of a single collector, not half as much as the neglect and incompetency of any one of many partisan or mercenary officers annually cost the government; yet it was denounced as a piece of useless extravagance.

As far as practicable, the rules were enforced until the annual message of December, 1874, and even in a languishing way some months later.

It is unnecessary to recall those acts and omissions of the president which so greatly increased the intrinsic difficulties of the work to which he had pledged himself and the nation. It is but just to him to say that he made considerable sacrifices in its support, and that he withstood a vast pressure and many seductive appeals on the part of some who were in honor bound to aid him, and on the part of many more who are the common enemies of all good administration. He is not without claims to public gratitude in that behalf; but it is to be lamented that a failure to stand by his duty and his pledge, and thereby achieve a great civil triumph within his grasp, must forever cast a shadow upon the bright record of public services in the

field for which he will be remembered with gratitude. Nor should his good faith in any absolute sense be questioned. Yet his surrender can never be justified, unless, indeed, it be right for the head of a great nation to bring before its people a measure of reform vital to its safety, to allow it to fall into disrepute by giving it but half the strength he could command, and then to abandon it, with the old abuses merely checked, only because it was difficult and those whose abuses it would arrest did not rally to its support.

The evidence of the practical effect of the new system, where it had really been put in force, had been gathered and preserved. Not only by the statements of those most familiar with details, but by the deliberate judgment of the president and his advisers, expressed in a formal report made in April, 1874, and sent with an approving special message to Congress, it was declared that the new system had excluded the unworthy and given superior capacity to the public service, had developed more energy in the discharge of duty, had diminished pressure and solicitation, had made it easier to dismiss the unworthy and retain the worthy, had diminished intrigue and inspired honest ambition. This judgment was unchallenged, and stands to-day as the highest testimony possible on the subject. Yet in the face of such evidence and pledges, the president, in his message of December, 1874, gently informed Congress that if it should adjourn without positive legislation on the civil service reform, "the president would abandon the system," which he, nevertheless, at the same time declared "had tended to the elevation of the service." That touch of sentiment on the part of the stern soldier, but by no means stern president, which we detect when, in the same breath, he says that the fate of his work (for he thought its fate hung on that day) is to him "a source of mortification" awakens something akin to sympathy, and allows no one to believe that he connived at the hint of an exit and a relief, which filled so many members of Congress with joy

and so many with pain. But it must be said that if, instead of these docile words, he had then (or, better still, had much earlier) used the plain language of a stern sense of duty, and a resolute purpose, — such as on the battle-field had been the strength of his friends and the terror of his enemies, — the highest civil policy of his administration would never have been whistled down the wind by partisan schemers. Its opponents would have slunk away before its ascending triumph, and history would have had to record, not his surrender, but an ultimate victory over the spoilers not less in glory than those he had won upon fields of blood. There was then no need (nor will there be) of any real conflict between the executive and Congress, but only need for a just and firm insistence by the president upon a proper exercise of the functions of his office. Congress will do its duty to this great subject.

Those in Congress who preferred spoils to duty, and sunk patriotism in partisanship, speedily completed the cunning scheme according to which no debate was to be had and no vote was to be recorded on the subject. None will question the shrewdness which advised that all possible secrecy should shroud the death-scene and burial, in the household of its friends, of a reform to which all parties had pledged themselves before the people, and which was being surrendered for slaughter, in the very document which proclaimed its utility, only because there was too much corruption and cowardice in official life to tolerate its existence. The scheme was carried into effect, and the greatest question ever before that Congress was hustled out without a debate and without the record of the name of a member voting upon it. No public reasons were given, because no good reasons existed. The moral tone of official life was then far below that of the people. The dominant party — grown arrogant from the long possession of power, and deluded into the belief that patronage could control one half the Union and military coercion the other — was blind to the plain ad-

monitions of the time, and readily fell under the influence of its worst spirit and its most unworthy leaders. They and too many others had forgotten the high moral altitude at which their party first breathed the breath of life, the pledges it had made, the faith and good works without which it cannot live. Some of its leaders had grown more arrogant as the party capital of popularity was more nearly expended, and they proposed nothing that would renew it. When unimpeached offenders sat in the cabinet, when "salary-grab" bills could pass Congress, when great officers were drawn into Credit Mobilier frauds, when whisky-ring speculation and custom-house corruption flourished in so many places, when fearful abuses, under the very shadow of the Capitol, hardly halted at the steps of the White House, — at such a time, perhaps, it was too much to expect any other fate for a reform which, in spirit and aim, was hostile to all the degeneracy of the times. Here was the lowest point of the downward plane of the zigzag of progress.

Too many of the thoughtful friends of good government in both parties, and all the mere politicians in the land, believed that the chances of reforming the civil service were consigned to the tomb of the Capulets for a generation at least. So taught the partisan leaders. But some more courageous spirits did not think so. Such was not the will of the people. If they had crude ideas of the true methods of reform, and uttered many rash opinions about it, they yet had a great purpose to have it brought about. They resolved to let it be understood that they intended that those whose duty it might be should make themselves qualified, and put in practice fit measures for removing the grave abuses which all the parties had declared to exist.

Such, indeed, was not the reasoning of the majority, but of a great body of the best and most influential citizens in both parties; and such a body of voters no great party ever dares to ignore. They are always an influence far beyond their numbers, and when stand-

ing for a reform which touches the conscience and safety of a nation they are a power vastly exceeding the common estimate of mere politicians. Often, to their cost, party leaders underestimate this element, and attempt to manage politics as if those who attend conventions and control caucuses were the only persons to be considered. They made that mistake in reference to the slavery question, until the higher element broke the folds of the old parties and formed a party of its own. The response to the Fifth Avenue conference showed how nearly those demanding administrative reform came to creating a party and dictating a candidate. Statesmanship must consider all the forces that make up a nation, the disinterested and the independent not less than the selfish and the servile.

How far those who thrust out the civil service question mistook public opinion is very plain to a reflecting mind. When preparations for the last election opened, not merely true statesmen but sagacious party managers perceived that the rolling stone of reform, which the officers at Washington had rejected and sent back to the people, was by no means crushed, but would crush the builders if not put into the new edifice. Both parties — how far from duty and how far from policy, we need not inquire — declared for the very policy so lately discarded. It could be used to catch votes, if not as a foundation to build upon. There were before the country men of eminence who had rendered great services, from among whom, according to partisan theories, the new president must be selected. Upon all decisive questions save that of civil service reform, which, perhaps, they thought indecisive, they held similar opinions. At the outset of the campaign, not a politician in five hundred doubted that one of these great men would be the next president. But the resolve for reform, if indefinite, yet deep in the public heart, soon declared for the nomination of a person before unrecognized by the nation. He had been a subordinate in the treasury department. Although of

great worth and fine ability, he had no chance for the nomination beyond the fact that he had shown zeal and courage for administrative reform; whereas not one of those eminent men had been identified with such a policy. Up to the time that Mr. Bristow confronted the whisky rings and the high officials who connived at their frauds, he had not been thought of for the presidency. That reforming spirit at once made him — destitute, as he was, of all partisan support — a formidable rival of those, in either party, who had served the country longest and best, according to common standards, even when they were backed by the most powerful party organizations and all the support which patronage can command. The other party secured a candidate who had presented some appearance, at least, of being a reformer, and he was accepted, by those of his faith, as favoring reform. It is clear, beyond question, that if either of the republican party leaders could have been presented as identified with such a policy, none other than that leader could have been nominated. In other words, at the very moment when the president and Congress smothered the reform policy, believing, or hoping at least, that the people would overlook it, there was such a public sentiment in its favor that the people were ready to lift an untried man into the presidential chair, over the heads of the most distinguished public men, merely because he had showed honesty and courage for the punishment of the corrupt persons upon whom a republican administration had bestowed offices.

There is no need of referring to the familiar history of the nomination made at Cincinnati. It is enough for our purpose that, while it fell upon one in every way so worthy to fill the first office, it also fell upon one who, more emphatically than any other person ever before proposed for that high station, had pledged himself to the reform of the civil service. Thus for the second time the great question of elevating the civil service was brought into the foreground of national politics; and this time, not by command of the president, but by command of

the people. However specious some of the promises of reform may have been, they none the less prove the recognized strength of the sentiment demanding it. The president has justly interpreted the pledges given according to their spirit and to their acceptance by the people. To some extent that spirit has been carried into action.

The whole subject of what general policy should be adopted for elevating the civil service, as well as what particular methods are most suitable for carrying on the work, is now again before the president, Congress, and the people. It would seem plain that it can be neither ignored nor trifled with. It is as good an opportunity as a statesman could wish for responding to the best wishes of a people by entering upon a great and beneficent work.

The crude state of public opinion as to the true methods of relief, and its unreasonable hope that all the strongholds of the spoilsmen may be captured and all their ingenious ways of influence may be stopped at once, make the duty of the hour none the less, though the work of reform far more different. Much discussion is needed to combine the high sentiment of the country upon methods that are reasonable, practicable, and constitutional. The evils to be removed prevail in the civil service of the States and the municipalities, as well as in federal offices. They are at our doors everywhere. The people need to organize debate and act for their removal. They ought not to fold their hands and wait for the president alone, or the president and Congress, to deliver them. It is the common cause of the people, aided by all good officers on one side, against all that is corrupt in office and all that is venal and vicious in partisan politics on the other side. A great deal may be done speedily to arrest abuses and to secure for merit those places which partisanship, favoritism, and corruption have monopolized. But it should be comprehended at the outset that to raise the civil service of the United States as high as it may be raised is the great labor and duty of a generation. Indeed, to raise

that service so high, and keep it there, is one of the permanent problems of our politics (as it has been of all the leading nations), a problem which will trouble statesmen long after the Southern question, the currency question, and every other party issue now before us, have been settled. It is the problem which the everlasting antagonism between the higher and lower elements in politics — between duty and patriotism on one side, and selfish ambition and reckless partisanship on the other side — will forever press upon a free country. When there shall be twenty cities, each with its million or more of population, when a thousand millions of money shall come yearly into the treasury, when three hundred thousand persons shall be in the public service and three hundred millions shall dwell in the land, that problem will not be less serious.

If not now wisely dealt with, we may be sure it will make a party by which a great, absorbing issue will be raised, having for its result either the overthrow of the party opposing reform or the more absolute supremacy of the spoils system. We have deluded ourselves with the theory that a government, right in principle and sound in frame-work, can be carried on by the interested aid of mere party managers and their dependents, and that statesmanship means party management. Such a theory is equally delusive, whether the government be a republic or a monarchy; and the conditions of good administration are much the same in both. We need to comprehend that to secure honest, economical, and efficient administration, day by day and year by year, is not only one of the highest achievements of statesmanship, since it involves a nation's destiny, but that it is one of the most successful acts of party management, since among an enlightened people it is most sure to gain for a party both honor and power.

Among the interesting questions that stand connected with our subject, there is one not less important, but more directly before the people at this moment than any other; we mean that raised as to the right of those in the public service

to interfere with local elections and partisan politics.

We need to have a clear conception of what is meant by the public service. Without including in it mere temporary laborers, the public service embraces all those, whether of high or low grade, in the pay of government, and by whose aid public administration is carried on: not only those who carry on the national governments, but those who carry on the state and municipal administration. The public service comprehends the army, the navy, and the militia as well as the class called civil servants. Of the latter there are more than sixty thousand in the national service. They are not simply hirelings pledged to nothing but to do a certain amount of work, receiving nothing but so much pay, and representing nothing as between themselves and the people but a mere business relation. They are, on the contrary, clothed with a part of the power and dignity of the people, standing for their authority, guarding their safety, protecting their virtue and their property. They are not, in the theory of the constitution and the laws, what they are too generally looked upon as being, — that is, either mere agents of parties or mere favored persons living at the public expense, with all the privileges they had before, and a salary in addition. They are not, as are other persons, who are employed and paid in private business, still under the same laws, with the same liberty of action, as all other citizens. They are, on the contrary, persons selected and placed under peculiar conditions, and bound by oath to use their ability and authority for the purpose of carrying into effect, according to their spirit and object, the laws and regulations which pertain to their offices, — not for the special benefit of any party, or sect, or class, but for the common welfare of the whole people. They hold an honorable and sacred trust, unfaithfulness to which may be punished by fine and imprisonment. Many single officers, as, for example, any of the secretaries at the heads of departments,

are under elaborate laws relating to them severally. Other classes of officials, such as judges, the police, those in the army, in the navy, in the post-office department, have also special laws governing their conduct.

Indeed, there is hardly an officer in the public service, from the constable to the general of the army, from a tobacco inspector to the head of the treasury, who does not act under laws peculiarly applicable to him or his class. And where these special laws end, there special regulations begin, — those relating to the treasury, the army, or the navy alone filling scores of pages; the former even a large volume. It is an essential condition of all good administration that such laws and regulations should be rigidly enforced. There need be permanency of tenure only in a small part of the service, though in what part, beyond the judiciary, the army, navy, and police, we need not here consider. But, everywhere and always, to be in the public service means something very unlike mere working for wages, — means a relation, with rights, duties, and proprieties, far different from those which pertain to any mere private station. The most reckless partisan, trying to fill the party treasury by coercing poor clerks to pay assessments, or to elect a member of Congress by exacting servile labor from all the public servants in the district, would hardly claim that either judges or army, navy, or police officers should actively participate in partisan politics. But why not? For no other reason, obviously, than that such participation is not consistent with the nature of their official duties, and is indeed fatal to the calm and just frame of mind in which, alone, such duties can be properly discharged. The most simple and just conception of an executive officer is this: that he is a person using public authority and doing the work for the whole people, without discrimination based on opinions. But in the case of the higher offices there are exceptions, which we shall point out.

It may be said that the naval and military services are different, in those re-

spects, from the civil service, and that their officers have not the same right as civil officers to participate in party and local politics. Will any one, on principle, claim that a judge, a constable, a coroner, or a policeman has a better right than a captain, or a colonel, or a soldier — or even that it is safer to allow the former than the latter — to discriminate on political or religious grounds, or to become absorbed and heated in the fierce contests of parties? Why can the federal officers who command in the custom-house, any more justly and usefully than the federal officers who command in the forts, spend their time in manipulating local politics and coercing the freedom of elections through the use of official power? Has not the captain of a man-of-war or of a company of regulars as clear a right as a sheriff, a magistrate, or an inspector of whisky, sugar, or baggage to allow an offender to escape for political or personal reasons, — as good a right to coerce an election, or an appointment, or the payment of a party assessment? Does the long toleration of abuses by one class of officers and not by the other make any real difference in the right or the peril? Public opinion, expressed through laws and regulations, has substantially taken the army and navy, and in large measure the judges, and to some extent the police, out of politics. But there is no reason of principle or of right for that policy — none based on the constitution or public policy — that does not, in substance, apply to the whole subordinate executive service. The constitutional provisions for regulating official conduct, in the army, in the navy, and in the civil service, are the equivalent of each other.

No one will claim, however, that the same rules are fit or that the same restrictions are required for each, but only that each may be and should be regulated as the public welfare requires. There can be no occasion to forbid voting on the part of the officers, whether it would be lawful to do so or not. The constitution prohibits any restrictions of the freedom of religion, of speech, or of

the press, whether on the part of those in the public service or out of it.

The authority to make regulations governing the land and naval forces is given to Congress, which seems at the least to suggest that the right of making regulations for other executive officers is in the executive. The authority to choose its own officers (save the president of the senate) is given to each house of Congress respectively; and that authority has always been held to imply the right to regulate the discharge of duty by those officials. Almost from the beginning of the government, it has been the law that the head of each department is authorized to prescribe regulations for the government of its officers; and such regulations are everywhere in operation. In 1871 a law was passed, which is still in force, qualifying the power of heads of departments, and authorizing the president "to prescribe regulations for the admission of persons into civil service . . . and for the conduct of persons who may receive appointments in the civil service." Besides, such regulations, tending as they do to economy, fidelity, and efficiency in the service, are a part of the fit means of discharging the executive duty of "taking care that the laws be faithfully executed." The authority of the president to make proper regulations on the subject is, therefore, unquestionable. To what extent and in what way it may, from time to time, be expedient to exercise that authority we have no space to consider. This is clear enough: that the officer may exercise his mere personal influence for his faith or party like any other citizen; but he has no right to use his official authority or influence, or to take the time required for the discharge of his official duties, to propagate any opinions or to give strength to any sect or party, except as we shall explain. He has no right to make use of his office

as an electioneering agency; no right to make it a partisan head-quarters; no right to make himself the political agent of any party, ring, or office seeker whatever.¹

It can be no matter of question that a nation has a moral right to lay down, and that there is an imperative need to enforce, proper conditions upon which it will allow its citizens to exercise official authority. No proposition in politics can be clearer than this: that he who accepts an office assumes an obligation, both of honor and of legal responsibility, to conform to the conditions laid down in the constitution, the laws, and the regulations for the discharge of the duties of that office. By the common law which we inherited, by the plain import of statutes without number, in the spirit of so many decisions which have enforced pecuniary liability or sent officers to prison, a public office is a public trust, to be discharged for the common welfare of a people. An officer is not merely bound to do what he can conveniently in his office, without interfering with his habits as a politician or his interests and ambition as a partisan, but he is bound to bestow upon his public duties his paramount attention, and to sacrifice whatever is not consistent with discharging them in a just, efficient, and economical manner.²

We have always had a great proportion of worthy men in the public service; but we have also had so many mere partisan schemers, and servile, if not corrupt, dependents of leading politicians and domineering officers, that the public standard as to the degree of fidelity to the public interest which may fairly be required of public officers, — federal, state, or municipal, — as well as the officer's own conception of his duty to the public, has become vitiated and low. We may, perhaps, hope for a sounder public opinion before long, in presence of which

¹ The general rule is well indicated in a letter of Mr. Clay, written in 1842, in which he says, "Officers should have perfect freedom of thought and of the right of suffrage, but with suitable restraints against improper interference with elections."

² The rule is well stated in the letter of Senator Hill, of April 12, 1877 (New York Times, April 19

1877): "If I were to use a public office to gratify private friendship, or to avenge private wrongs, or to promote in any way my private or political interests, I should feel that I had become guilty of a gross breach of trust, for which the proper penalty would be disqualification to hold any public office whatever."

public officers will cease to seek popularity only in partisan circles, and will find the reward of good conduct in the respect of a whole community grateful for the blessing of official duties faithfully performed. Collectors, postmasters, and their like officers, whose duties in no way relate to elections or party politics, and whose fitness to discharge them is much impaired by constant interference with the freedom of voters, may come to consider it a gross impropriety to go about using their official authority and coercing their subordinates for the purpose of defeating one party candidate or of electing another. Notwithstanding the strong list the ship of state has had toward partisan methods since Jackson's time, the general legislation affecting public officers has been in harmony with these views. According to present law, if a member of Congress is absent a day from his place of duty he suffers a deduction of pay, unless he gives a good excuse. May subordinate officers be away, day after day, doing all the partisan work of the section, but neglecting the public work, and setting a pernicious example to the clerks, and yet draw full salaries and be fully excused?

By a law of 1872 it was provided that no officer or clerk, in any department, should, at any time within two years after ceasing to be such, act as attorney, counsel, or agent in prosecuting any claim against the United States which was therein pending when he was an officer. Now, if such a rule may be enforced upon a person for two years after he has ceased to be in the public service, is it more repugnant to personal liberty, or less necessary to good administration, that a person in that service be required to keep aloof from partisan intrigues for getting one person nominated, another removed, and a third promoted in that same department?

A law of 1870 provides that no officer or clerk shall solicit contributions from other officers for a gift to officers in a superior position, or solicit a subscription from any officer having a salary less than himself, or make a gift or present to a superior officer.

How can the principle and spirit of such a law be reconciled with the theory, now being urged, that public servants have in every way the same rights and duties as private servants? Is it less dangerous to give a whole office as a political present than to give a mere percentage on its salary for a year? How is the practice of prostrating the whole civil service at the feet of great officers or the party majority, by exacting an arbitrary assessment for party purposes at peril of removal, to be reconciled with this law? How, in the spirit of such a law, can the president permit postmasters, collectors, navy agents, and all other heads of offices and bureaus to become assessment collectors, electioneering agents, and patronage brokers of politics, local and national?

Such abuses, of course, are a peril of the gravest import. They are a serious encroachment of federal power upon state rights and individual liberty; they add a corrupting and useless activity to political agitation and intrigue in each State, congressional district, and municipality. Scores of pages could be filled with evidence of the excessive salaries, the excessive numbers, the corrupt intriguers, the useless dunces, which they foist upon the public service. It would be shown, overwhelmingly, that those who pretend that in opposing these principles they stand as the defenders of the liberty and rights of the civil service are really aiding to take away its freedom, its manhood, its self-respect, and its salaries. They leave no subordinate officer at liberty to vote or act, politically, as he wishes, or to discharge his official duties without meddling in local politics. They force him to obey the orders of some caucus or party chieftain at the peril of his salary and his place; and after all, his salary is arbitrarily taxed. No man is less a freeman than he.

Once let men come into the service, on the basis of merit fairly tested, and allow them to remain to the end of a reasonable tenure, if faithful and efficient, — uncoerced by the fear of party influence, — and we shall have not only

administration vastly improved, but an end of federal dictation in local politics.

But it is said that our government is a government by parties; that parties are useful, and that, even if not useful, parties are inevitable. Parties have principles and a policy, and in governing they must make a practical application of such principles and policy. This application can be fairly made only by those having faith in them. It is therefore necessary that those who carry on the administration should share the opinions of the party in power; and they ought also to be allowed to work for the spreading of those opinions and for the election of those persons who believe in them. This is the reasoning of the advocates of the partisan spoils system. It converts the whole administration into a vast partisan propaganda, for which every member is expected to work with a zeal that makes his official duties quite a secondary affair. It is also the theory of this system that a party once in power can keep itself in power by the use of patronage. A short answer can be given to the whole theory. We have no space for showing the disastrous effects of such use of patronage upon a party, if, indeed, any further proof than the familiar experiments of the last ten years be needed. What so much as putting unworthy men into office has shaken the power of the long-dominant party? It is, of course, conceded that parties are both useful and inevitable. First, they elect all legislative officers, and make all laws, by their majority. Here is a grand field for the display of their principles and policy. Next, they elect the president (and in the States the governors), and hence direct the policy of the nation in harmony with their principles. If they have a foreign policy, the ministers they appoint carry it into effect. But the purely ministerial duties of a consul represent no part of that policy. The party has not a policy or a fragment of policy, save it be one demanding honesty and capacity in the consul for each port and inland city in a foreign country.

The president chooses his cabinet, and

by its advice carries out the policy and applies the principles of his party. It might be well, perhaps, to allow one or two assistant secretaries in each great department, as well as the private clerks of such officers, to be appointed with reference to political opinions, and to go out with the administration. But it is preposterous to say that a postmaster, or collector, and much less inferior officers in the departments, or the minor federal officers in the several States, must for the proper discharge of their duties be of the same political faith as the president. Such officers have no political duties. They could discharge their administrative and ministerial functions perhaps all the better if they gave not the least attention to parties, or were without even the right of voting, unquestionable as that right may be. The national administration can, honestly and justly, have no policy for any particular postmaster or collector, and no principles for him to apply, save what are common to every officer of his class: namely, to collect the revenue, distribute the mail, receive and pay over the public money; in short, to attend to his official business, and refrain from electioneering for any one, or from using their authority to control local politics. No head of a local office, having many clerks under him, more nearly acts on this theory than Postmaster James, of New York city; no one more efficiently discharges his duty; and no one has brought more honor and strength to the administrations which have appointed him. All special policy in regard to such officers means political intrigue, attempts to gain partisan strength by the prostitution of official authority, the dictation of some high official for ambitious purposes, involving neglect of duty and demoralization.

The just rule is that all such subordinates must obey the legal and proper instructions of the administration as to the way in which official duties are to be discharged, on pain of dismissal.

In that way, the policy of the party in power will be carried out, and its principles applied. The soundness of these

principles and the wisdom of its policy, and not its skill in bestowing patronage or in manipulating elections, will be the source of its strength or its weakness before the people. If we adopt any other theory, then all the sixty thousand in the civil service must be removed every four years. But will any one pretend that a book-keeper cannot properly keep his books, that the inspector cannot examine tobacco, sugar, and silk, that the lighthouse-keeper cannot take care of his station, that the auditor cannot examine his vouchers, that the treasurer cannot collect and pay over public money, faithfully and efficiently, unless each of them shares the politics of the president?

We cannot even refer to the improved administration which, in the leading nations, has come from taking the or-

inary public service out of favoritism and politics. The people will, not long hence, — though doubtless very gradually, — come to the conclusion that all the political representation the dominant party needs, in order to carry out its principles and policy and to secure the most lasting power and honor, may well be found in a moderate number of high offices, leaving other offices to be filled by merit, irrespective of party politics. This condition of public opinion and of the public service has already been reached in several of the best-governed countries of Europe, and especially in England, whose administration is most analogous to our own. There is no good reason why a republic should not have an administration as pure and efficient as that of a monarchy.

Dorman B. Eaton.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

HARDLY any man who reads it, if he gives his own unbiased opinion, will approve of the book called *Hetty's Strange History*. If he is one sort of man he will call it wicked; if another, morbid. In any case he will object to it.

Hetty Gunn, the heroine, is represented as a healthy, determined, fine-looking girl, with a curious lack of the clinging, dependent qualities which we sometimes note in a woman, — a lack which seems to keep lovers at a distance more than any other. One wonders why; but it does. I have known even a little habit of choosing her own seat quickly in a railroad car, instead of waiting for her escort to do it for her, brought up against a woman as insupportable. Hetty Gunn has the gift of taking charge of things; strong and independent, she manages her farm herself, and does it well. Of a resolute, unselfish nature, she is above minding her real position, which is that

of an unloved woman, accepting it calmly as part of her lot in life; the outside sting, however, is removed by the fact that everybody in the neighborhood believes that she has as many suitors as she cares to have. But in truth, she has never had one. She lives on in this manner, busy and prosperous, and, having no idealizing tendencies, no imaginative romance, she does not go out of her way to fall in love with somebody, anybody, as many women do, but keeps steadily along by herself. At thirty-seven years of age she has a brusque, honest, but somewhat dictatorial manner, a strong, healthy beauty of the impersonal sort which attracts no more than that of the goddess of liberty, a kindly, half-comic expression, and a merry laugh. It is a well-drawn picture; we have all seen such women. And now across the stage comes the lover.

To abridge matters and afford him a

chance with Hetty, the author has sagaciously made him a physician, giving him illness in the house, with all its unlimited opportunities and situations, as a background. Doctor Eben is a fine-looking man, sensible and honest; meeting with Hetty during night-watchings, dawn-meetings, and long sea-side days, he at length falls in love with her, and asks her to marry him. It is the first time a word of love has ever been spoken in her ear. She is startled; she goes through doubts and fears; she is irresolute; she begins to dream. At last, laying down her arms forever, this strong-hearted, mannish, old-young girl commences loving in earnest reality, and loves with all her soul, all her being. The strength of her nature, hitherto diffused in various directions, is now concentrated upon one person. They are married; he is thirty-four years of age, she thirty-seven.

Their wedded life opens happily. Her every thought is devoted to him, and he, in return, loves her sincerely; but, man-like, he expects her to take his love for granted. *He* is sure of it; therefore *she* should be. Time passes. Hetty is now forty-five, and Doctor Eben forty-one. But *Hetty* looks old. There are little wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, her hair has turned gray, her fair skin is weather-beaten; on the other hand Doctor Eben is younger and handsomer than ever. The wife is painfully conscious of this change; the husband scarcely notices it. He is a practical, busy man, absorbed more and more in his profession. She watches him, and notes all he says and does with morbid intentness. He, without the least comprehension of the direction her thought is taking, marches on as naturally and carelessly as a boy brushing through tall grass; but every bent stalk is a fibre of Hetty's heart. And now upon the scene comes the usual cause of trouble in cases of this kind, namely, a young girl. In this story she is a fair child, smitten down by spinal disease, and Doctor Eben becomes her physician; he takes a great interest in her, of course, and Hetty has to hear it all. Remarkable skill is now

shown by the author in relating the little occurrences which follow each other and torture the wife,—for it is always little things that do it. No one but a woman could have written the following extracts, and perhaps no one but a woman can appreciate them. The sick girl, Rachel, has a fancy that she possesses clairvoyant powers; she divines that the doctor's wife is unhappy, and tells her so. Hetty relates the incident to her husband. "And was it true, Hetty?" he asked. "Were you thinking of something in yourself which troubled you?" "Yes, I was," said Hetty, in a low voice. She fears he may question her; one can imagine that she half hopes he will. But no; his interest is all in Rachel. "Extraordinary!" he replies. "I'd give my right hand to cure that girl." Later he adds: "You might as well try to make yourself Rachel's age, as to" do so-and-so. Again, while they are by Rachel's bedside one day, he lifts the sick girl's little white hand, and says, "Look at that hand. It could n't do much work, could it?" Involuntarily Hetty places her own near it. "Oh, take it away, Hetty. It looks like a man's hand by the side of Rachel's," is his comment. One morning he tells his wife that he has an imperative engagement in another direction; but Hetty, going to visit Rachel, and happening to sit where she cannot be seen from the door, has the pleasure of witnessing her husband's entrance, "with a look of gladness on his face," and hears him say "in tones of great tenderness," "How are you to-day, precious child?" The next instant he sees his wife, and his glad look changes to one of surprise. Doctor Eben is guilty of no falsehood; his coming was an accident, and so it is explained. But Hetty has seen the look and heard the tone! In time, owing to his skill, Rachel begins to improve; at last she walks, and Doctor Eben bursts into his wife's room, his face flushed with excitement, exclaiming, "Hetty, Hetty, Rachel has walked several rods alone!" And Hetty remembers mutely that it is the anniversary of their wedding-day. A vivid

touch is added when Hetty, alluding to the possibility that now Rachel can marry, is met by the reply that "no man is worthy to kiss the child's feet." There it is, — worthy! Why is a young girl always exalted over the wife, who has given and gives daily, perhaps, her whole life, with unselfish, often heroic devotion? Hetty muses long and earnestly. The tragedy of the story now follows. She leaves her home, carefully arranging evidence that she has been accidentally drowned in a lake near by, and flees to Canada. The tie that holds down many unhappy wives — the children — does not hold her; she has no children. She reasons that she is old and faded; once out of the way, her husband, to whom she has left all her property, can marry Rachel and be happy. So run her thoughts. If they are perverted, they are at least unselfish. Imagine a man leaving a beautiful wife whom he loved dearly, in order that she might be happier with some one else! Hetty devotes herself to charitable work in Canada with a stout determination; at home she is mourned as dead.

And now the author sweeps round, and brings in what seems to me the improbable part of the story. Ten years pass; and Doctor Eben does not marry Rachel or anybody else, but is represented as constantly sorrowing for his dead wife. Now of course he would have sorrowed for her, because he really loved her. But was he the kind of man to make a funeral monument of himself? Funeral monuments are, too, extremely rare; made, I mean, of the pure metal. The good husbands are the first to marry again; the very qualities that make them good husbands push them to it. In this case, if the doctor did not marry Rachel, who, "a very beautiful woman," openly reveals that she loves him, he would, ten to one, have married somebody else. His meeting with Hetty at the last, and their reunion, are dramatic, and of course satisfactory to those readers who demand "a good ending." But I think a good many of us would lay a heavy wager that, in real life at least, the termination would have been another one.

To sum up: it seems to me that the author has been thoroughly successful in portraying Hetty, her thoughts and her troubles; and in making her run away she simply allows her to *do* what other women only *think*. Hetty Gunn is not, to my mind, at all an extraordinary person. If I were required to write out the moral of the story, it would read as follows: Wives who look older than their husbands are, if they really love them, miserably unhappy half the time; and even when there is no other cause. This may be pooh-poohed, and called unreasonable. Very well, — it is unreasonable. But it is true.

— In the case of *Kirtland v. Hotchkiss*, commented upon by Mr. Wells in a recent number of this magazine, Mr. Kirtland, of Connecticut, loaned money to a man in Illinois, and took as security a mortgage payable in Illinois. Mr. Kirtland resisted the payment of a tax imposed by the town of Woodbury on this mortgage, and his case now awaits the consideration of the supreme court in Washington. Mr. Wells calls attention to the importance of the questions involved, in an article entitled *Are Credits and Debts Property?* He contends that they are not, and ought not to be taxed. A contributor to the Club of November criticises these views, and insists that debts are property, and ought to be taxed.

Let us follow this latter proposition to its legitimate conclusion. A has one thousand dollars in gold, B has one thousand dollars in land, and the property of these two persons is justly valued at two thousand dollars; and two thousand dollars' worth is all the property there is. But A loans his gold to B; B acknowledges that he has this property, and promises to return it, and secures the performance of that promise by a mortgage on his land. A tax is then levied as follows: B, land and gold, two thousand dollars; A, mortgage debt, one thousand dollars; total actual property, three thousand dollars. Yet there is still only two thousand dollars' worth of actual property; and there cannot be included in this three pieces of property

worth one thousand dollars each; one is unreal, fictitious. If the debt is really property, as your contributor, a Southern lawyer, contends, then we are forced to the conclusion that either the land or the gold is the piece of property which does not exist! Is it not clear that some one is doubly taxed for a thousand dollars merely because one of the parties was too poor to pay in cash?

Your contributor thinks Mr. Kirtland "is not injured by *any* Illinois tax that is not levied on *him*." Will this reasoning conduct him to a just conclusion? Suppose Mr. Kirtland owns shares in the C. B. & Q. Railroad, and pays taxes on it in Connecticut, while the State of Illinois, though it levies no taxes on *him*, requires one quarter part of the profits from the railroad as taxes; is Mr. Kirtland uninjured? Suppose the State of Illinois levies a tax of one hundred per cent., as it may do, not on Mr. Kirtland, but on all the property and franchises of the C. B. & Q. Railroad; is Mr. Kirtland still uninjured? Mr. Wells asks, Shall the twenty thousand dollars be taxed as cash in the hands of the mortgagee in Illinois, and as a mortgage lien in Connecticut? Southern lawyers reply, It is a sufficient answer to say, it is not the business of Connecticut to determine on what property Illinois shall lay her taxes. Mr. Kirtland is a citizen not only of Connecticut but of the United States. He is a citizen, too, not only of Woodbury, which really takes care of him, and therefore levies, substantially, all the taxes he has to pay, but of Connecticut. And precisely the same arguments which are advanced as to the relation between Connecticut and Illinois must apply to the relation between Woodbury and the adjoining town of West Woodbury. Upon these very arguments it would be just for Woodbury to tax Mr. Kirtland's deed of a farm in West Woodbury, and Woodbury might as justly say as Connecticut does in the case discussed, "It is not our business to determine what property West Woodbury shall tax!"

If the law of Illinois allows the twenty thousand dollars mortgage debt to be

deducted from the value of the land mortgaged, as Mr. Wells's critic asserts and we, lacking precise information, doubt, that law differs in that respect from the law in nine tenths of the Northern States, and we fancy in most of the Southern ones. We believe that almost all, if not literally all, the States tax land without deduction of debts for which it is mortgaged.

Such laws, especially when applied to stocks in foreign corporations, are neither more nor less than penalties upon investing money without the State, and if the State of Connecticut has a right to impose a penalty of one per cent., it has a right to impose a penalty of fifty, aye, of a hundred per cent.

I understand Mr. Wells's theory to be that the State is bound to protect persons and property; that every person and all property is bound to contribute for this protection. That every person is equal before the law, and be he high or low, rich or poor, is entitled to the same personal protection, to precisely the same personal liberty and security, privileges and immunities. That no difference in the amount of protection given is made or acknowledged by the law or in fact. That there is an equal measure of protection for all, and an equal measure of contribution due from every man, — a personal contribution, and if need be his services and his life. That the protection of the person is one thing, the protection of property another. That if all property is equally taxed for its own protection, every person necessarily pays taxes according to the amount of that property which he uses, for no man can avoid paying taxes on the price of everything that he uses or exclusively appropriates. Southern lawyers believe, on the contrary, that every man is bound to pay in the first place for the protection of all his property, and also for the protection of his person in proportion to the amount of his property.

I leave your readers to judge between the two, merely adding that we fear Mr. Wells's critic would not be acknowledged by *all* the Southern bar as their authorized mouth-piece. In fact I have heard

several of them express very different views.

— Of late years we have had a number of capital dialect poems. But there is one field to which I should like to direct the attention of some competent balladist. Mr. Bret Harte is credited with the statement that the South offers special advantages to the novelist. He might truly have added, to the poet also. Society there is less tightly held in the strait-jacket of uniformity than at the North, and more dashed with romance and adventure. Yet it is far more polished and cultured than in the rough regions of the border; and the absence of money-getting (until very recently) from the controlling interests of life fostered a certain chivalrous feeling which, even if sometimes running into extravagance, cannot reasonably be laughed at. The knight of the nineteenth century outside of fiction is very likely to be found below Mason and Dixon's line. Daring exploits and generous acts in any part of the past century can be readily found.

The dialect, if I may call it so, which I have in mind is not the rude speech of the "foresters," but the latinized language commonly used by educated planters, taught by Johnson and Pope to their forefathers, which slavery and a Southern clime fostered, as they did all that was grandiose, — with much, too, that was really grand. This speech calls a debt a pecuniary embarrassment, and never says that a man is poor when he is in exceedingly restricted circumstances, nor charges him with lacking brains when he is of very limited intellectual capacity. I don't propose these as poetical terms, but as instances of the terminology which should be studied as a preliminary to the undertaking. One general rule can be given: Say very little in Saxon that can be said in Latin, and make your periods rotund.

I know the task is not light. Little words fit easily into any metre. But when syllable after syllable comes rolling out, the case is reversed; the rhythm must conform to the words. Still, the thing is not beyond possibility, and if well done the effect would be quite new.

— At a period of about forty years ago, there resided in the county of Hancock, in the State of Georgia, a greater number of large men, perhaps, than has ever been found in so limited a territory and so sparse a population. Of course we except "those days" of the giants. I well remember that when I was a very small child I had a notion that a full-grown man could not be otherwise than very large. My own father weighed two hundred and fifty pounds; his only brother, Uncle Jack, as much; their most intimate friends, the Lucases, yet more. The Battles, most of them, ranged from one hundred and seventy to three hundred. These fat men used to have their jokes about such as Bennet Hilsman and Benjamin Jones, as if the latter did not get enough to eat at home, although the wives of both were famous for setting good tables three times a day.

Yet these were the last, the giving out, as we used to say in Georgia, of the big men of Hancock. The race had dwindled, somehow, to these comparatively small figures. There was a tradition, universally believed to be true, that on one occasion, in the early settlement of the county, when a company of one hundred volunteer militia was raised in order to go forth to meet some sudden threatenings of danger from the Indians who occupied the country west of the Oconee River, not a man of it weighed less than two hundred pounds.

But, leaving tradition, I proceed to mention a fact well known to persons yet living, who remember some of those who were members of the jury so celebrated in the history of the county. It so happened, during one of the terms of the superior court of the northern circuit, sitting in Hancock, an unusual number of these immense men had been drawn as grand jurors. In those times appeal cases and cases in equity were tried by what was called a special jury. The manner of impaneling this jury was by furnishing a list of the grand jurors to the litigants, from which they made alternate strikes, until the list (which could never be less than eighteen nor more than twenty-three) was reduced to

twelve. One day, in an equity case, an adjustment had been effected between the parties at issue, and a jury was needed only for the purpose of signing the decree that had been agreed upon. For this purpose any twelve among them would have been satisfactory. As it was, the solicitors, for amusement, selected all the largest men. Yet two of rather small stature had to be added in order to complete the panel of twelve. As the full jury came down from the grand-jury room and slowly filed into the box, many a pleasant remark was made among the bar and other attendants of the court. After the decree was rendered the jurors consented to be weighed. Their aggregate weight was found to be three thousand six hundred pounds.

What is yet more remarkable about these men, they were for the most part not only very healthy, but energetic in business, fond of out-door sports and exercises, and some were quite pugnacious. A duel was near being fought between two of the largest among them. The friends of each combatant foresaw, of course, that if fire-arms were used there would be no chance for either to be missed. They seem to have concluded that each could afford to lose, without serious detriment, almost any amount of flesh, for the terms finally arranged for them were these: they were to appear upon the field in close-fitting pantaloons and round jackets, and fight with bowie-knives. However, the difficulties were accommodated without a meeting.

I happened to be on a visit in the year 1875 at Sparta, the county seat of Hancock, where I met Mr. James B. Edwards, a bachelor of eighty, who is yet proud of the memory of the good men of the old times. Alluding to these, I playfully remarked that I had told about the big men of Hancock, and the noted special jury in particular, at my new home in Maryland, and that I was satisfied with having got off no worse than by being laughed at for my credulity; and further, that such as him and a few more of his sort yet living I must hold responsible for having imposed upon me such a monstrous story, and subjected

me to the ridicule of my new neighbors. The old gentleman, who has been distinguished in all the generations among whom he has lived for his integrity and veracity, regarded me with seriousness and even with some indignation.

"Well, blast 'em, they may believe it. It's so. If Andas [the old clerk, recently deceased] was alive, we could find the list in ten minutes. He kept in his mind the page and the book of the minutes. It's there somewhere. Why, there were two of the Abercrombies: one weighed three hundred and the other three hundred and fifteen. There was Martin; he weighed three hundred and twenty. There was one of the Latimers; he weighed three hundred and fifty. There was Billy Springer; he weighed three hundred and seventy-five. There was Sam Devereaux; he weighed four hundred. And there was old Garey; I don't remember what *he* weighed, but he was the biggest of 'em all."

The old man brought down his cane with a big thump. He then walked to the court-house, and with the new clerk, a young man, searched for the list. The names of nearly all whom he mentioned were found in the panels of several terms, though having no clew to that special case they gave up the hunt. But no fact in the history of the county is better established.

— A good way to further the simplification of spelling would be for a few friends to agree upon certain changes that they would be willing to make, and then to put the plan into operation in their correspondence. Several principles seem to me important to be insisted upon: (1.) As little divergence as possible from the present spelling should be allowed. (2.) Every letter and combination of letters should be used with the sound most common in the present spelling. (3.) In cases of diverse or uncertain pronunciation, the preference should be given to that indicated by the present spelling.

We are all notional and touchy in regard to the spelling of certain words, and we must humor each other and expect to be very conservative at every

step. One will be ready to spell "fantom," but will shrink from following the example of Wiclif in "fantum." Another will follow Chaucer in "fredom," but will stick at his "bisy," or "gilty," or "blis." The most radical reformer would be surprised to find how many of the "new" forms are already antiquated, having been used by good authors long before the boys in the early printing-offices began to fix the orthography of literary men. From my examination of old books I am led to believe that the journeymen of early times often found themselves short of "spaces," and "justified" their lines by doubling suitable consonants and by adding as many of that already overworked letter, "e," as the circumstances made convenient. This applies to prose only, of course.

In order to help those who may need precedent for a more sensible orthography than that I am now using (alas for the inconsistency of reformers!), I have looked over the works of some old English authors, and have culled a few of their simpler forms, as follows:—

Orm, before 1250: Lif = life, thin = thine, is = ice.

William of Shoreham, before 1327: Licour, cristning.

Richard Rolle, 1340 (?): Thre, til.

Mandeville, 1356: Deth, flok, peple, ile, egle.

Author of *Piers Plowman*, 1362: Lesun, feld = field, plese, gle, giltles = guiltless, wel, thin = thine, tel, leches = leaches, fere = fear, wil.

Wiclif's Bible, 1380: Redy, litil, herd = heard, hous, teche, spak = spake, feel, don = done, cuntre, saaf, saf, maad, fle, tre, peeple = people, Egipt, whos = whose, al, ete = eat, cite = city, se, hil, fantum, toe = took, feld = field, erth, chaf = chafe, vois, gilte.

Chaucer, 1400: Bifel, fredom, al, fel, bisy, mariage, cristned, argumentz, litel, fors = force, shal, begile, hethen, kiste = kissed, blisful, blis, wo = woe, vois, bar = bare, peple, til, plese, gilt,ilty, deth, swor, ben.

Reginald Pecock, 1449: Maist = mayest, cry, tunge, esier, sider, plese, nede, feble, red = did read, agen.

Sir Thomas More, 1528: Wel, gloses = glosses, tong = tongue, rede, red = did read, faccion, lern, hole = whole, foly, wer, reken, litle, writen, medle, teche, al, sadnes, spred, douted, wil.

Sir Thomas Elyot, 1531: Maners, helthe, eche, sene, lern, ther = there, ben, bely, reder, hole = whole, litle, clene, al, fete, tethe.

Lord Surrey, 1540: Rered, brest, eche, wepon, wast = waist, blod, dred, roing, pearse, armd, disperst, opprest, costes = coasts, slepe, fal, crepes, chere, rere, cal, els, yong, seke, rufull, foming, pillers = pillars, yeld = yield, sute, se, sene.

Sir Thomas Wiatt, 1540: Sory, fode, drest, rost = roast, ferde = feared, wisht, welth, delite, fle, cloke, ech, savry = savory, fede.

Thomas Sackville, 1563: Spred, prest, al, come, cum, lyms = limbs, wun, glas, rolde, lothly, choakt, earkas, corps, thred, drery, dum, ful, wurthy, fol, grisly, thre, hel, spred, ruful, weping.

Roger Ascham, 1570: Som, mesure, cum, els, folow, nie = nigh, corage, cumlinesse, hed, forse, goodness, compas.

Edmund Spenser, 1579: Yerely, cal, hel, tund = tuned, sped = speed, eche, tode = toad.

This list might be extended almost without limit. I have purposely included repetitions of the same form from different writers to give an impression of the frequency with which they have been used. Many of them are well worthy of adoption now, but the list shows that some principles must be decided upon before anything else is done by the spelling reformer. After the three that I mentioned at first will come naturally (4): Each letter and digraph must represent but one sound. This brings up the vexed question, How shall the forty English sounds be represented? It is a rock upon which many elaborate systems have gone to pieces. I set my face as a flint against the introduction of new letters and any phonic refinements that would add to the intricacy of the subject under pretense of making a "scientific" alphabet. What we want is something reasonable, easily under-

stood, and not difficult in use. The above list shows that our present spelling is the reverse of all this, being unreasonable, not easily mastered, and exceedingly difficult to use.

— Here is something that happened on a railway train somewhere in New England last summer. A woman clad in deep mourning entered the cars at a way station. She took a seat just in front of an inquisitive-looking, sharp-faced female. The woman in black had not been seated long before she felt a slight tap on the shoulder, and heard her neighbor ask, in a low, sympathetic tone: "Lost anybody?" A silent nod was the response. A slight pause and then a second question: "Child?" A slow shake of the head in the negative. "Parent?" A similar reply. "Husband?" This time the slight nod again. "Life insured?" A nod. "Experienced religion?" A nod. Then: "Well, well, cheer up! Life insured and experienced religion; you're all right, and so's he!"

— It has lately been my fortune to encounter a very old literary acquaintance, who ought by all the rules to have been dead long ago, but who turns up so fresh and bland and trim, so entirely unscathed by those ravages of time which have nearly done for all the rest of us, that he is invested with a fictitious interest and becomes the object of a kind of thrilling curiosity. This personage is none other than the highly accomplished, actively pious, and insufferably overbearing hero of the *Wide, Wide World*, *Queechy*, etc. Twenty-five years ago, when those who are now mothers in Israel were in their nurseries, and so on through the blissful years of innocency, when four apples and a book were all that heart could desire on a "lecture" afternoon, — and it made no sensible difference in one's delight whether that book were *Queechy* or *Rob Roy* (!), — this extraordinary and, let us still hope, impossible type of manhood was incessantly presented, under different aliases, for the admiration and acceptance of the maiden imagination. He was always immeasurably more cultivated than the

people among whom he deigned to live. These people were, in fact, nothing but "folks," and they talked the most unpleasant and improbable variety of that preposterous language, the Yankee dialect of books. Our friend, therefore, who had obligingly descended from the highest walk of life for the purpose of amazing and, indirectly, of converting the rustics, found it a little hard so to shape his own polished utterance as to be understood by them; so he made frequent use of parables and the *double entendre*, and uttered his dark sayings with a compassionate twinkle of his fine, unfathomable eyes. He never told the answers to his own conundrums, — possibly he did not know them himself; but they were mostly of a serious order, and there was always a pill of personal exhortation hidden somewhere in the sweet abundance of his (allow me!) "sass." He had always an immense range of accomplishments. He could sing and draw and fence and embroider and make capital coffee. He was equally good at writing sonnets and sermons, at breaking horses and saving souls. But most wonderful of all was the method which he pursued with the village beauty, — the lovely little wild flower that he proposed to gather for his bride. Sometimes she was a very meek little beauty in the beginning, and sometimes she had a spice of spirit in her; but the way in which he followed and patronized and instructed and encouraged and elevated her was certain, erelong, to reduce her to a state of passive obedience. He hunted her innocent little soul as if it had been a partridge, increasing her trepidation from time to time by the dreadful threat, "Until I have saved you (technically), you cannot have me." At the scene of final capitulation and arrangement, the sacred Scriptures always played an unusually large and edifying part. He never swore he loved her without laying his hand on the Bible. He never kissed her without first kissing the book. On one occasion he handed back to her a Testament, which she, as a forward little Sunday-school scholar, had given him in his unregenerate days,

and this is what he said (substantially): "Here, take your Testament. I don't want it back until I can have you too." Only, of course, he put it in his own polished and enigmatical way. At another time, when she had given him rather more trouble than usual, and valuable moments before his train was to leave had been consumed in a squabble over her sun-bonnet, which she had wanted to retain to hide her happy blushes, while he would have it off, and finally removed it *vi et armis*, all he could do was to tear away "cross lots," having first marked for her meditation sundry passages of Scripture, beginning with "Little children, keep yourselves from idols!"

But time would fail me to tell of my gentleman's protean shapes and cunning missionary devices. He "had his day," this admirable and evangelical Crichton, — he had his day, and apparently "ceased to be." Musing on that surprising production, the girl of the period, on her independent ways, her cheerful secularity, her critical and rationalistic turn, her lack of sentiment, her royal indifference to all but "good" men, and her frank aversion for these, it has occurred to me more than once to wonder how many of her peculiarities have been generated, or at least enhanced, by her inevitable revolt from the mild bondage of yon overbearing saint. And even while I speculate thus idly, a shadow falls athwart me; I look up. "Arrestaque horrore comae et vox faucibus haesit," for 't is he, come back! He is alive. The light lifting of his tall hat and the exasperating touch of his long fingers make that plain. He never died at all, but only "harmonized with the environment;" the good ladies to whom we owe our introduction (for oddly enough there are two sisters whose hero he has equally and continuously been) must have grown older in his eclipse, but never a one of his many hairs is gray. In his last, but assuredly not latest appearance, he bears the appropriate name of Masters, while the country maiden whom he woos and worsts is called Diana. There is the same charmingly truthful agricultural

scenery which we knew of old, and a deal more of genuine passion. Also, there is in the construction of the story a slight but unmistakable concession to the bad taste of this naughty day. The new book is no less-pious than its ancestors, but it is not quite so moral as they. When Diana accepts and marries Masters, she is very much in love with another man, and she is not quite frank with the Rev. M. about it. When the former lover reappears, she has a great and quite powerfully depicted struggle, and very properly it results in her resolving to remain true to her husband. Quite naturally, too, she comes to believe, after a while, that she had no struggle at all, and never loved anybody but Masters. But why, if it was so valiant a piece of self-conquest in her to overcome her early attachment, was it *weak* in her military and far more agreeable lover (who had the additional advantage of never deceiving anybody) to take to himself a bride in due time? Masters says it was, but Masters was naturally prejudiced, and as usual does not make himself quite clear. For further particulars, see *Diana*, a tale recently published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam and Sons; also, by the same author and her sister, *Wych Hazel* and *The Gold of Chickaree*.

— In dealing with poetry we need a more enlarged critical vocabulary than we have now. This is specially true of terms relating to aptness, — the correspondence of the form of utterance with the thing to be expressed. "Word-painting" designates properly only one kind of such correspondence, though frequently loosely used in a wider sense. "The sound should be an echo," etc., is a good formula for another kind. But these do not exhaust the list.

Words in poetry may appeal to the inner eye or to the inner ear. In the latter case they may be merely imitative of external sounds; or, without such imitation, they may have in the quality of their music an associational value, which makes them the subtle agents of expression. There are thus at least three distinctly marked ways of uttering beautiful thought, and many of those who are

most successful in one line either rarely attempt, or else fail in, the others.

In treating such a topic one must illustrate by instances, or he will seem to be vague to some readers. The first or visional class (to which alone the term word-painting can be accurately applied) is very common. We find it in Campbell, when he speaks of the "red artillery" of Hohenlinden; in Shelley's "white electric rain;" in the "dull bulk" of Mr. Fawcett's toad, the warder of the seraglio; in the "keen Gallic eyes" which Brownell's imagination saw "dilate and glare" over howling Robespierre; in Gray's "glimmering landscape;" in Milton's "wizard stream;" in Mr. Lowell's line, "The fire-flies on the meadow in pulses come and go." A book might readily be filled with instances in which a single happy epithet or uncommon application of language has the power to picture a scene on one's mental vision with all the vividness of a storm-flash at midnight.

Of the second class, above alluded to, there are many good instances, yet not so many as of the first. Perhaps there is none better than Campbell's echo:—

"Sad was the note and wild its fall
As winds that mourn at night forlorn
Along the rocks of Fion Gall."

Tennyson's bugle song is another case in point, and Poe's writings are full of such. The weird mimicry is obvious enough in

"The silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain,"

and it predominates over all other elements in *The Bells*.

But there is yet a third kind, rarer and finer than either of the others. It penetrates beyond both the outer and the inner senses, and appeals directly to the sympathies and memories of the Veiled One within. For its perfection, I must turn to Poe again:

"This, all this, was in the olden
Time, long ago."

What is imitated by that long reach of soft vowels and lingering consonants? No sound, surely, and no sight. But it bears a better burden than a picture or a song.

We have it again, more sombrely and

with more alloy, in Kingsley's ballad-Dirge of the Three Fishers:—

"Men must work and women must weep,
For there's few to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning."

The struggling "r's" go into the labor part of the lines, and the long "m's" and "r's" and "e's" mainly into the lamentation part.

But this form of expression is not confined to doleful subjects. Even in *The Haunted Palace* we find "that bright day." The brisk "t's" are especially serviceable for such purposes. Milton uses them freely in the now trite lines,

"Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe,"

where the quick and elastic consonants spring like an Eastern dancing-girl. The last three words, of course, also illustrate the first form of expression above mentioned, as Kingsley's "moaning" does the second. In truth, the third is seldom to be found quite unalloyed, as in the citations from Poe's *Haunted Palace*. But there can be no doubt of its distinctiveness.

It is the fashion just now to underrate Edgar A. Poe. Well, he was not a teacher, nor a prophet, nor a great artist in word-painting; but who will ever surpass his symphonies? Swinburne certainly is wonderfully melodious, and handles a swarm of rhythms and metres; but how much of his singing is music without meaning! Take, for instance,

"The brown, bright nightingale, amorous,
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil and all the pain."

Now, there is a very pleasant quaver on "assuaged." For the life of me I can't keep it out, so it surely belongs there. But what is it there for? Mere novelty is hardly a permanent recommendation. It does not represent the singing of the bird,—or Heaven help him! It has no visible nor audible relation to the act of assuaging. I am forced to the conclusion that it means nothing whatever except Mr. Swinburne's tendency to turn somersaults in his verse. One grows weary, sooner or later, of mere "sound and fury *signifying* nothing." This is not Poe's method of dealing with his art.

RECENT LITERATURE.

ABOUT a year before Macaulay at the age of twelve went to Little Shelford to school, Charles Sumner was born in Boston; and it is not unnatural, in reading what is now told us of the American senator's life,¹ to glance for a moment at that of the English historian and statesman. To many it will be a surprise to find so much resemblance in the preparation of each for his career. Both were the sons of severely conscientious men and decided abolitionists (although the elder Sumner took no prominent part for the emancipation cause, as Zachary Macaulay did); both were phenomenal in their devotion to reading, which produced in each a certain conflict of the literary with the political; and they entered the field of state-craft alike at a crisis in national affairs, — Macaulay plunging at once into the vortex of the Reform of 1832, and Sumner into that struggle, the last movements of which had scarcely ceased when his life ended. Macaulay never could quite recover from his father's extraordinary though not ill-meant coldness towards him; Sumner, struggling with what seems to have been a similar rigidity towards his brothers and sisters, in his father, came to a positive breach. They resembled each other, also, in assiduous devotion, unbroken by family or social ties, to their lofty employments; and either man would at once be selected, on the evidence now before us, as the strongest representative, in his period and place, of that form of culture which cannot dissociate itself from great questions and earnest endeavor. Yet it is singular how little Sumner himself, or his friends, foresaw the larger orbit in which he was to move. In 1834, visiting Washington merely as a law student anxious to see some of the great orators, he wrote to Professor Greenleaf, at Cambridge: "I shall probably never come to Washington again. . . . Notwithstanding the attraction of the senate and the newspaper fame I see the politicians there acquire, I feel no envy therefor. . . . I see no political condition that I should be willing to desire, even if I thought it within my reach, — which, in-

deed, I do not think of the humblest." And it is very curious to find his most intimate classmate at college, John W. Browne, who sympathized warmly with the Brook Farm movement in 1838, writing to Sumner, "There is discordance of spirit now with us: you delighting in the scholar and the lawyer, and I seeking only the man, — passing by the scholar and the lawyer. Let us each tread his path." We know now that it was Sumner's path which most surely and splendidly sought "only the man," and, though passing by "the scholar and the lawyer," carried many of their highest qualities into the field of humanity and reform.

At this time, of course, as Mr. Pierce says, he was always ready to welcome new ideas promising well for the human race, if commendable to his reason; and a little later he was busy with normal schools and prison discipline; but he held himself even unusually aloof from politics. No mention of the Van Buren campaign occurs in that year's correspondence; he was disgusted with the "log-cabin and hard cider" cry of 1840, and though desiring the election of Clay in 1844 was not a partisan, and neither spoke nor wrote in the canvass. But we must believe that in the lives of such men there is a shaping instinct far deeper than their own consciousness. This instinct took primarily the same direction, that of wide reading, in both Macaulay and Sumner. With the Old Englander this habit, beginning at the age of three, was the natural accompaniment and outlet of his extraordinary memory, a necessity of his nature, a literary passion. With the New Englander we imagine it to have been the result of that conscientiousness in the matter of intellectual training which belongs to his race. It was not genius, as in Macaulay, but prodigious industry sustained by an indomitable sense of duty. Macaulay was in every way precocious, and entered Parliament at thirty, but the literary passion was strongest in him, and carried him continually back to its proper channel; while in Sumner literary taste and legal ambition were wholly subjected, at last, to humanitarian enthusiasm. Sumner developed slowly, and, as Mr. Pierce tells us, was distinguished at school and college only by

¹ *Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner.* By EDWARD L. PIERCE. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

his unusual and thorough course of reading. Entering Harvard three years before Josiah Quincy took the presidency, he received the friendship of the great Boston mayor, and in the law school that of Judge Story. Indeed, here began a rich variety and remarkable succession of friendships and acquaintances which were wrought into Sumner's development with perhaps as great effect as his reading and study. Through this influence, from a shy, somewhat ungainly student, he became a brilliant and self-possessed man of society.

The tour to Europe, which he made in 1838, '39, and '40 with such confidence in his future success that he went in debt for the whole cost of his travels, had much to do with this change. Fortunately it was then the custom, which Sumner's instructor and friend George Ticknor had also followed, to write long, descriptive letters from Europe to one's friends in America; and to this we owe one half of the present memoir, which, profoundly interesting throughout, is in this part especially delightful. Besides the immense variety of places and people touched upon, the glow of good spirits and the interest of keen observation contribute to the charm of these epistles. The young lawyer's portraits of the people he met are only thumb-nail sketches, to be sure, but his gallery contains Brougham, Lord Leicester, of Holkham House (the descendant of Coke), Hallam, Talfourd, the Montagus, Sydney Smith, other lords and ladies at will, poets in plenty; and on the Continent, Guizot, Cousin, and De Tocqueville, with many more. This is certainly a rare collection, and the summaries of character, besides showing an incisive touch, have the unfailing interest of personal observation. The number of persons to whom the letters are addressed is unusually large, and correspondents like Longfellow, Story, and Hillard would naturally draw out the full variety of Sumner's sympathies. Mr. Pierce, moreover, has so fully annotated them with reference to the distinguished persons mentioned that the biography presents incidentally a summary of events in the lives of these members of the best European society, which in England embraces nearly the whole list of celebrities and brings down the record to the present time. It is thoroughly delightful to read of Sumner's successes abroad. Without exposing himself to the charge of cringing, like Irving, he captivated everybody while still keeping his eyes open for criticism, — feel-

ing acutely the unequal conditions of English life even while he was welcomed to its utmost luxury, and remaining a staunch American. Some of the details he gives are amusing, as that of Lord Byron, a gentleman in waiting of the royal household at Windsor, speaking of the maids of honor as "the gals," and the "gals" complaining of stale eggs and the absence of marmalade at breakfast.

How much was made of small national peculiarities at that time may be seen in the profound interest with which Sumner discovered that a peer of France stood in talk with the president of the house "with his thumbs stuck in the armholes of his waistcoat," — which Sumner had supposed a "Yankee trick;" and further that a door-keeper of the chamber of deputies, in a very conspicuous place, sat with his chair on its hind legs, while the minister of public instruction kept cutting with his penknife the mahogany desk in front of him. Rich and entertaining as the account of this tour is in literary and social aspects, it is still more interesting as a monument of Sumner's prodigious energy in acquiring that full equipment of knowledge which he thought necessary to the larger order of jurists. Unremitting in his attendance on the lectures at the Sorbonne, and the courts of France and England, he mastered the whole English judicial system most thoroughly; perfected his French, and learned Italian and German; read many standard Italian authors, and kept up to some extent with recent American books; besides going through with much of the usual sight-seeing. He contemplated writing a Comparative View of the Judicial Institutions of France, England, and America; but his information was reserved for other uses, and the influence of these years of enlightened travel was distributed through the whole of his life. Whether the European journey injured more than it improved him seems to have been thought by many to be an open question. In the letters are several half-triumphant allusions to President Quincy's prophecy against the tour; but certainly as regards Sumner's success in the law, which was all that had been discussed, the older man's view was justified by the event. The instinct of Sumner, however, had led him to gather the experience best adapted to a life of statesmanship. Neither was his mind a preëminently and closely legal one, and it might even have been a misfortune to him to have been confined by

circumstances to the future he had marked out for himself. Yet there can be little doubt that the flattering reminiscences of his foreign sojourn spoiled him a little, giving him a propensity, which Mr. Pierce mentions, to talk inopportunately to clients about his fortunate experiences and illustrious friends. There was in this a want of tact not uncommon in the New England nature. In it and in the incident of his persistently attempting to make Judge Story change his view of a point of law in a case which Sumner was arguing before his old professor, one sees the trait which afterwards showed itself in his certainly not courteous ridicule of the citizen soldiery before whom he delivered his celebrated oration on international peace.* A similar want of judgment led to his memorable mistake of the battle-flags resolution, late in life. He had that narrowness of the reformer which is as essential to him as the sharp end is to a wedge; and his biographer has given illustration of his inability to give up an opinion when he had once formed it; yet his colleague, Hillard, once wrote to him of "that facility of temper and disinclination to say no, of which I have so often discoursed to you." Felton speaks of his "mistaken fastidiousness," and of his keeping aloof from the best of human sympathies. A blending like this, of the opinionative with the amiable, and of fastidious reserve with the polished cordiality and the conversational power that Sumner had, is not very common, and is also not apt to be popular. By it Sumner was assisted in standing immovable as a rock when occasion required, without diminishing that fine dignity of culture which, with his unimpeachable morality, fixed his place so high among the men of a period which begins to be called a past one.

Thus we find in these memorial volumes, recording a private life in itself so well worth describing, a key to the public life which followed it. The one complements the other,

"Even as a bridge's arch of stone

Is rounded in the stream,"—

these lines, applied by Longfellow to the completion of Sumner's life in the hereafter, bearing singularly well on the relation between the two parts of the senator's earthly existence. For the clearness of our impression we are greatly indebted to Mr. Pierce, who has not used a superfluous word

in his own narrative, and avoids all risk of obscuring the outline by refraining from the expression of opinions. There is a republican plainness, a civic solidity, in Mr. Pierce's writing, which commends itself as befitting the subject. The memoir must inevitably take its place, both for mode of execution and for inherent interest, among the best of American and English biographies.

—No one who ever saw Thomas Starr King or heard him speak is likely wholly to forget him. But the many who personally loved and admired and still lament him, and those to whom he is only a brilliant name, alike owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Whipple for the just and eloquent memorial prefixed to the small selection from Mr. King's sermons recently published by Osgood.¹ Mr. King's was one of those bright and brief careers in which the light of reason and charity is so concentrated that it remains visible and encouraging at an immense distance in a naughty world. A poet, a patriot, peerless as a lover and friend, self-devoted from his earliest consciousness to the furtherance of all great and good causes, an incessant doer of kind and wise deeds, no less than an elected and electric preacher of righteousness to other men, his place is with Sidney, with Mendelssohn, with all those high favorites of the gods who have most triumphantly and soonest completed the great work given them to do. Mr. Whipple writes from the point of view of a near friend and mourner, if not disciple, and there is something very touching in the sad pride he takes in quoting his own fond and eulogistic words of farewell, spoken when Mr. King left Boston for California, and in reminding us that he did not wait until his friend was dead before expressing his "earnest recognition of his admirable talents and virtues." Yet the critical acumen and experience in which Mr. Whipple surpasses all our other writers seem not to embarrass but only to assist his analysis of the rare intrinsic merits and very slight formal defects of that portion of Mr. King's remains which he has now edited.

There is perhaps just a touch of the distinctive cant of Unitarianism in the title selected for this series of twenty-two sermons,—*Christianity and Humanity*. But the association vanishes when one begins to read; and it is hard to see how, at this period by EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

¹ *Christianity and Humanity*. A Series of Sermons by THOMAS STARR KING. Edited with a Mem-

plexing day, any sermons could be more to the purpose than these. They are all alive with a keen consciousness of spiritual things. They shine with an inextinguishable faith in a future state less encumbered than this with difficult and degrading conditions; they are penetrated, they are saturated, by so complete an assurance of the continuity of God's government in this state and that coming one that half the puzzles of the present dispensation seem solved even while we read this faint reflex of his ardent words. Of the discourses reprinted in the present volume, this ardor of faith is certainly the most remarkable feature. They contain almost nothing of doctrine, so called, and comparatively little of didactic morality; but they reveal the higher life of the Christian soul, and pressingly invite to enjoy it. In the fourth and fifth sermons, on Christian Thought of the Future Life, and True Spiritual Communications, and in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh, on the Divine Estimate of Death, the Distribution of Sorrows, and the Deliverance from the Fear of Death, how easy, how natural, how vivid and apparently grateful is the conception of an existence from which all merely secular and sensuous conditions have been eliminated! The dust will not adhere to the wings of this fair spirit, clinging bravely to its stormy perch, and singing loud its song of cheer, yet quivering to be gone.

The editor tells us that "if the specimens of Mr. King's pulpit eloquence now presented to the public should meet with a suitable recognition, it is proposed to follow them up with another volume devoted to similar vital truths of experimental religion; and still another volume illustrating the ample learning, keen analysis, and disciplined dialectical power which he brought to the discussion of those controverted points of theology in which the opinions of Unitarian and Universalist scholars and divines are most directly brought into contact and conflict with the opinions of their more 'orthodox' opponents;" and Mr. Whipple quotes the praiseworthy example set by the Church of England in carefully collecting and always preserving in good editions the works of her famous divines. It is not probable that the small but honorable "school" of divinity to which Mr. King nominally belonged will have, in religious history, anything like the longevity and authority which has belonged to the Episcopal church as an organization. But in that which makes the man most memorable and

his words most moving he is above all schools and controversies; and it is to be hoped that the project of his present editor may be carried into full effect.

—Hours with Men and Books¹ is the title of a volume containing a number of short essays on a great variety of subjects, by Mr. William Mathews, professor of English literature in the University of Chicago. Apparently, these essays had already seen the light in different newspapers and magazines, and it is in order that they may reach a wider public that they are now published in book form. However this may be, those who now take them up for the first time will find a number of entertaining comments on a multitude of subjects, enlivened by well and widely chosen anecdotes. The subjects treated are by no means of equal importance. The reader finds articles on De Quincey and Chamfort which offer such information and, in the case of the first, at least, such sympathetic admiration as give the comment real value; while the essays on Literary Trifling and a Pinch of Snuff are nothing more than the lightest padding. Throughout the book there is to be noticed an inclination to recount anecdotes about the different matters under discussion rather than to examine them seriously; but surely this is no fault when no pretensions to thoroughness are made. So far as it goes this book seems inspired by an honest attempt to entertain the reader, to arouse within him a love of letters, and to give him a certain amount of information. Even the most trivial of the essays bear witness of the intelligent treatment of quite little things. Exaggerated early rising receives the contempt it deserves; good living is discreetly recommended; there are many very sensible remarks on education; so that, on the whole, the book is by no means of such light weight as its entertainingness would seem to indicate. The author throws his influence, which is none the less for being given attractively, without pedantry and affectation, in favor of the careful reading of the best books, and in support of that theory of education which favors a broad cultivation of the minds of the young rather than the accumulation of merely special knowledge. These things are treated incidentally; the longer essays are bright and enthusiastic. The whole volume is certain-

¹ *Hours with Men and Books*. By WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1877.

ly readable, and does credit to its author. Profound books, it is true, have been written, but it is not every one who has been able to be so useful when aiming to amuse, or so sensible while amusing, as has this author. Wide reading, a good memory, especially for anecdotes, intelligence, humor, and good sense have gone to the making of this volume. At times old jokes are dragged in superfluously, but there are enough new ones and good ones to dispel criticism. After all, a book that encourages the love of letters is so rare in this country that it is impossible not to be grateful to Mr. Mathews for one that is so kindly and well intentioned and attractive.

— Mr. Poor has not wholly succeeded in his attempt to reconstruct financial science from its foundations; but there can be no doubt that he has rendered necessary a careful reinspection of the structure, the rejection of some stones, and the substitution of sound timber at many points where weak or rotten stuff has been allowed to remain quite too long. It would be difficult to name a work of recent production that shows more untiring industry of research than his book on money.¹ It would be impossible to name a writer on this subject who has brought to the discussion of it so appalling a degree of independence of thought and fearlessness of expression as he has done. In the long line of writers on finance, Mr. Poor has not found one in whom he discovers more than an occasional and accidental gleam of common sense. It is the habit of his mind to accept nothing whatever as proved, either because it has been held by persons esteemed the profoundest philosophers, or because it has been popularly held and believed by a succession of generations of enlightened men. To say that he expresses his dissent from all accepted conclusions in financial science in the most emphatic manner is but feebly to describe his manner of dissent. He writes with impatience of what he deems the errors of earlier authors, and his frame of mind sometimes leads him to employ sarcasm, sometimes to the use of epithets. He is always dogmatic and arrogant, whether in asserting his own position or in attacking that of others.

These are the faults of a work which, after all is said that can be said against it, is well worthy of careful reading and study. If it had nothing but its citations from oth-

er works to recommend it, these alone give it a comprehensiveness that has not been, we believe, attained or even attempted in any former treatise. Mr. Poor, if a rough striker, is an honorable one. He never assails one with whom he disagrees until he has given his opponent a fair chance to be heard. He quotes by the page, and in no case can we discover that he quotes unfairly. The reader of this treatise thus has in his possession, practically, all that is worth listening to in any noted writer on money from Aristotle down to the present time. He must also be credited with a very full and interesting history of the currencies of the United States, and particularly of the United States Bank. The passage in our political history in which that famous institution—or rather the two institutions of the same name—played a leading part is probably obscure, to say the least, to the present generation of Americans, and this sketch will serve to revive interest in it. There is no mistaking the political bias of Mr. Poor, who can scarcely restrain his fury in writing of Jefferson and Jackson. Coming to later times, he entertains the most hearty contempt for the financial ability of the late Mr. Chase, and not only holds him entirely responsible for the issue of irredeemable paper, but accuses him of untruthfulness in his subsequent opinions, as chief-justice of the United States, on the legal-tender cases. The entire freedom with which the author deals with the greatest reputations makes his work extremely "lively reading;" and even those who disagree with him cannot fail to find it entertaining.

We have thus far avoided a statement of Mr. Poor's peculiar views on the subject of money,—its nature and laws. This is obviously not the place to discuss them, and we must content ourselves with a bare summary of the premises and conclusions of our author. In opposition to the commonly accepted view that gold and silver have come into use as money by convention, or agreement, or as a result of law, he holds that the desire for the precious metals is instinctive. They were first employed as money by weight, before the invention of coining, because every man was willing to part with whatever he had to dispose of in exchange for gold or silver, and because they alone were the objects of that universal desire. In Mr. Poor's view the coinage of the United States. By HENRY V. POOR. New York: H. V. & H. W. Poor. 1877.

¹ *Money and its Laws: Embracing a History of Monetary Theories and a History of the Currencies*

of these commodities and the decree that they shall be legal tender add absolutely nothing to their value, but simply to the convenience of their use. Coins are accepted, not because they are coins, but because they contain a certain amount of gold or silver, which all men wish to possess. Every transaction in which gold or silver, in the form of coin or bullion, is one of the commodities exchanged is an act of barter, and the precious metal is not a "representative of value," but an article in itself of equal value with the other commodity. It is property in the highest form, — supreme property, — the solvent of all exchanges.

This is the foundation principle of Mr. Poor's system. Those who are familiar with the accepted theories about money will see at once that the old structure cannot stand upon it. From the idea of money deriving value from agreement or law come logically the principles that money need have no intrinsic value; that the quantity of money, or rather the relation of that quantity to the business done in the community possessing it, determines its value, so that by diminishing the amount the value of a specified nominal sum may be made greater, and the converse; that hence there is an ascertainable amount of money which can be used and kept at a certain steady value, and that paper money may be kept at par with coin if the aggregate amount of coin and paper in circulation does not exceed what is so found to be necessary; that money, either coin or paper, is not wealth, but merely a "wheel of business," a medium of exchange, a yard-stick, and so on. Not one of these principles will fit Mr. Poor's theory. With him money must possess intrinsic value. If coin, it will have precisely the value of an equal weight of equally fine bullion. If paper, it must be symbolic, based upon merchandise and convertible into coin; and if depreciated it will have just the value it represents in the precious metals at the counter of the issuer, whether a government or a bank. Again, since gold and silver are wealth in the highest form, there can be no such thing as an excess of it, and no amount will affect prices, either to raise or to lower them. Still further, gold and silver are always worth the cost of production, and no increase or diminution of the supply makes any change in the value of say one ounce of either. He holds that truly symbolic money — that is, bank-notes based on merchandise soon to enter into consumption,

and deposits payable on demand — cannot be inflated. The consumption of the goods sends the notes back for redemption. On the other hand, a currency not symbolic, — bank-notes issued in the discount of accommodation paper — and all government currencies which are not fully protected previous to issue, he maintains, inflate the currency to the full amount of the issue.

We have, perhaps, indicated sufficiently the wide divergence of Mr. Poor's opinions from those of his predecessors. We may further say that he has made out a case strong enough to compel further discussion. He undeniably fails to make good all his points, for in attempting to treat the science of money as an exact science, he leaves altogether out of the account the modification of general principles which law can most certainly effect. To give but one example: there is no room in his system for an explanation of the fact that law can and does accomplish the feat of compelling people to take token coins for more than their value as bullion. One might accept his fundamental rules as true in general, but here is one modification of them that must be admitted. The circulation of silver fractional money worth ninety cents to the dollar in gold alongside of greenback dollars worth ninety-seven cents in gold is unexplainable on his theories, unless he admits that the science is not in all respects "exact."

As a contribution to financial science the work is to be welcomed. As a help in bringing the United States back to a sound system we fear it will not be useful. If we listen to the author we must cast aside all that we have done, and begin anew. There are enough "soft money" men who would be glad to assent to the first part of the suggestion, but, alas, they would not go a step farther with him! From Mr. Poor's point of view the way we are going is radically wrong. Perhaps it is; but thus far the methods adopted have led exactly to the results that were predicted for them. There are occasions when it is wise to swap horses in crossing a stream: when, for example, a strong animal which is breasting the flood bravely passes by one mounted on a weak and fainting creature. But he would be a fool who should risk a change when the hoofs of his own animal had already touched bottom.

— Mr. Ormsby¹ has the authority of Lucretius in Latin poetry and of Milton among

¹ *Darwin*. By ROBERT MCK. ORMSBY. New York: Printed by P. F. McBrean.

English writers for discussing philosophical questions in a poetical form, but he falls short of the success of his predecessors. Those who are interested in such matters will find occupation for many long winter evenings in restoring in this passage the different lines of the original blank verse: "That earth was ever in a gaseous state is mere conjecture; and philosophy with conjectures deals not. We think we know that matter is eternal. This premised, we see not why the universe of worlds, as they now in systems revolve in space, should not be eternal, too. And if so, why of the solar system make exception? That these spheres from old to new bodies change we have no knowledge; nor have we knowledge of any law for such a transformation."

— The present generation of school-boys probably little know how light is the yoke put upon their shoulders in comparison with that their predecessors had to bear at the time when all Latin grammar, rules, exceptions, instances, and lists had to be learned by heart like the alphabet. Gradually this load has been lightened, and doubtless to the advancement of sound scholarship. Nowadays it is on his judgment that the scholar has to depend, and not on a parrot-like memory. Messrs. Allen and Greenough, with their excellent series of text-books, have done much in the way of grading the road up Parnassus, and this shorter volume,¹ which is intended to give one year's instruction, follows the same labor-saving methods. The elementary lessons give intelligently what instruction is needed in the rudiments of the grammar; abundant exercises in writing Latin are added, and there are abundant Latin selections to be translated into English. It may be stated with some positiveness that no boy can master this volume with a careful teacher without being well grounded in Latin, and satisfactorily prepared to begin on more rugged translation. The list of Latin synonyms at the end of the book is not the least valuable thing about it.

— The *Enchanted Moccasins*² is a re-issue of *The Indian Fairy Book*, published ten years ago; the statement on the title-page that the legends were "compiled from original sources by Cornelius Matthews" is misleading if the reader understands that Mr. Matthews drew them from the lips of

Indians. Some papers of the late H. R. Schoolcraft were placed in Mr. Matthews's hands, and from these and the *Algic Researches* of the same author, published in 1839, this volume was drawn up, containing a selection of the tales in manuscript and in print. "They were originally compiled," says Mr. Matthews, in his preface, "from the old tales and legends by the late Henry R. Schoolcraft, and are now reinterpreted and developed by the editor." A comparison of some of the narratives as they appeared in *Algic Researches* and reappear "developed" in this volume shows that Mr. Matthews would have done a greater service by merely copying for the printer Mr. Schoolcraft's versions, which are simple, direct, and with a certain credibility, while the stories in Mr. Matthews's hands become tawdry, clumsy, with wearisome verbiage, exciting suspicion, by their very manner, of being a white man's inventions. An illustration or two will show this. In the story of *The Man with his Leg tied up*, Schoolcraft says simply of Aggo Dah Gauda: "It was a peculiarity in which he differed from other Indians that he lived in a log-house; and he advised his daughter to keep in-doors and never go out into the neighborhood, for fear of being stolen away." Mr. Matthews extends the paragraph thus: "Dah Gauda, too, was quite an important person in his own way, for he lived in great state, having a log-house of his own and a court-yard which extended from the sill of his front door as many hundred miles westward as he chose to measure it. Although he might claim this extensive privilege of ground, he advised his daughter to keep within doors, and by no means to go far in the neighborhood, as she would otherwise be sure to be stolen away, as he was satisfied that the buffalo-king spent night and day lurking about and lying in wait to seize her."

This penny-a-line style is bad enough, but the reviser sometimes goes a step farther and reconstructs the narrative by the introduction of a new and unnecessary incident, as in the story of *Manabozho*. That Indian Hercules is perplexed that he should be living alone with his grandmother, and should know nothing of his father and mother. Schoolcraft relates: "He went home and sat down silent and dejected.

¹ *A Manual of Instruction in Latin on the Basis of a Latin Method*. Prepared by J. H. ALLEN and J. B. GREENOUGH. Boston: Ginn and Heath. 1877.

² *The Enchanted Moccasins and other Legends of*

the American (sic) Indians. Compiled from original sources by CORNELIUS MATTHEWS. With Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

At length his grandmother asked him, 'Manabozho, what is the matter with you?' He answered, 'I wish you would tell me whether I have any parents living, and who my relatives are.' Knowing that he was of a wicked and revengeful disposition she dreaded telling him the story of his parentage, but he insisted on her compliance. 'Yes,' she said, 'you have a father and three brothers living. Your mother is dead.' Matthews thus develops the scene, raising it, he possibly thinks, to a higher power: "He went home and sat down silent and dejected. Finding that this did not attract the notice of his grandmother, he began a loud lamentation, which he kept increasing, louder and louder, till it shook the lodge and nearly deafened the old grandmother. She at length said, 'Manabozho, what is the matter with you? You are making a great deal of noise.' Manabozho started off again with his doleful hubbub, but succeeded in jerking out between his big sobs, 'I have n't got any father nor mother; I have n't;' and he set out again, lamenting more boisterously than ever. Knowing that he was of a wicked and revengeful temper, his grandmother dreaded to tell him the story of his parentage, as she knew he would make trouble of it. Manabozho renewed his cries and managed to throw out, for a third or fourth time, his sorrowful lament that he was a poor unfortunate who had no parents and no relations. She at last said to him, 'Yes, you have a father and three brothers living. Your mother is dead.' " The scene thus pictured is scarcely so Indian in character as it is in keeping with the modern idiotic spectacular drama.

The development to which the legends have been subjected is not a true expansion of the thought, but a bloating of the language. The result is peculiarly unfortunate. The legends in themselves are always curious, often singularly beautiful and even humorous. Reading them years ago in Schoolcraft's version, one has recollection of something very airy and fantastic, but a rereading in this graceless form is an unprofitable experience. We advise any one who really wishes these stories to hunt for the now scarce *Algic Researches* and let the *Enchanted Moccasins* alone. A very delightful book might be made which should take the best of Schoolcraft's stories and add others from various sources, such as Jones's *Traditions of the North American Indians*, retelling them in the simple, mat-

ter-of-fact form, with well-chosen words, which befits this kind of literature. We are very suspicious of all attempts at making ambitious stories of them; Mr. Matthews's failure should be a warning. In all this we do not reopen the question of the authenticity of the legends. We do not go back of the narratives as we find them in Schoolcraft, for the simple reason that those are good stories, however much Caucasian alloy there may be in them.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

No one ever complained that anything that Victor Hugo wrote was dull; he has always interested even those of his readers who felt unable to give good account of their brief admiration of his books, but in his *Histoire d'un Crime*¹ he has outdone himself, and he has given the world what it seems only reasonable to call the greatest of even his writings. The crime of which he has been told the story was the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, and although the world is tolerably familiar with the affair, it reads here in Hugo's compact, eloquent, vivid pages like a revelation of something hitherto unknown. He calls his book the *Déposition d'un Témoin*, and it is this certainty and distinctness of an eye-witness which gives his account its great value. He wrote it down twenty-six years ago, immediately after the occurrence of the events described, but he kept it unpublished until now, when he saw matters arranging themselves in France as if for a possible repetition of the insolent attack of power on right. While the French government was devoting all its energies to suppressing the sale of obnoxious newspapers, copies of this book were pouring from the press, to serve as the most eloquent electioneering pamphlet against the man of Sedan. The first edition was exhausted on the morning of publication, and the demand still continues for what is in fact this great man's judgment of the recent, and one may say present, crisis in French affairs. It is written, as has just been stated, with great vigor and without the usual superfluity of antitheses and tiresome jesting that are so great a flaw in most of Victor Hugo's books. Occasionally there is a frivolous bit in his familiar style, but this does not mar the effect of the whole, and is probably a recent interpolation.

¹ *Histoire d'un Crime. Déposition d'un Témoin.* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1877.

This volume contains an account of the first and second days, and on the 2d of December, "a suitable date," as he says, the sequel is to appear. The whole story need not be told over again in these pages, but the reader cannot do better than turn to the French original and read one of the most important chapters of modern history, described by a great writer who saw the whole thing and wrote down what he saw, not merely with literary skill, but with the rage of an exile in his heart, and full of anguish at the failure of all his most ardent dreams. Crimes of such magnitude do not need a dispassionate record of the incidents; the world is very ready to cover every wickedness with oblivion, and the awe with which Napoleon III. managed to inspire his European contemporaries, while his empire was ripening for its fall, combined with our American respect for numerous street-lamps and civil policemen to make the world forget the means by which he seated himself upon his throne. Victor Hugo, who had suffered at the hands of the late emperor, was unwilling that this wrong should be forgotten, and seeing in MacMahon and his ministers a certain doggedness which in French history has more than once preceded the violation of liberty, he sent forth his book as a protest against any possible attempt to overthrow the republic by arms. There is no reference in the book to the present condition of things except in the preface, dated October 1, in which it is said, "Ce livre est plus qu'actuel; il est urgent. Je le publie." But the French are at any rate far too intelligent not to see the obvious attack on MacMahon's administration, and if they were not skillful enough by nature their long familiarity with rigid press laws has taught them thoroughly the art of reading between the lines.

In his narration Victor Hugo does not often pause to impress on the reader the points he is anxious to make; he simply describes what he saw with his own eyes, or heard from the best authority. He thus throws much light on many obscure incidents in those days. His own adventures illustrate this. It will be remembered that on the night between the 1st and 2d of December the quæstors of the house of representatives, the generals who would have influence with the soldiers, and the leading deputies were arrested and thrown into prison. Generally when a leading deputy was overlooked it was because of his real insignificance or the probability of his speed-

ily bowing to the new order of things. In fact, some of those who escaped arrest could not bear the insult, and forced themselves among those who had been shut up for a time in one of the *casernes*. Victor Hugo, however, could not have been omitted at first for any such reason,—it must have been by oversight,—and very soon the police were after him. He tells at full length how he was busying himself meanwhile. In the first place, in the morning of December 2, he was apprised of what had happened by a fellow-representative, and all this was set in a worse light by the information which another visitor, a cabinet-maker, gave him, to the effect that the populace was almost wholly indifferent to all that was going on; that they indeed felt a sort of satisfaction at the overthrow of the representatives, and were swallowing the bait of universal suffrage. This general apathy was what made the success of the coup d'état. Hugo perceived the probable hopelessness of resistance, but he was never the man to let what he thought his duty be neglected for his interest. He was courageous even to what some may call foolhardiness in his personal provocation of the troops, who, it should be said, were going about their task with very little enthusiasm. He was in an omnibus when a regiment of cavalry was passing; he put down the window and shouted, to the great alarm of his fellow-passengers, who were in no mood to die as martyrs, "*A bas Louis Bonaparte*. Those who serve traitors are traitors themselves." But the soldiers listened in gloomy silence. An officer turned towards them in a threatening way and waved his sword, while the crowd looked on with indifference. Another time he was recognized and cheered by some of the crowd, who asked him what they should do; he advised them to tear down the new placards, to cheer the constitution, and besides to take up arms; in fact, he tells us, he was tempted to begin the conflict then, for troops were passing, but he saw that he would thereby simply cause a useless massacre, and he wisely forbore. But he only transferred his activity to another field, where there was some vague hope of possible success, and the certainty that the honor of France could be maintained even against this crafty aggressor. The committee of national resistance was in good part controlled by him, for his enthusiasm was just what was wanted in a crisis like that. His account of the attempted rising in the Faubourg St. An-

toine, and of the death of Baudin at the barricade, is a most interesting incident. In that faubourg, where authority had so often met with bloody resistance, it was hoped that once more the people might rise, and it was agreed that the representatives should meet them and try to organize a counter-revolution; but there was some uncertainty regarding the hour of meeting, and those who arrived first precipitated matters by throwing up a barricade which was speedily captured by the troops. An hour more, it is only reasonable to suppose, could have made no other difference than greater bloodshed. As it was, the handful of unarmed deputies went up to one post of soldiers and asked for their arms, which were at once given up, and even those of another post were surrendered in the same way. Then, when a column was about to attack the barricade, seven of the deputies, wearing improvised scarfs, stepped forth to reason with the soldiers, whom their commanding officer bade to charge; but the men could not kill the representatives who made no resistance and showed no fear, so they simply passed by them, leaving them behind unurt. At that moment a shot came from the barricade, killing a soldier, and this was answered by a volley, and Baudin fell. The barricade was carried at once.

The legal steps taken to oppose the usurper were hardly more imposing. About sixty deputies met together; Hetzel, the publisher, offered them the use of a printing-press, — a most important offer, because the police had seized almost every one; Émile de Girardin promised to have their proclamations painted with a brush by some of his willing workmen, his own press having been taken possession of by the authorities; one workman appeared, too, with sheets of tracing-paper, such as are used in copying presses, and take up many impressions of the original writing. By these methods they managed to get before the public a number of proclamations, but of course they were wholly ineffectual. The part which describes the means the handful of deputies took to elude the police outdoes even the best of Hugo's novels in interest. They walked through the streets in twos and threes, meeting first in one place and then in another, continually making the narrowest escape from arrest. At one time at night they were seeking the place of rendezvous, the house of a man

named Cournet, but by a curious mistake they got into a house where dwelt a M. Cornet. They soon discovered their error, and found the place they were looking for, when after a few minutes they received word that the house where they had first assembled was surrounded by the soldiers. The police too were inside, searching it from cellar to garret for the conspirators whom spies had seen to enter it. It was probably while the spies were running to bear their news to the military that the deputies left the place. There are many similar incidents narrated, as when a letter was to be conveyed to the archbishop of Paris, asking him to interfere and recall the people and the soldiers to their duty. This letter was written by a workman, and he, fearing that his blouse would be a sufficient reason for not receiving him, gave it to one of the deputies, who was himself unable to take it, but his wife volunteered to carry it and hid the missive in her baby's swaddling-clothes. It was, however, as ineffectual as everything else; the archbishop said it was too late and refused to take action in the matter, and in six weeks later he was chanting a *Te Deum* in honor of the coup d'état.

Nothing could exceed the vigor with which Hugo has described these incidents and such scenes as the refusal of Dupin to exercise his legitimate power in convening the assembly. On the other hand he speaks in kind language of those who were kind to him, like Prince Jerome Napoleon, who offered him shelter in his own house; moreover, the account of his interview with Prondhon is a remarkable episode. The renowned socialist prophesied the failure of all their plans. It is impossible to enumerate all the vividly interesting chapters of these two eventful days as they are here told; it must be enough to say that the book with its fullness of detail and wonderful eloquence is a most important contribution to modern history. All that took place then is now more than a quarter of a century old, and has been passed upon by fate in a sure way; yet this account of it reads like what it is, an outburst of wrath not merely with the past but with those men who can dream of again betraying their country for their own advantage. It can be specially commended to the attention of the many ardent admirers of the late emperor of the French. No novel can compare with it.

TO OLD FRIENDS AND NEW.

THE union of The Galaxy with The Atlantic gives us the pleasure of welcoming the friends of the former to the wide circle of our own readers. Not all of them are strangers; many of them have read both The Galaxy and The Atlantic, which more than any other two American magazines have appealed to kindred tastes; and it is our purpose that they shall not have to regret anything but the name that vanishes. The Galaxy, like The Atlantic, trusted to the interest of its literature unaided by the sister art (often step-sister art) of illustration, and it differed from it chiefly in those qualities in which priority placed the elder magazine beyond its generous rivalry. Each had its advantages, and these advantages are now united. It is for the periodical whose name survives to claim the public favor only upon the firmest grounds, and to seek more and more to merit that favor in the field where, it is no disparagement of its contemporaries to say, it now stands alone. Its position is well defined as that of a thoroughly national magazine, sustained solely by American authorship, and confiding to the appreciation of its readers whatever is best in American thought and literary art. The freshness, the brightness, the alertness, that gave tone to The Galaxy will not cease, we hope, in the alliance which makes The Galaxy and The Atlantic one, — and The Atlantic that one, — but will hereafter be constantly recognized and enjoyed in our pages. Certain features of the former necessarily disappear; but, retaining its chief writers, we shall aim to perpetuate the finest characteristics of a magazine which for eleven years has been a presence in our periodical literature so distinctly agreeable and useful that it could not wholly pass away without great public regret.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.

VOL. XLI.—MARCH, 1878.—No. CCXLV.

—♦—
DETMOLD: A ROMANCE.

PART IV.

VIII.

SAN ZENO.

ART has its tiresome aspects. An original picture, much less a copy, is not the result of a single flash of inspiration. It goes forward touch by touch. There are oils that dry too slowly and varnishes that dry too quickly; colors give out at the wrong moment, and are to be mixed and matched. The back is weary, the head aches from undue straining after elusive effects that escape behind a *chevaux-de-frise* of mechanical difficulties.

Alice arose, at times, from her task at the Museo Civico and wended her way homeward, tired, heavy-eyed, her toilette a little flattened and the bloom of her brightness for the moment dimmed. Her solicitous mamma would declare that such application was unheard of, — that it was ruinous, — the study must be abandoned. Then there was usually a few days' respite.

Detmold set forth persistently every morning to add still other pages to his voluminous sketch-books. They contained façades in full, and fragments more charming than the wholes. There were palaces and basilicas, the battlemented bridge of the Castel Vecchio,

with its unequal, downhill arches, the curious staircase in the court-yard of the Municipio, and a corner of the Chamber of Commerce. There were door and window openings, with arched heads of party-colored stone, their tympanums filled with sculpture or mosaic; there were campaniles, turrets, chimney-pots of a hundred varieties, balconies, figures or single heads from bas-reliefs and frescoes; but above all, a collection of the lovely porches which are the crowning glory of Verona. They are light and simple. Their arches are of contrasted stones; they are inlaid with sculpture; their columns — sometimes single, sometimes clustered and superposed — are of red marble, and rest upon grotesque animals. The ruddy sunshine invades them and the warm air blows through them. They cast rich, strong shadows, in which there is not a suggestion of gloom.

One morning, in the tenth century basilica of San Zeno, Detmold looked up from his drawing and saw Alice, Miss Lonsdale, and Hyson beside him.

"Pray, do not let us disturb you," said Miss Lonsdale. "We like to see you work. Perhaps we can steal your process."

"How pretty your sketches are!" said Alice. "I wish I could do that."

"I am sure you could, if you would. It is very easy."

"Of course it is, when one knows how; but I have tried. The perspective always bothers me. I am very stupid about perspective."

"But you have a correct eye, and this can be done even without perspective. Imagine the space you wish to include in your drawing to be perfectly flat. Do not think of projection at all. Then try to see what angles and shapes the different objects in this flat space assume. Anybody who can draw a figure as correctly as you can do it. Of course, perspective is an assistance. I do not mean to make light of it."

"That seems a good idea," said Alice. "If I had some paper, I might make the experiment now."

Detmold gave her the requisite materials. She seated herself upon the steps that lead down to the floor of the nave from the entrance, and began a view somewhat like Detmold's. The singular wooden roof of the vast interior is supported upon alternate massive columns and piers. They have bizarre capitals of intertwined foliage, serpents, and animals. A flight of broad stone steps rises to the chancel, and at its sides two other flights descend to the ancient crypt, plainly visible, where, behind a grille and under a canopy supported by forty marble shafts, the bones of the ancient patron of the basilica repose. Along the chancel railing, as at St. Mark's, at Venice, pose themselves a row of life-size figures.

"This is quite improving, of course," said Hyson; "but, meanwhile, what is to become of us?"

"You can go and see the cloisters," said Alice; "they are very nice."

"Not at all," replied Hyson; "what Miss Lonsdale and I will do is to go and see the Castel Vecchio. Nobody has yet been inside of it, and we shall have the advantage of you all. Shall we call for you after that?"

"If you will, please. I do not feel like climbing, to-day; and besides, this is really an important discovery I have made."

Alice abandoned this sketch, presently, as too vexatious. She could not keep the idea out of her head that the lines came towards her. Things would not stay flat. She procured more paper, and wandered about with a deliberative air in search of another subject. She placed herself, at length, before the sitting statue of San Zeno. It is an archaic work, and of colored marble, in accordance with the tradition that the venerable patron was an African. The exaggeration of some intended expression of spiritual rapture gives the features a grotesque appearance of laughing.

"Why do you choose such a sorry figure?" asked Detmold. "I shall have a less exalted idea of your taste."

"I like it because it is odd and comical," she replied. "Besides, I wish it to be understood that I make my sketches without regard to age, sex, color, or previous condition of servitude."

She contemplated the figure with one eye shut and her pencil held up to make measurements. Detmold forsook his own subject, and furtively made a drawing of her, instead. They were not too far separated to converse. Alice had learned from him something of the characteristics of the style in the midst of which they were, and had even taken an interest in acquiring some of the architectural terms. Detmold affected to conduct a cross-examination, to see if she had forgotten anything. He asked her, What is an archivolt? what is an abacus? what is a chamfer?

She replied to a few of the queries with an imitation of school-girl readiness; then, with a pretense of supposing that he was really inquiring for his own information, said with an inflection conveying surprise and commiseration, "Oh, don't you know what a chamfer is? Almost anybody knows that."

The best kind of love-making does not necessarily consist in excessive manifestations of affection or epithets of endearment. It is quite as often in the circumstances of routine conversation and intercourse, when tones, glances, gestures, the sentiment of pleasure in each other's appearance and delight in

each other's company, play in and out among the ordinary words and illuminate them. There are charming conversations in which not a single striking idea is advanced.

What is a morning's conversation between two such people? It is not a sustained argument nor alternate disquisitions. If taken down in short-hand it might fill a volume. It would be broken, illogical, trivial. One wonders as to the reason of some circumstance or phenomenon; explanations are suggested, or one who already knows informs the other. They call up reminiscences. They say how they enjoyed their ride or row at such a date, or the labyrinth figure in a certain german at the Jacksons'. Or they speak of people they have known, and analyze them and their careers,—the drowning of Smith, the curious marriage of Brown; or of persons they met in the diligence, crossing the mountains; or the peculiarities of the landlord at Bellinzona. Or they go a little into their individual characteristics, if intimate enough. One confesses to a tendency to alternate moods of elation and sadness, without assignable cause; the other prescribes philosophic rules for the cultivation of an equable temper. Through the whole are scattered banter and slight coqueties.

The sound of Alice's voice, the animation of her countenance, the grace of her attitudes, were wisdom enough for Detmold; it made very little difference what she said.

The morning was passing. The sun mounted to the zenith; the shadow of the basilica returned slowly from its march to the westward, and drew its strong line close to the sculptured porch. The young man and the pretty woman came out to see if their friends were not returning. At each side of the portal a great space is covered with ancient bas-reliefs in panels. There are Adam and Eve in Paradise, and all the scriptural personages; saints, knights in armor, and King Theodoric in full chase after a deer which his dogs have seized, while a sardonic demon lies in wait to seize the king himself. The doors are faced

with bronze reliefs of the earliest mediæval make. The figures are as rude as the plastic achievements of children, but full of a biting energy, and disposed in accordance with an instinctive feeling for effect. The tall red columns of the porch rest upon the backs of red marble lions crouching upon the stone platform.

"Is it not a barbarous taste to support such structures upon the backs of animals?" said Alice. "When caryatides came into use in the classic style, I believe we are to consider it a symptom of decadence, are we not?"

"But not this. It is bold and picturesque. The figures do not represent actual animals, you see. If this were an imitation of a real lion," said he, placing his hand upon the head of one of the monsters, "that would be quite a different matter. They are conventionalized."

Alice rested comfortably against the back of the other, like a modern Ariadne in a muslin robe.

"But in society, you know," returned she, argumentatively, "we do not like conventionalism. We profess admiration for what is spontaneous and natural. If we do not like conventional people, why should we like conventional lions?"

"Conventionalism in common things," said Detmold, "is a species of toadyism; it is an imitation of models that are generally not worthy of imitation, and it prevails at the expense of originality and independence. Conventionalism in art is so different a thing that it ought to be distinguished by a different name. Of course there is good and bad conventionalism in art, too. But in its best sense it is a species of imagination. It is the ingenious fitting of something to circumstances by seizing its essential spirit and neglecting the rest. This so-called lion is not a lion at all, but only an abstraction of the sturdiness and bold outlines of one. The lion is merely the theme on which the composition is made. This is really an imaginary animal, expressly created for the work of holding up porches. That is why there is nothing disagreeable about it. If it were a good

imitation, we should be involuntarily nervous lest he should move and bring the porch toppling down upon us."

"I am certain that this one is not in the least disposed to," said Alice, tapping the grotesque head with her parasol.

"I don't know that I find that so surprising," said he in something of an undertone. Then he went on without interruption: "The theory is that it is bad art to apply a perfect likeness of anything to a purpose to which the thing itself could not be adapted. An ideal race of creatures and flowers and foliage must be created for capitals, gargoyles, carpets, and wall-papers. They may be based upon familiar objects, but must not exactly imitate them."

"But you see such imitations so often," said Alice.

"Of course you do, and you undoubtedly always will, simply because there is a hundred-fold more bad art in the world than good."

"You do not think that perhaps the Lombards made lions this way because it was the best they knew how, do you?" asked Alice; "because they were ignorant, and it was the nearest resemblance they could get, you know?"

"They show too much skill in other respects," said Detmold. "They had a pretty intimate connection with the East, and knew what lions were as well as ourselves, if they had wished to copy them."

Hyson and Miss Lonsdale returned, and the little group rode away together. On the façade of the basilica is a great sculptured wheel of fortune, with a king at the top and a naked beggar beneath. Detmold translated the motto from the text in the guide-book:—

"All mortal things I rule at will,
Raise up, cast down, give good or ill."

"It would not be so bad," said he, "if it went all the way round. It generally oscillates a little way up, then a large way back. If it were only established that everybody should make the complete circuit,—undergo in turn all the phases of existence,—that would be something like justice, and a cosmopoli-

tan experience. As it is, it picks up a favored few and whirls them to the top, while the most it leaves at the bottom and crunches them like a cart wheel."

"None of us here present seem to have any bones broken," said Hyson.

"Perhaps we have not yet felt its full weight," said Detmold.

IX.

THE MUSEO CIVICO.

Detmold's admiration knew no bounds. In every aspect and phase of character he found Alice unspeakably charming. Some accent of hers, some delicate pose of the head, some evanescent contraction of the brows, with an expression between smile and frown, came to him at moments in his work like an aroma. He could close his eyes and conjure up her face, blown round with its shining hair. All the details of her dress, each of the pretty, fashion-changing buttons, buckles, clasps upon it, seemed as precious as jewelry, and the material of which it was made as valuable as the rarest Oriental fabrics. Her person connected itself with ideas of all fragrant spices.

His wandering in the great galleries since he first set foot upon European soil was simply a long series of comparisons. He found no stateliness of Leonardo, no pensive grace of Raphael, no golden hair of Titian, so perfect as hers. He would admit in her no possible imperfection. If her figure was slightly flat, it was a suggestion of the sweet austerity of Gothic sculpture, which shows no swelling contours, but only straight-falling draperies and serene and noble faces. If at twenty-seven many less favored women have passed the most perfect moment, this age was in her only a guarantee of exquisite, stored-up sweetness.

He drew her with aureolas about her head. He conceived the idea of painting her, in her ordinary dress, upon a gold background, like a saint of Fra Angelico, and actually made a commencement. He intended to give it no exag-

gerated air of religious aspiration, but to try to portray the sanctity of a type of pure and sterling modern loveliness.

On her side, what was this goddess, this paragon of all conceivable perfections? There were people who did not coincide with Detmold as to her transcendent beauty. She had a few freckles, and her hair was a little off color, neither blonde nor brown. She was admitted by some to be a "stylish" girl, — nothing more. Her family had not discovered anything phenomenal, either, in the way of goodness. There had even been displays of willfulness and temper by no means congruous with aureolas and gold backgrounds. She sang ballads in an agreeable voice enough, but of no great compass, and as to her artistic talent, a sufficient judgment has already been passed upon it. She would hardly achieve imperishable renown by means of it. She was a little spoiled by having been kept entirely away from the graver aspects of life, and was wedded to its conventional good things, — how much it would be hard to say.

The ineffable perfections conceived by Detmold were largely within himself. The imagination needs only an adequate resting-point to move with its lever the whole of existence, and Detmold had found it.

Still, his extravagance of feeling might have been lavished in many a less worthy direction. Alice had a kind heart, a frank nature, a quick and graceful mind, and an appreciation of beauty that rivaled his own. The pleasure of the artist is not confined to the few poor subjects which he can transfer to canvas and place before the eyes of others. Colors combine, draperies fall, objects dispose themselves, and fugitive lights and shadows play at every turn to fill his educated sense with enjoyment. Alice had gone far enough beyond the mere mechanical preliminaries of her study to have some conception of this. Possibly there was no great harm in Detmold's idealizing process. A pretty woman, with an average head and an honest and delicate nature, — the limit to which admiration of her may justly extend has nowhere been

definitely fixed. And if one be so constituted as to be a little extreme in his sentimental appreciation one might easily lapse into faults much worse.

Unless there were special engagements to prevent, Alice went daily to the Museo Civico. It is one of the heavy designs of San Michele, and lies on a quay of the Adige. It was formerly the palace of the Count Alexander Pompeo, and was presented by him to the city for a gallery and museum, — which accounts for the pictures being poorly lighted, only from side windows. The amateur of painting who chooses to spare a day from the greater glories of Venice, Milan, or Bologna, close at hand, finds at Verona a collection of minor masters belonging almost exclusively to its own school at a time when every Italian city had its school. There are Orbettos, Benaglios, Badiles, and Morones, — lesser lights in the great constellation which flamed so splendidly afterwards at Venice. They have painted the usual Sibyls, Saint Sebastians, and Flagellations at the Pillar, rigid, cold, and cadaverous, with only here and there a gleam of beauty flickering upon them, as though it might be burning softly behind all the dreary canvas, and could only for the present make its way out at minute crevices.

Among the rest — more fully represented than any other — is one Cavazzola, who had the singular fortune to be entirely neglected by the critical writers who treated of his contemporaries for three hundred years. An endeavor was made to exclude him from the pantheon of history. But after coming down unnoticed from the sixteenth century to the year 1853, there arose a Veronese poet, Aleardo Aleardi, says a recent eulogist, who deserves well of his city and the confraternity of painters for having published a biography full of the sufflation of poesy and art, in which the unfortunate master is vindicated from the long obloquy of silence.

Alice had adopted the fashion of the Veronese ladies, who in summer discard the hat for a long, black lace veil depending from the hair, and serving also

as a mantilla. It gave a princess-like stateliness to her slender figure, as she moved forward with her easy, gliding motion. Sometimes Detmold accompanied her to the Museo, or called for her to return. He walked beside her with a fond pride. Sometimes he made it consist with his own occupations to repair thither and spend an hour in her society. It was cool in the small and quiet galleries, while the sun poured hotly down upon the quay outside. Here they conversed together in low, sedate tones that breathed again in the memory of Detmold during many a sad day long afterwards. The eyes of the ancient paintings looked out at them with a stiff sympathy. A few other copyists, belonging to the academy below-stairs, were scattered through the galleries at long intervals. Now and then the stillness was broken by slight clatterings, echoing hollowly from a distance, where the custodian occupied himself with small repairs, or mounted upon a ladder to shift the position of a picture.

The work upon which Alice was engaged was a copy of a portion of the portrait of the warrior Pasio Guarienti, by Paul Veronese. The face is ruddy with exposure and comfortable living, and fringed with a grizzled beard; the figure is resplendent in armor of steel, embossed in black and gold.

One day, when Detmold entered, she had just concluded some touches which seemed to meet with her decided approval. The brush was still poised in her hand, a little way back from the canvas, as though its continued proximity were necessary to maintain the charm of a successful result.

"How is the future San Michele—or Palladio—which shall I say?" said she, playfully, turning her head towards him, with her eyes still lingering upon the work, as he came and stood by her easel.

"If you care to consult my taste, suppose you say Giotto or even Pugin. I should have no great fancy for the reputation of one of these Renaissance architects."

"Why not?"

"Mainly because I have no great fancy for their works. The best of them are cold and ugly, and I have seen things of Palladio's at Vicenza that might have been done to order for some of my own customers at Lakeport."

"Oh, the Renaissance. To be sure. It is only Gothic we are to like."

"I wish I had the control of some clients who were as docile as you pretend to be," said the young man, laughing at this thrust at his enthusiasm. "No, people may like Renaissance if they please. I can give æsthetic reasons why I personally do not. At the same time it is possible that the real reason is only because I have not yet exhausted the pleasure I take in Gothic, and am not in search of a novelty. Perhaps there is no such thing as ultimate perfection—or at least ultimate content with it—possible in architecture. No sooner was Gothic developed to its highest point than the world turned away from it at that very moment, and fell in love with the revived classic, its diametrical opposite. After the latter had been extraordinarily perfected, back went the fashion to Gothic. Since then there have been re-revivals of classic and re-revivals of Gothic, and eclectic minglings together of the two, without end. We like to change the style of our architecture just as we like to change the style of our clothes. Novelty is what we are after, and, in one case as well as in the other, sometimes we retrograde and sometimes we advance. When we hold fast what is good in garments and add to it, without ever going backwards, and pause finally when they are made fully worthy of the dignity of the human figure, perhaps we shall be ready to do the same thing with buildings. A house is only a larger kind of an overcoat, after all. It does not wear out as quickly, but it performs about the same sort of service, and is naturally subject to the same sort of fluctuations."

"That is less hopeful than your usual strain. I do not know whether I shall believe in you, any longer, as the coming inventor of the great American style."

"I am as likely to be it as anybody else, notwithstanding. There is not going to be any. If there is any style at all, after this, it will be a universal one. But how is the future Angelica Kauffmann, or shall I say Rosa Bonheur?"

"If it is equally convenient, suppose you do not retort, and only say Alice Starfield. I was getting on very well when you came in. See if you do not think I have caught the tones in that shaded cheek pretty well. It seems so to me. Please say you think so. You cannot imagine how I have fussed over them, and painted them in and out."

"You certainly have," said Detmold. "Anybody who should find fault with that part of your copy, at least, ought to be drawn and quartered. It is exactly right."

"Do you think so? I am so glad! I wish I could be an immense egotist. I am a little of one now, but I mean perfectly enormous, so as never to have any misgivings."

"I am sure I can think of nobody who has less reason for them," said Detmold.

"That is one of the kind of things for which Mr. Hyson says, 'Pray consider my hat off.' But really, what a comfortable thing it must be to be perfectly satisfied with everything you do. Fame and the commendation of others are nothing to it, because they are irregular and uncertain. Everything is included in self-approbation. If little can be added to it from the outside, nothing can be taken away. Does it make any difference whether you really have genius or not, if you firmly believe you have? A thorough egotist, such as one or two I know of, ought to be happier than Michel Angelo or Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Or our friend Cavazzola, in there."

"Ah, poor Cavazzola! Is not his case truly melancholy? To do something that is really worthy of recognition, and not to get the slightest credit for it for three hundred years, while all the glory there is goes to one's inferiors!"

"I do not know whether it is an instance of the general incapacity of the

human race for original thinking, and its persistency in following authorities through thick and thin, or of the fondness of some modern writers — of whom Signor Aleardo Aleardi, poet as he was, may have been one — for contradicting and taking the opposite side of everything that was considered settled. After such an experience, the merit of this much-neglected light of the school of Verona is at least open to doubt. The real article usually asserts itself in less time so strongly that it cannot be choked off."

"These interminable schools!" cried Alice. "I can make nothing of them. There are not simply some pictures at Verona, but 'the school of Verona.' And the school of Padua and Mantua and Pisa, and I suppose schools of every village and hamlet in the country; besides the schools of the great cities and of all the foreign countries. I shall never make any progress in egotism as long as they puzzle me so."

"Do you know most of the dates?" inquired Detmold.

"What a dreadful question! Of course not. It is more than I can cope with to attempt to find out something of their respective characteristics, without adding any such element of confusion to the task."

"Oh, I mean in a general way."

"No; I do not like dates even in that way."

"I used to find it handy," said Detmold, "to look at the subject chronologically, in a very general way. One naturally has the idea that the schools were all buzzing alongside of each other at the same time, doing the same thing in different manners. But they were very little contemporaneous. They followed in succession. That takes one element out of the complication. Another is got rid of by remembering that the local writers about a place, as Verona, for instance, usually talk of the pictures painted there as belonging to its *school*, when in reality it had no school different from those of half a dozen other places, where the same sort of thing was done. The really tangible schools for the most part

succeeded each other. This Italian art reached its climax about the end of the fifteenth century, — but this is preaching."

"Will you go on, please?"

"Then comes German art in the sixteenth, Flemish and French early in the seventeenth, Spanish later, and English in the eighteenth, — but all following directly from Italian influence. Then the three great schools of Florence, Rome, and Venice, in Italy itself, started unequally, but for a time carried on their respective specialties, namely, form, expression, and color, side by side. Out of them sprang the advanced schools of Bologna, Milan, Parma, and Naples. That is about all there were. Then if you divide the practitioners of the main schools into about three chronological periods, on the basis of capacity, — when they were, you might say, trying in turn to walk, to run, and to fly, — you have the whole thing in a nutshell."

"Then you would not bother about the school of Verona and its precise relations?"

"Not if it puzzled my head very much. I should set it down as an incipient Venetian school, and put in my time some other way to better advantage."

This was the manner of their talk: his, considerate, almost tender, and informing without pretense; hers, sprightly, fanciful, and above all feminine. Sometimes she rose and yielded him her seat for a moment, that he might take observations of the progress of the work from her point of view, while her light drapery rustled on the polished floor about him. Once, for the purpose of some comparison, she had him stand at the opposite side of the room, while from her place she measured his figure by holding up her pencil and keeping one eyelid closed with two taper fingers. At another time he placed himself at a little distance, for her to make a rapid sketch of his head and shoulders in a certain position.

"This is not to be a finished likeness, you know," said she, regarding him quizzically, as the work drew to a close.

"You are not particular about having the nose in, are you?"

"Not at all, — don't mention it. You might omit the eyes and mouth also, if it is any object."

"I have them in already; they are not so hard to do as noses."

Then she showed him a remote resemblance to himself, much flattered. He carried it off, after the emergency for which it was needed was over, and cherished it as one of his principal treasures.

That day it happened he forgot there one of his sketch-books. She took it home with her own materials, and restored it to him on the occasion of his next visit. In turning over its leaves, enjoying the slight drawings full of feeling and delicacy with which it was filled, she came upon a copy of verses upon a scrap of paper, evidently never intended for public inspection. They were in his own handwriting. The paper bore a scribbled date near that of the memorable interview at Paris, in May.

There was every indication that they were his, and the motive of them no other than herself. She wondered at their extravagance, but was touched by it. She said, "Poor fellow!" and shivered a little at their direful suggestions, which she devoutly hoped had never been anything more than the poet's permissible exaggeration.

X.

THE ARENA.

Without bending her attention to the details, Alice supposed that it was in the ordinary course of things that she should marry. She had not as yet cherished any excessive sentimentalism about it. She was not inclined to demand one only ideal being, predestined for her from all time, as she for him. Possibly there were within her potential circle a number of gentlemen of unexceptionable character, fortune, and social position who would make excellent husbands and improve upon acquaintance. It was to some such orderly marriage — perhaps

with one considerably her senior — that she had been accustomed to look forward, if she looked at all. The feeling, therefore, of the two ardent young men, if she could have seen it in its full intensity at this time, would have called forth her wonder and even some consternation. She was ever reluctant to construe quickly indications that might seem to point in this direction. Of the feeling of Castelbarco she had only a faint suspicion, and of its seriousness none whatever. Such as it was, however, it was sufficient to make her more and more averse to his exaggerated politeness, his open admiration, and his gifts.

The aim of Castelbarco was now to find a suitable opportunity to make to Alice his impassioned offer. But it was not easy to secure, since the party at the Torre d'Oro had most of their occupations in common, finding in companionship an added zest. He did not wish to seek a formal audience, through apprehension that its object might be divined and the case decided, perhaps adversely, beforehand. He had much of the experience of Detmold at Paris, aggravated by the chafing of his more impatient nature. Alice was sometimes alone, it is true, at the Museo Civico, and returned unaccompanied; but Castelbarco, whose taste ran very moderately to the fine arts, knew only of the Museo, from some past experience, as a crowded school, where there was no privacy. In the attempts he made to encounter her in the street, he had had the fortune to find her accompanied by Miss Lonsdale, her French *cicerone*, or by Detmold, who seemed to have been drawing at the Museo also.

The pleasant evenings in the parlor of Mrs. Starfield went on as usual. Hyson, returning from a flying visit to Milan, gave an account of some theatrical performance he had witnessed there.

"But why have we no theatres here?" inquired Alice. "It is strange that in so large a city we have yet found nothing of that kind to attract us."

"There are, at the right season, I suppose," answered Hyson; "but in sum-

mer they usually close up, and the actors take a vacation."

"Yes," said Castelbarco, in his elegant stilted diction; "profuse operas and ballets are set forth at the Filarmonico at their fitting seasons, — notably during the Carnival. The dramatic art, also, is sufficiently well exemplified in five others. At present, we have of it nothing save a poor summer theatre in the Arena."

"The plays there are pretty fair, as well as I can make out," remarked Hyson.

"They are not literary or excellent; they are esteemed by us of a low grade," said Castelbarco, with an air of compassion.

"It would be novel and interesting to see one, nevertheless," said Alice.

"Will the Signorina Starfield do me the honor to accept an invitation?" asked Castelbarco, upon whom it flashed that there might be in this the opportunity he coveted.

Alice said, hesitatingly, "Yes — certainly — if the rest will go, I should like to very much."

The idea was accepted as a good one, and it was arranged that the four — Detmold was not present — should go on the following afternoon.

The Arena is a great oval ruin, similar to the Coliseum at Rome in construction and only second to it in size. It has held forty thousand people to welcome the triumphal entry of a king since modern Italy has had the fortune to have one. The arched passages beneath it are gloomy and drip with moisture. Some of them are used for shops of various sorts. In one may be purchased antiquities and the fossil fishes of Monte Bolca. The summer theatre is a shabby little affair of wood, in the open air, with a few rows of benches about it; the whole a mere box set down in the midst of the vast amphitheatre. The scenery, in the searching daylight, was peculiarly wan and ragged.

The performance began at six, and only the concluding portions needed the assistance of lamp-light.

Our friends entered through a soiled

turnstile to a select situation, secured by the payment of a small addition to the billet of ingress. Close by them sat a young priest in a silk habit, accompanied by a pretty, vivacious young lady whom they took to be his sister. The audience consisted largely of soldiers from the garrison, for whose benefit a special low rate is fixed by law.

On all sides stretched back the innumerable rows of lonesome steps which once served as a quarry to whoever would avail himself of the material. Later on the noble monument was the place of deposit for all the garbage of Verona. The Visconti in their time turned an honest penny by renting it out for duels, at twenty-five Venetian *lire* a head for the privilege.

The sun was still bright, and the spectators sheltered themselves with fans and parasols until it should have gone down behind the edge of the great encompassing wall.

"Poor old battered structure," said Hyson, sympathetically, "how respectable it is yet! I wonder if this is a fair contrast between the ancient and modern style of doing things. There is their theatre, and here is ours. It is like a tooth-pick alongside of a man-of-war, or a penny torpedo in presence of a ton of dynamite."

"They might have had a few magnificent buildings like this, superior to anything of ours," said Miss Lonsdale, "but in what an immense number of respects we surpass them! Think of the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries by which we are surrounded, of which they had no conception!"

"I am not so sure of that," said Hyson. "I thought so once, myself. In my school days I had a dreary idea of the Greeks and Romans as forlorn individuals hanging around in some great temple or coliseum, with no place to go to at night but perhaps a hay-stack or dry-goods box. It is simply because a few great monuments remain, while the surroundings of every-day life, everything that was ephemeral, have perished. But the probability is that they had Paris Opera Houses and Albert Halls, brown-

stone fronts, quail on toast, dresses from Worth's, morning gowns, the redowa, and everything else of the first water, like ourselves. It is not reasonable to suppose — even if we had no other means of judging — that the ancients put up a great amphitheatre here and there, and scrimped themselves on everything else, but rather that the rest of their furniture was on a scale corresponding."

"The Arena has associations equally great with those of antiquity," said Castelbarco, to hold his share of the discourse. "It is said to have furnished to Dante, by its vast concentric circles and its exits and entrances at different heights, the plan of his *Inferno*."

"Dante was an old gentleman who had a true conception of what it was to be a poet," remarked Hyson.

"I should think so, indeed," said Castelbarco, in whom this flippant tone produced a displeased expression.

"It was down below, in one of those very archways, that he committed the assault and battery that should endear him to the heart of every author who is interested in accurate piracy, whether there is an adequate copyright law or not."

"I am afraid I do not understand," said Alice. "What was it about?"

"An old party was misquoting his verses," continued Hyson, "a blacksmith, or something that way, singing and blowing his bellows and misquoting away as hard as ever he could. Dante steps in and begins to throw horseshoes, pincers, sledge-hammers, anything that came handy, at his head.

"'Hallo! Stop! Murder!' said the blacksmith.

"'I won't stop,' said Dante.

"'Well, what do you mean? what is it all about?' exclaimed the blacksmith, dodging an anvil."

"Oh, an anvil?" said Alice. "Is your account strictly historical?"

"Well, a grindstone, then," consented the narrator. "'Yes,' says Dante, 'I won't stop.'

"'Why not?' says the blacksmith. 'You will break everything all to pieces.'

"'Just what I want to do,' said Dante; 'you have misquoted my verses,

sir; you have damaged my property, sir. I shall use yours the same way you use mine.' ”

But now the curtain rose, and general attention was drawn to the stage. The main feature of the entertainment that awaited them was set forth in the play-bill:—

GRAND RECITAL, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS CHARACTER ACTOR

LUCIANO BOLDRINI.

The dramatic company Emanuel-Castali, under the direction of the renowned manager Giovanni Emanuel, will present

A POLITICIAN OF THE DAY,

COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS BY CESAIRE CASTALI, HIS VERY LATEST.

PERSONS.

The Candidate,	L. Boldrini.
Rosita,	E. Cartali.
The Burgomaster,	F. Tilche.
The Doctor,	C. Tamberlani.
Lucian,	S. Meschini.
The Viscount Fabris,	G. Gagliardi.
The General Corio,	G. Prodolini.
François,	N. Pasquali.
Gasparo,	P. Ruppi.
Adelaide,	A. Boldrini.
Carmosina,	R. Emanuel

The comedy was preceded by a broad farce which depicted the impositions of a charlatan at a country fair. He gave out that he cured all diseases and infirmities without pain. “Without pain! without pain!” he shouted, striding up and down with a prodigious swagger. “Who will be the next to submit a headache, a toothache, a cancer, a distorted limb, to the unfailing skill of the celebrated Doctor Abracadabra, who has practiced in the families of all the crowned heads of Europe, Asia, Africa, Sicily, and the United States of America? Without pain! without pain!”

His final exploit was to draw for an astonished rustic, by means of a string attached to the ball of a pistol, which he fired off, a huge wooden tooth, but little less in size than his head.

The little party from the Torre d'Oro were seated with the ladies in the centre and the gentlemen upon each side. Castelbarco was next to Alice. He could speak to her in low tones without being overheard. Her perfumed muslin robe touched him. Her small gloved hands lay crossed in her lap. He held above her 'a parasol, the tempered light

through which suffused her complexion with a soft radiance that might have been thought to emanate from within. He ventured a number of compliments, the delicacy of which was perhaps lost in transit through an unfamiliar tongue, since they came forth almost offensively overpowering. She could give by her presence, he said, merit equal to the best to the rude representation they were witnessing. Her beauty, also, was capable of redeeming the homeliness of such or any other surroundings. An ingenious compliment may imply matters which if directly stated are nauseating.

“I must tell you that I am not in the least vain, Mr. Castelbarco,” said Alice. “When I hear such things I never believe them.”

“But if they are truly meant, dear Miss Alice, and not mere empty sayings,” said he, honestly.

“So much the worse,” she replied.

In the Politician of the Period was shown a gentleman—personated by the renowned character actor Luciano Boldrini himself—who was endeavoring to secure an election to Parliament. The wife of the renowned character actor, the Signora Boldrini, played Dolores, his daughter. She had several lovers, all of whom and their influence the candidate tried to secure in his favor by alternate encouragement of their aspirations. It would appear from the Politician of the Period that the exercise of the suffrage in Italy, limited as it is, is scarcely more free from demagogism and truckling subserviency than among ourselves. The candidate remitted old debts, loaned money, bought goods freely that he had not the slightest need of, forced his family to brim over with affability to persons they detested, made promises for the future regardless of all normal capability of fulfillment, and after all was—lamentable result—defeated.

The pace of the dialogue seemed bewilderingly rapid, but with the aid of interpretations of Castelbarco they were able to follow it with considerable satisfaction.

One of the lovers of Dolores, called

Ruppi on the bill, — he came so near to it that Hyson named him Guppy, — was a shambling youth who when refused by the object of his admiration wept abjectly, using a vast expanse of red handkerchief, at which the audience were much amused.

"It would be interesting to know," said Hyson, speculatively, "just why we laugh at this one and sympathize with the other two. He is a well-meaning, honest fellow. Here he is, thrown off his centre, completely upset in his dearest project. He does not dress as well or strut as loftily as the high-toned ones, but I will venture to say that his misery is just as keen as theirs."

"He is a ridiculous, impertinent fellow," said Castelbarco.

"Of course we know his misery will not last long; that is one reason," said Miss Lonsdale. "He makes us laugh, and so we think very little of him. Perhaps we really ought to think more of him on that account, because he has done us a service. Humorists get a good deal of consideration, but I have sometimes thought not the kind, after all, to which they are entitled. They lighten the burdens of life so much that it would be fair to look upon them as physicians and systematic philanthropists. To say nothing of the great writers who are humorists and something more, I think Artemas Ward, Mark Twain, and the Danbury News Man have a much better claim to statues than a great many who get them."

"Miss Lonsdale and I have turned philosophers," said Hyson. "That is my opinion. I am in favor of the statues. I even go further. I wish to see a bust of the Jumping Frog in Central Park and a colossal group of the Nelson Street man putting up his stove-pipe on the Pincian."

"But Mary was serious," said Alice, bending forward to look at him, reproachfully.

"So am I, I assure you," said Hyson.

For the last act of the piece the footlights and a chandelier were lighted. The stage was a spot of brightness, while all about remained obscure. At

the conclusion the audience strolled out under the old arches and over the old pavements much in the same way as the Roman subjects of two thousand years before, perhaps exchanging not greatly different gossip; the tall soldiers might have belonged to the tenth legion of Germanicus instead of to Victor Emmanuel's foot-guards. The visitors lingered, and with the permission of an attendant climbed the measured grade of the ancient steps to see the lights of the city and its silhouetted outlines from the top of the wall. While they gazed, the great tawny disk of the moon emerged above the hills. A military band began to play in the piazza below.

They descended and passed up the Via Leoncino, the Via Leoni, the Via Sebastiano, the Via Capello, — the foreign streets whose names fall so softly from the tongue. After the heats of the day, all was animation. Fruits, ices, *mischio*, could not be dispensed rapidly enough at the cafés. The fountain splashed in the Piazza Erbe. Hyson kissed his hand to the statue, in passing.

"She seems to me a faithful old guardian, standing there in all sorts of weathers," said he. "Out-of-doors seems less lonesome."

"If we could only have a glimpse of the tombs of the Scaligers by moonlight, before returning," suggested Miss Lonsdale; "it is such a lovely night."

"Let us first take some ices," proposed Hyson.

They passed under the Volta da Barbaro, an archway signalized by the murder of an estimable prince in its shade. The greater part of the Piazza de' Signori was in shadow. The moon began to wage with the brilliant lights of the café a calm contest in which it knew it should, later in the night, be victorious.

"This is the spot where I first met Detmold, whom I had not seen before for years," began Hyson, as they sipped their ices; "and also, now that I think of it, my friend Antonio, who did me the honor to take me for a lunatic."

"Oh no, not a lunatic!" protested Castelbarco.

"I was tired, from being cramped up all day in a railway carriage, and indulged in some amateur elocution, — that is all. The place impressed me, when I first came into it, like the stage of a theatre."

"It is theatrical; I have often remarked it. Is it a dagger as I see before me?" mocked Alice, waving her spoon, with an infinitesimal portion of ice in it, and then placing it between her white teeth.

"Good!" said Hyson. "You have a genius for tragedy. I engage you for my stock company."

"There is Mr. Detmold!" exclaimed Miss Lonsdale, as a shapely figure arose at a table near by.

"So it is," said Alice; "and papa and mamma, too, as comfortable as possible. It is evident that *our* company is not necessary to their happiness."

But the others observed them also, and the two parties amalgamated.

"Come," said Hyson, "you shall all join my company. Your daughter, Mr. Starfield, is a queen of tragedy. You shall be the heavy father, Detmold the young leading man, Miss Lonsdale the first walking lady and *confidante*, Antonio the" — with a good-natured sarcasm at the expense of the serious young man — "the light comedian, Miss Alice the young heroine and loveress, and Hyson," slapping himself complacently on the breast, "the villain."

"Perhaps you flatter yourself," said Alice. "Are you sure you are wicked enough?"

"There ought to be an Italian villain, according to all the precedents," said Miss Lonsdale. "Our travelers always represent the country as full of wickedness."

"I will not resign in anybody's favor. I know my own qualifications, I suppose.

Besides, I do not agree with our travelers if they say that. I have not met a much straighter and honester set of people anywhere than these Italians, — and I do not say it under compulsion from my friend Castelbarco, either."

The party presently arose and moved on under another archway to the tombs of the Scaligers.

These tombs of a splendid line of princes are in a small paved court by the side of a church. A lofty grille, which is a miracle of the metal-worker's art, surrounds them. The sarcophagus of the first of the line is as simple as the origin of its occupant, — a hardy soldier who carved his way to fortune with his sword. Can Grande, the fifth in descent, who received Dante at the most magnificent court in Italy, rides upon his war-horse, in full armor. But the crowning glory of the whole, the monument that embodies the essence of Gothic richness more fully than any other, is raised above the ashes of one who gained and preserved their inheritance to his sons by a double fratricide. It springs high into the air and supports upon its pinnacle an equestrian statue. Its whole mass is fretted with such complicated loveliness of canopies, gables, niches, sculptured saints, armorial bearings, crockets, flowers, and finials, as if it would charm Heaven into forgetfulness of the awful guilt of its founder. The inclosure was shut at that hour. Our friends stood without and conversed softly. In such a scene Detmold spoke with involuntary eloquence. The moonlight played amid the rich tangle of sculpture, and here and there threw out the spider lines of the grating like a pattern of lace-work against some deep shadow within. The sculptured warriors reposed upon their tombs with folded hands, as if in an enchanted sleep.

W. H. Bishop.

ANOTHER ROSARY OF SONNETS.

I.

The Two Rivers.

I.

SLOWLY the hour-hand of the clock moves round;
So slowly that no human eye hath power
To see it move! Slowly in shine or shower
The painted ship above it, homeward bound,
Sails, but seems motionless, as if aground;
Yet both arrive at last; and in his tower
The slumberous watchman wakes and strikes the hour,
A mellow, measured, melancholy sound.
Midnight! the outpost of advancing day!
The frontier town and citadel of night!
The watershed of Time, from which the streams
Of Yesterday and To-morrow take their way,
One to the land of promise and of light,
One to the land of darkness and of dreams!

II.

O River of Yesterday, with current swift
Through chasms descending, and soon lost to sight,
I do not care to follow in thy flight
The faded leaves that on thy bosom drift!
O River of To-morrow, I uplift
Mine eyes, and thee I follow, as the night
Wanes into morning, and the dawning light
Broadens, and all the shadows fade and shift!
I follow, follow, where thy waters run
Through unfrequented, unfamiliar fields,
Fragrant with flowers and musical with song;
Still follow, follow; sure to meet the sun,
And confident, that what the future yields
Will be the right, unless myself be wrong.

III.

Yet not in vain, O River of Yesterday,
Through chasms of darkness to the deep descending,
I heard thee sobbing in the rain, and blending
Thy voice with other voices far away.
I called to thee, and yet thou wouldst not stay,
But turbulent, and with thyself contending,
And torrent-like thy force on pebbles spending,
Thou wouldst not listen to a poet's lay.

Thoughts, like a loud and sudden rush of wings,
 Regrets and recollections of things past,
 With hints and prophecies of things to be,
 And inspirations, which, could they be things,
 And stay with us, and we could hold them fast,
 Were our good angels, — these I owe to thee.

IV.

And thou, O River of To-morrow, flowing
 Between thy narrow adamantine walls,
 But beautiful, and white with waterfalls,
 And wreaths of mist, like hands the pathway showing;
 I hear the trumpets of the morning blowing,
 I hear thy mighty voice, that calls and calls,
 And see, as Ossian saw in Morven's halls,
 Mysterious phantoms, coming, beckoning, going!
 It is the mystery of the unknown
 That fascinates us; we are children still,
 Wayward and wistful; with one hand we cling
 To the familiar things we call our own,
 And with the other, resolute of will,
 Grope in the dark for what the day will bring.

II.

St. John's, Cambridge.

I STAND beneath the tree whose branches shade
 Thy western window, Chapel of St. John!
 And hear its leaves repeat their benison
 On him whose hand thy stones memorial laid;
 Then I remember one of whom was said
 In the world's darkest hour, "Behold thy son!"
 And see him living still, and wandering on
 And waiting for the advent long delayed.
 Not only tongues of the apostles teach
 Lessons of love and light, but these expanding
 And sheltering boughs with all their leaves implore,
 And say in language clear as human speech,
 "The peace of God, that passeth understanding,
 Be and abide with you forevermore!"

III.

The Broken Oar.

ONCE upon Iceland's solitary strand
 A poet wandered with his book and pen,
 Seeking some final word, some sweet Amen,
 Wherewith to close the volume in his hand.

The billows rolled and plunged upon the sand,
 The circling sea-gulls swept beyond his ken,
 And from the parting cloud-rack now and then
 Flashed the red sunset over sea and land.
 Then by the billows at his feet was tossed
 A broken oar; and carved thereon he read,
 "Oft was I weary, when I toiled at thee;"
 And like a man who findeth what was lost,
 He wrote the words, then lifted up his head,
 And flung his useless pen into the sea.

Henry W. Longfellow.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

XI.

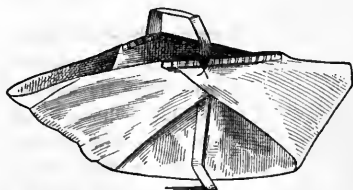
VI. WATER VESSELS, WOODEN WARE, AND POTTERY.

AMONG the earliest needs of man must have been baskets and water-vessels. Baskets we have already considered; but man could not always be within an arm's length of a brook, and he must needs have a cup or the equivalent of a bucket.

The Andamaner, with his coat of mud, is by common consent at the foot of the scale of humanity, and no one thought sufficiently of him to exhibit the shell, calabash, or cocoa-nut which serves for his drinking-cup, or the bamboo which forms his water-vessel. The *coco-demer* of the Seychelles, the plantain-leaf of the Australian, the bark bucket of the Iroquois Indian, the conch of the Mexican Gulf Indian, and the calabash of the Mohave were exhibited in their places, together with a multitude of other curious vessels involving more constructive ability.

In the South Australian exhibit in the Main Building was a bucket made of a folded plantain leaf. The word "south" in that part of the world has a cooler signification than with us, but the colo-

ny of South Australia runs clear across the island to the Bay of Carpentaria, a range of twenty-six degrees of latitude, and extends twelve degrees within the tropics. The plantain leaf is cheap and water-tight, and, though perishable, is



(Fig. 264.) Plantain-Leaf Bucket. South Australian Exhibit.

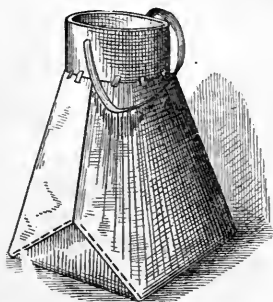
easily replaced; the work expended on it is not enough to make it valuable. It is folded up of a single leaf, corner folds being made without cutting gores. It will hold two and a half gallons of water.

The water-vessel of Timor, which is one of the nearest islands northeast of Australia, is made from an entire unopened leaf of the palm. The bamboo is, however, the usual water-jar of Malaysia. This was shown in the Netherlands colonies exhibit from the island of Java. The oil-vessels of tropical Australia are bamboos and turtle bladders. Among some of the Australian tribes the skull of a deceased person is used by the

nearest relative as a drinking-vessel. It is slung from the owner's neck by a cord of bulrush fibre, and carried everywhere. It is filled with water through the foramen, and is plugged with a wisp of grass.

The water-vessels of the Fijians are of bamboo and baked earthen vessels glazed with *kauri* gum.

Figures 265 and 266 are two sap buckets of birch bark, differing somewhat in construction, but each made of a single sheet of birch bark folded up at the corners. One has a hoop on top, forming a



(Fig. 265.) Birch Bark Sap Bucket. Iroquois Indians. National Museum Exhibit.

neck. Both have bark bail. They are used as sap-pails on the northern frontier of the United States and in Canada, where birch and maple abound. The examples shown are of Iroquois Indian manufacture.

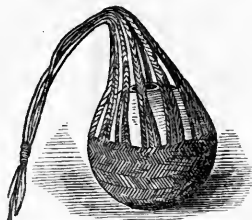
The Sandwich Islanders exhibited a number of the utensils of common life,



(Fig. 266.) Bark Sap Bucket. St. Regis Iroquois. National Museum Exhibit.

and among them the water-vessels, Figures 267, 268. The former is a three-pint calabash bottle, the gourd, being in

a sling of finely-plaited grass or split bark fibre. Figure 268 represents a much larger one from the same island.



(Fig. 267.) Calabash Bottle. Hawaiian Exhibit.

It is called a printed water-gourd, *Huewai pawehe*, and holds two and a half gallons; the sling is of coir.

The objects which properly fall within the range of the present article might be arranged in either of three orders: relative crudity, purpose, or geographical occurrence. The latter is as good as any, perhaps, and will be generally observed. We pass from the islands of the Pacific to the African continent, which has proved so fertile in objects adapted to our present subject of study.

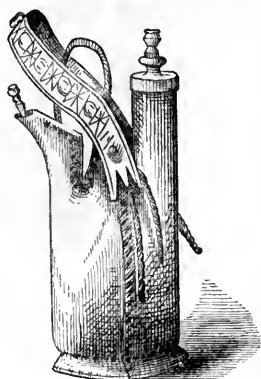
The collection brought from Central



(Fig. 268.) Water-Gourd. Hawaiian Exhibit.

Africa by Long Bey, of the Egyptian service, and exhibited in the Main Building, contained the black bottle, Figure 269, made of heavy leather sewed at the seams and having spouts for filling and drinking, each with an ivory stopper. It is slung by a brown leathern band, which has a black binding ornamented with green stripes. This plan of having two openings, like a tea-pot, is found in other places: for instance, two vessels from Mesopotamia, shown in the Turkish exhibit and to be noticed presently. The Niam-niams of the head-waters of the

Nile are very ingenious in carving wooden furniture and dishes from several of



(Fig. 269.) African Leather Bottle. Egyptian Exhibit.

the *Rubiaceæ*. King Munza's largest meat dish, five feet long and hewn from a single block, was kindly lent to Mr. Schweinfurth by the king to wash the traveler's clothes in. The king wore extravagant shirts of fig-bark, which would not bear the wash-tub. The Monbuttoos are said to be the only Africans who use a single edge graving tool which allows the forefinger to be rested on its back, permitting more delicacy of execution. The Bongos of the Upper Nile make horn spoons of good design.

Passing to the Gold Coast collection in the English colonies exhibit, we find a number of domestic utensils, usually made of a white wood and cut out of the solid block. Figure 270 is a palm-oil ladle, of white wood, and has a

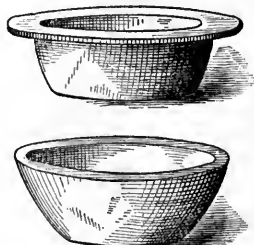


(Fig. 270.) Palm-Oil Ladle. Gold Coast Exhibit.

capacity of one quart. Its total length is twenty-two inches, and the bowl has a diameter of seven inches. The noggin used by the maple-sugar makers of the West is a similar instrument, but holds three times as much. The bowl of the noggin is

made out of a knot of maple or walnut, and, being well shaped and smooth, furnishes as handsome a ladle as one might wish to see. The Gold Coast exhibit, which now belongs to the British Museum, contained several wooden bowls from a foot to eighteen inches in diameter, hollowed by knives and scoopers out of solid wood. One of them had ornaments made with a hot iron; the others were mostly stained black. Another wooden spoon (Figure 272) shown in the same collection evinces the imitative tendency of the people, the handle being carved to represent the stock of a flint-lock musket; even the letters carved on the original are reproduced.

The Fans of the Gaboon make water-

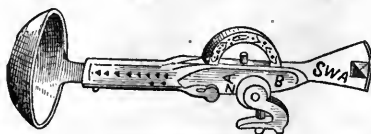


(Fig. 271.) Wooden Bowls of Africa. Gold Coast Exhibit.

vessels of large reeds, coated within and without with a vegetable gum laid on while hot. This imparts a disagreeable flavor to the water until the vessel has been used for some time; perhaps they care but little for that, and may come to like it, as the Romans did the resinous taste derived from their wine jars, which were made of baked clay without glazing and water-proofed with pitch.

The Makololo of the Zambesi are adepts at carved work, making wooden pots with lids, and jars and bowls of all sizes.

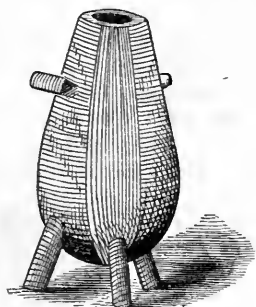
We come now to South Africa. The



(Fig. 272.) African Wooden Spoon. Gold Coast Exhibit.

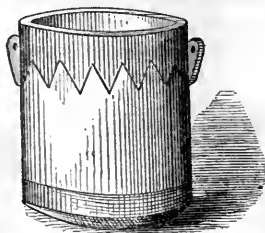
Kafirs are the most energetic, ingenious, and cruel of the tribes of that region.

They possess vessels of wood, earthenware, and woven grass. The Kafir makes excellent milk and beer pots, apparently choosing basket-work for the former and wood for the latter. The milk-pail is dug out of a solid block of willow-wood, chopped to shape on the outside and excavated by an *assegai* on the inside, which is fourteen inches deep and four inches across the mouth. The outside is usually ornamented with a hot iron. In making, it is buried in the earth, so that the man can have the use of both hands in scooping out the interior. It has two projecting ears, to en-



(Fig. 273.) Kafir Milk Jar. Cape of Good Hope Exhibit.

able the man who is milking to hold it with his knees. The vessel in which the Kafir makes and keeps his beer is a basket, and should he make it of wood he still imitates the basket pattern. The millet is ground and steeped, and the wort fermented. It would not probably be considered palatable by us, but, as it has the desired intoxicating effect, it is probably



(Fig. 274.) Wooden Milk Jar. Cape of Good Hope Exhibit.

as good for them as any other. The Kafirs sometimes use the paunch of an

animal for a water-vessel, and sometimes even the intestines. The ever-ready *assegai*, which is the javelin and



(Fig. 275.) Kafir Milk Pot. Cape of Good Hope Exhibit.

the knife of the Kafirs, is used also in making wooden spoons, upon which they lavish great pains, and which are used in eating the mush that constitutes their principal food.

None of the other tribes of South Africa show the ingenuity of the Kafirs. The Banyeti and Hottentots, however, carve wooden vessels: the former make large wooden jars with very neat lids; the Hottentot jars and bowls are of willow wood, roughed out with the native axe and hollowed with bent knives. They are rubbed with fat to prevent splitting; they hold from one quart to five gallons. The Hottentot substitute for a spoon is a brush made from the stem of a fibrous plant (*umphobo*), which is cut to a suitable length and one end



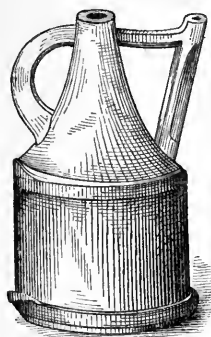
(Fig. 276.) Kafir Wooden Spoon. Cape of Good Hope Exhibit.

frayed out by pounding. The milk bag of the Bechuana is made from a piece of the skin of an ox, quagga, or zebra; it is almost two feet in length and one in width. It is of one piece, turned over and sewed along the meeting edges. Openings at the top and bottom are closed by conical plugs. Through the upper and larger opening fresh milk is poured into the bag and coagulated milk removed; through the lower one whey is drawn off. Milk is always soured before use. The Bosjesman uses the paunch of an animal for a water bag, or the emptied shell of an ostrich egg. The Balakahari, who have neither pot-

tery nor metal, use ostrich eggs and skins to carry water from the pools in the desert. The shells are carried in a net on the back. We can find nothing ranking beneath the gaunt inhabitant of the

"Pathless depths of the parched Karroo," and so turn to Asia.

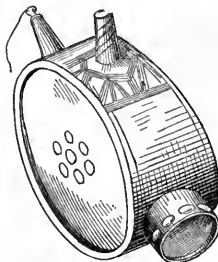
The wooden vessel used for carrying water in Mesopotamia was shown in the Turkish exhibit in the Main Building. Figure 277 consists of a section of a



(Fig. 277.) Wooden Water Bottle of Bagdad. Turkish Exhibit.

pine-tree, the inside hollowed out from below, and closed by a circular piece of wood exactly fitted into it. It is fifteen inches high and has two hoops. Figure 278 is a small, cask-shaped vessel, used for a similar purpose in Anatolia. The true cask, made

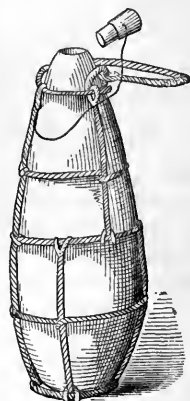
of staves and hoops, seems not to be in common use in Asia, outside of China and Japan. Still, it is not a modern contrivance. The Roman cask (*cupa*, Greek *κύπελλον*), consisting of wooden staves (*tabulae*) and bound with hoops (*circuli*), was used for wine, vinegar, and oil, for storage and transportation. Its diminutives (*cupula*, *cupella*) correspond to our firkin, keg, etc. (Fig. 278.) Anatolian Water Cask. Turkish Exhibit



The Koonawarese, on the upper Sutlej, have no clay fit for pots, and use wooden vessels hollowed out of blocks and strengthened with iron hoops, somewhat like the *cogs* of the Scotch Highlanders. In Sikkim, troughs for baths are obtained by hollowing a section of tree trunk; the water is heated by throwing in hot stones

with bamboo tongs. More massive and lasting is the stone trough made by order of Dootoogaimoonoo of Ceylon, in the second century B. C., still existing in the ruins of the palace of Anurádhapoorá. It is sixty-three feet in length, three and one half in width, and two feet ten inches in depth. It was prepared to hold drink for the priests! The Singhalese water-pot has a spout for pouring water in a stream into the mouth without touching the lips. India has vessels of all kinds: iron, bronze, brass, earthenware, calabash, cocoa-nut, and skins. The water for the Columbo garrison was, until lately, brought on the backs of bullocks in leathern vessels, known as *puckally bags*. Small leathern bags carried on the march are called *beasties*, a term picked up, probably, from the Scotch troops in the fort. The Japanese have basket-covered bottles and a multitude of other vessels, from the crudest bamboo bucket to the most elaborate productions of bronze and porcelain.

If we turn from Asia to America, we shall perceive the same variety of things, but without sameness. In the British colonies collection there was a gourd bottle from Trinidad (Figure 279) in slings of ratan. It is a common form in the West India islands. The calabash is eighteen inches high; the stopper is of agave pith. Coming over the hot sea



(Fig. 279.) Gourd Bottle. Trinidad. English Colonies Exhibit.



(Fig. 280.) Conch Shell Drinking-Cup. Alabama. National Museum Exhibit.

of the Caribs and the Mexican Gulf, we find a conch drinking-cup of the Alabama Indians. The interior portion of

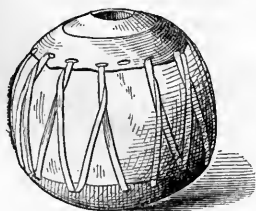
the shell has been cut out, leaving the larger portion of the longest whorl and



(Fig. 281.) Gourd Bottle of Mohaves. National Museum Exhibit.

the lip. It had a ceremonial use among the southern Indians, in the administration of the "black drink" referred to in the writings of explorers of a century since. Such were placed upon and in the mounds of the chiefs and Micos to whom they had belonged.

Earthenware vessels will be considered presently, as they were shown in sufficient number and variety to merit a separate grouping. Passing over the pottery of the Mexican and Pueblo Indians shown in the National Museum, Government Building, we notice two calabashes of the Mohave Indians of Arizona. Figure 281 is a calabash bottle made of a hard-shelled gourd inclosed in bark cords. It has a handle of wood. Figure 282 is a round calabash inclosed



(Fig. 282.) Mohave Calabash. National Museum Exhibit.

in raw-hide straps. These vessels are used for carrying water and holding seeds.

Figure 283 is a rude ladle or dipper of buffalo horn from the Pi-Utes of Southern Utah. Such utensils are made by softening the horn in embers or hot ashes, spreading the base, and drawing the tip out into a long handle. Some-

what allied in material, but of a rather unusual kind, is the small spoon (Figure 284) made of the upper mandible of the lesser puffin.

They are made by the Ya-kututs and Nush-e-gay Indians.

Figure 285 is a

mush paddle obtained among

the Hoopah Indians, Hoopah Valley, Klamath River,

California. Figure 286 is a small spoon

made of a marrow bone

by an individual of the

same tribe. Bone is

a favorite material for

the purpose, and the

remains of bone utensils

are found in ancient

graves and barrows. Several small

bone spoons were disinterred by Dr.

Schliemann in the excavations at Hissarlik in Asia Minor.

Figure 287 is a more ambitious affair,

a ladle made from a horn of the mountain sheep (big-horn, *Ovis montana*): the

handle ornament is like the fetich of the African, not alone in disposition but

in form. In making these utensils, as

also a great variety of small

vessels, the Indians take advantage of a curve in the horn near

the head. The horn

is rendered workable

by immersion in water

boiled by means of heated stones.

The nearly vertical

position of the handle is found in some

others of the illustrations, and resembles the Roman *simpulum*, a ladle to dip wine

out of a deep jar (*crater*).

Passing westward to the Pacific and



(Fig. 283.) Buffalo Horn Dipper. Pi-Utes. National Museum Exhibit.



(Fig. 284.) Spoon of Puffin's Bill. National Museum Exhibit.



(Fig. 285.) Mush Stick of Hoopah Indians. National Museum Exhibit.

Schliemann in the excavations at Hissarlik in Asia Minor.

Figure 287 is a more ambitious affair,



(Fig. 286.) Hoopah Bone Spoon. National Museum Exhibit.

a ladle made from a horn of the mountain sheep (big-horn, *Ovis montana*): the

handle ornament is like the fetich of the African, not alone in disposition but

in form. In making these utensils, as

also a great variety of small

vessels, the Indians take advantage of a curve in the horn near

the head. The horn

is rendered workable

by immersion in water

boiled by means of heated stones.

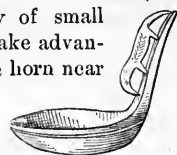
The nearly vertical

position of the handle is found in some

others of the illustrations, and resembles the Roman *simpulum*, a ladle to dip wine

out of a deep jar (*crater*).

Passing westward to the Pacific and



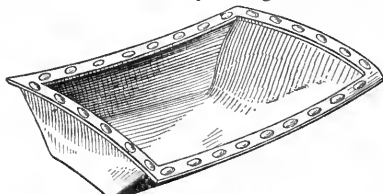
(Fig. 287.) Horn Ladle of Chinook Indians. National Museum Exhibit.

following the coast to Alaska, we find a number of vessels and utensils of markedly different character from any of the preceding, among the Makah Indians



(Fig. 288.) Makah Food Tray. National Museum Exhibit.

of Washington Territory and Puget's Sound; and the Haidahs of British Columbia and Alaska. Figure 288 is a Makah food tray hollowed out of a solid block of yew, and has at the end the peculiar device common to the group of tribes in that vicinity. Figure 289 is a



(Fig. 289.) Wooden Tray of Makahs. National Museum Exhibit.

wooden tray, having the characteristic ornamentation by *oliva* shells sunken into holes made for them in the upper edge of the tray; they are tapped in by a pestle-shaped stone hammer, and each shows the mark of the blow, being nearly all broken. The food dish of the Makahs (Figure 290) is also of yew



(Fig. 290.) Food Dish of Makah Indians. Washington Territory. National Museum Exhibit.

and carved from the solid wood. The specimen is from Nesah Bay, Washington Territory. The characteristic orna-



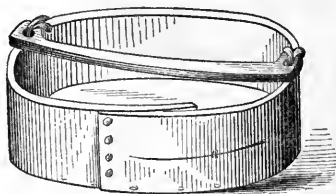
(Fig. 291.) Makah Horn Spoon. National Museum Exhibit.

mentation is very marked and elaborate, and the carving superior to anything

else we have offered in this section. Figure 291 is a horn spoon of the Makahs of Puget Sound. It is carved, and inlaid with the *haliotus* shell (sea ear).

The cooking vessels of the Ahts of Vancouver's Island are also hollowed out of wood, and the meat or fish is boiled therein by throwing in hot stones.

Figure 292 departs from the previously illustrated utensils of the vicinity. It



(Fig. 292.) Wooden Vessel of Northwest Coast. National Museum Exhibit.

is a *kantag*, or large wooden vessel made of one broad, bent slab of spruce, with a massive bottom inserted and secured by pegs. These vessels are used for the great ceremony of purification, which takes place once in six months among many of the northwest tribes.

Proceeding northward along the Pa-



(Fig. 293.) Haidah Dinner Bowl. National Museum Exhibit.

cific we reach the widely-spread Haidahs who occupy the coast of British Columbia and part of Alaska. The presence of the Russian power in Alaska is manifested in one feature of the ornamentation—the eagle. A rattle illustrated in a former number of this series had the two-headed eagle, in which the

origin of ornament was more definitely indicated than in the monocephalous dinner bowls of Alaska. Figure 293 is a wooden dish, scooped from a solid block. It is from British Columbia. Figure 294 is a Haidah tray of white wood from the southern portion of Alaska. It is carved to represent a swan, and has wings fancifully painted blue. Figure 295 is a boat-shaped train-oil dish

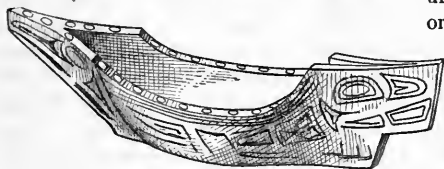
of yew; the characteristic ornament of haliotus shells is seen on the edge of the tray.

The horn spoon (Figure 296) of the Haidahs is lashed to a wooden handle.



(Fig. 294.) Haidah White Wood Tray. National Museum Exhibit.

With the end pointed it might be like the Roman *cochlear*, a spoon with a bowl



(Fig. 295.) Haidah Oil Dish. National Museum Exhibit.

at one end and a point at the other, for eating eggs and shell-fish.

Figure 297 is a wooden tray made by the Haidahs of Sitka. It involves an



(Fig. 296.) Haidah Horn Spoon. National Museum Exhibit.

entirely different mode of construction from any others here shown. The sides are made of one piece, cut away thin at



(Fig. 297.) Haidah Wooden Tray. National Museum Exhibit.

the corners, steamed and bent around so as to form the four sides, which are then pegged to the bottom piece.

The Kake Indians (a tribe of Haidahs), of Koro Island, Alaska, furnish us with two further illustrations, after which we may quit the Pacific coast. Figure

298 is a carved yew-wood oil vessel made in imitation of a rapacious bird, and with



(Fig. 298.) Yew-Wood Oil Dish of Koro Island. National Museum Exhibit.

its edge inlaid with haliotus shells. Figure 299 is a mush stick or berry scoop elaborately ornamented. An appropriate companion to the sap buckets (Figures 265, 266) is the wooden dipper or noggin of the Iroquois (Figure 300) in the same collection. It is formed from a maple or oak knot. The utensil is mentioned by Carver and other early travelers as being hollowed out by fire and finished with sharp stones, probably flakes. Steel tools are now used. The hook on the handle serves to suspend it.

One illustration, this time from New Zealand, and we have done with wooden



(Fig. 299.) Kake Mush Stick. National Museum Exhibit.

utensils. Figure 301, in fact, is not a utensil, but a carved wooden box, and so the association with the foregoing is reasonable. It shows the style of ornamentation of the Maoris, which may also be seen on their canoes, paddles, clubs, and spears, all of which are elaborately carved. The carving of the boxes is done by the chiefs themselves; their use is to hold the tail



(Fig. 300.) Iroquois Dipper. National Museum Exhibit.



(Fig. 301.) Carved Wooden Box. New Zealand Exhibit.

feathers of the bird called by the natives *E Elia* (*Neomorpha Gouldii*). It is al-

lied to the hoopoes; the tail feathers are dark glossy green tipped with white; they are worn by the chiefs in their hair.

Pottery. What had the Centennial to show of the crude in pottery? The proximately perfect work of China, Japan, Dresden, and Sèvres does not concern us now. We are studying the savages of the present day, in order to understand what were the methods of our forefathers in very early times; to judge how the art grew among our uncultivated progenitors, by watching how rude man acquits himself now.

Africa is our first field. Its northeastern corner gave arts and manufactures to Greece when as yet the name of the continent was Libya, and the country of Egypt was considered a part of Asia. "Libya begins where Egypt ends." (Herod. iv., xli.) Times have changed, and the word "African" has come to be synonymous with barbaric. We find much there to suit our present purpose.

Earthen vessels are made by working clay with water to develop its plasticity, and subsequently baking them. When well made they consist of something besides clay; but as no clay in its natural state is free from sand, and some clays are already well mixed with what is needful for ordinary ware, so the earthenware of some tribes is relatively good while that of others is fragile. Again, to make good ware the green vessels are baked and then burnt; few savage tribes understand this, and they generally content themselves with a hot fire of brushwood and have no idea of a kiln. Consequently, the best of their make is comparatively poor. There are three kinds: sun-dried, baked, burnt. The Africans understand the two former. The Egyptians used adobes in the Pyramid of Hawara, and sun-dried clay jars for liquids and ovens. Their granaries were also of clay, built up of the plastic material or of bricks. In the Upper Nile country the same practice prevails now.

The Golo (Upper Nile) corn granary is, perhaps, the most graceful of its class. The actual receptacle for the grain is

made of clay, and in the form of a goblet; it is covered with a conical roof of straw, which forms a movable lid. To preserve it from rats it is mounted on a stem pedestal, which is secured by buttresses at the base. The Niam-niams at the extreme head of the river have a similar large earthen pot, which is sometimes made of chopped straw and mud. In it they keep their *eleusine* and some maize. The sorghum, or doura, is not known among them, although common lower down the river. The Nubian granary is a shallow pit sunken in the ground and plastered.

It is not, however, large and rough earthen structures alone that we find in the Nile lands. The Egyptian commissioners apparently selected the bizarre and glittering, and gave us but few of the common utensils of the people. Figure 302 is a large earthenware jar from Upper Egypt.

It is rough as to its material and manufacture, but possesses merit in form. The Dyooors of the Upper Nile make large earthen vessels as accurately as if turned upon a wheel. The



(Fig. 302.) Earthen Jar. Egyptian Exhibit.

Bongos excel in making pots, some as large as three feet in diameter. They are burnt in the open air. They have no handles, but the outside is roughened by triangular, zigzag, and spiral lines and patterns. The water bottles are flat ovoids and are carried on the head, a circlet of leaves or of plaited straw intervening. Their gourd platters and bottles have dark triangular markings. Clay bowls for pipes are made of fanciful patterns, men's heads for instance. Figure 303 is a black clay bottle from Soudan. It holds one and a half gallons and the neck is ornamented by cross lines made on the plastic clay. Good pottery is made above Soudan among the Niam-niams, and in the land

of the cannibal race, the Monbuttoos, on the Welle River south of the Nile watershed. The Niam-niam earthen vessels are very symmetrical, from the water-flasks of enormous size down to the pretty little drinking-cups. Like the other tribes of the Nile, they fail to wash out the mica and add sand to the clay; the heat being insufficient to vitrify the sand, the ware is frangible. The women are the potters, the men the smiths and musicians. The cannibal Monbuttoos are good potters.

The Gold Coast of Africa was represented among other English colonies in



(Fig. 303.) Clay Bottle of Soudan. Egyptian Exhibit.

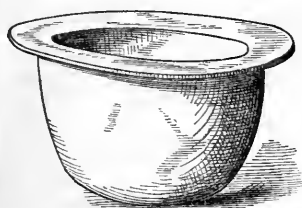
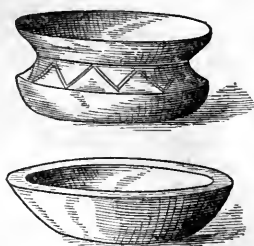


Fig. 304.) African Palm-Oil Pot. Gold Coast Exhibit.

the Main Building, and showed a number of native earthen pots and bowls of which, Figures 304 and 305 are illustrations. The former is used for boiling palm-nuts



(Fig. 305.) African Gold-Washing Bowl. Gold Coast Exhibit.

for oil. It is eighteen inches in diameter and has a partial glazing, probably from a sprinkling of salt in the fire. It is very rough and crude. Figure 305

shows two earthen bowls for gold washing. The upper one is black, the color being merely on the surface. The shape is peculiar, and the outside is ornamented with circular lines and other markings made in the plastic clay. The flaring rim serves as a handle. Many different sizes and shapes were shown. The Fans of the Gaboon make excellent cooking-pots of earthenware without a wheel; these are round and shallow like milk-pans. The Fans also make clay pipe bowls, and earthen water-bottles and vessels for palm wine shaped like the classic *amphora*. The vessels are molded by hand, dried in the sun, and burned in a fire.

The Africans of Lake Shriba, in the Zambesi country, make cooking, water, and grain pots ornamented with the graphite found in the hills.

The Kafir pottery is made by the women exclusively, and on a plan derived from their basket-making. Rolls made of the clay of ant-hills broken up and kneaded are laid upon each other in a spiral form, and the layers pinched together with the finger and thumb as the work proceeds. The black earthen vessels used by the Basutos for beer-pots are made in the same way, and baked by a fire of dry cow-dung in the open air. The Damaras use cooking-pots of clay. The Banyeti excel in pottery and iron smithing.

The Kafir granary is a pit dug in the cattle inclosure and plastered with puddled clay. The opening is just large enough to admit a man, is a little below the surface, is hermetically sealed, and hidden by a covering of earth. The wheat granary of the Barolongs is an enormous earthenware jar placed in the least exposed part of the hut. The Ovambo granary is a jar on supports with a conical thatched roof; the jars are made of palm leaves and clay.

Pottery is made extensively in Madagascar. Jars are used for holding and carrying water in every household. They are polished with a substance resembling graphite. The rice granary of the island is a beehive-shaped clay tower sixteen feet high, with an aperture at

the top closed by a stone. It is ascended with a ladder.

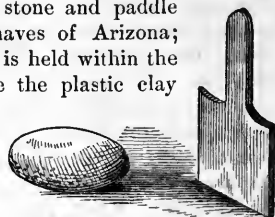
The art of making pottery is native in but few of the Polynesian Islands. Fiji is the most notable exception. The possession of earthenware carried with it the knowledge of boiling, which was quite a new thing to the natives of most of these islands. The principal use of pottery in Fiji is for cooking; the pots are made to hold from five to forty gallons. They are of two colors, red and brown, from red and blue clays tempered with sand. Their apparatus is a cushion, a flat stone, wooden scrapers, a round stone to hold against the sides of the vessel, and a sharp stick. They do not use a wheel, but lay up the clay by hand in rings like the Utah Indians and the Kafirs. The vessels are symmetrical, elaborately ornamented, and are made in divers curious forms: several vessels united and the interiors connected, others discharging through hollow handles, and hollow spheres with rising, hollow, arching handles united at top; some resemble the Peruvian, shown hereafter. Some are as large as a hoghead, furnished with a number of openings for filling and discharging; they are also made with covers and with holes in the lids. After drying in the sun they are ranked on the ground and a fire of dry leaves and other light stuff is made over them to bake them. This is not very perfectly done, and the ware is coarse and somewhat fragile. The glazing is done as among the ancient Romans, by rubbing the pots while still warm and bibulous with resin; gum kauri is used in Fiji.

The Pelew islanders make pots

of earthenware of an oval shape for cooking, but they are of poor quality.

Coming to North America we find the National Museum exhibit in the Government Building rich in Indian pottery

from the Southwest. Figure 306 is a conical dark earthen vessel, which is interesting as showing the probable form of the most primitive earthen vessels, taking for their mold or their model the V-shaped cooking baskets so common among savages. Figure 307 represents the potter's stone and paddle of the Mohaves of Arizona; the former is held within the vessel while the plastic clay is patted by the latter. The Mohaves store their grain and



(Fig. 307.) Potter's Stone and Paddle. Mohaves.

large earthen jars and osier baskets. Figure 308 is an earthen spoon or ladle rudely formed in imitation of a bird, and



(Fig. 308.) Mohave Earthen Spoon. National Museum Exhibit.

ornamented inside with red paint. The Pimo pottery is all red or brown, the latter a blending of

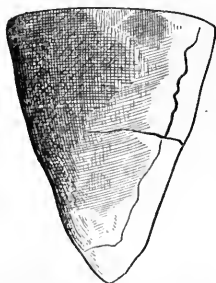
black and red; the forms and sizes are various: jars, bottles, basins, saucers, cups, ranging in capacity from six gallons to half a pint. They are ornamented and painted with black lines arranged in geometrical figures.

The terracotta vessels exhumed from mounds at St. George, Utah, are peculiar in the mode of making and the



(Fig. 309.) Earthen Vessel. Utah. National Museum Exhibit.

evidences of the process left on the ware. The clay is made into a sort of rope, and is coiled up roll on roll, each being secured to the one below it by pinching with the finger and thumb, or similar means. Each of the three shown in Figures 309, 310, 311, has some peculiarity



(Fig. 306.) Kuch Vessel. National Museum Exhibit.

of appearance; in some the pinch marks are rubbed out, in others disguised. Kafir and Fijians, as has been mentioned, use the same process of building up rolls of clay into shape. Figure 312 is a rude, three-cornered, small-necked, dark clay vessel for carrying water. It may be called a canteen. It is from a mound near St. George, Utah. Figure 313 is a deep bulging vessel, rudely ornamented



(Fig. 310.) Terra-Cotta Vessel. Utah. National Museum Exhibit.



(Fig. 311.) Terra-Cotta Jar. Utah. National Museum Exhibit.

with finger marks and ridges in patterns near the rim, and glazed with a vegetable gum. The southwestern Indians generally glaze their earthenware with *mescal* gum, which is laid on while the vessel is

still hot from burning. This varnish is quite durable and serves to make the ware impervious to water. Figure 314 is a rude cooking vessel of clay from the Mandan Indians of Fort Berthold. It resembles in its material, form, and ornamentation those formerly in use among the more Eastern tribes. At the beginning of the present century they were observed by Carver among the Nadowessieux or Sioux.



(Fig. 312.) Three-cornered Earthen Canteen. Utah. National Museum Exhibit.

The terra-cotta seed-pot (Figure 315) of the Yaquima Indians, Mexico, is made apparently in imitation of an animal's distended paunch, the veins and thick membranes being represented upon it. Figure 316 is a flat, bladder-shaped canteen, provided with loops, to which is attached a twisted cord for suspension about the person. In the dwelling of

nearly every Moqui or Shimmo, two or three of these canteens may be found suspended from the rafters. The double-handled canteen shape is shown in ancient Egypt. Figure 317 is a curious pitcher from the San Blas Indians of Mexico. It is peculiar in its close resemblance to a large class of earthen vessels found in the *chulpus* or tomb-towers of Peru. It has two apertures, one on either side of the nearly circular hollow handle. Figure 318 is a light-colored earthen vessel for water, made to resemble a mountain sheep by the Zunis of New Mexico. The pots of *lapis ollaris* collected by Schumaker from the islands off the coast of Lower California, — Santa Rosa, Santa Barbara, etc., — were hollowed out of the soft stone, and were a marked feature of the Indian exhibit.



(Fig. 314.) Mandan Cooking Pot. National Museum Exhibit.

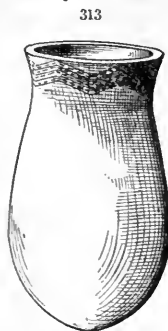
The collection of black pottery from Peru was large and varied. The shapes



(Fig. 315.) Terra-Cotta Seed Pot. Yaquimas. National Museum Exhibit.

are most curious and will be sufficiently indicated by the Figures 319-323 without detailed description.

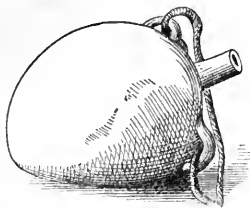
The similarity of many of the gro-



(Fig. 313.) Indian Jar. National Museum Exhibit.

Figure 318 is a light-colored earthen vessel for water, made to resemble a mountain sheep by the Zunis of New Mexico. The pots of *lapis ollaris* collected by Schumaker from the islands off the coast of Lower

tesque terra-cotta vessels from the lower strata of the excavations of Hissarlik, in Asia Minor, and those of Peru is strik-

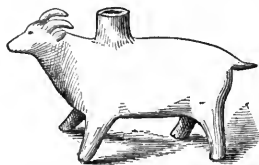


(Fig. 316.) Earthenware Canteen. Shimmos. National Museum Exhibit.

ing enough. Some of the pottery of old Ilium (if Schliemann's localization be correct) was turned on a wheel and some molded by hand. The clay contains iron, and the degree of burning has affected the color. The black ware is believed to have derived its color from carbon in the form of lamp-black or bitumen. The white filling in the ornamentation is white clay. The excavations yielded pig-shaped and hippopotamus-shaped vessels. The nine enor-



(Fig. 317.) San Blas Water Vessel. National Museum Exhibit.



(Fig. 318.) Zuni Water Vessel. National Museum Exhibit.

mous earthen jars found below the temple of Athena were nearly six feet high and over four feet in diameter. The



(Fig. 319.) Peruvian Terra Cotta. Peruvian Exhibit.

dolium, a large earthenware vessel of the Romans, held eighteen *amphoræ*, equal to

twenty-one and a half modern Roman barrels. It was used for storing produce, either liquid or dry. Some excavated



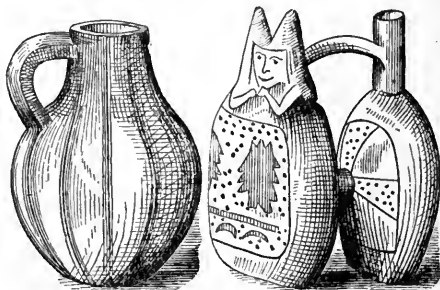
(Fig. 320.) Peruvian Terra Cotta. Peruvian Exhibit.

at Antium had sides three inches thick and abundantly large enough to serve in the "Forty Thieves" adventure. Di-



(Fig. 321.) Peruvian Terra Cotta. Peruvian Exhibit.

ogenes seems to have lived in one; the translation "tub" is a misnomer. The Roman *olla* was a large wide-mouthed flat-bottomed jar with a lid; it was used

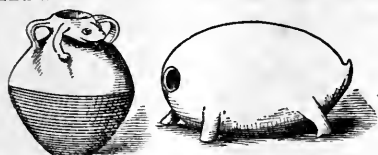


(Fig. 322.) Peruvian Terra Cotta. Peruvian Exhibit.

for storing grapes and also for cooking, like the French *pot-à-feu*.

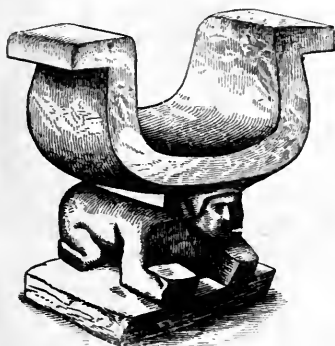
The potter's kiln is shown in Egyptian paintings, and was also quite anciently known in Asia and Europe. It is

mentioned in the reply to Arcesilaus of the Pythian oracle, “ If you happen to find a furnace filled with earthen vessels,



(Fig. 323.) Peruvian Terra Cotta. Peruvian Exhibit.

do not suffer them to be baked.” (Herod. iv., clxiii.) The potter’s wheel has been used in India and Ceylon from time im-



(Fig. 324.) Peruvian Chair. Peruvian Exhibit.
memorial. To speak of the pottery, wheels, and kilns of China and Japan would be outside of our scheme.

Figure 324 is an earthen throne from

Peru. It resembles in the shape of its seat and arms the Roman *sella curulis*, but has a different style of support.

The Uaupés of Brazil make large quantities of earthenware vessels of clay from the river mixed with the ashes of the



(Fig. 325.) Native Pottery from Paraguay. Argentine Republic Exhibit

caripé bark, and baked in a temporary furnace.

Earthen vessels from the Argentine Republic are shown in Figure 325, and resemble the Peruvian.

Edward H. Knight.

“ GOOD TIMES.”

Two happy words like far-off chimes
Sound cheerily to men, “ Good Times.”
Half-hushed in distance though they seem,
Their peal calls back hope gone astray,
And sings of help not far away, —
A daily trust, a nightly dream.

Ah when, ah how, shall be fulfilled
This deep desire, of God instilled?

Mock not the yearning of our race,
The forethought of some final good,
Which first flashed into human mood
When sword-flames blanch'd the first man's face!

For poet, warrior, saint, and king
Have served those chimes "Good Times" that ring,
In strength of deed and song and prayer:
And shall we say that, serpent-like,
Man on himself must turn and strike
The fangs of death, in last despair?

Despairing that the earth should know
An ending of the reign of woe?
Nay, hearken! Still that song, "Good Times"! —
Through storm and shine, from sea to sea,
That music, wrought invisibly,
Floats still, to fill all lands and climes.

Like bells of churches built for Christ, —
The meek, rejected, sacrificed,
The Promised and the Promiser, —
Like holy bells, this glad refrain
Shall greet the coming year again,
And set fond hearts with joy astir.

Yet dream not that the goal is won.
A thousand courses round the sun
Have steeped the world in broader light;
But woe is me! — look back, look back:
The fairest seasons in our track
Are but dead leaves, and dim as night.

And lo, where echoing spires arise
And kiss, to-day, the morning skies,
To-night the shapes of wrong and shame —
A quicksand shoal of faces — pass
And wither from the glare of gas
Back to the wild haunts whence they came.

What though the wheels of trade go round
And streets are full of jocund sound?
The weather-vane of work and play
And gusty grief can make no law:
But One long since the plan foresaw
And fashioned bright or dark our day.

Ah, man, your church-bells and your praise
And all your fortunate-seeming ways
Shall scarcely bring you to the mark!
Of truth of book and good of gold
What worth, unless your heart shall hold
The everlasting morning's spark?

George Parsons Lathrop.

A LOST LOVER.

FOR a great many years it had been understood in Longfield that Miss Horatia Dane once had a lover, and that he had been lost at sea. By little and little, in one way and another, her acquaintances had found out or made up the whole story, and Miss Dane stood in the position, not of an unmarried woman exactly, but rather of having spent most of her life in a long and lonely widowhood. She looked like a person with a history, strangers often said (as if we each did not have a history), and her own unbroken reserve about this romance of hers gave everybody the more respect for it.

The Longfield people paid willing deference to Miss Dane; her family had always been one that could be liked and respected, and she was the last that was left in the old home of which she was so fond. This was a high, square house, with a row of pointed windows in its roof, a peaked porch in front, with some lilac-bushes around it, and down by the road was a long, orderly procession of poplars, like a row of sentinels standing guard. She had lived here alone since her father's death, twenty years before. She was a kind, just woman, whose pleasures were of a stately and sober sort, and she seemed not unhappy in her loneliness, though she sometimes said gravely that she was the last of her family, as if the fact had a great sadness for her.

She had some middle-aged and elderly cousins living at a distance, and they came occasionally to see her; but there had been no young people staying in the house for many years until this summer, when the daughter of her youngest cousin had written to ask if she might come to make a visit. She was a motherless girl of twenty, both older and younger than her years. Her father and brother, who were civil engineers, had taken some work upon the line of a railway in the far Western country. Nelly had

made many long journeys with them before and since she had left school, and she had meant to follow them now after she had spent a fortnight with the old cousin whom she had not seen since her childhood. Her father had laughed at the visit as a freak, and had warned her of the dullness and primness of Longfield; but the result was that the girl found herself very happy in the comfortable home. She was still her own free, unfettered, lucky, and sunshiny self, and the old house was so much pleasanter for the girlish face and life that Miss Horatia had, at first timidly and then most heartily, begged her to stay for the whole summer, or even the autumn, until her father was ready to come East. The name of Dane was very dear to Miss Horatia, and she grew fonder of her guest: when the village people saw her glance at the girl affectionately, as they sat together in the family pew of a Sunday, or saw them walking together after tea, they said it was a good thing for Miss Horatia; how bright she looked; and no doubt she would leave all her money to Nelly Dane, if she played her cards well.

But we will do Nelly justice and say that she was not mercenary; she would have scorned such a thought. She had grown to have a great love for her cousin Horatia, and she liked to please her. She idealized her, I have no doubt; and her repression, her grave courtesy and rare words of approval had a great fascination for a girl who had just been used to people who chattered, and were upon most intimate terms with you directly, and could forget you with equal ease. And Nelly liked having so admiring and easily pleased an audience as Miss Dane and her old servant Mellissa. She liked to be queen of her company; she had so many gay, bright stories of what had happened to herself and her friends; beside, she was clever with her needle, and had all those practical

gifts which elderly women approve so heartily in girls. They liked her pretty clothes; she was sensible and economical and busy; they praised her to each other and to the world; for stubborn old Andrew, the man, to whom even Miss Horatia spoke deferentially, would do anything she asked. Nelly would by no means choose so dull a life as this for the rest of her days, but she enjoyed it immensely for the time being. She instinctively avoided all that would shock the grave dignity and old-school ideas of Miss Dane; and somehow she never had felt happier or better satisfied with life. I think it was because she was her best and most lady-like self. It was not long before she knew the village people almost as well as Miss Dane did, and she became a very great favorite, as a girl so easily can who is good-natured and pretty, and well versed in city fashions; who has that tact and cleverness that come to such a nature from going about the world and knowing many people.

She had not been in Longfield many weeks before she heard something of Miss Dane's love story; for one of her new friends said, in a confidential moment, "Does your cousin ever speak to you about the young man to whom she was engaged to be married?" and Nelly answered no, with great wonder, and not without regret at her own ignorance. After this she kept her eyes and ears open for whatever news of this lover's existence might be found.

At last it happened one day that she had a good chance for a friendly talk with Melissa,—for who should know about the family affairs better than she? Miss Horatia had taken her second-best parasol, with the deep fringe, and had gone majestically down the street to do some morning errands which she could trust to no one. Melissa was shelling peas at the shady backdoor-step, and Nelly came strolling round from the garden, along the clean-swept flag-stones, and sat down to help her. Melissa moved along, with a grim smile, to make room for her. "You need n't bother yourself," said she. "I've nothing else to

do; you'll green your fingers all over;" but she was evidently pleased to have company.

"My fingers will wash," said Nelly, "and I've nothing else to do, either; please push the basket this way a little, or I shall scatter the pods, and then you will scold." She went to work busily, while she tried to think of the better way to find out the story she wished to hear.

"There!" said Melissa, "I never told Miss H'ratia to get some citron, and I settled yesterday to make some pound-cake this forenoon, after I got dinner along a piece. She's most out o' mustard, too; she's set about having mustard to eat with her beef, just as the old colonel was before her. I never saw any other folks eat mustard with their roast beef; but every family has their own tricks. I tied a thread round my left-hand little finger purpose to remember that citron, before she came down this morning. I hope I ain't losing my fac'ties." It was seldom that Melissa was so talkative as this at first. She was clearly in a talkative mood.

"Melissa," asked Nelly, with great bravery, after a minute or two of silence, "who was it that my cousin Horatia was going to marry? It's odd that I should n't know; but I don't remember father's ever speaking of it, and I should n't think of asking her."

"I s'pose it'll seem strange to you," said Melissa, beginning to shell the peas a great deal faster, "but as many years as I have lived in this house with her,—her mother, the old lady, fetched me up,—I never knew Miss H'ratia to say a word about him. But there, she knows I know, and we've got an understanding on many things we never talk over as some folks would. I've heard about it from other folks. She was visiting her great-aunt in Salem when she met with him. His name was Carrick, and it was presumed they were going to be married when he came home from the voyage he was lost on. He had the promise of going out master of a new ship. They did n't keep company long; it was made up of a sudden, and folks

here didn't get hold of the story till some time after. I've heard some that ought to know say it was only talk, and they never were engaged to be married no more than I am."

"You say he was lost at sea?" asked Nelly.

"The ship never was heard from; they supposed she was run down in the night out in the South Seas, somewhere. It was a good while before they gave up expecting news, but none ever come. I think she set everything by him, and took it very hard losing of him. But there, she'd never say a word; you're the freest-spoken Dane I ever saw, but you may take it from your mother's folks. I know he gave her that whale's tooth with the ship drawn on it that's on the mantel-piece in her room; she may have a sight of other keepsakes, for all I know, but it ain't likely;" and here there was a pause, in which Nelly grew sorrowful as she thought of the long waiting for tidings of the missing ship, and of her cousin's solitary life. It was so odd to think of prim Miss Horatia's being in love with a sailor; there was a young lieutenant in the navy whom Nelly herself liked dearly, and he had gone away on a long voyage. "Perhaps she's been just as well off," said Melissa. "She's dreadful set, y'r cousin H'ratia is, and sailors is high-tempered men. I've heard it hinted that he was a fast fellow, and if a woman's got a good home like this, and 's able to do for herself, she'd better stay there. I ain't going to give up a certainty for an uncertainty,—that's what I always tell 'em," added Melissa, with great decision, as if she were besieged by lovers; but Nelly smiled inwardly as she thought of the courage it would take to support any one who wished to offer her companion his heart and hand. It would need desperate energy to scale the walls of that garrison.

The green peas were all shelled presently, and Melissa said, gravely, that she should have to be lazy now until it was time to put in the meat. She was n't used to being helped unless there was extra work, and she calculated to have

one piece of work join on to another. However, it was no account, and she was obliged for the company; and Nelly laughed merrily as she stood washing her hands in the shining old copper basin at the sink. The sun would not be round that side of the house for a long time yet, and the pink and blue morning-glories were still in their full bloom and freshness. They grew over the window, twined on strings exactly the same distance apart. There was a box crowded full of green houseleeks down at the side of the door; they were straying over the edge, and Melissa stooped stiffly down with an air of disapproval at their untidiness. "They straggle all over everything," said she, "and they're no kind of use, only Miss's mother she set everything by 'em. She fetched 'em from home with her when she was married; her mother kep' a box, and they came from England. Folks used to say they was good for bee stings." Then she went in to the inner kitchen, and Nelly went slowly away along the flag-stones to the garden from whence she had come. The garden-gate opened with a tired creak and shut with a clack, and she noticed how smooth and shiny the wood was where the touch of so many hands had worn it. There was a great pleasure to this girl in finding herself among such old and well-worn things. She had been for a long time in cities or at the West, and among the old fashions and ancient possessions of Longfield it seemed to her that everything had its story, and she liked the quietness and unchangeableness with which life seemed to go on from year to year. She had seen many a dainty or gorgeous garden, but never one that she had liked so well as this, with its herb bed and its broken rows of currant bushes, its tall stalks of white lilies and its wandering rosebushes and honeysuckles, that had bloomed beside the straight paths for so many more summers than she herself had lived. She picked a little nosegay of late red roses, and carried it into the house to put on the parlor table. The wide hall door was standing open, with its green outer blinds closed,

and the old hall was dim and cool. Miss Horatia did not like a glare of sunlight, and she abhorred flies with her whole heart. Nelly could hardly see her way through the rooms, it had been so bright out of doors; but she brought the tall champagne glass of water from the dining-room and put the flowers in their place. Then she looked at two silhouettes which stood on the mantel in carved ebony frames. They were portraits of an uncle of Miss Dane's and his wife. Miss Dane had thought Nelly looked like this uncle the evening before. She could not see the likeness herself, but the pictures suggested something else, and she turned suddenly and went hurrying up the stairs to Miss Horatia's own room, where she remembered to have seen a group of silhouettes fastened to the wall. There were seven or eight, and she looked at the young men among them most carefully, but they were all marked with the name of Dane: they were Miss Horatia's brothers, and our friend hung them on their little brass hooks again with a feeling of disappointment. Perhaps her cousin had a quaint miniature of the lover, painted on ivory and shut in a worn red morocco case; she hoped she should get a sight of it some day. This story of the lost sailor had a wonderful charm for the girl. Miss Horatia had never been so interesting to her before. How she must have mourned for the lover, and missed him, and hoped there would yet be news from the ship! Nelly thought she would tell her her own little love story some day, though there was not much to tell yet, in spite of there being so much to think about. She built a little castle in Spain, as she sat in the front window-seat of the upper hall, and dreamed pleasant stories for herself until the sharp noise of the front-gate latch waked her, and she looked out through the blind to see her cousin coming up the walk.

Miss Horatia looked hot and tired, and her thoughts were not of any fashion of romance. "It is going to be very warm," said she. "I have been worrying ever since I have been gone because I forgot to ask Andrew to pick

those white currants for the minister's wife. I promised that she should have them early this morning. Would you go out to the kitchen and ask Melissa to step in for a moment, my dear?"

Melissa was picking over red currants to make a pie, and rose from her chair with a little unwillingness. "I guess they could wait until afternoon," said she, as she came back. "Miss H'ratia's in a fret because she forgot about sending some white currants to the minister's. I told her that Andrew had gone to have the horses shod and would n't be back till near noon. I don't see why part of the folks in the world should kill themselves trying to suit the rest. As long as I have n't got any citron for the cake, I suppose I might go out and pick 'em," added Melissa, ungraciously. "I'll get some to set away for tea, anyhow."

Miss Dane had a letter to write after she had rested from her walk, and Nelly soon left her in the dark parlor and went back to the sunshiny garden to help Melissa, who seemed to be taking life with more than her usual disapproval. She was sheltered by an enormous gingham sun-bonnet.

"I set out to free my mind to your cousin H'ratia, this morning," said she, as Nelly crouched down at the opposite side of the bush where she was picking; "but we can't agree on that p'int, and it's no use. I don't say nothing; you might's well ask the moon to face about and travel the other way as to try to change Miss H'ratia's mind. I ain't going to argue it with her, it ain't my place; I know that as well as anybody. She'd run her feet off for the minister's folks any day, and though I do say he's a fair preacher, they have n't got a speck o' consideration nor fac'ly; they think the world was made for them, but I think likely they'll find out it was n't; most folks do. When he first was settled here I had a fit o' sickness, and he come to see me when I was getting over the worst of it. He did the best he could; I always took it very kind of him; but he made a prayer, and he kep' sayin' 'this aged handmaid,' I should think a dozen

times. Aged handmaid!" said Melissa, scornfully, "I don't call myself aged yet, and that was more than ten years ago; I never made pretensions to being younger than I am, but you 'd 'a' thought I was a topplin' old creatur' going on a hundred."

Nelly laughed; Melissa looked cross and moved on to the next currant bush. "So that's why you don't like the minister?" But the question did not seem to please.

"I hope I never should be set against a preacher by such as that," and Nelly hastened to change the subject, but there was to be a last word. "I like to see a minister that's solid minister right straight through, not one of these veneered folks. But old parson Croden spoilt me for setting under any other preaching."

"I wonder," said Nelly, after a little, "if cousin Horatia has any picture of that Captain Carrick?"

"He was n't captain," said Melissa. "I never heard that it was any more than they talked of giving him a ship next voyage."

"And you never saw him? he never came here to see her?"

"Bless you, no! She met with him at Salem, where she was spending the winter, and he went right away to sea. I've heard a good deal more about it of late years than I ever did at the time. I suppose the Salem folks talked about it enough. All I know is, there was other good matches that offered to her since and could n't get her, and I suppose it was on account of her heart's being buried in the deep with *him*;" and this unexpected bit of sentiment, spoken in Melissa's grummiest tone, seemed so funny to her young companion that she bent very low to pick from a currant twig close to the ground, and could not ask any more questions for some time.

"I have seen her a sight o' times when I knew she was thinking about him," Melissa went on, pleasantly, this time with a tenderness in her voice that touched Nelly's heart. "She's been dreadful lonesome. She and the old colonel, her father, was n't much com-

pany to each other, and she always kep' everything to herself. The only time she ever said a word to me was one night six or seven years ago this Christmas; they got up a Christmas-tree in the vestry, and she went, and I did, too; I guess everybody in the whole church and parish that could crawl turned out to go. The children they made a dreadful racket. I 'd ha' got my ears took off if I had been so forth-putting when I was little. I was looking round for Miss H'ratia 'long at the last of the evening, and somebody said they 'd seen her go home. I hurried, and I could n't see any light in the house, and I was afraid she was sick or something. She come and let me in, and I see she had been a-cryin'. I says, 'Have you heard any bad news?' but she said no, and began to cry again, real pitiful. 'I never felt so lonesome in my life,' said she, 'as I did down there; it's a dreadful thing to be left all alone in the world.' I did feel for her, but I could n't seem to say a word. I put some pine chips I had handy for morning on the kitchen fire, and I made her up a cup o' good hot tea quick 's I could, and took it to her, and I guess she felt better; she never went to bed till three o'clock that night. I could n't shut my eyes till I heard her come up-stairs. There, I set everything by Miss H'ratia. I have n't got no folks, either; I was left an orphan over to Deerfield, where Miss's mother come from, and she took me out o' the town farm to bring up. I remember when I come here I was so small I had a box to stand up on when I helped wash the dishes. There's nothing I ain't had to make me comfortable, and I do just as I'm a mind to, and call in extra help every day of the week if I give the word; but I've had my lonesome times, and I guess Miss H'ratia knew."

Nelly was very much touched by this bit of a story; it was a new idea to her that Melissa should have so much affection and be so sympathetic. People never will get over being surprised that chestnut burs are not as rough inside as they are outside, and the girl's heart warmed toward the old woman who had

spoken with such unlooked-for sentiment and pathos. Melissa went to the house with her basket, and Nelly also went in, but only to put on another hat and see if it were straight, in a minute spent before the old mirror, and then she hurried down the long elm-shaded street to buy a pound of citron for the cake. She left it on the kitchen table when she came back, and nobody ever said anything about it, only there were two delicious pound-cakes — a heart and a round — on a little blue china plate beside Nelly's plate at tea.

After tea Nelly and Miss Dane sat in the front door-way, the elder woman in a high-backed arm-chair and the younger on the door-step. The tree-toads and crickets were tuning up heartily, the stars showed a little through the trees, and the elms looked heavy and black against the sky. The fragrance of the white lilies in the garden blew through the hall. Miss Horatia was tapping the ends of her fingers together. Probably she was not thinking of anything in particular; she had had a very peaceful day, with the exception of the currants, and they had, after all, gone to the parsonage some time before noon. Beside this, the minister had sent word that the delay made no trouble, for his wife had unexpectedly gone to Downton to pass the day and night. Miss Horatia had received the business letter for which she had been looking for several days; so there was nothing to regret deeply for that day, and there seemed to be nothing for one to dread on the morrow.

"Cousin Horatia," asked Nelly, "are you sure you like having me here? are you sure I don't trouble you?"

"Of course not," said Miss Dane, without a bit of sentiment in her tone; "I find it very pleasant having young company. Though I am used to being alone, and I don't mind it so much as I suppose you would."

"I should mind it very much," said the girl, softly.

"You would get used to it, as I have," said Miss Dane. "Yes, dear, I like having you here better and better; I hate to

think of your going away;" and she smoothed Nelly's hair as if she thought she might have spoken coldly at first, and wished to make up for it. This rare caress was not without its effect.

"I don't miss father and Rob so very much," owned Nelly, frankly, "because I have grown used to their coming and going; but sometimes I miss people — Cousin Horatia, did I ever say anything to you about George Forest?"

"I think I remember the name," answered Miss Dane.

"He is in the navy, and he has gone a long voyage, and — I think everything of him; I missed him awfully, but it is almost time to get a letter from him."

"Does your father approve of him?" asked Miss Dane, with great propriety. "You are very young yet, and you must not think of such a thing carelessly. I should be so much grieved if you threw away your happiness."

"Oh, we are not really engaged," said Nelly, who felt a little chilled. "I suppose we are, too, only nobody knows yet. Yes, father knows him as well as I do, and he is very fond of him. Of course I should not keep it from father, but he guessed at it himself. Only it's such a long cruise, Cousin Horatia, — three years, I suppose, away off in China and Japan."

"I have known longer voyages than that," said Miss Dane, with a quiver in her voice; and she rose suddenly and walked away, this grave, reserved woman, who seemed so contented and so comfortable. But when she came back she asked Nelly a great deal about her lover, and learned more of the girl's life than she ever had before. And they talked together in the pleasantest way about this pleasant subject, which was so close to Nelly's heart, until Melissa brought the candles at ten o'clock, that being the hour of Miss Dane's bed-time.

But that night Miss Dane did not go to bed at ten; she sat by the window in her room, thinking. The moon rose late, and after a little while she blew out her candles, which were burning low. I suppose that the years which had come and gone since the young sailor had sailed

away on that last voyage of his had each added to her affection for him. She was a person who clung the more fondly to youth as she left it the further behind.

This is such a natural thing: the great sorrows of our youth sometimes become the amusements of our later years; we can only remember them with a smile. We find that our lives look fairer to us, and we forget what used to trouble us so much, when we look back. Miss Dane certainly had come nearer to truly loving the sailor than she had any one else, and the more she had thought of it the more it became the romance of her life. She no longer asked herself, as she often had done in middle life, whether if he had lived and had come home she would have loved and married him. She had minded less and less year by year, knowing that her friends and neighbors thought her faithful to the love of her youth. Poor, gay, handsome Joe Carrick! how fond he had been of her, and how he had looked at her that day he sailed away out of Salem harbor on the ship *Grandee*! If she had only known that she never should have seen him again, poor fellow!

But, as usual, her thoughts changed their current a little at the end of her reverie. Perhaps, after all, loneliness was not so hard to bear as other sorrows; she had had a pleasant life; God had been very good to her, and had spared her many trials and granted her many blessings. She would try and serve him better. "I am an old woman now," she said to herself. "Things are better as they are; God knows best, and I never should have liked to be interfered with."

Then she shut out the moonlight and lighted her candles again, with an almost guilty feeling. "What should I think if Nelly sat up till nearly midnight looking out at the moon?" thought she. "It is very silly, but it is such a beautiful night. I should like to have her see the moon shining through the tops of the trees;" but Nelly was sleeping the sleep of the just and sensible in her own room.

Next morning at breakfast Nelly was a little conscious of there having been uncommon confidences the night before, but Miss Dane was her usual calm and somewhat formal self, and proposed their making a few calls after dinner, if the weather were not too hot. Nelly at once wondered what she had better wear. There was a certain black grenadine which Miss Horatia had noticed with approval, and she remembered that the lower ruffle needed hemming, and made up her mind that she would devote most of the time before dinner to that and to some other repairs. So after breakfast was over she brought the dress downstairs, with her work-box, and settled herself in the dining-room. Miss Dane usually sat there in the morning; it was a pleasant room, and she could keep an unsuspected watch over the kitchen and Melissa, who did not need watching in the least. I dare say it was for the sake of being within the sound of a voice.

Miss Dane marched in and out that morning: she went up-stairs and came down again, and she was busy for a while in the parlor. Nelly was sewing steadily by a window where one of the blinds was a little way open and tethered in its place by a string. She hummed a tune to herself over and over:—

"What will you do, love, when I am going,
With white sails flowing, the seas beyond?"

and old Melissa, going to and fro at her work in the kitchen, grumbled out bits of an ancient psalm-tune, at intervals. There seemed to be some connection between these fragments in her mind; it was like a ledge of rock in a pasture, that sometimes runs under the ground and then crops out again. I think it was the tune of *Windham*.

Nelly found there was a good deal to be done to the grenadine dress when she looked it over critically, and she was very diligent. It was quiet in and about the house for a long time, until suddenly she heard the sound of heavy footsteps coming in from the road. The side-door was in a little entry between the room where Nelly sat and the kitchen; and the new-comer knocked loudly. "A tramp," said Nelly to herself, while

Melissa came to open the door, wiping her hands hurriedly on her apron.

"I wonder if you could n't give me something to eat," said the man.

"I suppose I could," answered Melissa. "Will you step in?" Beggars were very few in Longfield, and Miss Dane never wished anybody to go away hungry from her house. It was off the grand highway of tramps, but they were by no means unknown.

Melissa searched among her stores, and Nelly heard her putting one plate after another on the kitchen table, and thought that the breakfast promised to be a good one if it was late.

"Don't put yourself out," said the man, as he moved his chair nearer. "I put up at an old barn three or four miles above here, last night, and there did n't seem to be very good board there."

"Going far?" inquired Melissa concisely.

"Boston," said the man. "I'm a little too old to travel afoot. Now if I could go by water it would seem nearer. I'm more used to the water. This is a royal good piece o' beef. I suppose you could n't put your hand on a mug of cider?" This was said humbly, but the tone failed to touch Melissa's heart.

"No, I could n't," said she, decisively; so there was an end of that, and the conversation seemed to flag for a time.

Presently, Melissa came to speak to Miss Dane, who had just come downstairs. "Could you stay in the kitchen a few minutes?" she whispered. "There's an old creatur' there that looks foreign: he came to the door for something to eat, and I gave it to him; but he's miser'ble looking, and I don't like to leave him alone. I'm just in the midst o' dressing the chickens. He'll be through pretty quick, according to the way he's eating now."

Miss Dane followed her without a word, and the man half rose and said, "Good morning, madam," with unusual courtesy, and when Melissa was out of hearing he spoke again: "I suppose you have n't any cider?" to which his hostess answered, "I could n't give you any this morning," in a tone that left no room

for argument. He looked as if he had had a great deal too much to drink already.

"How far do you call it from here to Boston?" he asked, and was told that it was eighty miles. "I'm a slow traveler," said he; "sailors don't take much to walking." Miss Dane asked him if he had been a sailor. "Nothing else," replied the man, who seemed much inclined to talk; he had been eating like a hungry dog, as if he were half starved, — a slouching, red-faced, untidy-looking old man, with some traces of former good looks still to be discovered in his face. "Nothing else. I ran away to sea when I was a boy, and I followed it until I got so old they would n't ship me even for cook." There was something in his being for once so comfortable, perhaps it was being with a lady like Miss Dane, who pitied him, that lifted his thoughts a little from their usual low level. "It's drink that's been the ruin of me," said he. "I ought to have been somebody. I was nobody's fool when I was young. I got to be mate of a first-rate ship, and there was some talk o' my being captain before long. She was lost that voyage, and three of us were all that was saved; we got picked up by a Chinese junk. She had the plague aboard of her, and my mates died of it and I was sick; it was a hell of a place to be in. When I got ashore I shipped on an old bark that pretended to be coming round the Cape, and she turned out to be a pirate. I just went to the dogs. I've been from bad to worse ever since."

"It's never too late to mend," said Melissa, who came into the kitchen just then for a string to tie the chickens.

"Lord help me, yes, it is," said the sailor. "It's easy for you to say that; I'm too old. I ain't been master of this craft for a good while," and he laughed at his melancholy joke.

"Don't say that," said Miss Dane.

"Well, now, what could an old wrack like me do to earn a living, and who'd want me if I could? You would n't. I don't know when I've been treated so decent as this before. I'm all broke down;" but his tone was no longer sin-

cere; he had fallen back on his profession of beggar.

"Could n't you get into some asylum or — there 's the Sailors' Snug Harbor; is n't that for men like you? It seems such a pity for a man of your years to be homeless and a wanderer. Have n't you any friends at all?" and here, suddenly, Miss Dane's face altered, and she grew very white; something startled her. She looked as one might who saw a fearful ghost.

"No," said the man; "but my folks used to be some of the best in Salem. I have n't shown my head there this good while. I was an orphan. My grandmother brought me up. Why, I did n't come back to the States for thirty or forty years. Along at the first of it I used to see men in port that I used to know, but I always dodged 'em, and I was way off in outlandish places. I've got an awful sight to answer for. I used to have a good wife when I was in Australia. I don't know where I have n't been, first and last. I was always a hard fellow. I've spent as much as a couple o' fortunes, and here I am. Devil take it!"

Nelly was still sewing in the dining-room, but soon after Miss Dane had gone out to the kitchen one of the doors between had slowly closed itself with a plaintive whine. The round stone that Melissa used to keep it open had been pushed away. Nelly was a little annoyed; she liked to hear what was going on, but she was just then holding her work with great care in a place that was hard to sew, so she did not move. She heard the murmur of voices, and thought after a while that the old vagabond ought to go away by this time. What could be making her cousin Horatia talk so long with him? It was not like her, at all. He would beg for money, of course, and she hoped Miss Horatia would not give him a single cent.

It was some time before the kitchen door opened, and the man came out with clumsy, stumbling steps. "I'm much obliged to you," he said, "and I don't know but it is the last time I'll get treated as if I was a gentleman. Is

there anything I could do for you round the place?" he asked hesitatingly, and as if he hoped that his offer would not be accepted.

"No," answered Miss Dane. "No, thank you. Good-by," and he went away.

I said he had been lifted a little above his low life; he fell back again directly, before he was out of the gate. "I'm blessed if she did n't give me a ten-dollar bill!" said he. "She must have thought it was a one. I'll get out o' call as quick as I can; hope she won't find it out and send anybody after me." Visions of unlimited drinks and other things in which the old sailor found pleasure flitted through his stupid mind. "How the old lady stared at me once!" he thought. "Wonder if she was anybody I used to know? 'Downton?' I don't know as I ever heard of the place;" and he scuffed along the dusty road, and that night he was very drunk, and the next day he went wandering on, God only knows where!

But Nelly and Melissa both had heard a strange noise in the kitchen, as if some one had fallen, and had found that Miss Horatia had fainted dead away. It was partly the heat, she said, when she saw their anxious faces as she came to herself; she had had a little headache all the morning; it was very hot and close in the kitchen, and the faintness had come upon her suddenly. They helped her walk into the cool parlor presently, and Melissa brought her a glass of wine; and Nelly sat beside her on a footstool, as she lay on the sofa, and fanned her. Once she held her cheek against Miss Horatia's hand for a minute, and she will never know as long as she lives what a comfort she was that day.

Every one but Miss Dane forgot the old sailor-tramp in this excitement that followed his visit. Do you guess already who he was? But the certainty could not come to you with the chill and horror it did to Miss Dane. There had been something familiar in his look and voice from the first, and then she had suddenly known him, her lost lover. It was an awful change that the years

had made in him; he had truly called himself a wreck. He was like some dreary wreck, in its decay and utter ruin, its miserable ugliness and worthlessness, falling to pieces in the slow tides of a lifeless southern sea.

And he had once been her lover, Miss Dane thought many times in the days that came after. Not that there was ever anything asked or promised between them, but they had liked each other dearly, and had parted with deep sorrow. She had thought of him all these years so tenderly; she had believed always that his love had been greater than her own, and never once had doubted that the missing ship *Grandee* had carried with it down into the sea a heart that was true to her.

By little and little this all grew familiar, and she accustomed herself to the knowledge of her new secret. She shuddered at the thought of the misery of a life with him, and she thanked God for sparing her such shame and despair. The distance between them seemed immense. She had been a person of so much consequence among her friends, and so dutiful and irreproachable a woman. She had not begun to understand what dishonor is in the world; her life had been shut in by safe and orderly surroundings. It was a strange chance that had brought this wanderer to her door. She remembered his wretched untidiness. She would not have liked even to touch him. She had never imagined him grown old; he had always been young to her. It was a great mercy he had not known her; it would have been a most miserable position for them both; and yet she thought, with sad surprise, that she had not known she had changed so entirely. She thought of the different ways their roads in life had gone; she pitied him; she cried about him more than once, and she wished that she could know he was dead. He might have been such a brave, good man, with his strong will and resolute courage. God forgive him

for the wickedness which his strength had been made to serve. "God forgive him!" said Miss Horatia to herself, sadly, over and over again. She wondered if she ought to have let him go away and so have lost sight of him; but she could not do anything else. She suffered terribly on his account; she had a pity such as God's pity must be for even his willful sins.

So her romance was all over with; yet the town's-people still whispered it to strangers, and even Melissa and Nelly never knew how she had lost her lover in so strange and sad a way in her latest years. Nobody observed much change; but Melissa noticed that the whale's tooth had disappeared from its place in Miss Horatia's room, and her old friends said to each other that she began to show her age a great deal; she seemed really like an old woman now; she was not the woman she had been a year ago.

This is all of the story; but I so often wish when a story comes to an end that I knew what became of the people afterward. Shall I tell you that Miss Horatia clings more and more fondly to her young cousin Nelly; and that Nelly will stay with her a great deal before she marries, and sometimes afterward, when the lieutenant goes away to sea? Shall I say that Miss Dane seems as well satisfied and comfortable as ever, though she acknowledges she is not so young as she used to be, and somehow misses something out of her life? It is the contentment of winter rather than that of summer; the flowers are out of bloom now for her, and under the snow. And Melissa, will not she always be the same, with a quaintness and freshness and toughness like a cedar-tree, to the end of her days? Let us hope they will live on together and be untroubled this long time yet, the two good women; and let us wish Nelly much pleasure, and a sweet soberness and fearlessness as she grows older and finds life a harder thing to understand and a graver thing to know.

Sarah O. Jewett.

MR. STEDMAN'S POETRY.

OF the younger American poets, let me say those under forty-five years of age, Mr. Stedman may fairly be held to rank among the very few foremost (just now I shall not vex the reader or myself to decide what poets deserve to be placed before him, or who is to follow nearest after him) in native gift, poetical accomplishment, and public reputation. Without turning at once to his writings, I may observe that his name alone has come to suggest to many an atmosphere of manly effort and wholesome achievement, — not always of the nicest poetic art, but nearly always in the direction of the best and most lasting. As a general thing he seems to think that to stay at home is to go far enough, for his representative subjects are American, although he does not disguise his knowledge of the long-built supremacy and authority of English literature, his chief foreign sin appearing in a too frequent betrayal of Tennyson's floating musk in his singing-garments. His voice is oftenest, I believe, in the major key; there are few small sentimentalities to be observed in his poems, early or late; we feel in them the assurance of full-grown, vigorous, and courageous, though tender and gentle, manhood.

Mr. Stedman began life as a journalist; this may account for the ready disposition shown by him to take up contemporary interests and events as themes for his verse, — his habit from the first, — to which, doubtless, he owes much of the familiar currency of his poetry, for he has generally written of such subjects in an intelligible and attractive manner. Yet he has always or nearly always retained a proper sense of the dignity of the poet's office in treating them; and he has also cherished a scholar's nice pride in holding himself aloof from the vulgar devices that secure some writers the quick newspaper rounds of applause to-day, at the price of dead silence beyond the jurisdiction of those

hurried censors of the daily press whose voice is forgotten at midnight.

Before the appearance of his recent volume,¹ Mr. Stedman had published, in all, three distinct books of verse, the contents of which were comprehended in a single-volume edition of his poems issued four years ago. In this collective volume the poems of his first book, *Lyrics and Idyls*, are embraced under the head of *Early Poems*. These early poems include several among the most attractive that he has written: the first of the collection, however, *The Diamond Wedding*, seems hardly worthy of remark, except that while it was among the earliest of its author's occasional pieces it created what is called "a sensation" in the city journals when it first appeared. It had reference to a certain marriage at New York, in 1860, between a wealthy Cuban and a young American lady. It is a light satire, written in the stanza and style of Hood's *Miss Kilmansegg*, with considerable vivacity, a slight infusion of wit, and, of course, a moral. Mr. Stedman preserved it, perhaps, not because of his own mature approval, but because its ghost would haunt him anyhow; and besides, his older friends and early readers would probably have insisted on missing it.

Among the most satisfactory of Mr. Stedman's early pieces is *Bohemia: A Pilgrimage*, which, slightly recalling Tennyson's *Recollections of the Arabian Nights* in its form of stanza, is a pleasing, imaginative picture, full of airy, shifting landscapes and of kaleidoscopic changes, with the joys and sorrows, lights and shadows, of that sort of literary sojourn in fairyland, — a life where the conventional laws of society and many other uncomfortable things do not until the day after to-morrow obtrude themselves. The *Ballad of Lager Bier* is a bright and joyous piece, full of gay

¹ *Hawthorne and other Poems*. By E. C. Stedman. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1878

humor and pleasant German-romantic suggestions. The Freshet, especially in its outward frame-work, recalls the manner of Tennyson's college-student idyls, in which well-cultivated Mother Nature is approached face to face by young gentlemen in kid gloves; but the inside poem has a real New England flavor of experience, being the pathetic story (doubtless a true one) of a young husband and wife's death, in sight of all their companions powerless to save them, by the sweeping away of a bridge from which they were watching the breaking up of ice in a spring freshet. This is related, for the most part, in simply good strong blank verse, very effectively. Mr. Stedman's Penelope was manifestly taken out of the side of Tennyson's Ulysses wide-awake; yet it may be said of Ulysses itself that it would never have been written if Dante had not given the suggestions on which it is founded. Mr. Stedman's poem has merit of invention within itself: it is nowhere recorded, I believe, that the long-waiting wife of Ulysses, in her old age, perceived the restlessness of her much-wandering husband, and desired the privilege of accompanying him upon any last adventure. Penelope celebrates the constancy and heroic devotion of woman; it presents an ideal of proper wifehood, just as Ulysses supplies one of far-seeking, restless manhood, determined

"To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars."

Another piece with a classical subject, but treated in a more strictly classical manner, with no modern application or moral, may here be mentioned, although it occurs in a somewhat later period of Mr. Stedman's writing; I mean *Alectryôn*. It is a rendering, with full details of incident, of the Greek fable, wherein, for his remissness as a sentinel, the youth *Alectryôn* is changed by the god *Arês*, his master, into the

"Cock,
That evermore, remembering his fault,
Heralds with warning voice the coming Day."

Alectryôn, throughout, is well and vigorously wrought, containing fine imag-

inative passages and such strong, resonant lines as these spoken by *Arês*:—

"*Hēphæstos*, the lame cuckold, unto whose
Misshapen squalor *Zeus* hath given my queen,
To-night seeks *Lemnos*, and his sooty vault
Roofed by the roaring surge; wherein, betimes,
He and his *Cyclops* pound the ringing iron,
Forging great bolts for *Zeus*, and welding mail,
White-hot, in shapes for *Heroes* and the *Gods*."

No more sincerely classical piece than *Alectryôn*, in manner and feeling, occurs, so far as I know, in English poetry.

How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry is another of the early poems by Mr. Stedman; it shows his youthful sympathy with the "blind old Samson of our land," and with the wrongs which goaded John Brown to the final movement which, it may be believed, largely helped to precipitate the Southern rebellion and the downfall of slavery. It is nervous and forcible, not without pathos, but with some humorous touches natural at the time, and it ends with a prophetic strain which—since it was written before the Charlestown execution—was informed with genuine second-sight; it proves that to Mr. Stedman, if to any one, must be attributed the suggestion of the song describing the marching on of John Brown's soul:—

"But, Virginians, don't do it! for I tell you that
the flagon,
Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring, was
first poured by Southern hands;
And each drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like
the red gore of the dragon,
May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through
your slave-worn lands!
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
May trouble you more than ever, when you've
nalled his coffin down!"

Mr. Stedman's two longest poems are *Alice of Monmouth*: an Idyl of the Great War, and *The Blameless Prince*; each of which gave the title to a separate volume (both including collections of briefer poems) in its original publication. The story in *Alice of Monmouth* was invented, doubtless, in order that the author might present some war-experiences of his own eyes and ears, at Washington and in Virginia, during the first and second years of the Southern rebellion, in the second winter of which the poem was written.

The story is well conceived and well adapted for poetic treatment.

Many years after my first reading of this poem, in the atmosphere which gave it birth, it seems, on newly reading it, very touching in parts, and it must be found strongly moving by many, to whom it will bring back old trials and awaken the tenderness of old griefs. The story is unfortunately told, however, in a series of poetic chapters or divisions in various measures; in this respect bearing a resemblance to Tennyson's *Maud*, which is also occasionally echoed. It therefore fails somewhat of continuous narrative interest and effect. Some of the divisions of the poem are vigorously and vividly written; some of them have much delicate beauty of feeling and description; others are carelessly, indeed flimsily, constructed. The peace and quietness of the New Jersey life and landscape (with which Mr. Stedman was also familiar) is contrasted finely with the strange and novel life, landscapes, and experiences in the region of war.

This poem reproduces more truly than it is found elsewhere, so far as I know, the atmosphere of Washington during the first and second winters of the war: its neighboring battles and rumors of battles; the moving back and forth of troops, with artillery; its great outlying camps; its life, and the death-in-life of the hospitals, etc. There is good realistic power shown in one or two battle scenes: for example, the color-sergeant's camp-fire history of the cavalry skirmish in which Colonel Hugh van Ghelt was wounded. It is an accurate report, I should say, of the movement of cavalry, throughout. It interests one strongly, and stirs the latent soldier's blood in him. There are some short, crisp trochaic rhyme lines which give the very jolt of the brisk night-trot they describe. How much better Mr. Stedman might have made the entire poem we can imagine with regret. He was in too great haste to produce a long poem founded on the war, and during the heat and hurry of the time itself. The story presents, as has been said, a good ground-work of

material, but its best use is suggested rather than fully accomplished.

The Blameless Prince is hardly pleasing in its story, yet this is, perhaps, not one that can be called improbable. Doubtless many princes, as well as many men in humbler public position or in private life, go extolled for virtues that show themselves on the well-dressed surface, — indeed, with lives for the most part beneficent, — while they are themselves aware of, and not always inwardly shamed by or remorseful of, an undertow of vice which even their friends and families do not suspect. The queen of Mr. Stedman's Blameless Prince does not discover, until she is about to consecrate a costly memorial in honor of his blameless character, and make it the witness of her lasting grief and love, that another woman (whom he had met when first on his way to marry herself, then unknown by him, or only vaguely remembered from his childhood) has all along possessed in private the love pledged in public to her own royal person. The passage in which the poet relates the meeting in the abbey between the queen and the penitent, dying paramour of the dead prince, and receives her terrible confession, is perhaps the most powerful in the poem; it has much dramatic force. The queen's faith in the dead prince's love for herself alone holds out long; it gives way only when the dying woman produces, first, a signet-ring, given her by the prince at their last parting (which was intended as a final one, he having grown weary of his inward reproach; his accidental death at once made it final), and, after that, his youthful miniature, hung about her neck at their first parting many years previous and before his marriage. Now, the poor queen, convinced, curses the paramour, flies from her presence, and as her chariot moves away the passing-bell is heard tolling for the other's death. The shock of her dreadful knowledge overwhelms the queen, who returns to her palace skeptical of all goodness and truth, and shuts herself up with her absorbing misery. But when the morrow comes she nerves herself to act her

part in the ceremony of unveiling the prince's statue. Her assumed calm is credited to a proper royal pride, and

"Upon her front the people only read
Pale grief that clung forever to the dead."

But when at length she draws the veil and her husband's image stands forth, and she reads an unexpected inscription which says, —

"Of all great things this prince achieved his part,
Yet wedded love to him was worth them all,"

she is unable to endure the burden of her woe, her heart breaks, she falls dead; and the poem ends with a single stanza, saying, —

"Her people made her beauteous relics room
Within the chamber where her consort slept.
There rest they side by side. Around the tomb
A thousand matrons solemn vigil kept.
Long ages told the story of her reign,
And sang the nuptial love that had no stain."

The story of *The Blameless Prince* is fairly well managed throughout, holding the reader with interest, though perhaps it is impeded too much here and there by the author's own reflections on love, marriage, and morals. The verse, in six-line stanzas, iambic pentameter, throughout, like those I have quoted, is generally well wrought, rich, and strong, though sometimes needlessly harsh; and occasionally the rhyme which often steers a line to happy results compels an unhappy one, here and there creating an obscurity which makes it necessary to read and re-read the stanza to be assured of the poet's meaning; even then one does not always get it. Mr. Stedman seems to have been most successful in those parts of his work that required the more passionate and dramatic expression; the whole latter half of the poem is much superior to the other half. In the first part he is dealing with sentiment and romance; afterwards he is possessed with the stronger forces of passion, and the elements of romance are mixed with tragedy. We find tender landscapes and all the gentle charms of sight and sound in the earlier stanzas; later, we lose sight of these and become interested simply in the persons of the story. *The Blameless Prince* suggests, by its manner somewhat, and somewhat by its matter, one or two of William Morris's

renditions of old legends; but I think that, while Mr. Stedman is perhaps hardly so rich as that English poet in his diction, he has handled parts of his poem with a power which Morris has not indicated in any of his "stretched metre of an antique song." Morris's people are misty; they "come like shadows, so depart." Mr. Stedman's personages, on the contrary, are realized with vital distinctness. His story is hardly a pleasing one, I have said, yet it is highly poetical; and though closed in the atmosphere of distance and placed in another age, its real human element is not foreign nor of the past. The moral is disheartening, to say the least.

With one class of his poems, it seems to me, Mr. Stedman has earned the title of poet-laureate of our great commercial metropolis, as no other, unless it were Halleck, who did it in a lesser and slighter manner, has ever done. In two or three pieces he has given charming glimpses into the background of New York city history. Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call celebrates a feigned social episode in the reign of Peter the Headstrong (celebrated in prose by Irving), in the course of which the old Holland soldier is represented as having a vision of the municipal glory yet to be. The picture of the colonial manners and customs is sketched in a light and very pleasant manner.

Another piece, entitled *Fuit Ilium* (I am not sure but an English title would have been more desirable, though one recognizes the peculiar flavor of the Latin phrase from Virgil), is a poem which, at the same time that it describes the destruction of a colonial mansion in the city to make room for the progress of modern business, happily conveys the romantic aspects of New York society during the Revolutionary period, and, in the passing away of the old house materially, finely hints the downfall of a family and the evanescence of its associations and traditions with the social system contemporary. I know of no poem of the kind comparable to this one.

Pan in Wall Street, another of these poems of the commercial metropolis, may

be said to be the one classic inspiration of the great money market. It is full of brightness and vivacity; it is sweet with all happy, far-off suggestions which are the remotest opposites of modern business; it contains, it is true, the motley crowd of Wall Street, the loud, obstreperous roar of bulls and bears, — those financial beasts of prey, — with the gentle intrusion, however, of Sicilian shepherds out of Theocritus and the strain of old-world music from the "sweet do-nothing days" of pastoral poetry. Readers of *The Atlantic* are familiar with this poem, as it was originally printed in these pages.

The three poems last named, indeed, appear to me among the very best of Mr. Stedman's productions; they are thoroughly his own, and each in its way is delightful. I do not pretend to understand Israel Freyer's *Bid for Gold*; it is also a New York city piece.

Of Mr. Stedman's *Poems of Nature* it may be said that Mr. Stedman is hardly ever at his best as a poet of nature. One of these is introduced with a quotation, saying, —

"O ye valleys! O ye mountains!
O ye groves and crystal fountains!
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye!"

It is not the poet's fault, perhaps, that he has not lived with Nature, and only visits her at fitful seasons. The poems in the class above named are often artificial in tone, with constant allusion to the world, not forgetting it and reposing in the repose of nature. I dare say that, like Lamb, Hood, and others, our poet loves better "the sweet security of streets." Yet there is a true sense of natural beauty and delight in *Woods and Waters*, a melodious and eloquent piece. *Holyoke Valley* is a tender and pensive reminiscence of early life and school-days. Perhaps *Refuge in Nature* — not classed with the above, however — is the best piece having reference to a love for and satisfaction in nature.

Among Mr. Stedman's *Miscellaneous Poems* are several of a strikingly imaginative character: *Spoken at Sea*, *The Assault by Night*, and *The Hillside Door*,

for example. The first named has a weird, ghostly impression, like Uhland's *The Black Knight*, translated by Longfellow; it refers to the sudden appearance of the cholera on board the steamship *Virginia*, in 1866. *The Assault by Night* recalls, by likeness of subject (the poems are entirely different in treatment) Forceythe Willson's poem of *The Enemy*, once quoted in *The Atlantic*.

Of other mentionable poems, *The Duke's Exequy* suggests Longfellow's treatment of a mediæval theme; the subject is finely picturesque, and it is fitly presented. *Montagu* is a pretty ballad from a romantic incident in the life of Henry VIII.'s queen, Katherine; it is brightly and lightly told, with a touch of gay pathos at the close. I will also name *The Doorstep* as a lovely little romance of boyhood love, recalled with the fond regret of lost youth; and *Country Sleighing*, which presents a good, wholesome picture of rustic winter enjoyments.

Of the very few sonnets Mr. Stedman has written, one addressed to Bayard Taylor, with a copy of Homer's *Iliad*, has a touch of heroic vigor, and moves to its close with the resonance of a man in armor. Another, which I shall beg leave to repeat here, is found among his *Early Poems*; it is beautiful and touching; few sweeter words were ever addressed by a poet to his mother: —

A MOTHER'S PICTURE.

SHE seemed an angel to our infant eyes!
Once, when the glorifying moon revealed
Her who at evening by our pillow kneeled, —
Soft-voiced and golden-haired, from holy skies
Flown to her loves on wings of Paradise, —
We looked to see the pinions half concealed.
The Tuscan vines and olives will not yield
Her back to me, who loved her in this wise,
And since have little known her, but have grown
To see another mother tenderly
Watch over sleeping children of my own.
Perchance the years have changed her: yet alone
This picture lingers; still she seems to me
The fair young angel of my infancy.

I have already spoken generally of Mr. Stedman's *Occasional Poems*. That on *Fort Sumter* has, I believe, the distinction of being the first piece of value written on the earliest aggression of the Southern rebellion. Wanted — a Man had a popular appositeness at the time it

appeared (in September, 1862); it was the cry of a whole anxiously impatient people; and it is a fair example of Mr. Stedman's clear and vigorous treatment of current political themes.

Hitherto, only such poems have been named as occur in Mr. Stedman's collective volume; but into its last-mentioned class, Occasional Poems, would properly fall, in a new edition, the principal contents of his recent volume; for, besides its initial poem, Hawthorne, — written to be read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University last June, — the pieces entitled *News from Olympia*, *Kearney at Seven Pines*, *Custer*, *The Comedian's Last Night*, and *The Lord's-Day Gale*, making, with two or three others, the larger bulk of the volume, were each the result of some contemporary suggestion in person, incident, or event. In the poem on Hawthorne the poet invites his muse — accompanied by the Harp of New England Song, which he apostrophizes — to perform the critic's function in sketching the life, character, and work of the New England novelist, concerning whom it is not happily or truly said that "prose like his *was* poesy's high tone." Prose is prose always, no matter how poetical, and Hawthorne's prose was not, whether or not it sometimes had the tone of poetry. There is a stately movement throughout this production; it has strong, terse, imaginative lines and passages; but as a poem it is rather in passages than as a whole that it pleases.

The loneliness, seclusion, obscurity, of Hawthorne's earlier life are well suggested, and his education in the presence of New England nature is happily indicated. The different aspects of Hawthorne's character, too, are fairly illustrated with reference to certain of his persons in whom those aspects are reflected. Still, it is in the frequent graphic allusions to the figures from early New England history and life pictured in the novelist's works that one finds the best of Mr. Stedman's poems: for example, such lines as follow, describing generally the New Englanders upon Hawthorne's pages: —

"A qualut and stately throng:
Grave men of God who made the olden law,
Fair maidens, meet for love, —
All living types that to the coast belong
Since Carver from the prow thy headlands saw."

That last line is a fine, clear-cut one, condensing a whole chapter of history. And here is a stanza in which Hawthorne's wizard power over the ancient New England ghost-world is very strikingly illustrated: —

"What sibyl to him bore
The secret oracles that move and haunt?
At night's dread noon he scanned the enchanted glass,
Ay, and himself the warlock's mantle wore,
Nor to the thronging phantoms said *Avant*,
But waved his rod and bade them rise and pass;
Till thus he drew the lineaments of men
Who fought the old colonial battles three,
Who with the lustihood of Nature warred
And made her docile, — then
Wrestled with Terror and with Tyranny,
Twin wardens of the scaffold and the sword."

Another striking stanza well condenses the weird memories that Hawthorne's tales of the Province House and some of his witch-stories leave in the reader's mind, while the succeeding one indicates the dark and haunting influence of the novelist's genius: —

"Within the Province House
The ancient governors hold their brodered state, —
Still gleam the lights, the shadows come and go;
Here once again the powdered guests carouse,
The masquerade lasts on, the night is late.
Thrice waves a mist-invoking wand, and lo,
What troubled sight! What summit bald and steep
Where stands a ladder 'gainst the accursed tree?
What dark processions thither slowly climb?
Anon, what lost ones keep
Their midnight tryst with forms that evil be,
Around the witch-fire in the forest grim!

"Clearly the master's plan
Revealed his people, even as they were:
The prayerful elder and the winsome maid,
The errant roisterer, the Puritan,
Dark Pyncheon, mournful Hester, — all are there
But none save he in our own time so laid
His summons on man's spirit; none but he,
Whether the light thereof were clear or clouded,
Thus on his canvas fixed the human soul,
The thoughts of mystery,
In deep hearts by this mortal guise enshrouded,
Wild hearts that like the church-bells ring
and toll."

The close of the poem recalls the beginning, with its assumption that Hawthorne was "the one New Englander;" and, whether or not this is disputable, it seems hardly fit that the several elder living New England poets should be so reviewed and dwarfed by comparison.

Of other occasional poems in Mr. Stedman's new volume, that on Kearney at Seven Pines has his usual vigor of tone, with quickening touches of heroic spirit. The Comedian's Last Night is more in Mr. Stedman's acknowledged demesne; it is lively and has something of the gay-surfaced pathos that associates itself with an actor who finds his part must pass into other hands, and is loath to give it up; that for him the play is finally played, but yet the last applause rings in his ears and is sweet. Here are the closing stanzas:—

"Yes, thank you, boy, I'll take your chair
One moment, while I catch my breath.
D'ye hear the noise they're making there?
'T would warm a player's heart in death.
How say you now? Whate'er they write,
We've put that bitter gibe to shame;
I knew, I knew there burned to-night
Within my soul the olden flame!
Stand off a bit: that final round,—
I'd hear it ere it dies away
The last, last time! — there's no more sound:
So end the player and the play.

"The house is cleared. My senses swim;
I shall be better, though, anon, —
One stumbles when the lights are dim, —
'T is growing late: we must be gone.
Well, braver luck than mine, old friends!
A little work and fame are ours
While Heaven health and fortune lends,
And then — the coffin and the flowers!
The scattered garments? let them lie:
Some fresher actor (I'm not vain)
Will dress anew the part; but I —
I shall not put them on again."

A more ambitious piece is The Lord's-Day Gale, in which the poet describes, with realistic power, a storm which occurred in the Bay of St. Lawrence, in August, 1873, destroying many fishing-vessels from Gloucester, Massachusetts, with their crews. The coming on of the storm and its terrible progress, with resulting shipwreck, are vividly pictured in several of its stanzas. This terrible stroke of Providence far away is pathet-

ically and finely contrasted, in a stanza which follows, with the peace and gentleness of the Sabbath evening at the home of the lost fishermen:—

"The bedtime bells in Gloucester Town
That Sabbath night rang soft and clear;
The sailors' children laid them down, —
Dear Lord! their sweet prayers couldst thou hear?
'T is said that gently blew the winds;
The goodwives, through the seaward blinds,
Looked down the bay and had no fear."

The piece called The Discoverer may also be called an occasional poem, if, as would seem, it had its origin in the death of a "little kinsman" of the poet; it is one of the most simply pleasing pieces in Mr. Stedman's new book. It is written with a sort of happy, wayward artlessness that is very winning, and it is singularly cheerful and sweet in its suggestion of a child's gentle removal, when

"A winged pilot steered his bark
Through the portals of the dark,
Past hoary Mimic's well and tree,
Across the unknown sea."

I do not know who first called Mr. Stedman the American Praed. Somebody, I dare say, who had never read more than one piece of Mr. Stedman's and probably two by Praed. I should venture to select the piece entitled Edged Tools as the one specimen used to misname the American poet. But I have never read anything in Praed to prove that he was anything more than a clever and witty versifier. Mr. Stedman is, undoubtedly, a poet, — a poet whose most original vein is, perhaps, in light and essentially lyrical poems, but possessing occasional imaginative power, fine fancy, some dramatic vigor, true and tender sentiment, the quality of poetic passion, with knowledge to command and artistic skill to treat worthily many of the higher themes of poetry.

J. J. Piatt.

THE LOVES OF ALONZO FITZ CLARENCE AND ROSANNAH ETHELTON.

It was well along in the forenoon of a bitter winter's day. The town of East-port, in the State of Maine, lay buried under a deep snow that was newly fallen. The customary bustle in the streets was wanting. One could look long distances down them and see nothing but a dead-white emptiness, with silence to match. Of course I do not mean that you could *see* the silence, — no, you could only hear it. The sidewalks were merely long, deep ditches, with steep snow walls on either side. Here and there you might hear the faint, far scrape of a wooden shovel, and if you were quick enough you might catch a glimpse of a distant black figure stooping and disappearing in one of those ditches, and reappearing the next moment with a motion which you would know meant the heaving out of a shovelful of snow. But you needed to be quick, for that black figure would not linger, but would soon drop that shovel and scud for the house, thrashing itself with its arms to warm them. Yes, it was too venomously cold for snow shovelers or anybody else to stay out long.

Presently the sky darkened; then the wind rose and began to blow in fitful, vigorous gusts, which sent clouds of powdery snow aloft, and straight ahead, and everywhere. Under the impulse of one of these gusts, great white drifts banked themselves like graves across the streets; a moment later, another gust shifted them around the other way, driving a fine spray of snow from their sharp crests, as the gale drives the spume flakes from wave-crests at sea; a third gust swept that place as clean as your hand, if it saw fit. This was fooling, this was play; but each and all of the gusts dumped some snow into the sidewalk ditches, for that was business.

Alonzo Fitz Clarence was sitting in his snug and elegant little parlor, in a lovely blue silk dressing-gown, with cuffs

and facings of crimson satin, elaborately quilted. The remains of his breakfast were before him, and the dainty and costly little table service added a harmonious charm to the grace, beauty, and richness of the fixed appointments of the room. A cheery fire was blazing on the hearth.

A furious gust of wind shook the windows, and a great wave of snow washed against them with a drenching sound, so to speak. The handsome young bachelor murmured, —

"That means, no going out to-day. Well, I am content. But what to do for company? Mother is well enough, aunt Susan is well enough; but these, like the poor, I have with me always. On so grim a day as this, one needs a new interest, a fresh element, to whet the dull edge of captivity. That was very neatly said, but it does n't mean anything. One does n't *want* the edge of captivity sharpened up, you know, but just the reverse."

He glanced at his pretty French mantel clock.

"That clock's wrong again. That clock hardly ever knows what time it is; and when it does know, it lies about it, — which amounts to the same thing. Alfred!"

There was no answer.

"Alfred! . . . Good servant, but as uncertain as the clock."

Alonzo touched an electrical bell-button in the wall. He waited a moment, then touched it again; waited a few moments more, and said, —

"Battery out of order, no doubt. But now that I have started, I *will* find out what time it is." He stepped to a speaking-tube in the wall, blew its whistle, and called, "Mother!" and repeated it twice.

"Well, that's no use. Mother's battery is out of order, too. Can't raise anybody down-stairs, — that is plain."

He sat down at a rose-wood desk, leaned his chin on the left-hand edge of it, and spoke, as if to the floor: "Aunt Susan!"

A low, pleasant voice answered, "Is that you, Alonzo?"

"Yes. I'm too lazy and comfortable to go down-stairs; I am in extremity, and I can't seem to scare up any help."

"Dear me, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough, I can tell you!"

"Oh, don't keep me in suspense, dear! What is it?"

"I want to know what time it is."

"You abominable boy, what a turn you did give me! Is that all?"

"All,—on my honor. Calm yourself. Tell me the time, and receive my blessing."

"Just five minutes after nine. No charge,—keep your blessing."

"Thanks. It wouldn't have impoverished me, aunty, nor so enriched you that you could live without other means."

He got up, murmuring, "Just five minutes after nine," and faced his clock.

"Ah," said he, "you are doing better than usual. You are only thirty-four minutes wrong. Let me see . . . let me see. . . . Thirty-three and twenty-one are fifty-four; four times fifty-four are two hundred and thirty-six. One off, leaves two hundred and thirty-five. That's right."

He turned the hands of his clock forward till they marked twenty-five minutes to one, and said, "Now see if you can't keep right for a while . . . else I'll raffle you!"

He sat down at the desk again, and said, "Aunt Susan!"

"Yes, dear."

"Had breakfast?"

"Yes indeed, an hour ago."

"Busy?"

"No,—except sewing. Why?"

"Got any company?"

"No, but I expect some at half past nine."

"I wish I did. I'm lonesome. I want to talk to somebody."

"Very well, talk to me."

"But this is very private."

"Don't be afraid,—talk right along; there 's nobody here but me."

"I hardly know whether to venture or not, but"—

"But what? Oh, don't stop there! You *know* you can trust me, Alonzo,—you know you can."

"I feel it, aunt, but this is very serious. It affects me deeply,—me, and all the family,—even the whole community."

"Oh, Alonzo, tell me! I will never breathe a word of it. What is it?"

"Aunt, if I might dare"—

"Oh, please go on! I love you, and can feel for you. Tell me all. Confide in me. What is it?"

"The weather!"

"Plague take the weather! I don't see how you can have the heart to serve me so, Lon."

"There, there, aunty dear, I'm sorry; I am, on my honor. I won't do it again. Do you forgive me?"

"Yes, since you seem so sincere about it, though I know I ought n't to. You will fool me again as soon as I have forgotten this time."

"No, I won't, honor bright. But such weather, oh, such weather! You've got to keep your spirits up artificially. It is snowy, and blowy, and gusty, and bitter cold! How is the weather with you?"

"Warm and rainy and melancholy. The mourners go about the streets with their umbrellas running streams from the end of every whalebone. There's an elevated double pavement of umbrellas stretching down the sides of the streets as far as I can see. I've got a fire for cheerfulness, and the windows open to keep cool. But it is vain, it is useless: nothing comes in but the balmy breath of December, with its burden of mocking odors from the flowers that possess the realm outside, and rejoice in their lawless profusion whilst the spirit of man is low, and flaunt their gaudy splendors in his face whilst his soul is clothed in sackcloth and ashes and his heart breaketh."

Alonzo opened his lips to say, "You ought to print that, and get it framed,"

but checked himself, for he heard his aunt speaking to some one else. He went and stood at the window and looked out upon the wintry prospect. The storm was driving the snow before it more furiously than ever; window shutters were slamming and banging; a forlorn dog, with bowed head and tail withdrawn from service, was pressing his quaking body against a windward wall for shelter and protection; a young girl was plowing knee-deep through the drifts, with her face turned from the blast, and the cape of her water-proof blowing straight rearward over her head. Alonzo shuddered, and said with a sigh, "Better the slop, and the sultry rain, and even the insolent flowers, than this!"

He turned from the window, moved a step, and stopped in a listening attitude. The faint, sweet notes of a familiar song caught his ear. He remained there, with his head unconsciously bent forward, drinking in the melody, stirring neither hand nor foot, hardly breathing. There was a blemish in the execution of the song, but to Alonzo it seemed an added charm instead of a defect. This blemish consisted of a marked flattening of the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh notes of the refrain or chorus of the piece. When the music ended, Alonzo drew a deep breath, and said, "Ah, I never have heard *In the Sweet By and By* sung like that before!"

He stepped quickly to the desk, listened a moment, and said in a guarded, confidential voice, "Aunt, who is this divine singer?"

"She is the company I was expecting. Stays with me a month or two. I will introduce you. Miss" —

"For goodness' sake, wait a moment, aunt Susan! You never stop to think what you are about!"

He flew to his bed-chamber, and returned in a moment perceptibly changed in his outward appearance, and remarkably, snappishly, —

"Hang it, she would have introduced me to this angel in that sky-blue dressing-gown with red-hot lappels! Women never think, when they get a-going."

He hastened and stood by the desk, and said eagerly, "Now, aunt, I am ready," and fell to smiling and bowing with all the persuasiveness and elegance that were in him.

"Very well. Miss Rosannah Ethelton, let me introduce to you my favorite nephew, Mr. Alonzo Fitz Clarence. There! You are both good people, and I like you; so I am going to trust you together while I attend to a few household affairs. Sit down, Rosannah; sit down, Alonzo. Good-by; I shan't be gone long."

Alonzo had been bowing and smiling all the while, and motioning imaginary young ladies to sit down in imaginary chairs, but now he took a seat himself, mentally saying, "Oh, this is luck! Let the winds blow now, and the snow drive, and the heavens frown! Little I care!"

While these young people chat themselves into an acquaintanceship, let us take the liberty of inspecting the sweeter and fairer of the two. She sat alone, at her graceful ease, in a richly furnished apartment which was manifestly the private parlor of a refined and sensible lady, if signs and symbols may go for anything. For instance, by a low, comfortable chair stood a dainty, top-heavy work-stand, whose summit was a fancifully embroidered shallow basket, with vari-colored crewels, and other strings and odds and ends, protruding from under the gaping lid and hanging down in negligent profusion. On the floor lay bright shreds of Turkey red, Prussian blue, and kindred fabrics, bits of ribbon, a spool or two, a pair of scissors, and a roll or so of tinted silken stuffs. On a luxurious sofa, upholstered with some sort of soft Indian goods wrought in black and gold threads interwebbed with other threads not so pronounced in color, lay a great square of coarse white stuff, upon whose surface a rich bouquet of flowers was growing, under the deft cultivation of the crochet needle. The household cat was asleep on this work of art. In a bay-window stood an easel with an unfinished picture on it, and a palette and brushes on a chair beside it. There were books

everywhere: Robertson's Sermons, Ten-nyson, Moody and Sankey, Hawthorne, Rab and his Friends, cook-books, prayer-books, pattern-books, — and books about all kinds of odious and exasperating pottery, of course. There was a piano, with a deck-load of music, and more in a tender. There was a great plenty of pictures on the walls, on the shelves of the mantel-piece, and around generally; where coignes of vantage offered were statuettes, and quaint and pretty gim-cracks, and rare and costly specimens of peculiarly devilish china. The bay-window gave upon a garden that was ablaze with foreign and domestic flowers and flowering shrubs.

But the sweet young girl was the daintiest thing those premises, within or without, could offer for contemplation: delicately chiseled features, of Grecian cast; her complexion the pure snow of a japonica that is receiving a faint reflected enrichment from some scarlet neighbor of the garden; great, soft blue eyes fringed with long, curving lashes; an expression made up of the trustfulness of a child and the gentleness of a fawn; a beautiful head crowned with its own prodigal gold; a lithe and rounded figure, whose every attitude and movement were instinct with native grace.

Her dress and adornment were marked by that exquisite harmony that can come only of a fine natural taste perfected by culture. Her gown was of a simple magenta tulle, cut bias, traversed by three rows of light blue flounces, with the sel-vage edges turned up with ashes-of-roses chenille; overdress of dark bay tarleton, with scarlet satin lambrequins; corn-colored polonaise, *en panier*, looped with mother-of-pearl buttons and silver cord, and hauled aft and made fast by buff-velvet lashings; basque of lavender reps, picked out with valenciennes; low neck, short sleeves; maroon-velvet neck-tie edged with delicate pink silk; inside handkerchief of some simple three-ply ingrain fabric of a soft saffron tint; coral bracelets and locket-chain; coiffure of forget-me-nots and lilies of the valley massed around a noble calla.

This was all; yet even in this subdued

attire she was divinely beautiful. Then what must she have been when adorned for the festival or the ball?

All this time she has been busily chatting with Alonzo, unconscious of our inspection. The minutes still sped, and still she talked. But by and by she happened to look up, and saw the clock. A crimson blush sent its rich flood through her cheeks, and she exclaimed, —

"There, good-by, Mr. Fitz Clarence; I must go now!"

She sprang from her chair with such haste that she hardly heard the young man's answering good-by. She stood radiant, graceful, beautiful, and gazed, wondering, upon the accusing clock. Presently her pouting lips parted, and she said, —

"Five minutes after eleven! Nearly two hours, and it did not seem twenty minutes! Oh, dear, what will he think of me!"

At the self-same moment Alonzo was staring at *his* clock. And presently he said, —

"Twenty-five minutes to three! Nearly two hours, and I did n't believe it was two minutes! Is it possible that this clock is humbugging again? Miss Ethelton! Just one moment, please. Are you there yet?"

"Yes, but be quick; I'm going right away."

"Would you be so kind as to tell me what time it is?"

The girl blushed again, murmured to herself, "It's right down cruel of him to ask me!" and then spoke up and answered with admirably counterfeited unconcern, "Five minutes after nine."

"Oh, thank you! You have to go now, have you?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry."

No reply.

"Miss Ethelton!"

"Well?"

"You — you're there yet, *ain't* you?"

"Yes; but please hurry. What did you want to say?"

"Well, I — well, nothing in particular. It's very lonesome here. It's asking a great deal, I know, but woul-

you mind talking with me again by and by, — that is, if it will not trouble you too much?"

"I don't know — but I'll think about it. I'll try."

"Oh, thanks! Miss Ethelton? . . . Ah me, she's gone, and here are the black clouds and the whirling snow and the raging winds come again! But she said *good-by*! She did n't say good morning, she said *good-by*! . . . The clock was right, after all. What a lightning-winged two hours it was!"

He sat down, and gazed dreamily into his fire for a while, then heaved a sigh and said, —

"How wonderful it is! Two little hours ago I was a free man, and now my heart's in San Francisco!"

About that time Rosannah Ethelton, propped in the window-seat of her bed-chamber, book in hand, was gazing vacantly out over the rainy seas that washed the Golden Gate, and whispering to herself, "How different he is from poor Burley, with his empty head and his single little antic talent of mimicry!"

II.

Four weeks later Mr. Sidney Algeron Burley was entertaining a gay luncheon company, in a sumptuous drawing-room on Telegraph Hill, with some capital imitations of the voices and gestures of certain popular actors and San Franciscan literary people and Bonanza grandees. He was elegantly upholstered, and was a handsome fellow, barring a trifling cast in his eye. He seemed very jovial, but nevertheless he kept his eye on the door with an expectant and uneasy watchfulness. By and by a nobly lackey appeared, and delivered a message to the mistress, who nodded her head understandingly. That seemed to settle the thing for Mr. Burley; his vivacity decreased little by little, and a dejected look began to creep into one of his eyes and a sinister one into the other.

The rest of the company departed in due time, leaving him with the mistress, to whom he said, —

"There is no longer any question about it. She avoids me. She continually excuses herself. If I could see her, if I could speak to her only a moment, — but this suspense" —

"Perhaps her seeming avoidance is mere accident, Mr. Burley. Go to the small drawing-room up-stairs and amuse yourself a moment. I will dispatch a household order that is on my mind, and then I will go to her room. Without doubt she will be persuaded to see you."

Mr. Burley went up-stairs, intending to go to the small drawing-room, but as he was passing "aunt Susan's" private parlor, the door of which stood slightly ajar, he heard a joyous laugh which he recognized; so without knock or announcement he stepped confidently in. But before he could make his presence known he heard words that harrowed up his soul and chilled his young blood. He heard a voice say, —

"Darling, it has come!"

Then he heard Rosannah Ethelton, whose back was toward him, say, —

"So has yours, dearest!"

He saw her bowed form bend lower; he heard her kiss something, — not merely once, but again and again! His soul raged within him. The heart-breaking conversation went on: —

"Rosannah, I knew you must be beautiful, but this is dazzling, this is blinding, this is intoxicating!"

"Alonzo, it is such happiness to hear you say it. I know it is not true, but I am so grateful to have you think it is, nevertheless! I knew you must have a noble face, but the grace and majesty of the reality beggar the poor creation of my fancy."

Burley heard that rattling shower of kisses again.

"Thank you, my Rosannah! The photograph flatters me, but you must not allow yourself to think of that. Sweet-heart?"

"Yes, Alonzo."

"I am so happy, Rosannah."

"Oh, Alonzo, none that have gone before me knew what love was, none that come after me will ever know what happiness is. I float in a gorgeous cloud-

land, a boundless firmament of enchanted and bewildering ecstasy!"

"Oh, my Rosannah! — for you are mine, are you not?"

"Wholly, oh, wholly yours, Alonzo, now and forever! All the day long, and all through my nightly dreams, one song sings itself, and its sweet burden is, 'Alonzo Fitz Clarence, Alonzo Fitz Clarence, Eastport, State of Maine!'"

"Curse him, I've got his address, any way!" roared Burley, inwardly, and rushed from the place.

Just behind the unconscious Alonzo stood his mother, a picture of astonishment. She was so muffled from head to heel in furs that nothing of herself was visible but her eyes and nose. She was a good allegory of winter, for she was powdered all over with snow.

Behind the unconscious Rosannah stood "aunt Susan," another picture of astonishment. She was a good allegory of summer, for she was lightly clad, and was vigorously cooling the perspiration on her face with a fan.

Both of these women had tears of joy in their eyes.

"So ho!" exclaimed Mrs. Fitz Clarence, "this explains why nobody has been able to drag you out of your room for six weeks, Alonzo!"

"So ho!" exclaimed aunt Susan, "this explains why you have been a hermit for the past six weeks, Rosannah!"

The young couple were on their feet in an instant, abashed, and standing like detected dealers in stolen goods awaiting Judge Lynch's doom.

"Bless you, my son! I am happy in your happiness. Come to your mother's arms, Alonzo!"

"Bless you, Rosannah, for my dear nephew's sake! Come to my arms!"

Then was there a mingling of hearts and of tears of rejoicing on Telegraph Hill and in Eastport Square.

Servants were called by the elders, in both places. Unto one was given the order, "Pile this fire high with hickory wood, and bring me a roasting-hot lemonade."

Unto the other was given the order, "Put out this fire, and bring me two

palm-leaf fans and a pitcher of ice-water."

Then the young people were dismissed, and the elders sat down to talk the sweet surprise over and make the wedding plans.

Some minutes before this Mr. Burley rushed from the mansion on Telegraph Hill without meeting or taking formal leave of anybody. He hissed through his teeth, in unconscious imitation of a popular favorite in melodrama, "Him shall she never wed! I have sworn it! Ere great Nature shall have doffed her winter's ermine to don the emerald gauds of spring, she shall be mine!"

III.

Two weeks later. Every few hours, during some three or four days, a very prim and devout-looking Episcopal clergyman, with a cast in his eye, had visited Alonzo. According to his card, he was the Rev. Melton Hargrave, of Cincinnati. He said he had retired from the ministry on account of his health. If he had said on account of ill health, he would probably have erred, to judge by his wholesome looks and firm build. He was the inventor of an improvement in telephones, and hoped to make his bread by selling the privilege of using it. "At present," he continued, "a man may go and tap a telegraph wire which is conveying a song or a concert from one State to another, and he can attach his private telephone and steal a hearing of that music as it passes along. My invention will stop all that."

"Well," answered Alonzo, "if the owner of the music could not miss what was stolen, why should he care?"

"He should n't care," said the Reverend.

"Well?" said Alonzo, inquiringly.

"Suppose," replied the Reverend, "suppose that, instead of music that was passing along and being stolen, the burden of the wire was loving endearments of the most private and sacred nature?"

Alonzo shuddered from head to heel. "Sir, it is a priceless invention," said he; "I must have it at any cost."

But the invention was delayed somewhere on the road from Cincinnati, most unaccountably. The impatient Alonzo could hardly wait. The thought of Rosannah's sweet words being shared with him by some ribald thief was galling to him. The Reverend came frequently and lamented the delay, and told of measures he had taken to hurry things up. This was some little comfort to Alonzo.

One forenoon the Reverend ascended the stairs and knocked at Alonzo's door. There was no response. He entered, glanced eagerly around, closed the door softly, then ran to the telephone. The exquisitely soft, remote strains of the Sweet By and By came floating through the instrument. The singer was flattening, as usual, the five notes that follow the first two in the chorus, when the Reverend interrupted her with this word, in a voice which was an exact imitation of Alonzo's, with just the faintest flavor of impatience added, —

"Sweetheart?"

"Yes, Alonzo?"

"Please don't sing that any more this week, — try something modern."

The agile step that goes with a happy heart was heard on the stairs, and the Reverend, smiling diabolically, sought sudden refuge behind the heavy folds of the velvet window curtains. Alonzo entered and flew to the telephone. Said he, —

"Rosannah, dear, shall we sing something together?"

"Something *modern*?" asked she, with sarcastic bitterness.

"Yes, if you prefer."

"Sing it yourself, if you like!"

This snappishness amazed and wounded the young man. He said, —

"Rosannah, that was not like you."

"I suppose it becomes me as much as your very polite speech became you, Mr. Fitz Clarence."

"Mister Fitz Clarence! Rosannah, there was nothing impolite about my speech."

"Oh, indeed! Of course, then, I misunderstood you, and I most humbly beg your pardon, ha-ha-ha! No doubt you said, 'Don't sing it any more *to-day*.'"

"Sing *what* any more *to-day*?"

"The song you mentioned, of course. How very obtuse we are, all of a sudden!"

"I never mentioned any song."

"Oh, you *did n't*!"

"No, I *did n't*!"

"I am compelled to remark that you *did*."

"And I am obliged to reiterate that I *did n't*."

"A second rudeness! That is sufficient, sir. I will never forgive you. All is over between us."

Then came a muffled sound of crying. Alonzo hastened to say, —

"Oh, Rosannah, unsay those words! There is some dreadful mystery here, some hideous mistake. I am utterly earnest and sincere when I say I never said anything about any song. I would not hurt you for the whole world . . . Rosannah, dear? . . . Oh, speak to me, won't you?"

There was a pause; then Alonzo heard the girl's sobbings retreating, and knew she had gone from the telephone. He rose with a heavy sigh and hastened from the room, saying to himself, "I will ransack the charity missions and the haunts of the poor for my mother. She will persuade her that I never meant to wound her."

A minute later, the Reverend was crouching over the telephone like a cat that knoweth the ways of the prey. He had not very many minutes to wait. A soft, repentant voice, tremulous with tears, said, —

"Alonzo, dear, I have been wrong. You *could* not have said so cruel a thing. It must have been some one who imitated your voice in malice or in jest."

The Reverend coldly answered, in Alonzo's tones, —

"You have said all was over between us. So let it be. I spurn your proffered repentance, and despise it!"

Then he departed, radiant with fiend-

ish triumph, to return no more with his imaginary telephonic invention forever.

Four hours afterward, Alonzo arrived with his mother from her favorite haunts of poverty and vice. They summoned the San Francisco household; but there was no reply. They waited, and continued to wait, upon the voiceless telephone.

At length, when it was sunset in San Francisco, and three hours and a half after dark in Eastport, an answer came to the oft-repeated cry of "Rosannah!"

But, alas, it was aunt Susan's voice that spake. She said, —

"I have been out all day; just got in. I will go and find her."

The watchers waited two minutes — five minutes — ten minutes. Then came these fatal words, in a frightened tone, —

"She is gone, and her baggage with her. To visit another friend, she told the servants. But I found this note on the table in her room. Listen: 'I am gone; seek not to trace me out; my heart is broken; you will never see me more. Tell him I shall always think of him when I sing my poor Sweet By and By, but never of the unkind words he said about it.' That is her note. Alonzo, Alonzo, what does it mean? What has happened?"

But Alonzo sat white and cold as the dead. His mother threw back the velvet curtains and opened a window. The cold air refreshed the sufferer, and he told his aunt his dismal story. Meantime his mother was inspecting a card which had disclosed itself upon the floor when she cast the curtains back. It read, "Mr. Sidney Algernon Burley, San Francisco."

"The miscreant!" shouted Alonzo, and rushed forth to seek the false Reverend and destroy him; for the card explained everything, since in the course of the lovers' mutual confessions they had told each other all about all the sweethearts they had ever had, and thrown no end of mud at their failings and foibles, — for lovers always do that. It has a fascination that ranks next after billing and cooing.

IV.

During the next two months, many things happened. It had early transpired that Rosannah, poor suffering orphan, had neither returned to her grandmother in Portland, Oregon, nor sent any word to her save a duplicate of the woful note she had left in the mansion on Telegraph Hill. Whosoever was sheltering her — if she was still alive — had been persuaded not to betray her whereabouts, without doubt; for all efforts to find trace of her had failed.

Did Alonzo give her up? Not he. He said to himself, "She will sing that sweet song when she is sad; I shall find her." So he took his carpet sack and a portable telephone, and shook the snow of his native city from his arctics, and went forth into the world. He wandered far and wide and in many States. Time and again, strangers were astounded to see a wasted, pale, and woe-worn man laboriously climb a telegraph pole in wintry and lonely places, perch sadly there an hour, with his ear at a little box, then come sighing down, and wander wearily away. Sometimes they shot at him, as peasants do at aeronauts, thinking him mad and dangerous. Thus his clothes were much shredded by bullets and his person grievously lacerated. But he bore it all patiently.

In the beginning of his pilgrimage he used often to say, "Ah, if I could but hear the Sweet By and By!" But toward the end of it he used to shed tears of anguish and say, "Ah, if I could but hear something else!"

Thus a month and three weeks drifted by, and at last some humane people seized him and confined him in a private mad-house in New York. He made no moan, for his strength was all gone, and with it all heart and all hope. The superintendent, in pity, gave up his own comfortable parlor and bed-chamber to him and nursed him with affectionate devotion.

At the end of a week the patient was able to leave his bed for the first time. He was lying, comfortably pillowed, on a

sofa, listening to the plaintive Miserere of the bleak March winds, and the muffled sound of tramping feet in the street below, — for it was about six in the evening, and New York was going home from work. He had a bright fire and the added cheer of a couple of student lamps. So it was warm and snug within, though bleak and raw without; it was light and bright within, though outside it was as dark and dreary as if the world had been lit with Hartford gas. Alonzo smiled feebly to think how his loving vagaries had made him a maniac in the eyes of the world, and was proceeding to pursue his line of thought further, when a faint, sweet strain, the very ghost of sound, so remote and attenuated it seemed, struck upon his ear. His pulses stood still; he listened with parted lips and bated breath. The song flowed on, — he waiting, listening, rising slowly and unconsciously from his recumbent position. At last he exclaimed, —

"It is! it is she! Oh, the divine flatted notes!"

He dragged himself eagerly to the corner whence the sounds proceeded, tore aside a curtain, and discovered a telephone. He bent over, and as the last note died away he burst forth with the exclamation, —

"Oh, thank Heaven, found at last! Speak to me, Rosannah, dearest! The cruel mystery has been unraveled; it was the villain Burley who mimicked my voice and wounded you with insolent speech!"

There was a breathless pause, a waiting age to Alonzo; then a faint sound came, framing itself into language, —

"Oh, say those precious words again, Alonzo!"

"They are the truth, the veritable truth, my Rosannah, and you shall have the proof, ample and abundant proof!"

"Oh, Alonzo, stay by me! Leave me not for a moment! Let me feel that you are near me! Tell me we shall never be parted more! Oh, this happy hour, this blessed hour, this memorable hour!"

"We will make record of it, my Rosannah; every year, as this dear hour chimes from the clock, we will celebrate

it with thanksgivings, all the years of our life."

"We will, we will, Alonzo!"

"Four minutes after six, in the evening, my Rosannah, shall henceforth" —

"Twenty-three minutes after twelve, afternoon, shall" —

"Why, Rosannah, darling, where are you?"

"In Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. And where are you? Stay by me; do not leave me for a moment. I cannot bear it. Are you at home?"

"No, dear, I am in New York, — a patient in the doctor's hands."

An agonizing shriek came buzzing to Alonzo's ear, like the sharp buzzing of a hurt gnat; it lost power in traveling five thousand miles. Alonzo hastened to say, —

"Calm yourself, my child. It is nothing. Already I am getting well under the sweet healing of your presence. Rosannah?"

"Yes, Alonzo? Oh, how you terrified me! Say on."

"Name the happy day, Rosannah!"

There was a little pause. Then a diffident small voice replied, "I blush — but it is with pleasure, it is with happiness. Would — would you like to have it soon?"

"This very night, Rosannah! Oh, let us risk no more delays. Let it be now! — this very night, this very moment!"

"Oh, you impatient creature! I have nobody here but my good old uncle, a missionary for a generation, and now retired from service, — nobody but him and his wife. I would so dearly like it if your mother and your aunt Susan" —

"Our mother and our aunt Susan, my Rosannah."

"Yes, our mother and our aunt Susan, — I am content to word it so if it pleases you; I would so like to have them present."

"So would I. Suppose you telegraph aunt Susan. How long would it take her to come?"

"The steamer leaves San Francisco day after to-morrow. The passage is eight days. She would be here the 31st of March."

"Then name the 1st of April: do, Rosannah, dear."

"Mercy, it would make us April fools, Alonzo!"

"So we be the happiest ones that that day's sun looks down upon in the whole broad expanse of the globe, why need we care? Call it the 1st of April, dear."

"Then the 1st of April it shall be, with all my heart!"

"Oh, happiness! Name the hour, too, Rosannah."

"I like the morning, it is so blithe. Will eight in the morning do, Alonzo?"

"The loveliest hour in the day, — since it will make you mine."

There was a feeble but frantic sound for some little time, as if wool-lipped, disembodied spirits were exchanging kisses; then Rosannah said, "Excuse me just a moment, dear; I have an appointment, and am called to meet it."

The young girl sought a large parlor and took her place at a window which looked out upon a beautiful scene. To the left one could view the charming Nuuana Valley, fringed with its ruddy flush of tropical flowers and its plumed and graceful cocoa palms; its rising foothills clothed in the shining green of lemon, citron, and orange groves; its storied precipice beyond, where the first Kamehameha drove his defeated foes over to their destruction, — a spot that had forgotten its grim history, no doubt, for now it was smiling, as almost always at noonday, under the glowing arches of a succession of rainbows. In front of the window one could see the quaint town, and here and there a picturesque group of dusky natives, enjoying the blistering weather; and far to the right lay the restless ocean, tossing its white mane in the sunshine.

Rosannah stood there, in her filmy white raiment, fanning her flushed and heated face, waiting. A Kanaka boy, clothed in a damaged blue neck-tie and part of a silk hat, thrust his head in at the door, and announced, "'Frisco haole!'"

"Show him in," said the girl, straightening herself up and assuming a mean-

ing dignity. Mr. Sidney Algernon Burley entered, clad from head to heel in dazzling snow, — that is to say, in the lightest and whitest of Irish linen. He moved eagerly forward, but the girl made a gesture and gave him a look which checked him suddenly. She said, coldly, "I am here, as I promised. I believed your assertions, I yielded to your importunities, and said I would name the day. I name the 1st of April, — eight in the morning. Now go!"

"Oh, my dearest, if the gratitude of a life-time" —

"Not a word. Spare me all sight of you, all communication with you, until that hour. No, — no supplications; I will have it so."

When he was gone, she sank exhausted in a chair, for the long siege of troubles she had undergone had wasted her strength. Presently she said, "What a narrow escape! If the hour appointed had been an hour earlier — Oh, horror, what an escape I have made! And to think I had come to imagine I was loving this beguiling, this truthless, this treacherous monster! Oh, he shall repent his villainy!"

Let us now draw this history to a close, for little more needs to be told. On the 2d of the ensuing April, the Honolulu Advertiser contained this notice:—

MARRIED.—In this city, by telephone, yesterday morning, at eight o'clock, by Rev. Nathan Hays, assisted by Rev. Nathaniel Davis, of New York, Mr. Alonzo Fitz Clarence, of Eastport, Maine, U. S., and Miss Rosannah Ethelton, of Portland, Oregon, U. S. Mrs. Susan Howland, of San Francisco, a friend of the bride, was present, she being the guest of the Rev. Mr. Hays and wife, uncle and aunt of the bride. Mr. Sidney Algernon Burley, of San Francisco, was also present, but did not remain till the conclusion of the marriage service. Captain Hawthorne's beautiful yacht, tastefully decorated, was in waiting, and the happy bride and her friends immediately departed on a bridal trip to Lahaina and Haleakala.

The New York papers of the same date contained this notice:—

MARRIED.—In this city, yesterday, by telephone, at half past two in the morning, by Rev. Nathaniel Davis, assisted by Rev. Nathan Hays, of Honolulu, Mr. Alonzo Fitz Clarence, of Eastport, Maine, and Miss Rosannah Ethelton, of Portland, Oregon. The parents and several friends of the bridegroom were present, and enjoyed a sumptuous breakfast and much festivity until nearly sunrise, and then departed on a bridal trip to the Aquarium, the bridegroom's state of health not admitting of a more extended journey.

Toward the close of that memorable day, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Fitz Clarence were buried in sweet converse concerning the pleasures of their several bridal tours, when suddenly the young wife exclaimed: "O, Lonny, I forgot! I did what I said I would."

"Did you, dear?"

"Indeed I did. I made *him* the April fool! And I told him so, too! Ah, it was a charming surprise! There he stood, sweltering in a black dress suit, with the mercury leaking out of the top of the thermometer, waiting to be married.

You should have seen the look he gave when I whispered it in his ear! Ah, his wickedness cost me many a heartache and many a tear, but the score was all squared up, then. So the vengeful feeling went right out of my heart, and I begged him to stay, and said I forgave him everything. But he would n't. He said he would live to be avenged; said he would make our lives a curse to us. But he can't, *can* he, dear?"

"Never in this world, my Rosannah!"

Aunt Susan, the Oregonian grandmother, and the young couple and their Eastport parents are all happy at this writing, and likely to remain so. Aunt Susan brought the bride from the Islands, accompanied her across our continent, and had the happiness of witnessing the rapturous meeting between an adoring husband and wife who had never seen each other until that moment.

A word about the wretched Burley, whose wicked machinations came so near wrecking the hearts and lives of our poor young friends, will be sufficient. In a murderous attempt to seize a crippled and helpless artisan who he fancied had done him some small offense, he fell into a caldron of boiling oil and expired before he could be extinguished.

Mark Twain.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT.

Oh, well may Essex sit forlorn
Beside her sea-blown shore;
Her well beloved, her noblest born,
Is hers in life no more!

If early from the mother's side
Her favored child went forth,
Her pride so amply justified
Is in a hero's birth.

No lapse of years can render less
Her memory's sacred claim;

No fountain of forgetfulness
Can wet the lips of fame.

A grief alike to wound and heal,
A thought to soothe and pain,
The sad, sweet pride that mothers feel
To her must still remain.

Good men and true she has not lacked,
And brave men yet shall be;
The perfect flower, the crowning fact,
Of all her years was he!

As Galahad pure, as Merlin sage;
What worthier knight was found
To grace in Arthur's golden age
The fabled Table Round?

A voice, the battle's trumpet-note,
To welcome and restore;
A hand, that all unwilling smote,
To heal and build once more!

A soul of fire, a tender heart
Too warm for hate, he knew
The generous victor's graceful part
To sheathe the sword he drew.

The more than Sidney of our day,
Above the sin and wrong
Of civil strife, he heard alway
The angels' Advent song!

When Earth, as if on evil dreams,
Looks back upon her wars,
And the white light of Christ outstreams
From the red disk of Mars,

His fame who led the stormy van
Of battle well may cease,
But never that which crowns the man
Whose victory was Peace.

Mourn, Essex, on thy sea-blown shore
Thy beautiful and brave,
Whose failing hand the olive bore,
Whose dying lips forgave!

Let age lament the youthful chief,
And tender eyes be dim;
The tears are more of joy than grief
That fall for one like him!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A FRENCH POET OF THE OLD RÉGIME.

IN reading the history of what are notorious as corrupt periods, it seems to me that one ought to exercise a certain skepticism in behalf of humanity. If this poor world of ours is not quite so good as we should like it in our better moods, I think it is not so wholly bad, either, as it appears when we consider the lost condition of our neighbors. The satirists, who are for the most part great liars, are unhappily the best painters of contemporary manners, and History—a good, stupid, honest enough Muse—is too often dazzled by their brilliancy, and, resorting to them as authority, unconsciously applies their vivid colors to morals, and finally presents a type which is not really representative of the epoch. If society were what history or the morning paper paints it during some period of decadence, or after some “carnival of vice,” society would incontinently drop to pieces of its own rottenness. But the truth must be that in every corrupt age there is a vast amount of quiet virtue and purity, which form the real life of the community. Possibly one age differs from another rather in the appearance than in the fact of wickedness; the corrupt age is that in which immorality is the fashion, and we all know how many people are content with merely seeming to be of the fashion, while the great majority do not care to be of the fashion at all. A vicious court gives a vicious tone to gay society and the dependents of gay society in a capital, but even there the largest life remains untainted, and in the provinces only the idlest rich and the idlest poor are tainted. One can fancy the indignation of a good average Roman citizen at being told that certain historical pictures illustrate his character in the time of the later emperors; perhaps even an average Byzantine might justly resent the attribution of the historical iniquity of Constantinople to himself and his family; and a New Yorker of the reign of Mr.

Tweed, if he survived in spirit five hundred years hence, could rightfully reject the historical inference that a million New Yorkers, his contemporaries, were mostly thieves and ruffians, or shameless slaves, the culpable prey of municipal plunderers.

In all literature there is hardly a sweeter picture of domestic innocence and virtue than that which Jean François Marmontel gives of his early home in Limousin in the times of Louis XV., a prince whose vices cast a putrescent shimmer over the whole face of society. In no time could the same family have lived a worthier life, and apparently they were not exceptionally blameless among their neighbors. The tone of the humble community, poor, industrious, thrifty, was good, and it is not credible that the local gentry were much worse people than their tenants and dependents. In fact, the conditions portrayed and indicated are such as the optimist may dwell upon with consolation, and the charming interior, so to call it, which Marmontel has produced in the first chapter of his memoirs is one to delight alike the æsthetic and the moral sense. The father is a tailor by trade,—a man silent, reserved, grave, but full of the tenderest affection; the mother a woman of natural refinement and force of character, perfect housekeeper and conscientious parent, devout, intelligent, enthusiastic. Around these are grouped the good children, affectionate and obedient; the indulgent grandmother who keeps house and who pets them and feasts the children; the good aunts who help the mother and contribute in many ways to the comfort and prosperity of the family.

“The property on which we all subsisted was very small. Order, domestic arrangement, labor, a little trade, and frugality kept us above want. Our little garden produced nearly as many vegetables as the consumption of the

family required; the orchard afforded us fruit, and our quinces, our apples, and our pears, preserved with the honey of our bees, were, in winter, most exquisite breakfasts for the good old women and children. They were clothed by the small flock of sheep that folded at St. Thomas. My aunts spun the wool and the hemp of the field that furnished us with linen; and on the evenings, when, by the light of a lamp supplied with oil by our nut-trees, the young people of the neighborhood came to help us to dress our flax, the picture was exquisite. The harvest of the little farm secured us subsistence; the wax and honey of the bees, to which one of my aunts carefully attended, formed a revenue that cost but little; the oil pressed from our green walnuts had a taste and smell that we preferred to the flavor and perfume of that of the olive. Our buckwheat cakes, moistened, smoking hot, with the good butter of Mont d'Or, were a delicious treat to us. I know not what dish would have appeared to us better than our turnips and our chestnuts; and on a winter evening, while these fine turnips were roasting round the fire, and we heard the water boiling in the vase where our chestnuts were cooking, so relishing and so sweet, how did our hearts palpitate with joy! I well remember, too, the perfume that a fine quince used to exhale when roasting under the ashes, and the pleasure our grandmother used to have in dividing it among us. The most moderate of women made us all gluttons. Thus, in a family where nothing was lost, trivial objects united made plenty, and left but little to expend in order to satisfy all our wants. In the neighboring forests there was an abundance of dead wood, of little value; there my father was permitted to make his annual provision. The excellent butter of the mountain and the most delicate cheese were common, and cost but little; wine was not dear, and my father himself drank of it soberly."

"There are some reasons for suspecting the picture slightly flattered. It is the fond reminiscence of an old man look-

ing back over a varied and troubled career to his peaceful childhood, and it is the lesson of a father to his children, — of a father who has been all his life a sentimentalist, and who has written many moral tales for the edification of youth. Nevertheless, it bears marks of sincerity, and Marmontel was not so reluctant to paint other episodes of his life in darker colors that we need suppose he intentionally brightened this. The reader may safely take pleasure in it, I believe, as an idyl equally truthful and charming, and may trust it as another proof of the fact that there is no time or country so vicious but one may live virtuously in it. Not only do we here see a virtuous home in the France of Louis XV., but we find greater domestic peace under the same roof than it would be easy to find in those homes of the Anglo-Saxon race where aunts and grandmothers help to form the family circle; nay, there were great-grandmothers who sat on either side of the hearth, and there were grand-aunts as well as aunts to help compose the affectionate household of the Marmontels. The state of society in which it existed was apparently as simple and blameless as that of any old-fashioned New England community; and the mother of Marmontel had all the zeal of the best sort of American mother for her son's education and advancement in life. He repaid her intelligent love with the tenderest and most constant affection, and the ties of this early home were honored and cherished by the successful *littérateur* no less than by the ardent and devoted youth, who after his father's death became the stay of the whole family, educating his brothers, as he afterwards portioned his sister, out of the gifts of his good fortune or the gains of his toil.

Marmontel has told his story in one of the most entertaining books in the world, and whoever would know his story in full could not do himself a greater pleasure than to read that delightful autobiography. It is not merely Marimontel's story, but it is a study of life and manners from which one can learn more of the career of a literary

man under the *ancien régime* than from perhaps any other. It was once very much read, in all languages, and there are still enthusiasts for it, though it has now fallen into that kind of abeyance which seems to await, from time to time, good books of every kind; and it is chiefly the fathers and grandfathers of the present generation whom I risk wearying with a twice-told tale in giving a sketch of the hero's life and character. The church was naturally the path of advancement openest to a country youth of poor family, and Marmontel was soon in that habit of abbé which has clothed so much literary and political ambition in all Latin countries; yet he was not so soon destined for the church but he had time to fall in love with a pretty and good young girl of his village, or rather to enamor himself of her voluntarily, so as to be like the rest in that simple society, which, like our own, permitted their innocent passions to the village youths and maids. Marmontel's treatment of this affair, with the tragedy of his aunt's interference, and his own consequent desolation, and then, finally, the young girl's hurt affection and dignity when he appears before her in his abbé's dress, is all very touching. He was going to be a priest, and he came very near being a Jesuit, but his mother's strenuous opposition decided him against that order, and before he was ready to enter the church he had tasted the sweets of literary success in winning the prizes at certain Floral Games, or rhetorical contests, of the Academy of Toulouse, and he had been in correspondence with Voltaire, who advised him to come to Paris and adopt literature as his profession. It ended as such a question must with a man of Marmontel's sentimental, undeveloped temperament: he became a poet and not a priest. He became a tragic poet and the fashion; he gained money, much of which he gave to his family, and he kept himself undepraved through whatever wrong he did, having always the grace to be ashamed of his sins, which was not the case with too many of his contemporaries. He was at heart,

too, a modest man; he perceived, earlier than criticism, that he was not a great poet, but a very mediocre playwright, and he duly made favor with the powers that were for a public office, upon which he retired from literary activity for several years. When he returned to letters it was as the editor of the official journal, the *Mercury* of France, to which, owing his place to Madame Pompadour, he began to contribute his Moral Tales. Thereafter, he remained place-holder and poet, in a quiet way, all his life. Chosen, after long opposition, to the French Academy, he became the perpetual secretary of that body; he wrote tragedies and operas, now all forgotten, and when the days of the great Revolution came he remained a conscientious and moderate royalist. He became a member of the electoral assembly, in which he opposed the good conscience and the gentle voice of an obsolescent literary man to the fiery convictions and the resistless demagoguery of the republican leaders; a new election unseated him, and he gladly retired to the country. During the Terror he remained quiet, not to say obscure; but in 1797 he was sent to the national assembly, and he there defended the right of Catholic worship, which with all other forms of the Christian religion had been forbidden by the Revolution. He was made member of the Council of Ancients, and he remained at Paris in the exercise of his duties till his election was declared void, when he went back to his cottage at Ablonville. There he died suddenly of apoplexy on the 31st of December, 1799, in his seventy-seventh year.

He was but twenty-three when he first came up from his provincial capital to Paris in 1745, with not so much, even, as a tragedy in his pocket, but with the assurance of the great M. Voltaire's friendship, and with the promise of employment by the comptroller-general of finance. Alas (such is the sense of the great M. Voltaire's greeting to his young friend, whom he embraces with delight), the comptroller-general who has promised those fine things is just

out of favor, and Marmontel must shift for himself. Try the theatre, suggests M. Voltaire; try comedy; at the worst, try tragedy; and the young man, with mingled resolution and misgiving, applies himself (somewhat mechanically) to the art by which he is to thrive or fail. He has the rustic virtue of frugality, and it is amusing and touching to read how he prepares to husband the few *livres* remaining to him from the sale of a silver lyre, the prize of one of his literary contests before a provincial academy.

"I went and took a lodging at three half-crowns a month, near the Sorbonne, at a cook's house in Mason Street, where I had a tolerably good dinner for ninepence. I used to reserve a part of it for my supper, and I lived well. However, my six guineas would not have gone very far. But I found an honest bookseller who offered to buy the manuscript of my translation of *The Rape of the Lock*, and who gave me twelve guineas for it, but in promissory notes, and these notes were at long dates. A Gascon, whose acquaintance I had made at a coffee-house, discovered for me, in the street of St. André-des-Arts, a gro-

¹ Marmontel's account of his attempt to reconcile Mademoiselle Gaussin to his preference for Mademoiselle Clairon is one of the most amusing and characteristic passages of his history: "When the performers had granted me a free admission to the theatre, Mademoiselle Gaussin had been the most eager to solicit in my favor. It was she who played the parts of princesses; she excelled particularly in all tender parts, and such as required only the simple expression of love and grief. Beautiful, and of the most touching kind of beauty, with a tone of voice that went to the heart, and a look that when in tears had an inexpressible charm, her simplicity, when well placed, defied criticism. . . . Never did the jealousy of talent inspire more hatred than the beautiful Gaussin bore the young Clairon. The latter had not the same charm in her face; but, in her, the features, the voice, the look, the action, and above all the dignity, the energy of character, all accorded to express violent passion and elevated sentiment. . . . In a character of force, dignity, and enthusiasm, such as that of *Arétie*, I could not hesitate between her and her rival; and, in spite of my repugnance to disoblige the one, I determined to offer it to the other. The indignation of Mademoiselle Gaussin could not contain itself. . . . Mademoiselle Clairon became angry in her turn, and obliged me to follow her into the box of her rival; and there, without having told me what she was going to do: 'Here, Mademoiselle,' said she, 'I bring him to you, and to let you see whether I have beguiled him, whether I have even solicited the preference he has given

cer, who consented to take my notes in payment, provided I would purchase goods of him to that amount. I bought twelve guineas' worth of sugar of him; and after having paid him I entreated him to resell it for me. I lost but little by it; and with my six guineas of Montauban, and my eleven pounds fifteen shillings of my sugar, I was enabled to go on till the harvest of academic prizes, without borrowing of any one. Eight months of my lodging and my eating would only amount together to eleven guineas and a half. I had, therefore, near six guineas left for my other expenses. This was quite enough; for, by keeping in bed, I should burn less wood in winter. I might therefore go on with my literary labors till midsummer, without inquietude; and, if I gained the prize at the academy, which was twenty guineas, I should get through the year."

Under these severe conditions his talent acted promptly; his Dionysius the Tyrant, quickly finished and offered to the theatre, involved him in lasting displeasures with one great actress and won him the lifelong favor of another;¹ what

me, I declare to you, and I declare to him, that, if I accept the part, it shall only be from your hand.' With these words she threw the manuscript on the toilet-table in the box, and left me there.

"I was then twenty-four, and I found myself tête-à-tête with the most beautiful woman in the world. Her trembling hands clasped mine, and I may say that her fine eyes were fixed like suppliants on mine. 'What then have I done to you,' said she, with her gentle voice, 'to deserve the humiliation and the grief you cause me? When M. de Voltaire requested for you a free admission to this theatre, it was I who spoke for you. When you read your tragedy, no one was more alive to its beauties than I. I listened attentively to the part of *Arétie*; and I was too much affected by it not to flatter myself that I should play it as I felt it. Why then deprive me of it? It belongs to me by the right of seniority, and perhaps by some other title. You do me an injury by giving it to any other, and I doubt whether you benefit yourself. Believe me, it is not the noise of labored declamation that suits this character. Reflect well on it. My own success is dear to me, but yours is not less so, and it would be a grateful pleasure to me to have contributed to it.'

"I confess that the effort I made over myself was painful. My eyes, my ears, my heart, were exposed without defense to the gentlest of enchantments. Charmed by all my senses, moved to the bottom of my heart, I was in immediate danger of falling at the knees of her who seemed disposed to receive me kindly. But the fate of my work de-

profited more, it won him the public applause and made his way in the great world upon which he had so adventurously launched himself. In that world he continued thenceforward to live, prosperously for the most part, and cheerfully nearly always. He did not live blamelessly nearly always, but he had his compunctions, as I have said; he repented of his follies, and in the memoir written for his children, at the suggestion of his wife, he owns his errors with contrition, and has no doubt but they were bad. The good in him triumphed; he never confounded evil with it; and in the end, the world-worn man had a heart in which the vital distinctions between right and wrong were kept as clear as in the days of his unsullied youth. It is impossible not to like Marmontel; he is so gentle, so kindly, so true to his friends, so constant to his humble family, so manly with all his suppleness, so devoted to good with all his transgressions. It was indeed a strange world of which he was a part, — a world full of many more than the ordinary contradictions, of license without liberty, of elegance and refinement without delicacy, of superstition without belief, of authority without respect. Sooner or later the figures of the time distinguished in society and in literature appear in Marmontel's picture, sketched with a subtle touch of which it is hard to doubt the truth, and characterized with a neatness of which our race has never

pendent on it, my only hope, and the well-being of my poor children; and the alternative of failure or complete success was so vividly present to my mind that this interest prevailed over all the emotions with which I was agitated.

"Mademoiselle," said I, "were I so happy as to have written such a part as that of Andromaque, Iphigénie, Zaïre, or Inis, I should be at your feet to pray you to give it still greater effect. No one feels better than I the charm that you add to the expression of touching sorrow, or of timid and tender love. But, unfortunately, the fable of my play is not suited to such a character; and, though the powers that this requires are less rare, less precious, than the engaging simplicity which you possess, you will yourself allow that they are quite different. I shall one day perhaps have an occasion to employ with advantage the gentle accents of your voice, those enchanting looks, those eloquent tears, that divine beauty, in a part that is worthy of you. Leave the perils and risks of my first effort to her who is willing to run them; and, by

learned the art. They are all there: Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, Thomas, Chastellux, Morellet, St. Lambert, Buffon, Grimm, Helvetius, Raynal, Galiani; Madame Pompadour, Madame Geoffrin, Mademoiselle Lespinasse, Mesdames Du Deffand, De Brieenne, De Duras, D'Egmont, — names that summon a brilliant, restless, epigrammatic epoch from the ruin upon which it dragged the bewildered good will, the helpless benevolence, of the age that succeeded it and that chiefly suffered for its sins.

Louis XV. was king, and Madame Pompadour governed. She loved, or affected to love, letters and the arts, and society took its tone in this respect from her rather than from the king, who frankly detested them all. This prince was, oddly enough, a religious man, and he abhorred the skepticism with which the philosophy of the day had permeated literature. It shocked him; still worse, it bored him; and all Madame Pompadour's endeavors were not enough to make him endure Voltaire. It is sickening to read in Marmontel of the things to which that great talent stooped in the hope of pleasing the apathetic and antipathetic king, — buying himself a petty place at court, and lending himself to the favorite's schemes for amusing their jaded master; of how, when the poet had drawn the king's portrait in the character of Trajan in an opera, and burning with impatience

reserving to yourself the honor of having resigned the character to her, avoid the dangers which in playing it you would yourself share with me.' 'You have said enough,' said she, disguising her displeasure. 'It is you who request it; I give up the part.' Then, taking the manuscript from her toilet-table, she went down with me, and, finding Mademoiselle Clairon in the green-room, 'I restore to you,' said she, with an ironical smile, 'and I restore to you without regret, the part from which you expect such success and glory. I am of your opinion, that it suits you better than me.' Mademoiselle Clairon received it with modest dignity; and I in silence, without daring to look up, waited the close of the scene. But in the evening, at supper, tête-à-tête with my actress, I breathed free from the embarrassment into which she had plunged me. She was not a little sensible of the constancy with which I had sustained this trial; and it was this incident that gave birth to that lasting friendship which has grown old with us.

to know whether it had pleased or not ventured to ask, as Louis passed him, "Is Trajan satisfied?" and "Trajan, surprised and displeased that he should have dared to interrogate him, answered with a cold silence." In society it was very different. Or was it so very different, either, in regard to the society of "the great," as the rhetoric of that age used to call its fashionable people? In spite of many appearances to the contrary, I cannot believe that genius, which has usually the misfortune to be born plebeian, has ever been thoroughly liked by its betters. It is often patronized; having claws, it is often feared; sometimes it is diligently courted, as a fashion; but I do not believe that in any society the great have ever truly admitted it on a footing of equality. This is in human nature, or at least in the nature of things. The man who habitually dines his fellow-man inevitably rises above him in his own esteem if his fellow-man cannot dine him in return; the man who is habitually dined sinks in his own soul below the social level of his host, upon whom he cannot retaliate a dinner. There is no help for it; and for this reason the alliance between genius and rank has always been, at the best, one of tacit reciprocal contempt and heart-burning. As the world democratizes, or perhaps communizes, the matter may be mended; in the mean time it may be noted as a fact of continually less and less importance, for it belongs to the essential unrealities of life, upon which only the hollowness of the heart is set. Voltaire, whose days were largely spent in matching himself with the great, in frightening and then in flattering them, but courting their notice always, had frequent proof of the esteem in which they held him, from the time when he was called away from the Duke of Sully's table, to be cudgelled at that nobleman's door by the servants of the Chevalier de Rohan, to the time when the policemen of Frederick the Great insulted his withdrawal from Berlin. Those who have read Voltaire's memoirs know in what Mar-syas-state the sequel left Frederick; for

refusing to back his guest's quarrel, the Duke of Sully's name came out of the *Henriade*, where it would otherwise have been handed down to oblivion; but for his resolution to fight the coward who had outraged him, Voltaire first got certain months of the Bastille, and then certain years of exile. "The customs of society," says Guizot, "did not admit a poet to the honor of obtaining satisfaction from whoever insulted him." "What would become of us if poets had no shoulders?" asked the worthy Bishop of Blois.

This was the fine society which caressed the sleekness of Marmontel, and in which even a supposed affront consigned him, too, to the Bastille, at the suit of a nobleman who believed him the author of a certain lampoon. His imprisonment was of a very holiday sort, as imprisonments went, but that the court should espouse the cause of the Duc d'Aumont against him, and that his friends about the king should be powerless to help him, is sufficient proof, if any were needed, in what light esteem a brilliant man of letters was held. He was the plaything, the amusement, of an aristocratic society in an age to which he gave lustre; he was not of that society, however he seemed to be; and all the appearances of the past that give intellect a respectable standing in any such society are simply ridiculous illusions.

"Marmontel," says Barrière, in his edition of the *Memoirs*, "paints an interesting picture of the miseries which assailed a young writer on his *début*, and of the courage which he opposed to them. He recounts later what reception his success won him. How wretched was the lot of literature in those days! How hard nowadays should we find what Marmontel calls a desirable position! Flatterers of the great, complaisant to the rich; parasites at all tables, too poor ever to invite a friend to their own; reduced to receive and often to ask favors from which their personal dignity suffered; . . . confined, suffocated, within the narrow circle of their necessities, their obligations, their fears, — those men of letters, who then exalted their

independence, were like those dancers who display their agility loaded with chains."

The world and art are in fact almost as alien as the world and religion. Those poor people of genius who seem to figure in it are always, I think, more or less conscious of this fact, and their social joy is from humbler sources, — from association with men and women of their own kind. In their memoirs, or the records of them, they are always escaping from the great to the congenial, to the easy company of other authors, actors, or artists. I shall not believe that it was without a sense of his essential strangeness that Marmontel, after dining with such spirits at Madame Geoffrin's, came to those more intimate little suppers at which he read his latest *Moral Tale* to "the beautiful Countess de Brienne, the charming Marchioness de Duras, the fascinating Countess d'Egmont," — "those ladies who might well be likened to the three goddesses of Mount Ida." It was no doubt rapture of a certain kind to see "the most beautiful eyes in the world swimming in tears at the little touching scenes in which he made love or nature weep," but he must have known at just what social value these noble ladies held the son of the tailor of Bort, and their hostess, the widow of the glass manufacturer Geoffrin. It would be pretty to suppose that they believed these charming and worthy persons as good as themselves, but it would not be possible: nay, neither Marmontel nor Madame Geoffrin believed it, though she held and he daily frequented the most famous *salon* in Paris, to which nobles and princes were glad to come.

Sainte-Beuve, in his paper on Madame Geoffrin, regards her *salon* as an exquisite work of art, and herself as a consummate artist, who wrought in the social materials about her as other artists work in clay and pigments, with a kind of instinct, of inspiration, for a good effect. "She was plebeian, and very plebeian, by birth," he says, and she was not even well educated, but for thirty years she assembled at her house what-

ever was noblest, whatever was most brilliant and learned, in Paris; she was the correspondent of Catherine of Russia, and the friend and guest of the king of Poland; she was the friend and censor of all the artists and literary men of her world. Every Monday she gave a dinner to the artists; every Wednesday to the literary men, inviting always the same persons; in the evening she kept open house, and gave a little supper ("commonly a chicken, some spinach, and omelet," Marmontel records) to such noble ladies as have been mentioned, to foreign princes who came as private persons, to ambassadors, who, Sainte-Beuve says, did not budge from the place when once they had set foot there. "Her house is a very good one," wrote Gibbon, who had been introduced to it by Lady Hervey; "regular dinners there every Wednesday, and the best company of Paris in men of letters and people of fashion." If the wits and philosophers about her grew obstreperous in argument, she stopped them with a quiet "There, that will do!" and she made it a rule never to speak herself unless the conversation flagged. Her husband was still more discreet, and never spoke at all. Once she was asked who was that silent old gentleman who used to dine with her so constantly. "It was my husband; he is dead now." Many stories were told of this silent partner, who never would read any more than he would talk. They used to try him with history or travels; he toiled through several copies of a first volume which different people had given him, and pronounced it interesting, although the author seemed to repeat himself a little. He read a volume of Bayle's dictionary, going across the page of two columns with each line, and found the work well enough, but a little abstract. Madame Geoffrin's success was in all respects one of great contradictions: the success of a woman. The people she assembled about her, the wits, the savants, the noble ladies and gentlemen, were mainly infidel; they belonged to a society in which Voltaire was reproached for deism, most enlightened persons being atheists; yet

Madame Geoffrin remained a devout Catholic. "To be in favor with Heaven," says Marmontel, "without being out of favor with her society, she used to indulge in a kind of clandestine devotion: she went to mass as privately as others go to an intrigue." This mistress of the most brilliant salon in the world was never at her ease in the houses of the great people whom she made at home in hers; she was a woman of solid worth and the most entire simplicity, but nothing pleased her so much as the notice of people of rank, who she must have known held her for their inferior. Let us believe that, whatever most flattered her vanity, her heart was with the gifted plebeians, her natural friends. Marmontel informs us how she used to like to rule them and scold them, to know all their secrets and direct their actions. She knew how to have her way with them by humoring their peculiarities, and Grimm, in a letter quoted by Barrière, tells a charming story of her going to Fontanelle for charity to a poor family whose hard case she laid before him very movingly. "They certainly have reason to complain," admitted the tranquil philosopher; "he added some words upon the sad lot of humanity and began to talk of other things. Madame Geoffrin let him go on; and when she rose to leave him, 'Give me fifty louis for these poor people,' she said. 'You are quite right,' said Fontanelle, and went and got them."

She was all a woman in blaming her friends when they fell into misfortune, and then in blaming herself for having blamed them. After Marmontel had been imprisoned she unjustly reproached him, on his first visit; he retired, hurt; the next morning he was awakened by his servant, who announced Madame Geoffrin, come to reproach herself, and to weep for her unkindness. She was a sister, a mother, to her wits when they obeyed her or took her scoldings in good part; but if they rebelled or sulked, she very distinctly snubbed them when she next saw them, and she did not always make haste to atone for her injustices. This was her foible; but

Walpole speaks of her as reason itself. Sainte-Beuve, indeed, intimates that she had too much common sense, and none of the uncommon. "Let us remember that in all that goodness and beneficence there was wanting a certain celestial flame, as in all that talent and all that social art of the eighteenth century there was wanting a flower of imagination and poetry, a *fond* of light equally celestial. Never does one see in the distance the blue of the sky or the brightness of the stars." Even religion in that century was therefore unspiritual, for as we have seen, Madame Geoffrin was religious in her way. She did not like it if her philosophers died without confession, and by dying put themselves beyond the reach of a good scolding. When her own time came, and she fell into a paralytic state, it became necessary for her to choose between her daughter, who was devout, and her beloved skeptics. She put herself in the hands of the former, whom the philosophers disliked: "My daughter," she said, "like Godfrey de Bouillon, wishes to defend my tomb against the infidels."

Without some acquaintance with a character and career like Madame Geoffrin's one cannot quite understand the position of a literary man in French society of the last century, but after a glimpse of her salon it is clear enough. He was to amuse and, in his way, to grace society, but he was in it only by sufferance; when it would it dealt coldly, and when it would it dealt cruelly, with him. His real delights and consolations were apart from it, and when he was amusing or gracing it he must often have had to pocket his self-respect; though self-respect was in that age, apparently, a different thing from the self-respect of ours. Thackeray found that the great difference between a Frenchman of the middle class and an Englishman of the same standing was that the former would not think it an honor to be kicked by a duke; and it is possible that social self-respect has come into being since the great Revolution. At any rate, in Marmontel's time a man of Marmontel's reputation thought it no shame to pay court

to Madame de Pompadour's brother, who thought it no shame to be that lady's brother, and she in turn thought none of being what she was: they were all part of the same social growth. Marmontel must have taken whatever slights or wrongs he suffered as in the nature of things. They did not corrode or embitter his gentle nature, and he remained faithful to the old ideal of society, with its king, court, and people, while visions of a democratic republic and of a vast fraternal equality were firing so many brains. Indeed, the reader will find no part of his *Memoirs* more suggestive than that part in which, dropping his personal narrative, he turns to sketch the history made in his time. Marmontel was a man sprung from the people; his sympathies were with them; he had felt, however lightly, the hand of arbitrary power, and knew how heavily it might fall in an unjust cause; he hoped for a better order of things in France than that of the old despotism; yet he has only abhorrence for the means and the men by whom the Revolution was precipitated, and he makes you feel, as few writers can, the immense sadness, the calamitous fatality, of the king's part in it. He meant so well, he strove so hard to befriend his people; but the wrongs, the passions, the ambitions, of his time were beyond his beneficence, and he perished by those whom he wished only good. There is something wildly grotesque, something to bewail with tears and laughter, in the butchery of that hapless creature, whose innocence and virtue and kindness suffered for the guilt, the corruption, and the cruelty of his ancestors. Marmontel makes you see the monstrous absurdity of it; and by his simple tale of how ingloriously the Bastille, for example, was really taken, he makes you blush for having sometime assisted in imagination to storm that prison, and for having participated similarly in other signal demonstrations of popular fury against the tottering fabric of the monarchy.

I find, or I fancy I find, in such a memoir as Marmontel's a far more probable picture of the past than such careful and (I have no doubt) conscientious compo-

sitions as M. Taine's offer. There is the glitter, the unnatural fixity, of a mosaic painting in these; and reading, after Marmontel's *Memoirs*, the *Ancient Régime* of M. Taine, I am persuaded that the latter work is not true, on the whole, though probably it is not to be questioned in any particular. It assembles and sets in close order facts and traits and incidents actually scattered over large spaces of time and society; while in the simpler and more natural method of Marmontel the salient facts are relieved and explained by the conditions, the atmosphere to which the reader habituates himself, and which thus yield him the truth. Taine's facts are like testimony in a court of justice, which, given without statement as to motive or intent, serve the advocate as material for working up the case as he likes; but Marmontel's reminiscences are like an account of the affair which an eye-witness acquainted with the actors in it might give when not cramped by rules or confused by questions. Sainte-Beuve, indeed, complains of "the false touches which too often cross the simple tones, and spoil the impression," but these are in matters of taste, such as that description of a good old peasant whom Marmontel knew in childhood, and whose memory he dismisses with the academic sigh, "Ah, why cannot I go to strew flowers upon his tomb?" This is bad enough, but the critic does not find that the literary artificiality infects the narrative. He blames him, however, for that touch of sensuality which we shall all find in him; which makes him remember just what he had for dinner forty years ago, and which taints a little some of his descriptions of beauty and innocence. On the contrary, another great writer, and even greater genius (I cannot in conscience call him a great critic), Mr. Ruskin, namely, is not troubled (at least for the time being) by the fashion in which Marmontel, in the picture of his early home life, "mixes up the soul's affections and quince marmalade. It is true, the French have a trick of doing that; but why not take it the other way, and say one's quince marma-

lade mixed up with affection?" The other way is undoubtedly the way in which Marmontel would have had it taken; but I think his marmaladed affections are the least wholesome thing about Marmontel. Their unpleasant stickiness causes you such a recoil from time to time, in his *Memoirs*, that it is hard to remember how really genuine he is, and that this is only a lapse of taste, — Marmontelizing, Sainte-Beuve calls it. At times it seems impossible for him to say a thing unrhethorically, or simply; and yet Mr. Ruskin is right in praising him for his unrhethorical simplicity. He could for the most part forget to pose; and such is the goodness of his heart that even his posing is innocent and charming. "She had everything but milk," he says of his child's nurse; then, recollecting himself, he adds, "That breast was marble."

Sainte-Beuve's whole essay on Marmontel, from which I have so often quoted, is written with something more than his wonted penetration and delicacy. He compassionates and caresses while he paints the man, and he deals as tenderly, even more tenderly, with his literature. How exquisite, for instance, is the opening passage! "Nothing is more painful to me than to see the disdain with which people treat respectable and distinguished writers of the second order, as if there were no place save for those of the first. What we have to do in regard to writers so admired in their own time, and who have outlived themselves, is to review their titles, and to separate the lifeless part from that which deserves to survive. Posterity, more and more, seems to me like a hurried traveler packing his bag, and who has only room for a small number of choice volumes. Critic, you who have the honor to be for the moment the cataloguer, the secretary, the confidential librarian, if such a thing may be, to posterity, give him quickly the names of the volumes which he must remember and must read. Make haste! the train is ready, the fire is hot, the steam is up, our traveler has only a moment. You have mentioned Mar-

montel; but what work of Marmontel's do you advise? I do not hesitate; I say the *Memoirs*, nothing but the *Memoirs*. But at each new departure I insist that they shall not be forgotten." Sainte-Beuve has therefore nothing to say of all those tragedies and operas which "had their day and ceased to be;" little of those *Contes Moraux*, which formed the polite distraction of the prettiest and most fashionable ladies of their time; and not much of the once famous *Belisarius*, the tract, the essay, which was attainted of heresy by the Doctors of the Sorbonne, who found in its chapter on toleration thirty-seven damnable propositions. "*Belisarius*," says the great critic, "is perfectly tiresome, and the famous fifteenth chapter, whose theology is so insipid in itself, has lost the piquancy of appropriateness, since the absolute toleration in the civil order which the author demands is a right almost wholly conceded. I wish merely to note one fact in honor of Marmontel. When, in 1797, he retired to the hamlet of Ablonville, he was elected to the Council of Ancients from the department of the Eure, and was expressly charged to defend in the National Assembly the cause of the Catholic religion, then proscribed and persecuted; and he composed to this end a discourse which may be read, on the free exercise of worship. In this discourse, it is in the name of the same principles of toleration urged in the *Belisarius* in favor of the dissidents that Marmontel demands for the Catholic faith, proscribed in its turn, the liberty of rites, ceremonies, solemnities, the voice of the bells in the steeples, and the restoration of the sign of the cross. It seems to me that this noble commentary on the fifteenth chapter of *Belisarius* was made to disarm logic and to hold irony in respect."

As to the *Moral Tales*, "like most writers of his time, Marmontel had many illusions concerning the goodness of mankind. He thought that all men could not become great, but that all might become good. He really believed that the world was to be reformed with

Moral Tales, with Incas, and with Belisariuses. His observation as a moralist and his talent as an artist sin equally in that softness and that *rondeur* which never penetrates to the bottom of hearts nor to the bottom of human affairs. It is to his honor that, seeing men suddenly turn furious and wicked, he checked his amiability in time, and did not let it degenerate into cowardice or baseness. When he found himself face to face with evil he had the courage to say *no*," — that is, he never did anything to cause or to excuse the excesses of the Revolution.

I have had the curiosity to read some of Marmontel's Moral Tales; perhaps I might say the conscience to read them, for it seemed to me that since I had been so charmed with the *Memoirs* it was a sort of duty to read something else of the author's. I was rewarded by finding it a fresh and singular pleasure. The Moral Tales of Marmontel are moral, as the Exemplary Novels of Cervantes are exemplary: the adjectives are used in an old literary sense, and do not quite promise the spiritual edification of the reader, or if they promise it do not fulfill the promise. These tales are light, elegant, and graceful beyond anything to which I can compare them in English: their form is exquisite, and they are sometimes imagined with a fineness, a poetic subtlety, that is truly delicious. If the reader can fancy the humor of some of the stories in the *Spectator* turned wit, their grace indefinitely enhanced, their not very keen perception of the delicate and the indelicate indefinitely blunted, their characterization sharpened almost to an edge of cynicism at times, he will have something like an image of the Moral Tales in his mind. They are not such reading as we might now put into young people's hands without fear of offending their modesty, but they must have seemed miracles of purity in their time, when the most fashionable books were of the most indecent sort; and they certainly take the side of virtue, of common sense, and of nature whenever there is question of these in the plot.

They do their best to show vice stupid and wretched; but it is perhaps better not to show vice at all to the young and innocent? The very diction of the eighteenth century was obtuse and offensive when it came to matters of sentiment: the hero in *She Stoops to Conquer* has no other way of telling the heroine that he loves her for herself alone than to say that it is her "person" he wants; those loathsome ancestors when in love are always burning and freezing in the most disgusting manner. The reader will therefore allow for something coarse in the best intention of Marmontel; the over-obviousness of the lessons he inculcates makes one marvel at the world in which he lived, till one remembers that it was that fashionable world which is always so small in every community, and whose scandals are always worse than its facts. Sometimes the persons of the tales, who are always French, masquerade as Orientals or Greeks, and having no religion of their own are indifferently Moslems and pagans. Sometimes they are abstractly named Cecilia and Doriman, Belisa and Lindor; but they are realities of the gay world in that pastoralesque disguise, all the same, and their circumstances are those of the time of Louis XV. I have spoken of a real poetic breath in some of them, as in that pretty story of *Two Unfortunate Ladies*, where a young girl, forced to part from her lover and take the veil, regrets him through a long life of seclusion; in her age she is summoned to console an unhappy woman who has taken refuge in her convent from the cruelties of her husband; of course the cruel husband proves to be the lover so long lost and lamented. Not all the Moral Tales are so hopelessly tragic; some of them are even too cheerful. What would we think of a moral tale written nowadays which opened with the sentence, "At that time of life when it is so agreeable to be a widow?"

In fine, these little stories are exquisite pictures of manners, and concern themselves little or perfunctorily with morality, though it is but right to say that

Marmontel sincerely inculcates the advantage of having, in all circumstances, a good and kind heart and a sober judgment: light husbands and wives are shown the folly of being fools, and

young ladies are strongly counseled to marry the young men of just sentiments and sensible behavior, and not the fops who will be sure to make their lives wretched.

W. D. Howells.

THE ADIRONDACKS VERIFIED.

III.

A FIGHT WITH A TROUT.

TROUT-FISHING in the Adirondacks would be a more attractive pastime than it is, but for the popular notion of its danger. The trout is a retiring and harmless animal, except when he is aroused and forced into a combat, and then his agility, fierceness, and vindictiveness become apparent. No one who has studied the excellent pictures representing men in an open boat exposed to the assaults of long, enraged trout, flying at them through the air with open mouth, ever ventures with his rod upon the lonely lakes of the forest without a certain terror, or ever reads of the exploits of daring fishermen without a feeling of admiration for their heroism. Most of their adventures are thrilling, and all of them are in narration more or less unjust to the trout; in fact, the object of them seems to be to exhibit, at the expense of the trout, the shrewdness, the skill, and the muscular power of the sportsman. My own simple story has few of these recommendations.

We had built our bark camp one summer, and were staying on one of the popular lakes of the Saranac region. It would be a very pretty region if it were not so flat; and if the margins of the lakes had not been flooded by dams at the outlets, which have killed the trees and left a rim of ghastly dead-wood — like the swamps of the under-world pictured by Doré's bizarre pencil; and if

the pianos at the hotels were in tune. It would be an excellent sporting region also (for there is water enough) if the fish commissioners would stock the waters; and if previous hunters had not pulled all the hair and skin off from the deer's tails. Formerly sportsmen had a habit of catching the deer by the tails and of being dragged, in mere wantonness, round and round the shores. It is well known that if you seize a deer by this "holt," the skin will slip off like the peel from a banana. This reprehensible practice was carried so far that the traveler is now hourly pained by the sight of peeled-tailed deer mournfully sneaking about the woods.

We had been hearing for weeks of a small lake in the heart of the virgin forest, some ten miles from our camp, which was alive with trout, unsophisticated, hungry trout; the inlet to it was described as *stiff* with them. In my imagination I saw them lying there in ranks and rows, each a foot long, three tiers deep, a solid mass. The lake had never been visited, except by stray sable-hunters in the winter, and was known as the Unknown Pond. I determined to explore it, fully expecting, however, that it would prove to be a delusion, as such mysterious haunts of the trout usually are. Confiding my purpose to Luke, we secretly made our preparations, and stole away from the shanty one morning at day-break. Each of us carried a boat, a pair of blankets, a sack of bread, pork, and maple-sugar; while I had my case of rods, creel, and

book of flies; and Luke had an axe and the kitchen utensils. We think nothing of loads of this sort in the woods.

Five miles, through a tamarack swamp, brought us to the inlet of Unknown Pond, upon which we embarked our fleet, and paddled down its vagrant waters. They were at first sluggish, winding among *triste* fir-trees, but gradually developed a strong current. At the end of three miles a loud roar ahead warned us that we were approaching rapids, falls, and cascades. We paused. The danger was unknown. We had our choice of shouldering our loads and making a *détour* through the woods, or of "shooting the rapids." Naturally we chose the more dangerous course. Shooting the rapids has often been described, and I will not repeat the description here. It is needless to say that I drove my frail bark through the boiling rapids, over the successive water-falls, amid rocks and vicious eddies, and landed, half a mile below, with whitened hair and a boat half full of water; and that the guide was upset, and boat, contents, and man were strewn along the shore.

After this common experience we went quickly on our journey, and a couple of hours before sundown reached the lake. If I live to my dying day, I never shall forget its appearance. The lake is almost an exact circle, about a quarter of a mile in diameter. The forest about it was untouched by axe, and unskilled by artificial flooding. The azure water had a perfect setting of evergreens, in which all the shades of the fir, the balsam, the pine, and the spruce were perfectly blended, and at intervals on the shore in the emerald rim blazed the ruby of the cardinal flower. It was at once evident that the unruffled waters had never been vexed by the keel of a boat. But what chiefly attracted my attention and amused me was the boiling of the water, the bubbling and breaking as if the lake were a vast kettle, with a fire underneath. A tyro would have been astonished at this common phenomenon, but sportsmen will at once understand me when I say that the water *boiled* with

the breaking trout. I studied the surface for some time to see upon what sort of flies they were feeding, in order to suit my cast to their appetites; but they seemed to be at play rather than feeding, leaping high in the air in graceful curves and tumbling about each other as we see them in the Adirondack pictures.

It is well known that no person who regards his reputation will ever kill a trout with anything but a fly. It requires some training on the part of the trout to take to this method. The uncultivated, unsophisticated trout, in unfrequented waters, prefers the bait; and the rural people, whose sole object in going a-fishing appears to be to catch fish, indulge them in their primitive taste for the worm. No sportsman, however, will use anything but a fly, except he happens to be alone.

While Luke launched my boat and arranged his seat in the stern, I prepared my rod and line. The rod is a bamboo, weighing seven ounces, which has to be spliced with a winding of silk thread every time it is used; this is a tedious process, but by fastening the joints in this way a uniform spring is secured in the rod; no one devoted to high art would think of using a socket joint. My line was forty yards of untwisted silk upon a multiplying reel. The "leader" — I am very particular about my leaders — had been made to order from a domestic animal with which I had been acquainted. The fisherman requires as good a cat-gut as the violinist. The interior of the house cat, it is well known, is exceedingly sensitive; but it may not be so well known that the reason why some cats leave the room in distress when a piano-forte is played is because the two instruments are not in the same key, and the vibration of the chords of the one are in discord with the cat-gut of the other. On six feet of this superior article I fixed three artificial flies: a simple brown hackle, a gray body with scarlet wings, and one of my own invention, which I thought would be new to the most experienced fly-catcher. The trout-fly does not resemble any known species of insect. It

is a "conventionalized" creation, as we say of ornamentation. The theory is that fly-fishing being a high art, the fly must not be a tame imitation of nature, but an artistic suggestion of it. It requires an artist to construct one; and not every bungler can take a bit of red flannel, a peacock's feather, a flash of tinsel thread, a cock's plume, a section of a hen's wing, and fabricate a tiny object that will not look like any fly, but still will suggest the universal conventional fly.

I took my stand in the centre of the tipsy boat, and Luke shoved off and slowly paddled towards some lily pads, while I began casting, unlimbering my tools as it were. The fish had all disappeared. I got out perhaps fifty feet of line, with no response, and gradually increased it to one hundred. It is not difficult to learn to cast, but it is difficult to learn not to snap off the flies at every throw. Of this, however, we will not speak. I continued casting for some moments, until I became satisfied that there had been a miscalculation. Either the trout were too green to know what I was at, or they were dissatisfied with my offers. I reeled in, and changed the flies (that is, the fly that was not snapped off). After studying the color of the sky, of the water, and of the foliage, and the moderated light of the afternoon, I put on a series of beguilers, all of a subdued brilliancy, in harmony with the approach of evening. At the second cast, which was a short one, I saw a splash where the leader fell, and gave an excited jerk. The next instant I perceived the game, and did not need the unfeigned "dam" of Luke to convince me that I had snatched his felt hat from his head and deposited it among the lilies. Discouraged by this, we whirled about and paddled over to the inlet, where a little ripple was visible in the tinted light. At the very first cast I saw that the hour had come. Three trout leaped into the air. The danger of this manœuvre all fishermen understand; it is one of the commonest in the woods; three heavy trout taking hold at once, rushing in different direc-

tions, smash the tackle into flinders. I evaded this catch, and threw again. I recall the moment. A hermit thrush on the tip of a balsam uttered his long, liquid, evening note. Happening to look over my shoulder I saw the peak of Marcy gleam rosy in the sky (I can't help it that Marcy is fifty miles off, and cannot be seen from this region; these incidental touches are always used). The hundred feet of silk swished through the air, and the tail fly fell as lightly on the water as a three-cent piece (which no slamming will give the weight of a ten) drops upon the contribution plate. Instantly there was a rush, a swirl; I struck; and "Got him by—!" Never mind what Luke said I got him by. "Out on a fly!" continued that irreverent guide, but I told him to back water and make for the centre of the lake. The trout, as soon as he felt the prick of the hook, was off like a shot, and took out the whole of the line with a rapidity that made it smoke. "Give him the butt!" shouted Luke. It is the usual remark in such an emergency. I gave him the butt, and, recognizing the fact and my spirit, the trout at once sunk to the bottom and sulked. It is the most dangerous mood of a trout, for you cannot tell what he will do next. We reeled up a little, and waited five minutes for him to reflect. A tightening of the line enraged him, and he soon developed his tactics. Coming to the surface, he made straight for the boat, faster than I could reel in, and evidently with hostile intentions. "Look out for him!" cried Luke, as he came flying in the air. I evaded him by dropping flat in the bottom of the boat, and when I picked my traps up he was spinning across the lake as if he had a new idea; but the line was still fast. He did not run far. I gave him the butt again, a thing he seemed to hate, even as a gift; in a moment the evil-minded fish, lashing the water in his rage, was coming back again, making straight for the boat as before. Luke, who was used to these encounters, having read of them in the writings of travelers he had accompanied, raised his paddle in

self-defense. The trout left the water about ten feet from the boat and came directly at me, with fiery eyes, his speckled sides flashing like a meteor. I dodged, as he whisked by with a vicious slap of his bifurcated tail, and nearly upset the boat. The line was of course slack, and the danger was that he would entangle it about me and carry away a leg. This was evidently his game. But I untangled it, and only lost a breast button or two by the swiftly moving string. The trout plunged into the water with a hissing sound, and went away again with all the line on the reel. More butt. More indignation on the part of the captive. The contest had now been going on for half an hour, and I was getting exhausted. We had been back and forth across the lake, and round and round the lake; what I feared was that the trout would start up the inlet and wreck us in the bushes. But he had a new fancy, and began the execution of a manœuvre which I had never read of. Instead of coming straight towards me he took a large circle, swimming rapidly and *gradually contracting his orbit*. I reeled in, and kept my eye on him. Round and round he went, narrowing his circle. I began to

suspect the game, which was to twist my head off. When he had reduced the radius of his circle to about twenty-five feet, he struck a tremendous pace through the water. It would be false modesty in a sportsman to say that I was not equal to the occasion. Instead of turning round with him as he expected, I stepped to the bow, braced myself, and let the boat swing. Round went the fish, and round we went like a top. I saw a line of Mt. Marcy's all round the horizon. The rosy tint in the west made a broad band of pink along the sky above the tree-tops. The evening star was a perfect circle of light, a hoop of gold in the heavens. We whirled and reeled, and reeled and whirled. I was willing to give the malicious beast butt and line and all, if he would only go the other way for a change.

When I came to myself, Luke was gaffing the trout at the boat-side. After we had got him in and dressed him, he weighed three-quarters of a pound. Fish always lose by being "got in and dressed." It is best to weigh them while they are in the water. The only really large one I ever caught got away with my leader when I first struck him. He weighed ten pounds.

Charles Dudley Warner.

WINTER.

THE circling hills with snow are white:

The dark woods on their sides
Stand leafless in the low gray light,
The brown cloud o'er them glides.

The low sun chills, the cold moon stares

From out the icy east;
The young folk go, in muffled pairs,
To dancing and to feast;
And rising from the snowy roof
Into a passing fold,
The dun smoke weaves its clouded woof
Within the warp of cold.

The eaves snap and the whole house shakes;
In woodlands, shadow-crossed,
The heavy timber, groaning, quakes
Beneath the tides of frost.

The moon to western forest deeps
Sinks down, and black airs fall
Upon the land, until there creeps
A glimmering cold through all:
In frosty barns with vapors dim
The cocks alternate crow,
As lifts the sun a glowless rim
To frozen hills of snow.

C. L. Cleveland.

THE STORY OF A SWISS RING-POLITICIAN.

FEW of the thousands of travelers who yearly pass through Geneva, or of the still greater number of readers to whom its name is a household word, know anything of its modern history, or (barring international treaties) have any association with it except as the city of Calvin, the birthplace of Rousseau, the home of the Prisoner of Chillon. Yet, not to speak of its literary glory when Voltaire judged the world from Ferney, and Madame de Staël shot her slender but piercing arrows from the château of Coppet, it has been, in our own day, the scene of events as dramatic and interesting as the adventures of the New York Ring, or Fiske's flight to Jersey City. In the view of its past, the present lot of Geneva is strange enough. Rome peopled by the society of Poker Flat and governed by a vigilance committee would be a caprice of fate hardly more singular than that which gave over the city of Calvin's ordinances and the stiff-necked Protestant oligarchy of the eighteenth century into the hands of a set of clever rascals, arrived at power by means still more demoralizing than "arranging primaries," and whose first measure to fill

their own pockets was to establish a "bank," which was expected to make Homburg an unknown village and to leave Monaco for many years to come in full enjoyment of its pristine quiet. And the strangest part of all is that while "Governor" Dorr, with whose career Fazy's has a good deal in common, died a penniless exile, while Tweed is in prison, and Conolly in parts unknown, the Swiss demagogue is passing a serene old age in the midst of those who were once his "faithful subjects."

But before proceeding to narrate the remarkable ups and downs of Mr. James Fazy's fortunes, we ought briefly to describe the social and political régime of the community whose morals and institutions he applied himself, with such success, to improve and reform. The reader will recollect that, towards the close of the last century, there were nearly a hundred-fold as many sovereign states in Europe as there are at present, and that among them was the commonwealth of Geneva. At that time political power was still in the hands of the oligarchy established by Calvin, but it was in many ways a liberal oligarchy, and had opened its doors with alacrity

to the long succession of religious fugitives from France and Savoy, who sought a not always temporary refuge in the "Protestant Rome." This stream of new blood improved the stock—if I may be allowed the expression—with-out at all changing the peculiar Genevese type, and the town constantly grew in repute as a centre of literary culture and political enlightenment, while a few miles off, in Savoy, as a French ambassador wrote home, "thinking was considered a folly, and writing an act of indecency." Taxes were light, trade fairly prosperous, and everybody was contented.

Then the revolutionary armies began their plundering raids, and Geneva was naturally one of the first places to be appropriated to the glory of France. Down to the fall of the empire it was nothing but a departmental town, like some hundreds of others, and the Genevese, preferring their own ideas of liberty to the equality and fraternity of the French school, sulked in their dwellings and bided their time. Then came the Congress of Vienna, where, outside of the French embassy, Geneva everywhere found friends. It was upon this occasion, by the way, that the famous remark was made by Capodistrias, in answer to Talleyrand, that "Geneva was the grain of musk which perfumed all Europe." The little republic desired to join the Swiss Confederation, with which it had often been allied; but the government of that body refused to admit the city on the footing of a canton unless it could bring other territory with it. To effect this, the good offices of the congress were not only desirable but necessary, and the result of its interposition was that the king of Sardinia ceded several Savoyard villages, with a population of sixteen thousand souls. The wise men of the city, belonging to the aristocratic families (Bentham's disciple Dumont was among them), then set to work to frame a constitution for the liberated territory, and to set it a-going. The old distinctions of classes were given up, and perfect equality was established, but the constitution was so

framed as practically to limit the choice of executive officers to members of the old oligarchic families. There was a grand council, with very slight initiatory power but "holding the purse-strings," and a council of state, chosen by it, which formed the government. Every one was a voter who paid taxes to the amount of seventy-five cents yearly, so that no one was shut out except the proletariat. The operation of this arrangement was excellent. The bench and bar were especially capable and high-toned; admirable schools of every description were founded; and the watch manufacture enriched all classes. But the same causes which in America are supposed to prevent gentlemen from attaining office were here slowly but surely tending to drive them from it. As every one was legally as good as everybody else, society was so much the more exclusive. Even the hundred topmost families were divided into coteries, according to their age and fortune, and there was not only a gulf between the aristocracy and the *bourgeoisie*, but the middle-class itself was divided into similar sharply defined sets. The ruling circles, confident in the future, had not, or disdained, the faculty of assimilating new talents and new fortunes, while the other classes cherished so hearty an envy of the set next above them as to be unwilling to recognize, in these relatively favored individuals, the most substantial and serviceable merit. The public mind was so sensitive that a misunderstood remark in conversation, or a bow accidentally omitted, was a political event, and of course, in a community so ripe for agitation as this, agitators did not fail to make their appearance. The extraordinary deficiency of real grievances was counterbalanced by the extraordinary credulity of their audience. All social inequalities and all "*froissements d'amour propre*" (I prefer a French phrase to the use of the word "soreheadedness") were laid to the charge of the "aristocrats," who, by taking upon themselves, without pay, all sorts of public services, and thus saving the state not merely salaries, but

also doing without the creation of offices to reward their adherents, unquestionably "established caste." So a political association was founded, originally composed of well-meaning citizens who sought to attain by legal means certain petty reforms. But the society grew in a manner to terrify the founders, who were soon swamped by the new element, and in a short time well merited the name given it by its opponents, "*l'hôpital des amours propres blessés*." The leader of the individuals who had thus captured the society was Mr. James Fazy.

Fazy was born in 1796, and is therefore, perhaps, the oldest of living statesmen. Exiled from France after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the family became, in 1735, naturalized citizens of Geneva, where they had established a large and flourishing business. James received a careful education, and succeeded early to his patrimony. Not, however, finding to his taste the sober, respectable, and probably rather dull life of the other young "aristocrats," he set out for Paris, where he found no difficulty in obtaining society to his liking, and in disposing of his fortune. Then he became a contributor to the once famous republican journal, *National*, and his name was affixed to the proclamation of the radicals in 1830. The unruly classes being cheated out of the fruits of the barricades by the unusual firmness of the bourgeoisie, Fazy recommenced his work of agitation in a paper of his own, called *La Révolution*. But the taking title and still more popular tenets of the new journal not being regarded with favor by the established government, he came to the conclusion that Paris was no longer the place for such enlightened spirits as his own, while his prophetic eye saw a fine opening for his talents in his native town. At first his activity there was peaceable enough, being confined to editing a new paper in the interest of the universal republic. Unfortunately, the believers in the universal republic are not a paying class, so that this second literary enterprise was as unsuccessful as the first, though

from a different reason, and in 1835 the paper ceased to appear. Its conductor seems to have devoted the next few years exclusively to practical politics; and having, in 1841, got well in hand the organization of which we have above spoken, Fazy determined to make a move, to which end he called a mass-meeting in front of the town-hall or state-house. The resignation of the executive council was demanded. (No charges were brought against the honesty or capacity of the members, but it was alleged that they had been in office too long, the true republican principle of rotation having been shamefully disregarded.) The council summoned the militia to its defense, but the middle class was not at all disinclined to humble the "patricians," and so went over to the rioters, leaving the councilors nothing to do but to resign with as much dignity as they could. A new constitution was thus obtained without bloodshed, universal suffrage established, and the councilors were given a salary of two thousand francs, so that the poor man would no longer be kept out of office because unable to afford the expense. So everybody was satisfied except the aristocrats, and even they did not feel very sad in contemplating the situation.

But this happy state of contentment was not destined long to last. Universal suffrage by no means justified the expectations of its promoters; for though the bourgeoisie were very ready to snub the hitherto governing class, they were not inclined to put their property at the mercy of Mr. Fazy and his friends; accordingly, the election of 1842 resulted in a strong conservative majority in both councils. This was very annoying, but Mr. Fazy did not despair. He started a new paper, and organized a new insurrection the following year. The workmen barricaded their quarter of the city; but this time the militia did not flinch, and under the skillful leadership of the afterwards celebrated Colonel Dufour put down the rioters, though not without bloodshed. Fazy saw that there was not much chance for the workmen unless they found allies; luckily

these were close at hand. The reader will recollect that in 1815 sixteen thousand Catholics had been added to the severely Protestant state. They had been guaranteed the free exercise of their religion, but, as may be imagined, Catholicism was not encouraged, and they were ready to give their support to any party which would pay for it. For fighting men, however, the insurrection must still rely upon the laborers, and Fazy's good star (he himself was a much better mob-orator and wire-puller than leader when fighting was going on) sent him at this time an able assistant, — not a native or citizen of the town, — named Galeer. The 7th of October, 1846, the insurgents were found to have occupied in force the island in the Rhone opposite the city. The militia charged, and were repulsed with a loss in killed of twenty men, upon which the government resigned; probably because the militia was not inclined to continue the struggle, and because there was no federal army it could summon to its aid. Fazy had this time also been the immediate cause of the rising. A revolution which should bring himself to power was almost a matter of life and death with him, for he was so covered with debts that he would otherwise have no resource but flight. Accordingly he had once called a mass-meeting in the Place Molard, and had used such inflammatory language that an order had been issued for his arrest. Then his friends rose, and he himself, instead of leading them to victory, concealed his precious person in his house, where he spent his time, while waiting, in packing up what valuables he had left, so as to be all ready for escape in case the enterprise should prove unsuccessful. Upon learning that his party was victorious, he proceeded to preside over a new meeting, where he proclaimed himself the hero of the day and the head of a provisional government, and then led his eager followers to expel the defenseless grand council from the Hôtel de Ville.

Fazy was at last in power, but he knew very well that he would not stay there unless radical changes were made in the

mode of electing the government. Manhood suffrage is all very well so long as it chooses the right men to office; when it is inclined to be bumptious it must be held in leading-strings. So Fazy won not a few friends for his government by the enfranchisement of paupers. Then he proceeded, as we say, to gerrymander the election districts. The canton had previously been divided into ten wards, four in the city and six outside. Fazy consolidated these ten into three: the city, the left bank of the river and lake, and the right bank. In the last district (twenty-five thousand inhabitants) the Protestant voters were now completely outnumbered by the Catholics. The second, containing only eight thousand souls, was of little importance, any way. The adverse opinion of the town (twenty-nine thousand) was provided for by the regulation that the whole twelve thousand voters must cast their ballots in the same urn, and within the space of ten hours. The arrangement offered a fine opportunity for fisticuffs, — an opportunity almost never neglected. To increase the power of the mob, an electoral committee or returning-board was established to decide the validity of an election. The president and vice-president of this committee are elected by the grand council, but the other members are drawn by lot from among the citizens present at the opening of the polls, so that regular riots sometimes take place before a single vote has been cast. Everything being thus admirably arranged, the election was held, and this time the result completely satisfied the reformers. Laws were immediately passed abolishing imprisonment for debt (in the interest of individual freedom, not at all of Mr. Fazy) and bestowing various rewards upon the revolutionists as compensation for their distinguished services. Galeer, who appears to have been personally disinterested, received the freedom of the city; Fazy, a fine lot of government land in the midst of the town, upon which he proceeded to erect a hotel and gaming-house. Thus was justified the immemorial device of the city, *Post tenebras, lux!*

Fazy possessed in a remarkable degree the gift of inspiring confidence, and his supporters had elected a council as pliant to his will as was the Corps Législatif to the third Napoleon. For two years, at least, he had no opposition to fear, but his task was none the less a difficult one; for though he could afford to laugh at the wishes of the property-holders, he was expected to realize the utopian promises he had made to the workmen and the Catholic peasantry. In doing this he displayed a talent which was little short of genius. Fazy was Louis Napoleon and Baron Haussmann in one, and that long before those distinguished individuals had begun their ædific labors. The old walls were torn down, and dozens of new streets laid out; fine *quais* and gardens, an extensive breakwater, a magnificent bridge, were constructed. These various public works did not of course, as such, benefit the workman, but they furnished plenty of employment for a long series of years, — employment paid at nearly double the market rate. The improvements cost money, indeed, but that made no difference; for with the exception of the proceeds of one or two taxes, which were doubled, — taxes which fell exclusively on property-holders, — the treasury received no more than before. When Mr. Fazy entered the state-house as its master, in 1846, he found sixty thousand dollars in cash, and no debts. When he finally went out, the canton was burdened with four million dollars debt and a regularly recurring deficit. Of this considerable sum, only a portion had been directly expended in public improvements, the remainder having flowed directly, as state charity, into the pockets of the workmen, and, by certain financial operations which I will presently mention, into those of the dictator and his friends. One of the means by which Fazy obtained popular favor previous to the revolution of 1846 was by promising that under his government the poor man should be able to raise money upon his note as easily as the close-fisted aristocrats themselves. For practical purposes, of course, the poor, in his eyes,

consisted of himself and his colleagues, but the phrase was none the less serviceable as a figure of speech. Arrived at power, he began by seizing the funds of several Protestant foundations, with which he established a bank and a "*caisse hypothécaire*." For a while all went well, but in course of time these institutions fell into the hands of the conservatives, and the president had to look elsewhere for people to advance money and negotiate loans, with a percentage for himself. So he started a "*caisse d'escompte*," in which he invited the "people" to deposit their savings. This plan proved completely successful, but it was at the same time dangerous. For though the laborers, the Catholic peasantry, and the small shop-keepers furnished money in abundance, their revenge, if they found themselves taken in, would undoubtedly be disastrous. Fazy now quarreled with Galeer, who was pecuniarily honest, and at the succeeding election (1851) Galeer's friends formed a third party. Fazy, indeed, easily pulled through, and Galeer now died, as his adherents averred, of a broken heart. At the following trial (1853) they united with the conservatives, and the result of this alliance was the unexpected defeat of the dictator: universal suffrage, carefully arranged as it was, had once more played false! One cause of this was undoubtedly the bad odor into which had fallen the *caisse d'escompte*, where he and his friends had enjoyed unlimited credit, with the natural result. The institution was on the verge of bankruptcy, and only heroic means could save it and prevent the total abandonment of its director at the next election. Fazy was equal to the situation. He went to Paris, and immediately wrote home that he would soon return with millions. The relief in Geneva was great, and the ex-president's partisans were reassured. To avoid, however, the possibility of doubt, Fazy caused to be stationed before the balloting-place a gang of roughs, who forcibly prevented the majority of the opposition from voting. The first act of the new government was to vote the threatened institution a million francs

from the public purse. With a well-trained body of roughs always at hand, and the financial resources of the second empire, in case of need, at his disposal, Fazy felt himself firm in his seat. It was at this time that he set up his gambling establishment; and, not content with practicing a code of morality whose only equal, so far as I know, was that in vogue at Paris after the Reign of Terror, he openly proclaimed it in a public meeting, while his mistress dressed her carriage servants and footmen in the famous — one might almost say sanctified — colors of the city of Geneva.¹

The foreign policy of the late French emperor was not always wise, but it was ever safe and careful. The great object in view was to win new territory (the Germans sometimes called him Annex-ander the Great), and the means to serve this policy were as various as the countries to which it applied. Savoy was to be purchased for blood, Luxemburg for money; the Rhine province was to be conquered out of hand, and the acquisition of the Belgian railways was to lead to the political dependence of the kingdom. Both before and after the annexations of 1860 Napoleon devoted serious attention to the possible "reunion" of Geneva, and for many years agents of his did their best to prepare the soil. Of these Fazy was the chief, and the money he brought back from Paris was destined to found a new bank as a branch of the "Crédit Mobilier." After the change in the proprietorship of Savoy, Geneva was almost completely surrounded by French territory; the sixteen thousand Savoyard peasants had never had any common feeling with the towns-people, and there was a Bonapartist agent at the head of the government, with dictatorial power. In time, the spider of the Tuileries might well hope to see the fly walk into his parlor, without the least overt act on his part. A proclamation by Fazy some fine morning; a *plébiscite*, when the Catholic peasants and workmen would vote solidly, and the rest of the community not at all, — and Europe, Switzerland least of all, in view

of the Neuchâtel affair, would say not a word to such an expression of the popular will.

But the best of plans will miscarry, and it seems to have been Fazy's un-national proclivities, rather than his immorality, revolutionary methods, or pecuniary dishonesty, which finally ruined him. The immediate cause of his fall (1861) was the financial condition of the state. The taxation per head in Geneva had reached the figure of thirty-five francs, while the highest rate elsewhere in Switzerland was fifteen; money was no longer to be had on any terms, on the credit of the canton, and the imperial purse was hard pressed at the moment. The ex-dictator, however, was not by any means inclined to consider the game lost, and another election occurring in 1864, he once more stood as candidate of the radicals. The conservatives put up Mr. Arthur Chenevière, a well-known and universally respected banker. Since the days of Demosthenes no party struggle has been conducted with more passion or greater bitterness, and the result was the victory of Chenevière by three hundred majority. The rage of the defeated party was, for the moment, without limits, and a procession of armed sons of toil, promenading the streets, casually shot dead five persons. The decision of the majority, however, in well-regulated republics like Geneva, is not beyond appeal; and the returning-board calmly proceeded to count out the conservative candidate, on the ground that repeating had been practiced by his supporters. Unfortunately for the radicals they overlooked the fact that an appeal might lie even from this body, and so went home confident of victory. It is not improbable that if they had seized the state-house and established their government, the federal council would have recognized the accomplished fact as it had done on previous occasions. But as it was, the conservatives appealed, the council reversed the decision of the board, and the city was occupied by federal troops.

This was the political end of Mr. James Fazy. The radicals soon recov-

¹ Red and yellow.

ered, and have since kept the majority in the councils; but the once omnipotent leader has been looked upon in the light of a Jonah, who ought to think himself lucky to be supported at the public expense. One of the dictator's earliest acts had been to draw the college of Geneva, which had existed since the time of Calvin, directly under the control of the state. The wealthy aristocrats of the town, instead of spending their substance in riotous living, had lived simply, and, to a large extent, devoted their lives to letters or to science. It was evident that such men were not at all the proper persons to conduct the education of youth, and the president proceeded to remodel the institution, called it a university, and transferred the power of appointing to chairs from the faculty to the council of state. Several professors were then removed; others avoided removal by resignation. Their places are now mostly filled by non-Genevese, but Mr. Fazy (without giving lectures) is professor of jurisprudence.

The administration has considerably improved. With the dictator fell his

gambling establishment, and the direct encouragement to blacklegs which had characterized his government ceased also. There had gradually formed in Geneva an association not dissimilar to the Camorra, the chief object of which was to extort money at night from pedestrians, under the threat of charging them with certain crimes which cannot be mentioned here. Finally, a man thus accosted resisted, and, in the scuffle which ensued, was killed by the leader of the band. This rascal was caught, tried, and executed, after which the law was reformed by the abolition of capital punishment. Before dying, however, he confessed to having practiced his little game with success upon three hundred individuals. The bad character of the Genevese workmen (as compared with the French and our own) has seriously injured the watch manufacture, the chief industry of the town; but the fortunate legacy of the Duke of Brunswick enables the government still to spend considerable sums on public improvements, among which a magnificent new theatre has already cost four millions of francs, and is yet unfinished.

Arthur Venner.

OPEN LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

III.

I THINK I notice in the dramas of the metropolis more of a romantic tendency, and an improvement in morality. The influence on the drama of the stranger within the gates is perhaps not enough attended to. The play is aimed, not only in our own metropolis but in others, largely at this leisurely person, lounging about the hotels, in the practice of spending money on his journey more freely than at home, and without the sense of responsibility to a commu-

nity that knows him to weigh him down. The Pink Dominoes, Forbidden Fruits, and spectacular performances flourish best when he is most in town. But at present, owing to the pressure of the times, he is much less in town than usual. This makes a home constituency more of an object. Managers would like to attract the family, and the family must be delicately handled. The ballet and opera bouffe have languished, and you would have found if you had stayed through the piece that the entanglements in Marriage, which had an extremely

awkward look more than once, were all explained to be entirely honorable previous alliances.

In the amusement columns one may fancy Sleary's talking to the amusement caterers themselves. People can't be always learning, you recollect the philosophic circus-rider says to Mr. Gradgrind, nor yet they can't be always a-working. So the "variety" entertainments, that flourish in unusual numbers while their betters fail, seem to be saying that we can't be always at psychology and archæology and social problems, and harrowed by the shrieks of mothers for their lost children. The farces of our fathers are demanded back. The Crushed Tragedian, an absurd medley by Mr. Dundreary Sothern at the Park, said to have for its principal feature the exact imitation of the appearance of a well-known eccentric character, the Count Johannes, is quoted as one of the most successful things of the season. The count went into court for redress, but only thus served to increase the interest in this new species of humor and apotheosis of practical joking. Managers are believed to be in a profoundly contemplative mood. They would like to reduce to a principle the secret of success in a play. They would like to recall the public, and put an end to the era of empty benches. I have been impressed by one item set forth as a contribution to a complete theory in these speculations. "They [the public] go to laugh," a manager is represented as saying, "but they would rather cry." This is a confirmation, from an official source, of what I have long thought of the acceptability of the gulp in the throat and the moist handkerchief. It is not I alone who have been in the way of knowing of persons weeping as if all were lost at the pathos of Barrett's unique *Man o' Airlie*, and that such evenings as these were among the most delightful of their lives. There is a kind of delicious misery that its votaries would not exchange for any ecstasies of laughter. It looks as though the excitement of emotion were the object, and it made little difference in what direction it operated;

as if, in fact, pleasure and pain were in their essence very much the same thing. There ought to be opportunities enough in every-day life for the carrying off of all superfluous sympathies. But in every-day life the element of doubt can never be quite got rid of, while in the literary work the circumstances of the character are completely presented. We know that it is just such and such a character we are pitying, and no other, and the emotion can be indulged without misgiving. The popularity of woe, since it is now openly declared to be popular, may be accounted for by the novelty of the artificial sensation to those who have little of their own. To those who have too much, it may act as a reassurance, in showing that the lot they thought exceptional is no more than the common heritage. The argument might be extended to books, particularly to some of those doleful terminations with which fault is found. A very little of it goes a great way "in mine;" but, I ask, is there not danger, in too rounded and cheerful a finish, of destroying the illusion, and with it the lessons it may have carried along, as an approximation to life as it is?

The evidence I can adduce to the prevalence of a more romantic tendency in the dramas of the day is rather negative than positive. It is not seen in an unusual number of romantic plays, or the striking success of any one of them; Miller's *Danites* and Bret Harte and Mark Twain's *Ah Sin* are the only two new ones I recall. It is rather in the decline of the society plays. Their chief temple, Mr. Augustin Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, went into bankruptcy early in the season. The scene of *Pique*, *Divorce*, *Surf*, *Saratoga*, *Frou-Frou*, and *Fernande* came to echo to the strident rhapsodies of *Parthenia* and *Ingomar*, *Fazio*, and *Guy Mannering* in the mouth of "the new American *tragédienne*," Mary Anderson. This young lady, finding the great priestesses of the tragic muse dead and gone, did a very wise and practical thing in stepping into the vacant field and securing, in the diffidence of more reverential contemporaries, a

nopoly of it. I saw her in Meg Merrilies. She paints swollen veins upon her round arms, clutches a forked stick, holds in with difficulty a false tooth, and manages her eyes with a glitter like a ray of moonlight on a new tin roof. "Away! Away!" she shrieks, at every favorable opportunity, and goes off the stage with a stagger, after mouthing, in a voice that tries hard to make a *basso-profundo* of its natural pleasant *soprano*, an unmeaning couplet about

"When Bertram's might and Bertram's right
Shall meet on Ellengowan's height."

She dies in the good old physical style: down at full length, dispatched by the smuggler's bullet — up on one elbow — back on one knee — parting words — all the way up — comprehensive view of the scenery, with hands and head wavering — resounding collapse. Nobody lends the poor old woman a hand. They let her alone, — Bertram, the young heir, for whom she has sacrificed herself, like the rest. And yet one could not find it in his heart to blame Bertram and his friends so much for this, since it plainly appeared that no interference was desired in these well-calculated agonies. Never was gypsy, or what you will, so devoid of resemblance to a human being.

This you might see applauded and well paid for in the realistic precinct where Frou-Frou, the misguided pretty woman, in the impersonation of Miss Agnes Ethel, comes back after all her troubles to expire so sweetly in the arms of her friends, asking, with the ruling passion strong in death, to be arrayed in her bridal robes: "Then you shall see how pretty I will look." They are of a very different order, it is true, but there is a truth to nature even in Calibans.

It was long a source of grief to those among whom an attachment for the old traditions of the stage still lingers to see the regular drama airily wafted to the wall by the modern emanations from fashionable parlors, and paled by the dazzle of mammoth sensuous spectacles. The latter, a flimsy frost-work, disappeared before the first breath of adversity; the domain of the former is

much circumscribed, as has been said. You might suppose the traditionists would find themselves well satisfied with the revenge of time. It is not altogether so. The society play is said to have paralyzed actors as well as acting. The ranks are decimated, and when it is a question of calling the regiment again into the field there is no source from which it can be recruited. The difference seems to be the old conflict between idealism and realism. If you want real society, drop in at the first drawing-room; if you want a real landscape, take the first train for the country. But on the stage and in the picture-gallery there must be nature and something more. If you are acting, I understand this view to be, let it so appear; as with the Irishman in regard to sleep, who put his mind upon it, and showed the tallest example on record by reposing for a week.

The legitimate actor accentuates passion. He is demonstrative in his doings. He is an elocutionist. He suits the action to the word with bold and voluminous gestures. He has acquired a stage walk, toe first and then heel; and practice upon the tight rope has not even been unknown, for greater steadiness. He has made dancing, fencing, languages, posing by the hour before a pier-glass, his study. The profession was a liberal education; even more: the acquisition of noble sentiments was necessary. It will be found in *The Art of Acting*, by the Messrs. French, that "no performer can personate a hero truly unless, did events favor him, he be capable of actually becoming a hero." If you ask for names; we point with pride to the shades of those great exemplars of technique, Edwin Forrest, John Davenport, and Mrs. Bowers. The scenes of the dramas and melodramas in which, for the most part, they figured, lay in the remote past. Who could say that the manners of the periods were not such as they displayed them? Who had a right to say, judging from any modern standards he might take pains to compare them with, what they were?

Now take the society actor. It is the

way of society to rule out the expression of emotion as much as possible. A *blasé* calm is the thing. He wears a frock-coat, with a nosegay in the lapel; he has appropriate clothes—and very elegant they are—for every hour in the day. The society actress has more, but she does not keep herself in hand, in the matter of emotion, anything like as well. But can he wear a toga? that is the point. Can he wear a gaberdine to advantage, or trunk hose, and slash at miscreants with a buckler and broadsword? He walks about with his arms glued to his sides. Occasionally, he raises one to point a pistol or to order a mother-in-law out-of-doors; for he is a terrible fellow enough, I can tell you,—full of willfulness and sensibility, and a desperate courage when it is wanted, only we must divine it from fragmentary indications breaking through his imperturbable demeanor, instead of from the convulsions of Jack Cade and Metamora. His voice is low, with a tendency to a wearied drawl, as if he had seen so much, so much of life, and it was altogether tasteless. Can he bellow? Can he project stage whispers, to creep under the benches of the topmost gallery, like the subtle draughts from the corridor, and freeze the sanguine young blood of their occupants? I should think not. Society's horror of a "scene" has stifled his capacity for energetic action. Nor is this the worst. Mark well: with this type, reinforced alternately by the stage and society, and established more absolutely in force, will not all impressibility, sentiment, emotion, vanish with the processes that gave them expression? just as in the selection of species and the survival of the fittest, functions are eliminated with the flaccid members that cease to respond to their impulse. If, therefore, the world find itself, in some few centuries from now, bereft of feeling, impotent to love, or hate, or glow with patriotism, or bow in reverence, it may turn to these pages,—which, I make no doubt, will not cease to be found in every well-regulated library,—and let it not say it was not forewarned.

A visit succeeding the departure of

the young American tragédienne brought me into the presence of the Polish countess Modjeska, in the charming story of Adrienne Lecouvreur and the Marshal Saxe. It is a piece from which the makers of more modern society plays could learn. It has the rich dressing and furniture of the old *régime*, and a dialogue of considerable interest in itself, besides a love affair clearly intelligible and without morbidity, and a sufficiently exciting plot. Modjeska shows thorough training in the traditions we have been speaking of, without slavish subservience to them. She forms the third in the distinguished trio, consisting of Janauschek and Fechter, besides herself, who have learned our language at short notice, to give us a better appreciation of it and of the capabilities of their art. Janauschek and Fechter also have played engagements, not far apart, at the Broadway, and in somewhat similar creations of Dickens,—Hortense from Bleak House, and Obenreizer from No Thoroughfare,—which gives them another point of contact. As a rule, it is not a much better plan to look at dramatizations of impressive literary characters than at book illustrations of them. It is rarely that they are not shorn of their proportions when brought before you face to face, out of the far vista at the end of which you have seen them mysteriously walking. In Janauschek almost alone I find no disappointment. I never expect to imagine anything more in the way of suppressed fury, of deadly venom struggling under a hysteric attempt at airy indifference, than she presents in this tigerish French maid. The reality is assisted by the aptness of her natural accent.

"These are very long lies," she says, with a scornful laugh, to Mr. Inspector Bucket, weaving the net of the murder of Mr. Tulkington, step by step, around her; "you prose a great deal. Is it that you have almost finished, or are you speaking always?" Her eyes are softly half closed; then they open with a startling snap, as if they launched a tangible bolt of destruction. You wonder not to see it take effect. It is worth

a whole lunatic asylum of common rant. I do not think so well of Fechter's Obenreizer. There is a likeness in these characters: the same cat-like stealthiness, the same impression of dread, conveyed by slight touches and intensified by something connected with their foreignness, with that strange side of Dickens's genius that would remain if all he had in common with others were taken away, like the lime accretions in water-washed sandstone. Fechter violates probabilities; he scowls and blusters too much. Vendale could never have confided in such apparent villainy. Fechter is essentially of the dramatic and not of the subdued sort. He is of the days — if such days there were — when passion was more childish, and worked in the face and the whole person. I like him better in Lagardère, with his bold movements and his sword in his hand, and in the more demonstrative portions of Hamlet.

No Thoroughfare is a play it would be desirable to see imitated, if the romantic *genre* be indeed coming back. The characters and events are connected by a chain of fatality, to which the saying of Obenreizer, "There are so few persons in the world that they continually cross and recross," serves as a sort of formula. The action is simple but intensely sustained, the love-making honest, the humor enough and not too obtrusive, and the moral thoroughly good. An ingenious use is made of the powerful element of superstition, while appearing to allow it to influence only the character of the humblest class, Joey Ladle. A spot of the red fungus in the roof of the London wine vaults — travelers go to see still, in Saint Katherine's docks, the veritable patch that served the author's purpose — falling upon a person is made to be a premonition of death by murder. In the play, Obenreizer's motive for Vendale's destruction is reinforced by jealousy. He is represented as a lover of Marguerite's, also. The crime of the piece is not mere brutal horror. It is invested by the circumstances with a kind of awful poetry. You remember the story. A forged receipt for a large

sum of money, stolen in transit, is sent to Vendale from Neuchâtel. He must take it there, and afterwards, it happens, to Milan, to verify the writing as a means of detecting the thief. Obenreizer, ostensibly his warm friend, the unsuspected criminal, becomes his companion, with the design of getting possession of the tell-tale receipt. As they go along, the noises by the way and his own thoughts repeat to him in a sing-song tone, "Rob him if you may; kill him if you must." They come to Brigue, at the foot of the Simplon. Twice in the night attempts at robbery are frustrated by slight accidents. Then the time for robbery is past; it must be murder. In the morning there is danger, and the guides will not venture upon the mountain. They push on alone. Does not Obenreizer know this pass? Was not his childhood passed here? — his childhood, of which he delights to speak with such a bitterness of mockery, betraying his malice towards the world. "Our poor hut by the water-fall," he says, "the cow-shed where I slept with the cows, my idiot half-brother limping down the pass to beg." How much of Switzerland there is in this! He remembers the whistle of the whip, forsooth, while Vendale, sitting on his mother's lap, in his father's carriage, rolled through the rich London streets.

Do I not know this pass, too, my first piece of Swiss pedestrianism, — when the diligence was long in coming, — from Brigue to Berisal, and the pretty pedestrian in scarlet stockings, leaning upon her *alpenstock*, as I came up to it? Ah, the fragrance and the grateful silence; the little spots of pasture, with their red *châlets*; the cool brooks trickling from the glaciers; the savage slopes of green, the snow summits peeping brightly above them of a July day! Something of this I see, though it is winter, as the travelers climb the theatrical pass of pasteboard and canvas. Indeed, it is not badly put upon the stage. They are in a region of precipices now, high above Berisal. White woolen cloths wrinkled over the foreground give a graphic idea of new-fallen snow. Flakes of paper

sift thickly down upon their long cloaks. Vendale's head is strangely heavy; he has been drugged in his brandy, on the march. All at once the villain throws off his disguise.

"I said I would guide you to your journey's end," he cries, in a ringing voice. "It is here. I am the thief. You are sleeping as you stand. In five minutes I shall take the paper from your lifeless body."

Is that a situation, or is n't it? — the nightmare feeling of the man falling helpless into his fate, seeing in one flash of retrospect all the circumstances that pointed to this conclusion if he had not been blind.

But the acute crisis of interest is yet to come. At the last moment he musters strength enough to roll himself over the precipice, — down, down upon the spring mattresses waiting out of sight to receive him, three feet below. Obenreizer is a murderer, and yet the paper has escaped him. Vendale, you may be sure, is nursed back to life, and ultimately marries Miss Jeffreys Lewis, as he always intended to do, while the villain receives his deserts.

It is a misfortune that ought never to happen but to your worst enemies, if they are in the dramatic line, to have their works presented for the first time by inferior companies. It is hard not to identify the people of the piece somewhat with the manner of their representation. It is for this reason that I find it hard to strike the balance fairly between the Danites, which was put upon the boards at the Grand Opera House with a very good company, and Ah Sin, which had at the Fifth Avenue — Mr. Parsloe as the Chinaman excepted — quite an indifferent one. These are the Pacific-slope contributions to the subject. As such, they abound in the drawling dialect, the mining camps, vigilantes, Howling Wilderness saloons, San Francisco heiresses, and heathen Chinese natural to the style. The value of Ah Sin is in the piece of character-drawing in the Chinaman, as that of the Mighty Dollar is in the Honorable Bardwell Slote, and of the Gilded Age in Colonel

Sellers. Mr. Miller aims more at a complete story with a pathetic interest. But for the lameness of the conclusion, in which the heroine, who has been so madly in love with Sandy all the way through, simply leaves him and goes off to Chicago without being in any way provided for sentimentally, he would have accomplished it. The conception of Nancy Williams, the last survivor of a family cut off one by one by the destroying Danites, is impressive, and probably well grounded historically. Driven from place to place, like the classic Io, by this mortal terror, she takes refuge in a mining camp, in the disguise of a boy. On the deep stage, in front of the great mountain range, in the first act, Miss Kitty Blanchard, with shining blonde hair enhanced by a simple black dress, tells her mournful story to Mr. McKee Rankin. Slow music accompanies the narrative, rising wildly as he starts up and relates her flight by night in the storm and darkness. When she reappears in the camp as a boy, no one but Sandy's wife (for he has married in the mean time) discovers her secret. Some caresses between them, witnessed by Sandy, are the occasion for acute complications of jealousy, which test the nobility of several of the personages in a satisfactory manner. Apart from the central Chinaman, the piece seems more amusing, as well as more weighty, than Ah Sin, though one is prepared to distribute widely the credit for the details when he finds the whole of the capital stage-coach scene of the Danites in an early sketch by Habberton. As good a point as any is the sublime coolness of the parson who is rejected by the pretty school-mistress because he has another wife in the States, and takes it hard that a fellow should be thrown over for a little matter like that. In Ah Sin the melodramatic interest is supplied by an apparent murder: the lynching of the wrong man is about to take place for it, when the ostensible victim is produced by Ah Sin, who has brought him back to life, and kept him in reserve in his cabin.

These, I suppose, are examples, and

No Thoroughfare still more, of what Mr. Boucicault intends in holding that it is movement, a succession of exciting events, that constitutes the value of a drama. According to him it is what the personages do that is important. According to me it is what they are. One differs with reluctance from an authority whose imposing formulation of the canons of the dramatic art from the days of Æschylus down, in the *North American Review*, and whose personation of Con, the Shaugbraun, in a red wig, the living centre - piece of an Irish wake, he has seen in the same week; but I cannot abandon my belief that character is the subject of the most enlightened interest both in the play and the book. Incidents are of value only as they contribute to its elucidation. To make action the ideal is to imitate the example of the archaic frescoes in the Egyptian pyramids, who show all sorts of transactions, hunting, weaving, the grinding of grain, carried on by personages without a spark of individuality or portraiture. There are diverse tastes, and no one work can suit them all; but I think its rank in the scale can be determined as it conforms more or less to this requirement.

For this reason the *Man of Success* at the Union Square, and Mr. Steele Mackaye's *Won at Last* at Wallack's, with their faults in other directions, are attempts at something higher than the dramas depending upon intricate plots and startling adventures. In these it is the aim of the action not only to present character as it is, but to show it modified and at the end changed into something quite different from what it was in the beginning. The interest is in the conflict going on in the interior personality of the leading character of each. The Union Square apparently recognizes in Paris, in the present era of division of labor, the most satisfactory source of supply for the drama as for the fashions. The *Man of Success* is simply one of the translations from the French which it is the specialty of this theatre frankly to present, as less troublesome and equally efficacious with the thin attempts at dis-

guise of the same material too prevalent elsewhere. The *Man of Success* in person, and the hero of *Won at Last*, are men of the impassive, gentlemanly, coolly forcible sort I have characterized, and so well exemplified in the handsome actors Coghlan and Montague. The *Man of Success* has set his mind upon his own selfish aggrandizement and the pleasure of mastery. He sneers at affection, moral ideas, and sentiment of every sort. He turns his wife and children into the street when they thwart him. He shoots in a duel the son of his dead partner, whom he has wronged in a business transaction. But then he finds that he has a conscience after all; the demands of affection, now that he stands so completely alone, tug at his heart-strings. He makes restitution, goes off like Claude Melnotte to the army in Italy,—only this is the campaign of the third Napoleon instead of the first,—and returns to his family a redeemed man. Mountjoye may be a little exaggerated, but he is certainly a type of something that prevails to a considerable extent, and he is a very legitimate person for stage purposes.

In the original play of Mr. Mackaye — if it be original, for charges of plagiarism fly so wildly at the heads of all the playwrights of the day that one knows not what to think—the idea is more final. There must be hardened men of the world capable of snorting at it as incomprehensible rubbish. John Fleming is one of the blasé kind. His experiences have left him only a heart of ashes. Having arrived at a certain age, he marries, in compliance with his deceased father's request. Grace is a New England girl, described in the play-bill as "a true woman." After the wedding ceremony she chances to overhear him explaining his position to a friend. He has married her as a wife who is so-so, rather better than the average, one who has good principles and will not discredit him. He requests to know if he is taken for an idiot that he should be in love with anybody at this time of day. Her excessive adoration of him undergoes a reaction. She refuses to go with

him to his home, but finally consents to do so for the sake of appearances, on the stipulation that they are to live in the same house, but to be nothing more to each other than formal acquaintances. This is such a new kind of woman to Fleming that, as the arrangement goes on, he becomes desperately in love.

Mr. Mackaye, who has followed Mr. Boucicault a little in the fashion of talking back to the critics, says he intends to show by this the need of a higher conception of the marriage relation, as opposed to the sensual view on the one hand and that of a mere worldly speculation on the other; and it is not a bad idea. Like the examples in Mr. John Brougham's very conventional piece of the old English school, *Flies in a Web*, and unlike that in Mr. Henry James's story of *Madame de Mauves*, this case of falling in love after marriage ends happily. Jealousy is artfully evoked by the introduction of apparent rivals on both sides. A new motive for suicide is shown in the magnanimity of Fleming, who twice attempts it for the purpose of freeing Grace from her ties to him, that she may be happier elsewhere.

Over at Booth's, at the same time, the great tragedian, returned for a short season to the fine theatre where his munificent presentation of Shakespeare as it should be proved the wreck of his fortunes, was showing in *Richard III.* how woman can be won by a monster, steeped in the most heinous crimes both towards herself and others, by nothing more than a little smooth flattery of her charms. Ladies, is there one spark of truth in the hideous assumption, and shall we not set down this play at least to the invention of the knavish Baconians? What tokens of esteem could have remained to Lady Anne for such a one as Fleming? And what, I wonder, would have been the luck of the insinuating Richard with such a one as this exacting Grace?

Here is a desultory glimpse we have had together of the most obvious form of amusement the metropolis devises for itself as a solace for the winter evenings.

We have seen tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, and society plays, — for this form, though scotched, is by no means dead, nor will it be while the upper classes delight to see upon the stage the manners and customs of life as they know it. Is there anything of it likely to endure, to be a permanent reminiscence longer than while we are drawing on our gloves and passing into the darkness from the illuminated lobby around which the hackney coaches are rumbling and the policemen shouting? If there be, it is the *Brunhild* of *Janauschiek*. It rises out of its surroundings as *Bartholdi's* statue is to do from *Bedloe's Island*. I have already spoken of her *Hortense*; she plays *Lady Dedlock*, of course, in the same piece; but strong as these are, the other is greater by so much as the magnificent Amazonian princess of the heroic epic surpasses the serving-woman and the modern lady. How she swells with untamable pride, and fumes at the thwarting of a will that none heretofore has dared to contradict! Her arms weave a rhythm of stately gesture about her. I cannot speak in measured terms of her attitudes. She covers her face with her dark blue mantle, bordered with barbaric red, and every line is like the drapery of a stately statue. She casts herself upon a couch in an appalling abandon of grief, her veil of black hair spread widely over her shoulders. Again she stands with superb disdain, like *Thusnelda* in the procession of *Germanicus*. See her come down the palace steps to gloat over the dead body of *Siegfried*, slain for his insult to her. "Aye, there you lie. How proudly you held your head to-day!" she scornfully begins. But she falters; there is a woman's heart too in the haughty breast, and she has loved him better than all the rest. "No," she cries, "here is only unutterable woe," and throws herself upon the bier. It is a great moment, and a very few like it go far to redeem the stage from the obloquy it is no small part of the doings of its own professional tenants to bring upon it.

Raymond Westbrook.

VICTOR EMMANUEL'S POLITICAL WORK.

VICTOR EMMANUEL received the sceptre of Sardinia from the hands of Charles Albert, upon the lost battle-field of Novara, the 23d of March, 1849. On the 9th of January, 1878, he died in the Quirinal Palace at Rome, king of Italy.

His broken-hearted father consigned to him the shattered hopes of his country, and left him to make for her the best terms of peace he could with victorious Austria. Italy was, as Prince Metternich had truly said, "a mere geographical expression." The several kingdoms, principalities, and duchies into which it was divided had, each in its several way, and more than half the time at cross purposes, made wild and fruitless efforts to achieve independence from the Austrian without and from despotism within. Mazzini had discovered the panacea of all the political miseries of Italy in a grand Italian republic, and the means of reaching this end in secret conspiracy. Gioberti had eloquently sketched the outlines of an Italian confederation, of which the Pope should be the head and the king of Sardinia the strong right arm. But princely treachery and domestic dissensions had coöperated with a foreign army in rudely awakening Naples, Milan, Florence, Palermo, Bologna, Rome, and Venice, one after another, from all such dreams of constitutional liberty. The chivalrous king of Sardinia, already defeated in one campaign, took up arms again, and received full on his shield the last fatal blow which closed the struggle of 1848 and 1849; and, abdicating in favor of his son, went into voluntary exile to die.

Victor Emmanuel reigned nearly nine and twenty years, first at Turin, then at Florence, finally at Rome; and, dying, has peacefully transmitted to his son the crown of a free and united Italy, settled in its constitutional government and recognized as one of the great powers of Europe, whose counsels are re-

spectfully listened to and whose interests must be taken into consideration in any question of magnitude.

Such is the contrast between the beginning and the end of a single reign. The counsellors of the new king can tell him the whole story of this extraordinary revolution from their own personal memories: the young men who fought against Radetzky and Oudinot and Haynau are still holding command in the army or sitting in the Italian parliament.

Now, it is a not uncommon impression that this, if not the free gift of Providence to an almost passive Italy, was at least the work of her patriot statesmen alone, the king contributing little more than his name to an epoch which other men have made so glorious. But whatever blessings Providence bestows upon nations, it is not usual to include among them that of an undeserved and unearned restoration to national life and liberty: and the work of restoring Italian nationality was not by any means so exclusively done by Piedmontese statesmen and soldiers as to account for the fact that greatness was laid upon the shoulders of their king rather than on those of any other ruler of Italy.

What, then, was Victor Emmanuel's rôle in this magnificent drama of the *risorgimento* of Italy?

The question has interested the American press to no small degree: but the comments on the political character of the late king of Italy with which I have met have shown no appreciation of the true nature of those moral qualities for which he will hereafter be chiefly and most gratefully remembered. I venture, therefore, as one who has enjoyed some opportunities of informing himself on the subject, to supplement what has already been given to the public.

Victor Emmanuel inherited from his race, and still further acquired from the influences in the midst of which his early years were passed, what I will charac-

terize as a bigoted and almost superstitious recognition of the spiritual claims and the spiritual power of the authorities of the Church of Rome. Leaving his moral life and his official and political life wholly apart, in what may be called his personal relations with ecclesiastical affairs he was almost a devotee in instincts, prejudices, habits, and convictions. And yet Italy, in building the proposed memorial to him in the Pantheon, will embody but the simple historic truth that she owes it to him, under Providence, that her national liberties and unity have been secured, not only in despite of the utmost resistance of the Vatican, but, as it will be proved, upon the ruins of that papal system with which he probably never doubted that the Catholic Church was identified. How is this fact to be explained? What is the key to this conquest of the king over the man?

I answer in one word, — loyalty.

His courage, moral and physical, was worthy of the career he was called to run; and none who are not familiar with the perils, of which war was the least, through which he led his people to the goal of their political hopes can fully realize how sorely and how constantly this was put to the test.

His political ability was, in the estimate, it is said, of so good a judge as Thiers, of a far higher order than the world has given him credit for. Victor Emmanuel hated the parade of kingcraft: but it would be difficult to explain his singleness of purpose, the unswerving policy which never lost sight of its great aims or of the principles in accordance with which they were alone to be obtained, through frequent revolutions of party and changes of ministry, save on the theory that the king, having been once thoroughly imbued with the grand purposes and principles of Count Cavour, represented that statesman in every cabinet, radical or moderate, from the death of Cavour to his own.

Especially was it a distinguishing characteristic of Victor Emmanuel that he was able to draw around him, and to attach to himself and almost to each

other, in the closest practical alliance and coöperation, a band of such unlike as well as great patriots as those who were granted to Italy in the supreme period upon which her future turned. D'Azeglio, Balbo, Cavour, Mamiani, Corsini, Ricasoli, Garibaldi, Ratazzi, La Marmora, Cialdini, Selopis, — what would not Italy have lost if the king had alienated from him any one of these? The king who could combine such men, by their loyalty to him and to Italy, for the accomplishment of the work which was given to him and to them to do, possessed rare qualities as a ruler, of which the world has perhaps lost sight in the blaze of the genius and civic virtues of the patriots and heroes and statesmen by whom he has been surrounded and in the midst of whom he will be remembered in history.

These qualities Victor Emmanuel possessed in a very remarkable degree; but if history is to single out one of his moral characteristics as preëminent, — one quality as that which secured the independence and the unity of his country and which made him king of Italy, — he will be remembered as Victor Emmanuel the Loyal.

In the midst of the political convulsions of 1848, all the rulers in Italy — the Pope, the kings of Naples and of Sardinia, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany (the petty dukes of Parma and of Modena were driven from their dominions, which were united with Sardinia) — granted constitutions to their respective peoples, and as soon as the crisis was past and they had the reins of authority well in hand again, they all revoked them, and either imprisoned or exiled the patriots who had been identified with them — all, with the sole exception of the king of Sardinia.

Charles Albert was not at all the man who would have been selected as the champion of his country's liberties. Yet Cavour was able to persuade him not only to give a constitution to Sardinia, but to take up arms in its defense, as I have recounted, once and again. And when that constitution was but a year and six weeks old, and before his peo-

ple could be said to have any practical experience of its advantages to them, doubly defeated, he gave up his task in despair, called for the prince, then twenty-nine years of age, and educated under anything but liberal and constitutional influences, and with the crown gave him the solemn charge to devote his life to the unity and national liberties of Italy. It is related that the young king gave his promise to his father, and then drawing his sword, brandished it towards the Austrian camp, and pledged his honor as a soldier and his good faith as a prince of the loyal house of Savoy to be true to that promise. The next day he took the oath as king to uphold the constitution which his father had so lately granted: he soon after named as prime minister Massimo d'Azeglio, that Bayard of unsullied honor and truthfulness; and to that promise, and to that oath before his people, Victor Emmanuel was true from 1849 to 1878.

It is easy to perceive the nature, but it would be very difficult for Americans to realize the intensity, of the struggle between what he himself was and that which his royal duty now bound him to be; nor is it easy, without that realization, to appreciate the grandeur of the moral self-conquests which must have gone before every important advance in Italian liberty and toward Italian nationality. Nor is it to be wondered at that there were crises in that advance when all seemed on the verge of being lost; when the strain which that loyalty put upon his personal affections and habits of bigoted deference to the authorities of the church seemed for a while to be more than they could bear without a violent reaction.

Two or three anecdotes, which I have every reason to believe authentic, will illustrate this royal loyalty and the nature of its repeated victories in issues such as these. If they are not literally true they certainly are morally so, and they are much more than *ben trovate*.

When, after Novara, the Austrian government peremptorily demanded of the young monarch that he should revoke the Sardinian constitution, he replied

that an insuperable obstacle lay in the way of his compliance with this demand, one which he himself had no power to remove, "the word of a king."

He struck the first heavy blows at the power of Rome when he sanctioned the laws introduced by Count Sicardi as a member of the D'Azeglio cabinet, by which ecclesiastical courts were abolished and the clergy deprived of their immunity from the civil law. This step was followed up by others in the same direction, aimed, one and all, at the emancipation of the state and of society from priestly influence and tyranny; until the death, in close succession, of the king's mother, only brother, wife, and child gave the priests an opportunity of pointing out to him that these were divine judgments on his course. When, therefore, shortly after, Count Cavour, who was now prime minister, brought before parliament a bill for the suppression of certain monastic orders, the clerical advisers of the king found him less able to resist them. For a time he yielded to their warnings and desired that the bill should be withdrawn. Cavour and his cabinet, of course, at once resigned. The church party was triumphant. But while they were engaged in the formation of a new ministry, which should secure the fruits of this victory, D'Azeglio hurried to the king. Twice he was refused, and then he boldly, frankly wrote to him, pointing out the fatal nature of the step which he was taking against the liberties of his country and the principles of that constitutional government which he had pledged himself to defend.

Victor Emmanuel showed himself worthy of such an adviser. He recalled Cavour and reinstated the late cabinet. The bill was again presented to parliament, was passed, and received the royal approval; and the subsequent extension of those laws of Sardinia over province after province, and finally even over Rome itself, has transformed Italy.

This was in 1855. Some fifteen years afterwards, when the king was supposed to be dying at San Rossore, and, in the absence of his own confessor, sent for

a neighboring priest, there appeared to be another opportunity for the church. The priest, acting under instructions, demanded, as the condition of absolution and the viaticum, a profession of repentance of all his official acts against the church and a solemn promise, in case of his recovery, to revoke and undo all such laws and acts. The king replied in substance, "Father, if you will talk to me, as to a dying man, of my sins, I am ready to hear you; but if you insist upon talking politics, I must refer you to my ministers, who are in the next room."

When, in 1870, it was proposed to him to abdicate, in order to escape the necessity of sanctioning the occupation of Rome against his duty to the Pope, he refused thus to evade the responsibilities of his crown, and gave the order from which, as a man, he shrunk almost with horror, but which he saw to be his duty as a king. "History," said an American at the time, "tells us of many men who have given their lives for their country; this is the first who has been willing for his country to jeopardize his soul."

Such was the royal loyalty of Victor Emmanuel. This loyalty was a family virtue. It has often been illustrated in the history of his house; and it was nobly illustrated in the close of the brief reign of Amadeus, Duke of Aosta and brother of the present king. This prince was called to the throne of Spain, as a constitutional king, toward the close of 1870; but when he had reigned little more than two years he was advised by his ministers that it was impossible to maintain his government without revoking a constitution, for which Spain had proved herself unfit. Amadeus would not violate his royal oath; and he therefore promptly renounced the crown which he could not retain but at the expense of his good faith.

Of this loyal race comes the new king of Italy. The interests which have already been secured during his father's

reign, will rest safely in his hands; but there are some issues in the period of contemporaneous history into which Italy is now about to enter for which Humbert will probably be even better fitted than Victor Emmanuel could have been.

The late king was the firm friend of France. Such were his grateful memories of the campaign of 1859 that he would gladly have gone to the assistance of Napoleon in 1870. King Humbert, on the contrary, is known to be far more cordially in sympathy with Germany. Moreover, the late king found it very difficult, as we have seen, to bear his part in the successive steps by which Italian independence was redeemed from indirect priestly rule, and by which the temporal interests of Italy were taken out of the hands of the papacy. Could it be expected that any prince of the house of Savoy, educated before 1849, would sustain his government with equal firmness when the issue should involve the very existence of the papacy itself? And yet, upon the death of the present Pope, such will probably be the issue which those who control the policy of the church will force upon the king and kingdom of Italy. The son of Victor Emmanuel will be able to meet such an issue far more promptly and with a more untrammelled spirit than could ever have been expected of Victor Emmanuel himself. His work, that which in the providence of God was assigned to him, has been well and nobly done.

The reign of Victor Emmanuel, first king of Italy, is one of the most glorious chapters in the history of a marvelous century. And among those who have made that reign the record of the restoration of a great people to nationality, the king himself, whatever may have been the faults of his personal character, was fearless, generous and true, and, as a king, not unworthy to be the standard-bearer and hero of an epic which history shall never weary of nor the world forget, *Italia Liberata*.

Wm. Chauncy Langdon.

THE WHITE CZAR.

Dost thou see on the rampart's height
That wreath of mist, in the light
Of the midnight moon? Oh, hist!
It is not a wreath of mist;
It is the Czar, the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!¹

He has heard, among the dead,
The artillery roll o'erhead;
The drums, and the tramp of feet
Of his soldiery in the street;
He is awake! the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard in the grave the cries
Of his people: "Awake! arise!"
He has rent the gold brocade
Whereof his shroud was made;
He is risen! the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

From the Volga and the Don,
He has led his armies on,
Over river and morass,
Over desert and mountain pass;
The Czar, the Orthodox Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He looks from the mountain chain
Toward the seas, that cleave in twain
The continents; his hand
Points southward o'er the land
Of Roomelee! O Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

And the words break from his lips:
"I am the builder of ships,
And my ships shall sail these seas
To the Pillars of Hercules!
I say it; the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

"The Bosphorus shall be free;
It shall make room for me;
And the gates of its water-streets
Be unbarred before my fleets.

¹ The White Czar is Peter the Great. Batyushka, *Father dear*, and Gosudar, *Sovereign*, are titles the Russian people are fond of giving to the Czar, in their popular songs.

I say it; the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

“ And the Christian shall no more
Be crushed, as heretofore,
Beneath thine iron rule,
O Sultan of Istamboul!
I swear it! I, the Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar! ”

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE OPPOSITION TO LINCOLN IN 1864.

THE first session of the thirty-eighth Congress closed on the 4th of July, 1864. It was the year of a presidential election, and a perverse and discontented spirit manifested itself throughout the session. Besides the open opposition of democrats, the radical element was dissatisfied with the president's policy of conciliation, amnesty, and reconstruction, enunciated in the annual message and amnesty proclamation of the 8th of December, 1863, at the commencement of the session. The democrats were in sympathy with the rebels, and opposed to the war measures of the administration and to the war itself. The radicals opposed the renomination and reelection of President Lincoln, and those measures of the administration which tended to reconciliation and the reestablishment of the Union on the basis of the equality of political rights of the States, such as existed prior to the war of secession. With these extremists the general government had ceased to be conventional; was not a federation of States with derivative and limited powers, formed by and with the consent of the States, but was central and imperial, possessing original, inherent, unlimited, and absolute authority over persons, as well as States, throughout the republic. This combination or faction denied the political equality and refused to recognize any reserved sovereignty of the

States; ignored the fact that the federal government had been created, by these local sovereignties which had established it, by a written constitution, specifying and defining the powers with which the general government is invested and expressly forbidding the exercise of any powers not granted or incident thereto; claimed that Congress had supreme power, and was an autocracy or legislative despotism with, if it chose to exercise it, authority over States and people in their social and political relations. Emancipation by the president as commander-in-chief of the military and naval forces was not sufficient without congressional assent. It was denounced as an executive assumption, and legislative action was necessary for its consummation.

War had intensified the antislavery feeling, and zeal for the slave and the emancipated colored people so kindled emotional enthusiasm as to make the radicals oblivious of law and the legal and, constitutional rights of the whites. Under the new dispensation brought about by the rebellion, it was insisted that Congress could overrule the States, which, in the formation of the federal government, had reserved to themselves control over persons in their respective limits, and claimed that the general government could decree by federal power the equality of blacks and whites, place the ignorant on a par with the in-

telligent, regulate by law their social and political intercourse, and bestow upon the stolid, uneducated, and incapable negroes the privilege of voting in the elections, and at the same time preclude, without legal trial, the whites who had participated or were implicated in the rebellion.

Mr. Lincoln and all his cabinet, in the first years of the war, opposed these radical innovations; but Mr. Chase ultimately, when he became a competitor for the office of president, gave his approval to negro suffrage, limiting his assent, however, to such of the colored population as could intelligently exercise the privilege. Very considerable change of opinion — called progress by the radical philanthropists — took place during the war in relation to our governmental system of granted federal powers, and the retained local authority and reserved sovereignty of the States. Emotional philanthropy was made to supersede statutory and constitutional law. Rights of persons and rights of property, which the States had refused to concede to the general government, — rights which belonged to and were under the control of the respective commonwealths, — began to be disregarded by the radicals, who were constantly increasing in numbers as the war progressed. Confusion prevailed in regard to citizenship, inhabitancy, and legal residence in a State, but the whole was generalized and absorbed in central legislative supremacy, under the specious and popular expression of "the equality of all men before the law;" an expression more taking in consequence of the growing hostility against slavery and the arrogance of the slave owners, who had plunged the country into civil war.

At no time had Mr. Lincoln been more depressed than when, in 1864, he wrote his desponding note of the 23d of August, stating that the democrats, in his opinion, would be successful in the approaching election. An accumulation of disheartening difficulties, internal and external in the free States — differences such as loyal and disloyal, democrat and republican, republican

and radical, personal and sectional — had clouded the administration during the spring and summer, with scarcely a cheering ray to lighten or encourage the government in the mighty struggle to suppress the rebellion. Whilst putting forth the utmost energies of the nation to maintain the Union, which for three years the rebels had, with immense armies, striven to dissolve, the president, from the day of his inauguration, encountered in the free States the steady opposition of the broken, but yet powerfully organized democratic party, which had been in political sympathy with the rebels prior to his election, and which still affiliated with its old party associates.

Added to these, and quite as discouraging and more disheartening than either during the year 1864, were the embarrassing intrigues of discontented and aspiring factions among republicans, growing out of the approaching presidential election and the radical claim for legislative supremacy in the conduct of the government. The opportunity was seized, not only by personal aspirants, but by the disaffected of every description, who, although disagreeing among themselves, had the common purpose, which they exercised, of weakening the president in the public estimation, creating a distrust of his capacity, and impairing confidence in his administration. His ability and energy in prosecuting the war were questioned, his conciliatory policy towards the rebels and his disinclination to confiscate their property were denounced, and his amnesty and reconstruction measures were censured and condemned. The expediency of a change in the presidential office for a more resolute and arbitrary executive was urged by radical congressional leaders during the whole of the first session of the thirty-eighth Congress, and opposition to the president was continued after its adjournment.

The *fiasco* at Cleveland in May had not entirely extinguished the visionary dreams of aspirants and their friends, who still entertained lingering hopes that adverse affairs, or some adventitious

circumstance, might induce a compromise which would withdraw both Lincoln and Fremont and result in the selection of a new candidate. The malevolence of extremists, who were bent on vengeance against the rebels and their subjugation, the confiscation of their property, the overthrow of their old established local government, the reduction of their States to provinces, and the creation of new governments for them under congressional dictation, was active and determined.

The new secretary of the treasury, who took his seat in the cabinet on the 5th of July, was dismayed and appalled, at the commencement of his executive duties, by the overwhelming calls for means to carry on the war. Neither the resources nor the credit of the country could, in his apprehension, meet the demands that were made, and he did not conceal from the president his anxiety and fears. His predecessor, after his retirement on the 30th of June, did not participate in the political party conflicts that agitated the country, and manifested no interest nor rendered any efficient support to the president in the pending political contest. Not until after the failure of the scheme to induce or compel the president and Fremont to decline, nor until after the meeting of the democratic convention at Chicago and the nomination of General McClellan, did he appear and take any active part in political affairs. Under his administration of the treasury a debt of nearly two thousand millions of dollars had been incurred, besides an absorption of the entire revenues received from every source. The condition of the finances on the accession of Mr. Fessenden was so deplorable that a stouter and healthier physique and more vigorous mental power than he possessed might have been discouraged by the prospect and requirements.

The substitution of irredeemable paper for money — making it a legal tender for debts, a policy adopted early in the war — had so inflated and depreciated the currency as to affect values and render loans to the government almost

ruinous to the country. At no period of the national existence had the credit of the government been reduced to so low an ebb as in the months of July and August following the renomination of Mr. Lincoln and the retirement of Mr. Chase.

Attending this distressing state of the finances was the painful inaction of the military, particularly the inert and apparently helpless condition of our lieutenant-general and his host, who, after the sanguinary march of the army of the Potomac from the Rapidan, arrived before Richmond on the 13th of June.

Perhaps too high expectations of immediate results were entertained by the administration and the country; but days and weeks dragged on with no improvement; hope deferred made the heart sick; the president, not the general, was held accountable by the country for delay; designing partisans imputed non-action of the military to the president's conciliatory policy, which, it was claimed, encouraged the rebels and impaired the efficiency of our troops.

While Grant, with his immense force, threatened Richmond, Lee, with greatly inferior numbers, protected the rebel capital, and, fertile in strategy and resources, checked and distracted the lieutenant-general, who had perseverance and obstinacy, and but little else. On these the president was obliged to rely, amidst censure and denunciation from the radicals, until events might favor the Union arms. The raid of Early down the Shenandoah in July, and his advance upon Washington, which, stripped of troops to recruit Grant, was in an unprotected state and might have been captured; the demonstration by the rebels upon Baltimore and the seizure of the great Northern railroads, — burning their bridges and capturing trains; the taking and setting fire to Chambersburg, carrying terror through Pennsylvania and alarming other States, were trying to the administration. Military failures and inactivity everywhere rendered the summer gloomy and disheartening. The president, while disappointed by the immobility of the army, and exerting himself to inspire the country with hope,

was himself assailed with bitterness by radical chiefs who should have been his champions and supporters, and his administration and measures were unsparingly denounced by a reckless combination that condemned his policy.

The feuds of the republicans, which were in active operation in 1864, gave great encouragement to the peace democrats, who were perfecting a vigorous party organization for the presidential election. They were well aware, long before the publication of the Wade and Winter Davis protest, of the hostility of the radicals to Mr. Lincoln, to his amnesty proclamation and his reconstruction views, and of the determination to defeat him and his conciliatory policy. His amicable policy the democrats did not dislike, but, to obtain party ascendancy and possession of the government, they were as zealous as the radicals to prevent his reelection.

The party and personal intrigues of secessionists, democrats, and radicals through the summer, to impair confidence in the president and overthrow the administration that was spending its strength to suppress the rebellion and preserve the national integrity, seemed a sad commentary on the patriotism of the people and the working of our political system. No small portion of the leading official minds of the country, and particularly of Congress, was involved in these intrigues against the executive struggling with reverses and with impending peril to maintain the Union and the national existence. Much has been justly written and published of what was done by the gallant officers in the field and on the waves, but comparatively little is recorded of the trials and responsibilities of those who were entrusted with the government, and especially the president, in those unhappy days. Besides encountering rebels in open, armed resistance to the government, and providing men and supplies for the forces in active service, he and his associates were compelled to meet the opposition of professed friends, on whom they felt they ought to have been enabled to rely for support, and to meet political and party

assaults, secretly and openly at work for their overthrow.

The Cleveland convention, elaborately got up in May, proved a fiasco, and the Baltimore convention in June, which the discontented and mischievous elements had exerted themselves to postpone or control, had renominated Mr. Lincoln. The secretary of the treasury, around whom the extremists had through the winter and spring prepared to rally, resigned a few days after Mr. Lincoln's renomination.

Still persistent in their sectional and hostile intentions, the radicals and the malcontents entertained an indefinite but vague hope that they might, near the close of the political campaign, compel the withdrawal of both the president and Fremont and the substitution of another name, and thus unite all republicans on a more radical candidate. There was with some a lingering idea, rather than expectation, that the democratic convention, which had been postponed from the 4th of July to the 29th of August, might think it expedient to select the ex-secretary of the treasury for their candidate. Mr. Chase remarks in his diary, on the 6th of July, that Pomeroy informed him that democratic senators had said that now the secretary was out of the administration, "We'll go with you now for Chase." This, says the ex-secretary "meant nothing but a vehement desire to overthrow the existing administration, but might mean much if the democrats would only cut loose from slavery and go for freedom and the protection of labor by a national currency. *If they would do that, I would cheerfully go for any man they might nominate.*" But as time progressed, and the drafts and calls for troops multiplied, and non-action and military reverses prevailed, this remote thought that the democrats might nominate Mr. Chase proved delusive; for the democrats, encouraged by republican dissensions and national disaster, began to entertain a confident expectation that they might be successful with a candidate who had been earlier relieved and for different reasons.

By midsummer it was apparent, be-

national executive, who was discharging the duties of chief magistrate and had the confidence of the country, with one who had neither personal nor political strength, — a request that he would put himself and the whole republican party of the country on a level with the factious gathering at Cleveland, and decline being a candidate. The proposition, presumptuous and absurd, which as he and the leading minds of the administration believed, and as events proved, was made by friends of Sumner and Chase, and probably made honestly by those whose names were appended, struck the president painfully. It was made, as will be observed, on the 21st of August. On the 23d the president wrote the desponding note to which I have already referred, stating that the probabilities were that "this administration will not be re-elected." He misjudged, for the demonstration was factious and feeble; the good sense of the people was against it, and did not respond to it.

The protest of the congressional radicals, through Wade and Winter Davis, against the amnesty and reconstruction proclamation had inspired the democrats, who were organizing for their national convention, shrewdly postponed from the 4th of July to the 29th of August; and the proposition to "swap horses when crossing the river" — in other words to change candidates at such a crisis of the presidential campaign — had impressed them, as it did the president, with an idea that they would be triumphant in the approaching election. They had also taken encouragement from the tardy and inefficient operations of the Union armies, — particularly from the immobility of the immense force under Grant, of whom there had been high, perhaps unreasonable expectations, from the day he took his departure from the Rapidan in May, but who had really accomplished nothing except a sanguinary march to the vicinity of Richmond. The democrats had never been impressed with the genius, strategic skill, or military capacity of the lieutenant-general, but always placed a lower estimate than the republicans on his

qualities as a commander; the bloody march, with its inconsequential results, had not changed but confirmed this opinion. That march had been accomplished: he reoccupied the ground from which McClellan was withdrawn, but at such a sacrifice that the grief of the country and the wailing of almost every household for its fallen heroes counterbalanced whatever joy was felt for an achievement so dearly effected. At the same time the sacrifice strengthened the democrats, who were organizing for their national convention on the basis of peace and of an abandonment of hostilities by the government.

It was believed that Richmond would be speedily captured by the armies, to reinforce which the energies and resources of the country had been severely taxed. The whole collected forces of the armies of the Potomac and the James were at the disposal of Grant, who, under the president, had been made general-in-chief of the armies of the United States. The country was impatient of delay; it had anticipated certain success, and the belief in speedy, triumphant results was fostered by the administration. The secretary of war, to appease public expectation, published, for a time, daily bulletins, addressed to General Dix, that the army movements were onward.

The garrisons had been stripped of troops to keep the armies in full force; yet nothing had been accomplished after reaching the James, from whence McClellan had been recalled, except the sacrifice of nearly one half of the army. General Grant possessed great tenacity and persistency, — high qualities in a commander, — which enabled him to hold on to what he had in hand, and to press forward so long as he was reinforced and sustained by the administration; but unfortunately he was endowed with no genius, with little strategic skill, nor had he power to originate plans and devise measures to overcome his skillful and able antagonist. He reached the banks of the James, and he remained there, accomplishing nothing further, while the country was daily expecting to hear of the fall of Richmond. The

president, and not the general, was held responsible for this procrastination: he was denounced for inefficiency and usurpation by the radicals, and accused of inability to conquer a peace by the democrats.

The wounded soldiers sent to Washington to be nursed were living witnesses of the country's agony. Miles of hospital barracks were erected in Washington, and filled with thousands upon thousands of brave men, maimed and dying. This almost innumerable host, from among the noblest heroes and most patriotic spirits of the land, who had periled their lives and poured forth their blood for their country, was, during that sad summer, an affecting spectacle that grieved the hearts of all, and of none more than the president, who was blamed and held responsible for the killed and wounded by a large portion of his countrymen. Such of the mutilated soldiers as could get from their beds were accustomed to cheer and give glad utterance to their feelings as the president with his escort daily passed between his summer residence at the Soldier's Home and the Executive Mansion. The always welcome voices of these brave and suffering men touched him tenderly, and were in strong contrast with the mischievous radical element which, amidst his tiring and exhaustive labors for the Union, was intriguing against him. While these gallant men who sympathized with the president lay suffering for their love of country and devotion to the Union, factious party intriguers were employing their time and talents in denunciatory complaints of his management, and in urging an unconstitutional and unjust sectional exclusion of one third of the States from the Union.

General Richard Taylor has recently stated in the *North American Review*: "After the battle of Chickamauga, in 1863, General Grant was promoted to the command of the armies of the United States, and called to Washington. In a conference at the war office, between him, President Lincoln, and Secretary Stanton, the approaching cam-

paign in Virginia was discussed. Grant said the advance on Richmond should be made by the James River. It was replied that government required the interposition of an army between Lee and Washington, and would not consent, at that late day, to the adoption of a plan that would be taken by the public as a confession of previous error. Grant observed he was indifferent as to routes, but if the government preferred its own — so often tried — to the one he suggested, it must be prepared for the additional loss of one hundred thousand men. The men were promised; Grant accepted the governmental plan of campaign, and was supported to the end. The above came to me well authenticated, and I have no doubt of its correctness."

There is no reason to doubt the veracity of General Taylor, who says this statement came to him "well authenticated;" but those who knew the three persons said to have had "a conference at the war office," when General Grant came to Washington to receive the commission of lieutenant-general, will question the accuracy of the statement. It is now made public that General Grant had prescience of his reverses and losses if he took the Rapidan route, for the first time, nearly fourteen years after the event took place, when two of the three persons named are in their graves. While they, or either of the two, were alive, there was no claim of this sort set up to relieve the survivor and principal actor; no attempt to cast upon those now dead the responsibility of the bloody march to Richmond, which they are said to have insisted upon in opposition to the opinion and judgment of the lieutenant-general, whose duty it was to designate the route, and who did so: that officer had just been promoted for the express purpose of taking command of military operations and the conduct and management of the armies in the approaching campaign. It is known to those intimate with President Lincoln that, while he had usually very decided opinions of his own on military movements, and freely expressed them to his cabi-

net and at head-quarters, he invariably deferred (yielding what I think was sometimes his better judgment) to the generals in command, for the reason that they were military experts, professionally educated, and, if fit for their positions, were best qualified to decide upon the true course to pursue. If "Grant said the advance on Richmond should be made by the James River," the president, in this as in other cases, would have withdrawn his own opinion, if favorable to the march, and would not have overruled the recently created active general-in-chief.

It seems that the general himself had no very decided opinions on the subject; General Taylor says, "Grant observed *he was indifferent* as to routes, but if the government preferred its own — so often tried — to the one he suggested, it must be prepared for the additional loss of one hundred thousand men." Such a statement would of itself have controlled the president, whose sympathies were great, while Grant was of an unsympathetic nature, and "indifferent" which route he took. President Lincoln was always keenly sensitive upon the subject of the lives and sufferings of the soldiers. Such a statement as General Grant is represented to have made would have shocked the compassionate nature of Lincoln, and been with him decisive against an overland march, provided he, and not the lieutenant-general, was to select the route. He would have supported the general in his preference for the James River route from that fact itself, although it seems to have been a matter of indifference to Lieutenant-General Grant.

But is it to be supposed that Grant anticipated in March, when this conference is reported to have taken place, that in battles such as those of the Wilderness he would lose nearly thirty thousand men, at Spottsylvania ten thousand, at Cold Harbor thirteen thousand, and an aggregate which in numbers equaled the entire rebel army under Lee? Before the days of that sanguinary march, over which the whole country became frantic by reason of the slaughtered he-

roes who poured forth their blood for the Union, the general-in-chief is said to have known of the sacrifice to be made, was indifferent to consequences, and assented, against his convictions, to the bloody route.

But time has elapsed, and history is recording the terrible and apparently unnecessary waste of life; the general begins to feel his responsibility for the immolation, and an attempt is now made to relieve him and impose the responsibility upon others. As well and as truly say Sherman's march through Georgia and the Carolinas, which was attended with no such sacrifice, was an administration measure.

General Grant's first visit to Washington was in March, 1864. It was to receive the commission of lieutenant-general, — an office created with reluctance, and to which he had been promoted through the active exertions of Mr. E. B. Washburne, who represented the Galena district in Congress, and whose zeal in that regard was subsequently rewarded by his appointment as secretary of state, immediately after Grant's inauguration, and his transference after ten days to the French Mission.

This visit of Grant, in March, 1864, to receive honors and full command was very brief. He arrived in Washington on the evening of Tuesday, the 8th of March, and came between nine and ten o'clock to the Executive Mansion. There was on that evening a public and very crowded presidential reception. It was there that Grant was first introduced to President Lincoln. On the following day, Wednesday the 9th, the president and cabinet were specially convened for the ceremony of presenting the commission. At one o'clock, the lieutenant-general entered the council chamber, accompanied by his staff and by Secretary Stanton and General Halleck, when the president formally delivered the commission, and the general, with a few written remarks, received it. A desultory conversation of half an hour took place. General Grant, after receiving the commission, inquired what special service was expected of him.

The president replied that the country wanted him to take Richmond; he said our generals had not been fortunate in their efforts in that direction, and asked if the lieutenant-general could do it. Grant, without hesitation, answered that he could if he had the troops. These the president assured him he should have. This was on the afternoon of the 9th; nothing was then said of the James River or any other route. General Grant proceeded to the head-quarters of General Meade and the army of the Potomac, in front, from whence he returned to Washington on the afternoon of Friday the 11th, and came at once, on his arrival, to the council chamber, where the cabinet was in session. He did not remain a great while, spoke of his visit to the army, and said he proposed to take command in person, but would retain General Meade. When about to retire, he remarked to the president that he should leave that afternoon for Nashville, to turn over his late command to General Sherman, but would return in two weeks; having but little time, he would be glad to confer with the secretary of war and General Halleck before he left.

Neither on this nor any other occasion, when I was present, was there any expression of preference for the James River route, nor any opposition to the overland march; no statement that the march from the Rapidan would cost one hundred thousand men. Had there been anything of this kind, something of it would probably have been known to me and others. Had there been a proposition for a different route than that which General Meade had commenced, any preference expressed for the James River route, particularly if, in the estimation of the lieutenant-general, it involved one hundred thousand lives, neither the president nor any members of the government would have approved of it, after such a warning. It is represented, however, that there was warning of such a sacrifice, but it was a matter of "indifference" to General Grant, if the government, from pride of opinion, adhered to the overland march.

General Taylor does not tell from what source the information, now for the first time made public, was derived. To be authentic it must have come from one of the three gentlemen who held the conference in the war department. It could not have been from President Lincoln, for, if I mistake not, he and General Taylor never met. When the president was assassinated, General Taylor was in the rebel service.

There were not such intimate and amicable relations between Secretary Stanton and General Taylor as would have begotten confidence of this nature. There was, in fact, mutual distrust and dislike. When General Taylor came to Washington after the close of the war, there was a movement, in which I was informed he participated, for the removal of Mr. Stanton and the appointment of General Grant to be secretary of war. This change, which finally took place at a later period, was in its inception a matter of concert or of assent on the part of both the generals. But President Johnson, who at first acquiesced, failed at the last moment to consummate the arrangement.

I was not advised of that attempt, nor party to it; knew nothing of it until after its failure; but, to quote the words of General Taylor, this information "came to me well authenticated, and I have no doubt of its correctness."

The knowledge of the conference at the war office, in March, 1864, could therefore have scarcely been obtained from Secretary Stanton. There was, I have no doubt, a conference, at the time and place mentioned, between generals Grant and Halleck and Secretary Stanton, because to my personal knowledge and in my presence General Grant asked such a conference. Of the results I have no recollection, if I ever knew them. They were unquestionably preliminary to Grant's assuming active command.

Stanton and Halleck, with whom Grant had this conference on the 11th of March, are known to have been committed to the plan of making Washington the base of military operations against Richmond. Secretaries Chase and Stan-

ton had made the advance against the rebel capital by the York or James river an objection to General McClellan, when urging his removal in 1862; but the president, although disappointed in McClellan, did not act on the representations of the two secretaries who urged the general's recall. After the seven days' disaster before Richmond, President Lincoln consulted General Scott, then at West Point, and, with his approval, brought Halleck from Corinth to supersede McClellan at head-quarters. Halleck, after arriving at Washington, and assuming the direction of army movements, adopted the views of Stanton and Chase, and the recall of McClellan from the James then became, not a civil, but a military question for the general commanding the armies. The president, whatever may have been his opinion as to the two routes, did not yield to his two secretaries, who were not military men, or better qualified than himself to decide, but he did defer to General Halleck, and acquiesced in the order to recall the army of the Potomac from the James. No member of the cabinet, however, save the two who urged it and were opposed to McClellan, knew of that order until it was issued.

The change urged by Chase and Stanton, and indorsed by Halleck, of recalling McClellan and taking up a line of march upon Richmond, with Washington for the base, did not prove a success. Pope, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade, each acting under Halleck, had one after another failed to make an advance, and the latter general was with the army on the Rapidan when Grant came to Washington and the conference of Grant, Stanton, and Halleck took place in the war office. That "Grant said the advance on Richmond should be made by the James River" is not improbable, for such would seem to be the common-sense view of every one, professional or otherwise, save the two secretaries and General Halleck.

A general in command does not usually surrender his plans and yield what he knows to be right to subordinates, against his own convictions, without over-

powering reasons. General Grant is an exception, for, destitute of originality, he commonly acted on the ideas and plans of others. In this instance the lieutenant-general claims to have abandoned the route which he knew to be best, and, horrible to confess, — for the statement of General Taylor must have come from him, — he gave up the route which he knew to be right, and assented to that which he knew to be wrong, and which involved the awful sacrifice of one hundred thousand men, on the suggestion of persons who had opposed and procured the recall of McClellan. Either route was indifferent to Grant, and he took the worst.

In administering the government, and especially in the conduct of the armies, President Lincoln deferred to the military commanders and the conclusions at head-quarters. Is it credible that on the most important occasion of his administration — the greatest military movement of the war — the president would have departed from his uniform course, and disregarded and overruled the highest military officer in the government, who had just been promoted and was about to take command of the armies of the United States? No one who knew Abraham Lincoln can for a moment believe it. He did not so recklessly discharge his executive duties. Moreover, it is asserted that Grant gave warning that if the James River route was not taken, a loss of life exceeding in numbers the whole rebel army under Lee would be the consequence; yet that route was not taken. While Grant was unsympathetic and indifferent on this subject, President Lincoln's sympathies were great, and such a warning would of itself have controlled him. No man more deeply deplored the loss of human life.

It is, I apprehend, a mistake to say that President Lincoln participated in any such conference as stated, but there was an interview between Grant, Stanton, and Halleck at the war office, on the 11th of March, after Grant had visited General Meade and before he returned to Nashville.

This representation, that President Lincoln preferred the sacrifice of one hundred thousand men to the confession of previous error; that he overruled and directed Grant, just made lieutenant-general for the purpose of taking command and directing all the armies and military movements, is an after-thought to cast from the shoulders of General Grant the responsibility of the "bloody march" and place it upon the kind-hearted president. The whole statement is ungenerous and unjust, and in conflict with the character of both the president and the lieutenant-general.

All the facts and details of current events of the period evince the mistake of General Taylor's statement. General Grant returned from Nashville about the first of April, visited Hampton Roads, arranged for the army of the James to ascend that river, and then joining General Meade he placed himself at the head of the army of the Potomac. How communicative he was to the president may be seen from the following encouraging letter, written on the 30th of April, three days before the army broke camp and took up its line of march towards Richmond:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, }
April 30, 1864. }

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT, —
Not expecting to see you before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express

in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant, and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster or capture of our men in great numbers shall be avoided, I know that these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would mine. If there be anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

There is nothing dictatorial in this letter: "The particulars of your plans *I neither know nor seek to know*," "I wish not to obtrude any *restraints or constraints* upon you," "I am very anxious that any great *disaster or capture of our men* in great numbers shall be avoided," etc.

Can any one believe for a moment that the author of that letter would consent to the additional loss of one hundred thousand men "sooner than the adoption of a plan that would be taken by the public as a confession of previous error"? The whole is a calumny on the humane, self-sacrificing, and lion-hearted Lincoln.

Gideon Welles.

THE STAFF OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

As the staff of our army is that portion by which the annual appropriations for the support of the army are expended, a description of its duties, with some discussion of the manner in which these duties should be performed, would seem to be a matter not only of grave political importance, at this time especially,

but of much personal interest to any one who pays taxes, or who, as a voter, has a voice in the selection of the different members of the government. Each voter or taxpayer in the country has an interest in requiring the efficiency of the staff to be raised to the highest degree, for by such efficiency only can the duties of the

army be performed in the most economical manner.

By such efficiency on the part of the staff, it is believed that our army might, if necessity should require it, be largely increased without additional cost to the country.

The annual estimates for the support of the army are prepared solely by the staff, presumed to be experts, under the direction of the secretary of war, and the appropriations are, under his supervision, expended by it. If the officers composing it are ignorant of their duties, or negligent in the discharge of them, not only will the country be forced to pay excessive prices for the supplies required by the army, but the army itself will be crippled in its action by the indifferent material furnished it. As the proficiency of the staff is increased, so will the annual estimates for the support of the army approach accuracy; and the greater this proficiency, the more judiciously and economically will the annual appropriations be expended. The employment of inefficient staff officers is precisely similar to that of ignorant agents for the conduct of any large business interest in private life. In such business, if an agent is unskillful or from any cause incompetent, he is immediately discharged. If, on the other hand, he is attentive and skillful in the transaction of the business intrusted to him, his promotion is assured. His business tact and enterprise, combined with his good character as a man, alone determine his position, and if he is wanting in either of these, few opportunities for advancement are left him. Unfortunately, this is not the case in the army. However ignorant of his duties an officer may be, or incompetent in their discharge, his position and promotion are assured so long as he is guilty of no serious violation of law; and should his longevity be sufficient, he is promoted to the higher grades with the same certainty as are those who are most skillful and competent. By law he holds his commission during good behavior, and he is entitled to his promotion in the same manner and upon the same terms as the best. If he

is gifted with a good constitution, and can by avoidance of exposure prolong his life so as to outlive those who are above him in rank, he reaches the higher and more important grades with equal certainty.

Our army presents the only known example of a business or profession, either public or private, in which incompetency and want of zeal bring the same substantial rewards as energy, capacity, and active attention to duty. Such a system of promotion is in violation of all the rules of common sense by which men are governed, as well as of those by which they are incited to strive for superior excellence, and the condition of our army at the outbreak of the rebellion affords an excellent example of its inevitable result. At that time the superior grades of the army were filled by old men, who, having outlived all above them, had been regularly promoted, in accordance with this system, to the positions which they occupied, regardless of the well-known fact that in the majority of instances they were unfitted, both by age and infirmity, to perform any military duty whatever. The spectacle was so pitiable, and the lesson it taught so apparent, that it might be supposed the government would have profited by such crushing experience, and been led by it to the adoption of wiser measures. Such, however, was not the case. Our system of army promotion is the same to-day as before the rebellion, and we are slowly, but surely, approaching the same result, from which the same experience, disastrous as it was to the country, must necessarily follow. At the close of the rebellion, and with the sad experience it had taught still before us, some effort at a change was made. The army was reorganized, and many young officers who had acquired experience, both of the regular and volunteer force, and who had especially distinguished themselves, were deservedly placed in high positions; but this spasmodic effort at reform was deemed sufficient, and we have again fallen back into the system of promotion by seniority, which, unless some dire necessity forces a change, must render the

condition of our army equally as deplorable as when the rebellion commenced, by filling its superior grades by worn-out and superannuated old men. It seems needless to describe the effect which this system must produce upon the subordinate and junior officers of the army. In most instances it is deadening to all effort at improvement or professional skill, and suggests the natural conclusion: that, as superior rank is obtained only by longevity, each should strive to avoid all exposure, hardships, or dangers by which health may be impaired or life risked. But few years in our service are necessary to teach the young officer that the glowing enthusiasm for his profession with which he entered it is wasted, and that the only reward he can hope to obtain is the satisfaction a sense of having faithfully performed his duty brings him. This feeling, by which the large majority of our officers is governed, certainly leads to a kind of efficiency, but it is not sufficient to cause men to undergo with alacrity and cheerfulness the hardships and dangers incident to a military life, and which in a campaign, if not met with enthusiasm, usually result in disaster or partial success only.

Ruinous as the system is to the efficiency of the line, it is even more so to the staff of the army. Under ordinary circumstances the individual responsibility of the line officer is by no means so great as that of the staff officer, nor are his duties so complicated. The duties of the line are generally performed by bodies of troops of greater or less size, and in accordance with specific orders or well-known custom and regulations. Its officers are usually under direct military supervision; so that not only can prompt and efficient discharge of duty be exacted, but, if necessary, the punishment required by law for any neglect can be inflicted. Besides, serving as the line officer ordinarily does, under the eye of a military superior and in the presence of his brother officers, he is naturally led to increased exertion. On the other hand, the officers of the staff are frequently posted at places remote from superior authority, where their duties are special,

and necessarily left largely to their own discretion. If at head-quarters, the commanding general can do little more than exercise a general supervision over them; for their duties are such as can be properly performed only by men who have had previous training therein, and it is rarely the case that the general either is or can be familiar with the details of such duties, or that he has the time to study them.

In other armies a certain number of vacancies as they occur are filled by selection, and this should be done in ours. The reason usually assigned in opposition to this is, that in the United States the officers thus chosen would not be always the most deserving, and that political influence rather than personal merit would determine the selection. Granted that this is true, and that such a system would work evil to the service, yet it is contended that the evil would be temporary, for no reason is known why the deserving officer should not stand upon the same ground with such influence as the undeserving; and certainly that course which forces officers to familiarize themselves with the politics of the country, which brings them into closer contact with its representative men than is now the case, cannot fail to be of benefit, not only to each individual officer, but to the public service.

The staff of our army may properly be divided into two classes, namely: the general staff, which is the adjutant-general's department, and the special staff, comprising the quartermaster's, the commissary, the medical, and the ordnance departments, ordinarily called the supply departments, the inspector-general's and the engineer departments, the signal bureau, and the bureau of military justice. The classification is based upon the nature of the duties, whether general or special, to be performed by the officers of each branch. This division of staff labor, with the rank and number of officers composing the various branches, is the result of long experience and many experiments; and though the trial to which it was subjected by the war of the rebellion was

severe, it was clearly demonstrated that, with all its imperfections, the system was a good one, and afforded every facility required by the sudden calling into service of so many men to meet the emergency. The supply departments especially gave the best evidence that their organization and methods of work were good, as modern history affords no example in which the difficulties of supplying such large bodies of troops, over so wide a field of operations and at such distances from the centres of supply, were so great; or in which an army, either large or small, has been better fed, better clothed, received better medical attendance, or been better armed than ours during the war of the rebellion. Indeed, the successful manner in which it was equipped and cared for at that time, notwithstanding the almost insurmountable obstacles to be overcome, has challenged the admiration of the world, and furnished examples which the military nations of Europe have not been slow to adopt, with such modifications as are readily suggested by good judgment and economy. Necessity developed originality of both thought and action, and ingenuity accomplished success; but this success was at an extravagant cost, which could have been avoided had the government, previous to the war, taken measures to educate its staff officers in all the duties pertaining to their profession. It may be said that the portion of the staff which had charge of the organization and mustering into service, as well as of the disbandment of our volunteer army, was equally fortunate in its work. The accurate enrollment of so many men, their prompt transportation to the distant places where their services were required, their successful muster out when the war closed, at their places of residence, without confusion, and in such manner that each man was enabled to receive without delay all due him from the government, may certainly challenge criticism, and is without a parallel. But the same extravagance attended this as did the supply of our armies, and as with the latter this unnecessary cost was the result of the short-

sighted policy previously pursued towards the staff of our army. Whatever success attended the efforts of our staff during the rebellion was due solely to the lavish and wasteful use of the public credit, combined with the energetic and natural, but by no means educated, ingenuity of the younger staff officers.

In the absence of experience and practical understanding of the enlarged duties forced upon these officers by the war, an expenditure far beyond what was really required for the support of the army was a necessity. Without this expenditure, extravagant as it was, we should have been unable to keep in the field armies of sufficient size to overcome the rebellion; but it is claimed, and is susceptible of proof, that this extravagance could have been avoided had the administration of army affairs been conducted by the government in accordance with the rules by which any private business is carried on. It was not the fault of the officers that business qualification and knowledge had not previously been required of them, and that they had in reality been to a great extent deprived of any opportunity of acquiring such knowledge. With what justice, for example, could an officer who had for years been solely engaged in the staff duties of a frontier post, garrisoned rarely by more than a hundred men, be expected to assume similar duties pertaining to an army, without some mismanagement and wasteful extravagance? To hope for any other result was simply to expect an impossibility; and yet, singular as it may appear, both our government and people were of opinion that staff officers, who as boys had received theoretically a military education at West Point, and who as officers had been trained in the experience of small frontier posts, and in no other, were capable, in every sense, of conducting staff duty on the largest scale.

A thorough knowledge of the general rules of business is as necessary for the proper administration of army affairs as it is in any civil pursuit. No staff officer can perform his duties advantageously for the government who does not

apply these rules in every transaction. Besides possessing this general business capacity, he should, if belonging to a supply department, understand and be familiar with the rules by which special trade in each of the articles he is required to supply is governed. The duties of the officers of the commissary department, for example, are to purchase and distribute in bulk the various articles of subsistence required by the different portions of the army. It is impossible that the officers of this department can judiciously purchase, or even distribute, the various articles, some of domestic, others of foreign growth or manufacture, which they are called on to furnish, if they do not well understand and apply the rules which govern trade in such articles. Or, to cite another and even stronger example: the quartermaster's department is charged with supplying the army its clothing, quarters, transportation, cavalry horses and mules, forage, fuel, stationery, tentage, horse medicines, and all authorized articles not furnished by any other portion of the staff. It is evident that for the performance of this duty there is required on the part of its officers a good business knowledge of the lumber and building trades, the grain trade, the trade in horses and mules, of the railroad and shipping business, of freighting over the Western prairies, of the prices of skilled and unskilled labor, as well as of the trades pertaining to many other branches of industry. If these officers do not possess this information, or, in other words, if they are not practical business men, it is not possible that they can properly estimate for the amount required to supply the army with these articles, or that they can judiciously expend the appropriations made by Congress for their purchase, and, as is easily understood, they will be more than liable to purchase poor material at an extravagant cost. It was the want of this business knowledge on the part of some of our staff officers which caused portions of our army to be supplied with shoddy clothing, indifferent arms, worthless ammunition, etc., at the beginning of

the rebellion, and which even now, in spite of the experience it gave us, causes in some instances such discharge of staff duty as would, if applied to the transaction of any private business, lead to its bankruptcy in a few months.

The medical and engineer departments and the bureau of military justice approximate most closely to the similar professions in civil life. As the improvements, discoveries, and practice in these departments are of much service to the corresponding civil professions, so their officers should be required to familiarize themselves with the progress made by these professions, and with the business rules by which they are governed, in order that the government may receive the benefit which such professional progress must work by increasing the capacity and efficiency of its officers.

To the officers of the adjutant-general's and inspector-general's departments a detailed knowledge of special business would not seem so necessary; but being frequently required to inspect the operations of the supply departments, or called on to express opinions or make recommendations relative to the work of all the departments, a general knowledge of business, as well as the various interests with which each is charged, is absolutely essential to them. How otherwise can an officer who belongs to one of these departments, and is ordered, for example, to inspect a quartermaster's depot or an ordnance arsenal, judge correctly of the manner in which duty is performed thereat, or whether the government money is expended to the best advantage? Without this information, of what value is his opinion as to whether the material necessary in the manufacture of supplies is purchased judiciously; whether the labor, both skilled and unskilled, is employed at the most reasonable rates; or whether the material and labor are used to the greatest advantage?

But vitally necessary as is this knowledge to staff officers, it is of equal importance that they understand thoroughly the principles of the military profes-

sion. To the officers of the general staff especially is this familiarity with military principles a necessity. In the various branches of the special staff, duties are performed in accordance with law, regulation, or precedent, which are sufficiently clear and explicit to prevent any disastrous result. This is the case with the general staff officer in the discharge of the ordinary routine duties intrusted to him; but the occasions are not rare, particularly in time of war, when he has neither precedent nor regulation to guide him, and when, thrown upon his own resources, he is forced to act with the full knowledge that an error of judgment on his part may, and probably will, lead to serious disaster. The routine duty required of the general staff can easily be performed by any officer of ordinary capacity; but so uncertain and varied are the duties which the general staff is at times expected to discharge that they have never been defined in our army by regulation, and can with difficulty be described. In general terms, these more important duties require that the general staff officer shall familiarize himself with everything pertaining to the army, so that he may perform satisfactorily, by the general's order or in accordance with his plans, all that which it is the general's duty to do, but which he cannot attend to in person. During emergencies, and in the absence of the general, it is the province of the general staff officer to assume all responsibility as his representative, and to give all needed orders to meet the case in his name, although the emergency may have been unforeseen, and no measures taken to meet it. It is impossible that a commanding general can be present on every important occasion arising in the constantly changing circumstances of a battle or campaign, or that he can foresee every contingency and give proper orders to meet it; and he is necessarily compelled, under such conditions, to trust to the judgment and skill of these officers. In addition to the foregoing, it is their duty to place troops in line of battle, and to superintend the march of the different columns of an army so that the plan of a

campaign may be successfully carried out. Such duties require, on their part, thorough knowledge of the relative value of each arm on the battle-field and in the general campaign; of the best manner in which the different arms should be placed, in view of the ground on which they are to fight or over which they are to march, so that the best result may be obtained by their combined efforts; of the tactics of the different arms; and, above all things, of the *personnel* of the army. A general staff officer, intrusted as he is with such responsible duties, cannot hope to perform them successfully unless he knows thoroughly the reputation for discipline, instruction, and courage which each body of troops in the army bears, and is well acquainted with the peculiar personal characteristics of the officers who command them. Many other similar duties devolve upon general staff officers, but those mentioned are the most important, and are sufficient of themselves to show, beyond a doubt, that there should be required of them a high degree of proficiency and great skill in the military profession, or, in other words, that they should be amongst the most consummate soldiers an army contains. At the outbreak of the rebellion the officers composing our general staff were only in rare instances allowed to perform the important duties which have been described. Personal preference on the part of commanding generals usually led them to select for this purpose officers who in the majority of cases were without previous experience, and who in some cases were unfitted, by want of capacity and education, for the responsible positions in which they were placed. It was due to this, probably, more than to any other cause, that our military operations during the first years of the war were conducted without proper combination, that many of our earlier battles were fought in such a manner that the efforts of our troops were scattered and spasmodic, and that whatever successes they obtained were incomplete and indecisive. So universal was the custom, during the rebellion, to select officers without expe-

rience or training for the performance of general staff duty that the necessity for a competent corps of staff officers seems no longer recognized; and the general staff corps of our army, with a few exceptions, is now, and has been for years, simply a special staff department, the duties of which are of the most ordinary routine character.

The method ordinarily pursued, by which officers are appointed into our staff, is not such as enables the government always to obtain for the staff those whose merit best fits them for such duties; nor is the manner in which service is required of them that best calculated to develop such fitness for it as they may possess. Usually, officers are appointed into the staff departments whose friends have sufficient influence to obtain such positions for them. Occasionally, and at rare intervals, one is appointed without such influence, who has shown himself exceptionally competent, and who, in consequence of the good record he has made, is offered the staff position. The competition for these places is so great, however, that the first may be regarded as the rule of appointment, although the methods in the medical, ordnance, and engineer departments are exceptions to the rule. No valid objection can be urged against this rule, for it may generally be said that the personnel of our staff is more than ordinarily good. The error is to be found not so much in the manner of appointment as in that of the assignment of appointees to the different departments of the staff. Excepting in the departments above mentioned, no effort is made by the study of their records as officers, or by any examination of their characters or capacities, to ascertain for what particular portions of the staff they are by nature and education best fitted. Possibly the applicant may have been an excellent officer with troops, and capable of excelling in the general staff; but if the vacancy existed in the quartermaster's or commissary department, he would be assigned to it, regardless of his capacity for the management of business affairs, or of his fitness for the position. Perhaps the vacancy may occur

in the general staff, and if so the applicant would be assigned to it, although he may never have served with troops, is ignorant of their duties, and may be incapable of learning them. In other words, and strange as it may appear, except in the medical, ordnance, and engineer departments, it is an accident if an officer seeking a staff position in our army ever enters that portion of it the duties of which he is best qualified to perform.

In the first of the two departments mentioned as exceptions (the medical and ordnance), no applicant can be appointed until he has been pronounced competent in character and capacity by a board of examining officers. Nor can an officer, in either of the two, be promoted until he has passed a similar examination before a board of officers, senior to himself. The appointees of the engineer department are exclusively from the cadets who graduate highest in their classes at the military academy, and no engineer officer below the rank of field officer can be promoted to a higher grade until he shall have passed an examination before a board of three engineers, senior in rank to himself. In each of the three departments great care is exercised in the selections of the examining boards, and the examinations are rigid and thorough. In each, provision by law is made that when an officer fails to pass the examinations required for promotion, he is forced to give way to the one next in rank capable of undergoing the test, who after such examination receives the promotion. In each of these departments, officers are generally employed upon duty for which they have shown special qualification, and the natural result has been the competent education of a body of officers, who not only understand thoroughly the special duties of their own departments, but who are equally familiar with the practice of the corresponding professions in civil life. The superior officers of the medical department have supplemented this system of examinations by a wise course of action, having for its object the encouragement and

special development of each subordinate medical officer. Every inducement to study is held out to them, every opportunity for advancement presented them; and it may truly be said that our medical department is to-day the equal of any in the world.

Having been appointed to a particular staff department, whatever his capacity for the position, the officer cannot afterwards be changed; nor can he transfer to another, unless some one is willing to exchange with him, which, as such changes usually involve loss of rank to one or both, is of rare occurrence. His appointment having been granted him, his aptitude for its duties, save in the departments mentioned as exceptions, is of minor consequence. His position is fixed, and cannot be changed, and he learns his duties or not, as best suits himself. He must at least commit no overt act which may lead to his trial by court-martial; keep his property and pecuniary accountability, if he has any, correct; be careful to have his official accounts, returns, etc., prepared neatly, and promptly rendered in the manner required by the regulations of the army; and he will perhaps not only acquire a reputation for efficiency, but his chance for promotion to the higher grades will be as good as that of the best. Should he be fortunate in his assignment, or by industry and application develop a fitness for his duties, the probabilities are that he will many times be called on to perform duties which should have devolved on some one else, unfitted and incompetent by his own fault to discharge them. The penalty paid in this manner sometimes, by a good officer, contributes by no means to prolonged effort on his part to increase his efficiency. On the contrary, finding that special aptitude for his duties, or activity in their discharge, results only in personal inconvenience, with no corresponding advantage to himself, and that if he lives sufficiently long his chances of promotion are as good as those of any one else, he soon loses all ambition, and ceases to strive for excellence. It is not surprising that our staff contains many officers who have neither

taste nor talent for their duties; that there are others in it who, having aptitude, have no ambition to excel in them; and that the large majority of its officers are content to remain, without exertion, what they are, rather than strive to fit themselves for positions which prolonged life only can give them, and for which, when received, old age and infirmity may have rendered them incompetent.

Affixing no reward for excellence, and ignoring, to a great extent, all struggle on the officer's part for capacity and improvement, the policy of the government is to treat all as equally good. It is true, there are some few whose sins of omission and commission not even this charity will cover; but when one of these has so far transgressed, in the opinion of the authorities, as to be useless as an officer, he is frequently placed upon what is called "awaiting orders," where he is sometimes better situated than when on duty. During an officer's service in the staff, he is at irregular intervals changed from one station to another, for the performance of the duties of his department at the place where he may be located. His fitness for the duties incident to any station is rarely considered in assigning him to such station: so that a quartermaster, for example, who has shown special capacity for active service with troops in the field may, according to the system, be transferred from that duty to a depot for the manufacturing of army clothing. Or, an officer of the adjutant-general's department, practically ignorant, perhaps, of the duties pertaining to troops in the Indian country, may be and is frequently sent to the head-quarters of a frontier military department, where in the absence of its commander he is called on to control all military affairs, and even at times give orders for the conduct of a campaign against hostile Indians.

The defects of the staff are due more to its management than to any other cause, and it is in curing these defects that every citizen of the country should interest himself. They are principally the occasion of the enormous and largely unnecessary appropriations for the sup-

port of the army, of the heavy taxation necessary to meet such appropriations, and of the wasteful but unintentional extravagance with which our army administration is conducted. If these defects were cured, there can be no doubt that our military establishment would cost us far less than at present, while its efficiency would be greatly increased; and that, with the same appropriations as are now made for the support of the army, we should be able to maintain a military force largely in excess of that we now have in service. It is claimed that the remedy for the errors of our staff system can be readily and easily found. The condition of the medical department is positive evidence that the system pursued in it is wise, and well adapted for the improvement of its officers; and this system should be made applicable, by legislation, to all the departments of the staff. Promotion by seniority, as a rule, should be done away with, and a certain number of vacancies, as they occur, filled by selection. Chiefs of staff departments should be expected, and if necessary required, to familiarize themselves more with the army and its operations than has sometimes previously been the case, when theory, on their part, has taken the place of practice, and the head of a staff department has not only never participated in any other military operations than the drills of the corps of cadets, but has perhaps rarely seen as many as a hundred soldiers in line and equipped for active service. They should be required to leave, to a great extent, the correspondence of their offices, with which their time is now principally occupied, to the care of competent subordinates, who should have charge of it under their direction, and by visits to the localities where the army is serving learn practically, instead of theoretical-

ly, as now, what the requirements and necessities of the service demand. Far more attention should be paid by them to the management and improvement of their officers than is now the case.

Each staff officer should serve sufficiently long with each arm of the line to learn so much of its appropriate duties as will enable him to perform understandingly his own staff duties; and every officer of the general staff should be required to familiarize himself, by tours of inspection and all other practicable means, with each portion of our country, as well as with the countries of our neighbors. Excepting a few of the oldest staff officers, who participated in the Mexican war, none of them, it is believed, know anything of Mexico, or speak its language, and it may safely be said that all of them are equally ignorant of Canada and Cuba. It is believed there are to-day officers in the staff departments, and perhaps even in the general staff, who are so ignorant of our own country and of military service on the frontier, who know so little of Indians and of their mode of warfare, that if ordered to proceed from one frontier post to another, through a hostile Indian country, they would be unable to conduct their marches or manage their escorts so as to insure their own safety.

If these reforms here suggested are adopted, and our army remain as at present organized, the annual appropriations now made for its support can in time of peace be largely reduced; they are now sufficient to support a more numerous army should an increase be desired. Such reforms would be instrumental in reducing the expenses of a war to the lowest limit, and would prevent the country from incurring, during its progress, a debt similar to that which now afflicts us.

R. Williams, Colonel U. S. A.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THERE is a widely prevalent notion that the English government of Canada is managing the Indians by some superior system that should be speedily adopted by us as a certain remedy for the woes that beset us from this quarter.

Between the Canada Indians and our own, there is all the difference between wild and tame, besides the vast disparity of numbers. When the continent was first colonized by the French and English, two distinct lines of policy were observed in dealing with the Indians. The French colonists were more adaptable than the English, and less proud and exacting. They made but little show of taking hold of the country. They came as missionaries and traders, and gave their forts the appearance of temporary lodgments. They entered immediately upon trade in the principal article the Indians could offer in traffic, — furs and peltry. To profit by this article of trade, it was necessary to preserve the Indians in the country, with as little change of habits and pursuits as possible, and maintain at least the friendship of trade. Trading-posts were rapidly established, which became the points of contact between the colonists and Indians; and the settlements of Quebec and Montreal were scarcely begun before the whole extent of Canada was dotted with trading-posts, from Belle Isle to Lake Superior, where Frenchmen, attached to the posts as factors, clerks, laborers, and voyagers, lived from year to year. These posts became the homes of the Indians and traders, and points of settlement, where a semi-civilization was established; and the French mind, led by the zealous missionaries who always accompanied the traders, molded the civilization and religion after the French idea. The short term of a generation sufficed to establish a race of half-breeds, of no mean proportion to the native population, born to the use of a common language and common faith

with the colonists, and trained to a civilization advanced to the requirements of their condition, who naturally yielded fealty to the colony and loyalty to France. They were adapted to the country as it was, and did not require it to be changed for their accommodation; while they constituted a link between the new and old races, and a natural bond of peace. This too was an open and safe field for missionary operations, where the ever-zealous Jesuits did not fail to sow seed that has taken deep root and spread far beyond this race.

For two centuries and a quarter, these half-breeds have stood between the Indians proper and the government of Canada as a pledge of peace, a ready means of intercourse, and in every way a political convenience. This has served to enlighten the Indians and keep them in relation to the civilized world. This instrumentality, which was fortunately transferred to the English with the possession of Canada, alone would account for much of the great difference between the Indian relations of the United States and Canada. It is true that the French had wars with the Indians; but it was with tribes south of the St. Lawrence, and that for a comparatively short period.

When the English took Canada, they took it as a whole, — population, laws, religion, commerce, Indian relations, and all. Chiefly, they got the good-will of the Indians in this transfer, of which they availed themselves in the war of the Revolution, immediately afterwards. We, on the other hand, took all the old English quarrels and ill-will of the Indians off their hands, with the enmity towards us which had grown up under the French *régime* added. We had entailed upon us the pernicious system of treaties with *tribes* as independent nations, buying sovereignty of them, and paying them annuities, and otherwise preserving to them their power for mischief.

Whatever there was of system in the English dealings with the Indians, we continued under the disadvantage of comparison with the French system and with French facilities, as practiced in Canada. In addition to this, we had the most numerous and by far the most warlike and self-reliant tribes to deal with, spread over a vast territory of mild climate; a people with whom we were strangers, perfectly independent of us, wild and untamed heathens; not the mere trappers of musk-rats and beavers, but the bold and fierce hunters of the buffalo, whose very means of livelihood was the plunder of the slain in battle; men unused to defeats, and accustomed unrelentingly to kill and destroy. On the Canada side of the line, the Indians were the gentle and quiet savages of a cold climate and fish diet, shading off in their manners to the mild Esquimaux, and every one of them in some degree christianized, or influenced by his half-breed cousins, and trained to friendly intercourse with white men. Canada has been free from border wars during nearly all her existence, while we have had a continued fight of two hundred years, the intervals of peace being mostly cash purchases.

Another agency in facilitating the management of the Indians in Canada has been the Hudson Bay Company and its connected Red River settlements and trading-posts, stretching from Upper Canada to the Pacific, where another set of half-breeds has been added to the French. The intercourse of the Indians with this company and its agents gave them a knowledge of the white people, their ways of trade, etc., so that they were prepared to deal understandingly in making treaties or bargains. Then all the Indians of the dominion of Canada have been in connected intercourse with white traders, to whom they have sold the produce of their hunting and trapping in the most commonplace manner. Under the leveling influence of trade, each race has been interested in peace, and naturally endeavored to preserve it. The reduction of the Indians of all the older provinces to civili-

zation has uniformly succeeded a long acquaintance with the whites in trade.

It is noteworthy that the whole number of Indians in the Dominion does not reach one hundred thousand, and one third of these are in the old provinces and civilized, and practically take part with the other subjects. An official estimate published in 1874 puts down the Indian population as follows:—

Ontario,	15,305
Quebec,	10,809
Nova Scotia,	1,849
New Brunswick,	1,561
Prince Edward's Island,	302 = 29,826
British Columbia,	31,520
Manitoba and Northwest,	13,944
Sioux in Manitoba,	1,450
Rupert's Land,	5,170
From Peace River to United States Boundary,	10,000 = 62,084
Total,	91,910

Practically, then, there are but sixty-two thousand Indians to be managed,—those of the older provinces retaining but the mere remnant of their former status, in the shape of some annuities of blankets, clothing, and the like, where the home government has not discovered (as with the Huron tribe at Lorette) that they have all turned to white people.

The Indian policy of the Canadians, *per se*, may be said to be like ours,—adjustable to the circumstances, and varied as the case may require. They have made treaties with the different tribes for the cession of their lands, and in return have given them presents and annuities, in money and kind, and have furnished clothing and provisions in exceptional emergencies. Efforts have been made to induce them to settle upon reservations and adopt farming and grazing as a means of support; but particularly it has been tried to induce the heads of families to accept allotments of land for homesteads, as the most desirable condition for them, but this arrangement they are slow to come into. There has been no settled and unvarying system observed. The ultimate purpose of placing all subjects upon the same footing, and governing them as the white subjects, has been kept in view, and every individual has been regarded.

as a British subject; but in obedience to circumstances these rules have been relaxed, and the tribal organization — the *imperium in imperio* — has been recognized in treaties and negotiations from the necessity of the case. But the design is to obliterate the tribal condition as soon as possible, and recognize no authority but that of the Dominion and the sovereign power of her majesty, to which obedience is required of every inhabitant. Ultimately it is the purpose to endow them with the franchises of citizens; and schools are maintained, and religious teachers assisted to prepare them. A leading feature of this policy has been to encourage the Indians to work, either for themselves or others, and to induce them to enter the service of the settlers as laborers, hunters, guides, carriers, etc., for wages; and this has been found to operate well for both parties, the Indians being ready to work for wages, although indisposed to labor for themselves.

Judging from the official reports of those charged with the management of the Indian affairs of the Dominion, they have not been without their troubles, and have encountered most of the difficulties that beset our agents in this department, except that they have fewer Indians to deal with, and have had them in peaceful relations with the frontier, in which they have untold advantage over us. At present they maintain an armed force between the border and the Rocky Mountains; but it is a mounted police to govern the Indians, and not an army to protect the frontier. They are taking charge of the government of all the Indians, to govern them as they govern the whites, according to law. They interpose the authority of the state to keep the peace, regardless of chiefs or tribes, and teach the Indians to respect it as supreme. Instead of an army of occupation, which involves a state of war with the savages, as we actually have, the Canadians give their armed force the character of a constabulary, which presupposes peace and authority. So that instead of fighting the Indians, they are ruling them, sometimes with

the sword of justice, but always ruling. The amount of this force is small, and if serious resistance were offered might be insufficient; but it is in the right direction, and in ordinary times is enough.

There is a prevailing impression that our government is greatly at fault in dealing with the Indians; and the fact that the Canadians have so little trouble with them has led many to suppose that they had some sovereign method in their hands that we should hasten to adopt. The truth is that the English are reaping where the French sowed good seed on moderately good ground, while we are reaping where the English sowed dragon's teeth on wild soil. It is impossible to obtain any correct view, comparatively, of the Indian policy of Canada and the United States, unless we keep in sight the vast difference in the two kinds of Indians to be dealt with. The practice is much the same on both sides. The verbiage of their formal intercourse is of the same style as ours, with the same old "blather" about Great Father and Red Children, speaking with a straight or crooked tongue, etc., gravely diplomatic on the white side and suspiciously cautious on the red. But, as above remarked, one treats with a people tame, practical, and at peace; the other has to deal with numerous tribes of fierce, impracticable, and independent savages, at war, and inspired by the spirit of recent battles. We cannot adopt the policy of Canada, even if it were perfect, — which it is not, — as it will not apply; though if we had the same material to deal with, our policy would shape itself into the same direction as theirs. The rough work of intercourse with the Indians has been gone through with in Canada; and they begin at a point of progress that is not in sight to us. Our Indians are natural warriors; they live by plunder alone; it is the employment of their lives to rob and subsist upon plunder, and it is indifferent to them whether their prey be a herd of buffalo or an emigrant train. Before we can manage them, their tribal organizations must be broken up, their habits of life changed, they must

be dismounted from their horses and taught the gentler pursuits of herdsmen, and led into occupations that will sustain them and remove their present inducements to rob and plunder; they must learn to depend upon honest industry and honest traffic before we reach the point where the Canadians have their Indians. The reports on Indian affairs and connected statistics of Canada do not throw any great light upon this subject. They are remarkably similar to ours with friendly Indians.

—Have all the clever writers of the day entered into a deep and dark conspiracy to write nothing pleasant forevermore? I had occasion, the other day, to enter my angry protest against the way in which Mr. William Black wields the exterminating butcher knife among the personages of *Madcap Violet*, and now I come back again with tenfold provocation from the reading of Mr. Alphonse Daudet's *Nabob*. This is the worst case thus far reported of absolute brutality towards characters and readers. I suppose the same author's Jack was equally cruel (I did not finish that dismal story, because I lost my temper halfway through the first volume, seeing how the writer was making ready to kick and cuff his poor little hero, through a succession of revolting scenes, to a miserable death, — as cowardly a performance, to my thinking, as a man of letters can be guilty of), but it is not so utterly vile in its cynical destructiveness. This *Nabob* is a merchant from the south of France, who has made a vast fortune in Tunis, and comes to Paris to enjoy it, and is made the centre of an immense combination of hates and intrigues, supernatural in power and malignity, to which he succumbs, losing some hundreds of millions in a single season, and his life, his character, and various other things besides. The *Nabob* is good-hearted, honest, — as men go, — confiding, and noble; these seem the only reasons Mr. Daudet has for resolving on his disgrace and ruin. Every good quality the man possesses is made to do service against him; his love for his mother, in the very crisis of his fate, is made to re-

inforce the malice of his enemies to destroy him. Every knave in Paris who wants a hundred thousand or so gets it out of the *Nabob*. His wife goes away with a servant. His secretary, a young fellow of extraordinary capacity and integrity, makes desperate efforts in his behalf which do no good whatever. In fact, all possible exertions — and this we are made to feel — are impotent from the start against Mr. Daudet's inflexible will to kill and disgrace his hero. The hero, however, does not monopolize the author's malice. He spends a liberal allowance of fury upon his subordinate characters. His leading lady, a young sculptress of divine genius and beauty, takes to prostitution, for no conceivable reason. The lady next in station is discovered not to be the wife of her husband. Bankruptcy and suicide are the ends vouchsafed to the minor personages.

In all this there is nothing tragic. There is nothing of that marvelous pessimism of Tourguéneff which evolves from given characters a melancholy end, which you may regret as much as you like, but which you cannot, for the life of you, alter. Neither is there in Daudet's work anything of that conflict of character and circumstances which brings *The American* of Mr. James to such a perfect and saddening close. My quarrel with Daudet is that he uses great powers for the mere purpose of making useless pain. Again and again, during the book, he carefully prepares, in the most artistic manner, a way by which the *Nabob* can escape from the savage pursuit of his enemies, and then suddenly closes it by some ingenious incident having nothing to do with the necessities of the personage in question. Over and over the *Nabob* does all that any man could do to save himself; but he is given no more chance than a bull in the ring. At the last moment his secretary arrives from Tunis with ten millions in his pocket, — enough to rescue everything, — and the *Nabob* embraces him and dies of apoplexy, leaving his fortune the prey of thieves, his name unjustly dishonored, his children in the charge of imbeciles and adulterers. This is the bitter and

nauseous farewell of the cup which Mr. Daudet has prepared for his readers.

All this would not be worth mentioning if Mr. Daudet were a mere storyteller like De Kock or Houssaye. But the truth is he is a writer of singular elegance and power, sure of a large audience whenever he has anything to say, and gifted with the power of so impressing his readers with the reality of what he is describing, that you come away from reading his books with a disagreeable sense of having been in actual contact with persons and events which are absolutely revolting. He aims to be a moralist and utterly fails, for exasperation against the preacher is not a means of grace.

— The question of hell has been handled this winter in a way never heard of before. It arose, I suppose, in Indian Orchard; but the reluctance of a knot of Congregational ministers to ordain a young preacher who lacked full faith in eternal torment could hardly, it seems to me, have gone beyond a local ripple, had not the press proceeded to take up and discuss the verity of hell as a topic of the day. One would say that this theme suffers ebbs and flows of public interest; that it comes on in force at epochs, like the seventeen-year locusts, and then drops into a round of obscurity. I remember reading, a few years ago, that the Scotch Presbyterians had just been debating whether the devil could be saved, some holding that he could, and others denouncing that view as a peculiarly subtle and perilous form of skepticism.

When our American press took up the topic of the quenchless, fiery lake, the pulpit quickly followed; for the press, in treating hell as a social rather than an exegetical question, had left much to be said. I think we can understand why a clergyman might well dislike to be dumb on this theme, when his parishioners were drawing notions of it from the lay-preacher that brings his sermons to the breakfast-table. At all events, Sunday after Sunday, the fate of the impenitent engrossed twenty different pulpits at once, in and around New

York, till all had spoken who chose to speak. On Monday mornings, while the sensation lasted, the press took special pains to report sermons on hell; and since any preacher might find his own in type, he was presumably anxious to say something worth reading; so that, thanks to the newspapers, there came to be uttered and printed many frank opinions, delivered in intelligible English.

A few of the preachers, however, complained that the press, in discussing everlasting punishment, was poaching on the pulpit's preserve. But how can the press avoid that encroachment? It may well say with old Chremes, in the play, *humani nihil a me alienum*,—a scope that carries it across the bounds of theology, as of medicine, law, and arms. What it might do well to take into those domains is a somewhat greater respect for the authorities there, and a less cavalier treatment of them. It is true that as the pulpit gains lustre from its ornaments, so it must bear the shame of its rare scapegraces; but when the press, under the heading "Another Clerical Swindler," describes a scamp who was no clergyman at all, it might as well style the wolf in sheep's wool a wolfish sheep. The pulpit is naturally indignant whenever it finds an instance of the press scoffing at clergymen as a class, and chuckling over frauds of communicants; but sometimes it is itself a little at fault in resenting the intrusion of newspapers into public topics where there can be no monopoly. The daily press, I should say, would go beyond its depth in giving decisions upon effectual calling and justification by faith; but it is plainly entitled to make known its opinions on Sunday amusements, the exemption of church property from taxes, the reading of the Bible in the schools, the acknowledgment of God in the federal constitution, and, in a word, whatever touches at once church and state. The preacher who censures the press for holding anti-clerical views upon these topics seems to be as arrogant as the editor who rebukes the pulpit for aiming its guns at wrongs of the hour instead of firing blank cartridges down the crypts of Hebrew his-

tory at the Gergashites and Hivites whom Joshua sufficiently smote. The press is in some respects of enormous value to the pulpit. The preacher addresses to-day a thousand hearers; the reporter will to-morrow give him an audience of a hundred thousand. The types echo Spurgeon's words out of the Tabernacle all over the world. Every Monday in the year this myriad-armed *Ægeon* of ours sows broadcast the pulpit wisdom of Sunday. No doubt the seed, strewn where it is, risks choking by thorns — the things of good report by the many of ill report; still, the pulpit must, I think, fully appreciate the fact that the press carries the preacher's homily, in some fashion, to congregations he could never otherwise reach.

— Though from the days of Horace to our own the flames of senile lovers have been held fair themes for jest, yet it seems to me that the hounding of Mr. Lord and Mrs. Hicks through their honey-moon by the beagles of the press was rather an excess of inquisitive zeal. Reporters dogged the doors of bride and groom like detectives; rang up Mrs. Hicks's housemaid at midnight to learn if her mistress had come home; worried family history out of the butler; confabulated with the corner grocer; interviewed the neighboring apothecary; lay in wait for the post-man; cross-questioned the cook's cousins in the area; and when keyholes and back fences had failed to yield up the matrimonial mystery, or even to explain the solitary gas-light in Mrs. Hicks's boudoir, after all, the knights of the note-book were driven to embroider and to romance. It was certainly odd to see a private marriage of this sort becoming the chief newspaper sensation of a great city during many days, and prolonged in a less conspicuous way for weeks afterwards. Surely the difference in age of the pair (thirty years, — not "half a century," as some commentators put it) was nothing extraordinary; nor is it uncommon for an old millionaire to marry a woman who is millionaire only in style and beauty. It is a fair question whether the goods which each brought to the altar were not

tolerably well balanced. The marriage, to be sure, was secret, and this secrecy was, if you please, suspicious, but it seems to be the sort of suspicion for household rather than public investigation. Yet dispatches from distant cities have more than once told us that an old gentleman, escorting a lady, "supposed to be Mr. Lord and Mrs. Hicks," had just been seen at a certain hotel or on a certain railroad train, — precisely as if they were a pair of Charley Rosses whom everybody ought, if possible, to find and make a note of, or a brace of distinguished criminals whom the public ought to arrest.

Perhaps we are now to have a kind of panic among the kith and kin of rich old gentlemen, to prevent them from defrauding their dutiful heirs by plunging into matrimony. Indeed, has a man the moral right to disappoint his offspring by trying to begin life anew at a time when he is universally expected to end it? Ought he not to be restrained by law from marrying (save with the written consent of his heirs) under penalty of being put in a strait-jacket for the remnant of his life, and of having his estate administered as if he were already dead?

— Both Mr. Stedman and Mr. Fawcett have lately been making sturdy war on the confounding of prose with poetry. I should like to have either of them (or anybody else) kindly point out the dividing line. We are told that we must not say of a fine passage not printed with capitals on each line, "This is poetry," and why? "For the despotic reason that it is prose." That is not merely despotic; it is luminous. Again we are told that the distinction lies here: "Poetry is beautiful thought expressed in musical words." But with all due respect to the author of *Pan in Wall Street* and John Brown, I submit that this definition includes much of Gibbon and Macaulay, of Addison and Irving, of Thackeray and Henry James; even of Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin. Mr. Stedman's dictionary seems somehow to be at war with his precepts.

In view of *Paradise Lost*, or even of

Ulysses, Hiawatha, and Evangeline, we can hardly insist on rhyme as a distinguishing mark of poetry. What then? Shall we require conformity to one kind of rhythm? Our best poets vary continually, and are praised for doing so.

Swinburne writes, —

"Who can contend with his lords,
Or cross them or do them wrong?
Who can bind them as with cords?
Who can tame them as with song?
Who can smite them as with swords?
For the hands of their kingdom are strong."

Compare the first, second, and sixth verses with the remaining three. Is the transition less abrupt than in the following extract from Hawthorne? —

"Romance and poetry,
Ivy lichens and wall-flowers,
Need ruins to make them grow."

So it seems that Hawthorne becomes poetry when you chop him into small lines and capitalize each of them. When you don't, he is prose. It is well to have a clear understanding of these things.

On the whole, I am of the opinion that Mr. Stedman's definition is right and his precepts are wrong. I maintain that a musical passage embodying a beautiful or grand thought is poetry wherever you find it; and that only the absence of the music or the beauty and grandeur can rightly bar that title. The real distinction is between prose and verse; and that is chiefly formal and conventional. Mr. Walt Whitman has shown how invisible even this boundary sometimes becomes. But either of these forms of expression may embody poetry or not. Its true antitheses are, not prose, but dullness and commonplace.

— Many persons are afraid to countenance the spelling reform lest the history of the derivation of our words be forever lost, and not a few shudder at the thought of changing the orthographic dress in which they have been accustomed to read *Paradise Lost* and the Bible. Let us examine each phase of the difficulty. It can be shown, in the first place, that the present spelling, in many instances, does not indicate the correct derivation. "Sovereign," for example, has no connection with the verb *to reign*, and would better show its deri-

vation and meaning if spelt as Milton spelt it, "sovrán," for it is allied to the Italian *sovrano*. Island retains the *s* because of an imagined connection with the Latin *insula*, whereas it is really derived from the Old English *ea*, water, and *land*, land. Here is a list of English words from words in French containing the vowels *ou*: *Soup*, *tour*, French spelling and pronunciation; *journal*, *couple*, French spelling and English pronunciation; *poultry*, *court*, same spelling, but a still different pronunciation; *prove*, *move*, French pronunciation, but a different spelling; *govern*, *cover*, the spelling and pronunciation changed; *nurse*, *gullet*, *cutlass*, spelling changed to correspond with the changed sound; *sloop*, *poop*, *troop*, French pronunciation indicated by English spelling. It is plain enough that these six variations were not brought into our orthography by any methodical procedure but "growd," with no more care than Topsy had. On this point Professor Max Müller, of Oxford, says: "If our spelling followed the pronunciation of words, it would in reality be a greater help to the critical student of language than the present uncertain and unscientific mode of writing."

As for the Bible and standard authors, we must not suppose for an instant that our enterprising printers present them to us now in the original spelling. No; they have changed all that. The spelling of our fathers passed out of their books long before their dollar burnt its way through our pockets. Here are some specimens: —

Shakespeare, 1623: Tuch, neece, yeeld, beleeeve; brest, thred, lims, hart = heart, ake, breth, peecees, simpathy, Wensday, doo, tel, els, greefe, releeve, shoo, cheef, feend, frend, gon, sute, wher, hony, cosin, spred, kild, dore, wil, sent = scent.

Milton, 1644: Parliament (why not, more correctly, parlement?), usurpt, privat, pretens, traind, senat, don, punisht, cours, palat, formost, ript, beleeeve, fantasm, foreine, suttile = subtle, survay, tolerat, dasht, lerning, wors, brest, neer, peece, dore, iland.

Bible, 1611: Bel, hel, sayd, sicke,

dayes, bridegrome, bottels, olde, breake, beleene, country, deuill, deuil, foorth, harse, scrippe, confesse, shalbe, shal, cloathing, untill, bene, heaue, heavy, prophane, voyce, euil, euill, wisdome, wil, emptie, doe = do, sixtie, fift = fifth, sixt = sixth, deepenesse, bin = been, marchant, daunced, boysterous, wondred, commaunded, skie, eies, uerily, nerenly, commeth, sorie, peny, penie, figge, stanes, darkned, farre, shooes, honie, hony, stoupe, immediatly, married, oyle, yeeres, sown = sown, grone = groan, unknownen, settled, powred = poured, battell, forty, twice.

All of this shows that in the days that Shakespeare and Milton wrote, and the translators of King James worked, orthography had not attained its present position among the false gods of English-speaking peoples; and that in those primitive and unscientific days philology was not made easy at the expense of spelling.

In fact the almost senseless variations of spelling indulged in by early authors, and the absurd orthography to which we now cling with a ridiculous tenacity, almost inevitably breed a disgust for conventional correctness in all who look into the subject with care.

—In traveling through some border counties of Canada, now and again one finds himself in a community which, to judge from its local names, might have floated over from the United States and dropped down there in bulk. In Waterloo County, for example, you find a set of surnames precisely the same as those common in Lancaster and Montgomery counties, Pennsylvania. Of course such a name as Martin, quite familiar both in the States and the Dominion, would teach nothing; but when, in Waterloo County, are thickly strewn and intermixed such rural East Pennsylvania names as Brubaker, Graybill, Hersher, Landis, Richwine, Buckwater, and so on, these are too odd not to strike the visitor who has seen them grouped in the same way in Pennsylvania townships. What is the key to this riddle, so obviously no affair of chance coincidence? It is, I am told, that ninety odd years ago, when independence

had been won, and the country made hot for Tories, a number of Royalist families migrated from Lancaster and Montgomery counties, in Pennsylvania, across the Canadian line, where they could be at rest on loyal soil, and bear allegiance to King George. Possibly a few other families, patriot in politics, but bound by ties of kin to the Tory exiles, may have gone into banishment with them. At all events, these settlements kept so well their old character that now not only might the summer tourist almost fancy from their shop signs and from the country maps spread on tavern walls that he was in the heart of Eastern Pennsylvania, but he may even hear the old Pennsylvania Dutch, a tongue unmistakable, among some of the descendants of those colonies.

—In the new and often laudable and quite successful efforts to improve our civic and domestic architecture, it is interesting to observe that the importance of glazed tiles for decorative purposes is beginning to be understood. Properly managed they add a delicate beauty and richness to brick or stone, laid in string courses or otherwise. They soften the somewhat foxy tone of red brick when they are of cooler tints, and they harmonize well with freestone. But their full capacity for ornamentation does not seem yet to be reached, at least in this country, for the color of which they are invariably made, so far as my observation extends, is blue. Why would not warmer tints also be sometimes effective, inlaid on masonry that is composed of the more sober grays? Might not even the stern aspect and coarser grain of granite be mellowed by a judicious use of *azulejos*, as the Portuguese call them? Might not brick be softened by more tender reds or browns blended with it, or warm grays? But the fault to which much of this form of ceramic art is liable is that of non-adaptation, not so much as to color as in regard to the designs upon these tiles. They are often pretty and tasteful when seen near the ground, but as soon as they get a little distance from the eye lose all their distinctive character. Now, what is

the use of designing a tile pattern that looks well when within a dozen feet from the eye, as if it were intended for a fire-place, when it is to be fixed near the eaves of a building, sixty or seventy feet from the ground? Is not this flying in the face of the very first principle of architectural and decorative art? The remedy naturally lies in more breadth of design and simply returning to first principles.

— A German friend recently told me of an amusing incident which he witnessed in the theatre at Augsburg many years ago. The play was Molière's *Miser*, and my friend had a seat at the side of the house, where he could see behind the right wings. It was toward the end of the play, where a long, pathetic, and rather tiresome dialogue takes place, and several of the characters have to stand round with nothing to occupy them except some trifling "incidental business." Two lighted candles are on the table, and Harpagon, the miser, true to his character, extinguishes one of them. The servant relights it. Harpagon soon notices the candle burning again, extinguishes it a second time, and puts it in the pocket of his long, flowing coat. At this point several actors who are lounging at the wings beckon to their colleague who is impersonating the servant. He joins them; they whisper together for a minute, and then the servant steps up behind Harpagon and lights the candle, which projects from his pocket several inches. This calls forth a general tittering from the audience, and Harpagon, perceiving that he seems to be the object of mirth, unsuspectingly reaches his hand towards his pocket, the public gaze being centred there. Encountering the burning candle he gives a quick yell of painful surprise, at the same time jumping a yard or so. This naturally brought down the house, the audience taking it all as a piece of excellent acting, instead of the successful practical joke which it was.

— Will not the writer of the warning against the new cheap "libraries," which was printed in the November Club, give us his opinion of the more

"respectable" poachers on English literary preserves, and tell us wherein, except in extent, the two classes of offenses differ? With some notable and honorable exceptions, what degree of justice can be claimed for the treatment which the English author receives at the hands of well-known American publishers? I am not able to learn with exactness what rates are paid to such authors, but, if we are to credit common rumor, the *honorarium* is out of all proportion, not only to the character of the audience and the quality of the work, but also to the number of volumes sold. I myself have heard of the advance sheets of a prominent English poet going begging in this country at half the price that would gladly have been paid to an American writer of equal audience, merely because of the uncertain tenure of the rights thus acquired. It has come to the point that no foreign author expects an equivalent for his work; he bows to the appreciative publisher, and dare not look at the amount of his check. To discriminate between such a purchase of literary work (convey, the wise it call!) and the unblushing appropriations of the libraries is but to decide between the methods of the extortioner and the highwayman.

Not a few who are interested in the future of American literature, as well as in honest dealing, are congratulating themselves that the success of the libraries is only another step toward the establishment of international copyright, which they are deluded enough to think will be a remedy not only for the wrongs I have referred to, but also for those inflicted by the libraries themselves. In the list of those thus wronged, as given by your contributor, are: (1.) the English author; (2.) the American author; (3.) the American publisher; and (4.) the American reader, whose eyes are likely to be injured by the unleaded type. Of these four persons the third is the only one from which opposition to copyright was to be expected. May not the success of the cheap literature soon make it necessary for him to take the other side of the question in self-de-

fense? Perhaps we may even hear of him trying to prove to the American paper-maker, the nation's fondling, —

"for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom," —

that in the end even he will not be likely to lose by international copyright.

—Meditating, in the light of some new novels, upon what was said in the January Club about fiction and reality, I have come to the conclusion that it would not be easy to get from a convention of fiction-writers any definition of "realism" which would prove satisfactory to more than one or two of the realists themselves. There is not only *imparity* but great *disparity* in their methods. Here are three books which I have just read, all claiming a certain authority by their near approach to the real: first, Daudet's *Nabob* (in the American translation¹); second, *Marmorne*,² the latest No Name book; and third, a story of low life in New York, *Bessie Harrington's Venture*, by Miss J. A. Matthews.³ M. Daudet being one of the leaders of a new school, the "impressionists," we of course expect from him any amount of harsh imitation of the actual just as it stands; but in this book one finds an undisguised picture of an actual person of eminence, namely, the Duc de Morny, to whom Daudet was for some time private secretary, and who is here presented as "the chief functionary of the empire," the Duc de Mora. There is also a curious suggestion all along — perhaps partly arising from this obvious use of a deceased public man — of well-known persons in real life standing behind the men and women of the story: notably in the cases of Dr. Jenkins, "the fashionable physician of the year 1864," of the sculptress Felicia Ruys, the *Nabob* himself, and Lemerquier the clerical deputy. These are the principal persons, and there is a great difference between the way in which they are portrayed and the fainter outlining of characters like Papa Joyeuse (who is evi-

dently a fancy-sketch) and André Marmorne, the young poet. If this impression does not mislead me, it follows that a good deal of Daudet's forcibleness is due merely to description of people exactly as he has seen them. It is comparatively easy, if one has any gift at all, to be forcible in this direction, because the energy which would otherwise go into imagination is now reserved for simple recording. Daudet is evidently a thorough believer in Balzac, — whose bronze bust, by the way, he introduces with masterly effect as looking satirically at two of the characters who have been to De Mora's funeral at Père la Chaise; but in reading the new novelist's books I do not feel that I am in a complete ideal world, reproducing with wonderful magic the appearances of the actual world, as I do in reading Balzac. On the contrary, I feel as if Daudet had taken tracing-paper of huge size, and, applying it to the parts of life which he wishes to put together, had followed the lines of the object covered by his paper with a blunt pencil making a broad mark, but also with that want of free and controlled vigor which belongs to all tracings. Besides, I doubt if he is always true to life. Dickens and Thackeray both believed they were very realistic, yet many people find fault with the former as being a caricaturist, and with Thackeray for blotting out of his picture the high lights of beauty and happiness, and "cynically" emphasizing the mean, the vulgar, and the bad, in a way that they claim makes it unreal. Daudet, likewise, may be complained of for willfully destroying and debasing people, and for heaping up desolate *dénouements* to such an extent that one is reminded of a child, who, after drawing a picture, becomes dissatisfied with it, and defaces it by a violent oblitative scrawl. His books seem to me to end in a general scrawl of disgust at the wickedness and gloom he has been describing. It is just the same in this one, where the *Nabob* is made to die of a sudden revulsion of pleasure, just when his wrongs are on the eve of being wiped out by new successes. No,

¹ Estes and Lauriat: Boston.

² Roberts Brothers: Boston.

³ Roberts Brothers: Boston.

it is *not* true to life! Then, is it true to art? I am afraid it is not that, either. Daudet is really an artist, and shows it at intervals, as in the terrible scene where the state funeral of De Mora keeps crossing the path of his mistress, who is trying to escape from Paris. But he is an artist pursuing a mongrel method, misled by the idea of transferring reality into his pages by the cubic inch, just as in the old days of English law a man who sold real estate was obliged to give to the purchaser a turf from the land itself. In fact, I doubt if the Nabob would have died in this way, bearing in mind his tenacious animal nature; and M. Daudet's elaborate realism, I find, makes me fastidious about anything that looks like improbability or incongruity. But simply as a question of art — for fiction admits of improbabilities — this ending strikes me as overcharged, reckless, and likely to miss its aim. What does Paris care for the accusation that it has been cruel and unjust to a Nabob, when he is dead? If he had lived to turn his enemies and parasitic friends into matter for ridicule, it would have felt the lesson much more keenly.

The author of *Marmorne* has quite another way of going to work. He informs you in the preface that he has known of an incident similar to that on which the story chiefly hinges, and adds that he has changed the scene and introduced circumstances to make the incident seem probable to the skeptical reader. This leaves the reader in the position which is most fitting for him, that of taking up the tale as a pure invention (founded, to be sure, on one particular fact), and then falling completely under the illusion produced by its graphic details and skillful art. *Marmorne* is a singular and absorbing story, told with great, although unobtrusive cleverness. In it, realism is brought to bear in what seems to me a legitimate, artistic way. It does not go so far as to attempt absolute deception, by means of using real characters, or by a statement at the end that, if you don't believe it, all the author can say is, he

knew the very people he has been writing about. But everything is clearly imagined and vividly set before you in terse, plain language that carries conviction. I admire Daudet, in the radical sense of that word, — the sense of wondering at, — and I think him more powerful than the unknown author of *Marmorne*; but it happens that *Marmorne* displays a much nicer sense of art.

As for the third book I have named, it tells how Bessie Harrington undertook to manage a class of wicked and lawless boys in the Five Points Mission House, or something of that sort, in New York; how she won over their ringleader by her gentleness; and he studied for the ministry, and went back to reclaim the people who remained in his former degraded condition, and became a benefactor to them. The conception is a good one, but it is amateurishly worked out: there is a great want of what may obscurely be described as literary anatomy in the characters. I merely mention it here because it marks one other phase of "realism," — that in which the localities are real and the names of the people exceedingly probable in their commonness, and the characters ordinary and without individuality, so that they may be sure not to be accused of unreality. This is the timid and negative phase.

I have just thought of an objection that will be made to my contrast of *The Nabob* and *Marmorne*: it will be said that *Marmorne* is a story made only to excite and entertain, and that Daudet's book has a great "lesson" to teach. But I think there is a delusion abroad about Daudet's "lessons." For him to claim to be a moralist seems to me about the same as for a man to point out to me a smoking ruin, with the words: "Scene of the late accident. What a philosopher I am!" or for a newspaper writer to read me his summary of recent swindles, crimes, and infamies, and then say: "Haven't I described hideous things? That's because I'm a great moralist." To come back to my starting-point, I want to dis-

cover what is the relation between the different kinds of realism. What is realism itself? It is unphilosophic, nowadays, to do more than ask a question (in one form or another); so I wait for some one else to supply the definition.

—I have seen much discussion, recently, concerning Marianne, one of Tourguéneff's heroines, and it has occurred to me that those who accuse her of free views concerning love and marriage have never pondered the fact that the great Russian novelist has rarely, if ever, endowed his young girls with what we should exact as a rigid standard of propriety for speech and action.

Tourguéneff has, no doubt, his own creed concerning women, and it must be confessed he finds his own views admirable for artistic purposes. No writer has, perhaps, more successfully delineated the single-hearted ardor, the glowing, intense, yet pure passion a girl may feel for her lover. His heroines are, to begin with, at variance with their surroundings; at strife with commonplaces—in their minds.

"Passion yet unborn
Lies hidden as the music of the morn
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingales."

When love actually comes, it is like a flood in spring, and sweeps away all the old landmarks.

We need not allude to Smoke.

In Dimitri Roudine, Natalie, a very young girl, scarcely grown up, says to Roudine, when she finds his ardor cruelly disappointing her, "Do you know that if you had said to me just now, 'I love you, but I can't marry you; I can't answer for the future; give me your hand and follow me,' do you know I

should have followed you, that I was ready for everything?"¹

In *On the Eve*, Ellen, after almost forcing from Insaroff the acknowledgment of his passion, says to herself, "Why, why did not Demetrius then and there in the oratory bid me follow him? Did he not declare before God I was his wife? Why, then, am I here?" He has simply called her his wife in the ecstasy of their mutual understanding of love, but she regards it as a binding tie. In her letter to Insaroff she repeatedly calls herself his wife, and it is difficult to believe that they are not actually married from the confiding and intimate tone. In a later scene we see clearly enough with what abandon she loves.

In *Assja*, the young girl distinctly tells the man, who is only half in love with her, that she knows any marriage is impossible between them, but that she would have given herself to him.

In the *Antchar*, Marie throws herself away upon the worthless Tere-triff, "And the poor slave died at the feet of her lord and master."

Lisa requires a finer analysis; still, enough instances, I fear, have been cited to prove that it is scarcely worth while to accuse Marianne of deeper enormities than her sisters. Tourguéneff is supreme in his skill as an artist, and his young girls love with a *naïveté*, an intensity, a directness, which is admirable in art. If one wants to moralize over the pictures he draws, one may readily declare that all these young girls suffer in proportion to their love. The question is whether one may sensibly moralize upon a work of art.

¹ Leisure Hour Series, page 181.

RECENT LITERATURE.

THOSE of our readers who are acquainted with Mr. Johnson's previous volume, on India, will recognize in this second installment of his great work the same qualities of wide research, thorough treatment, philosophical insight, and breadth of thought which marked that admirable book. This volume,¹ like that, gives us the substance of what only the library and the patience of a specialist could furnish. But it is no mere compilation; the farthest possible from that. All that Mr. Johnson has learned from travelers, missionaries, historians, and scholars, French, German, and English, he has thoroughly digested and made the basis of careful analysis and generalization and much original thought. His book is not only a mine of information, but is full of interesting discussion. And though it treats of a remote country, its light is brought to bear frequently upon the needs and questions of our own land. The style is scholarly, often eloquent; if it ever seem diffuse, it is not the emptiness of verbiage but the fullness of thought. The treatment is detailed yet broad, the criticism at once keen and sympathetic. The author has a quick eye for all that is best in the institutions, systems, and national character which he judges, but he is not blind to their limitations and defects. In the references to Christianity which must naturally occur in such a work he evidently looks at it as one of the religions of the world, the subject of judgment and comparison, to be approached from a rational, and not a polemic or supernatural, point of view. It is evident also that he uses the word religion in a broad and philosophical sense, as including all the highest thought and best purpose of a people, whatever is held in earnestness of purpose, — in short, its *ideal*, whether expressed in its government, education, literature, and history, or in its belief and worship. So all these topics are here, — not sketched in as a background, but treated with great fullness.

In his opening discussion of the Chinese Mind, Mr. Johnson draws the distinction between it and that of India that the latter is in its quality *cerebral*, the former *muscu-*

lar: one is brain, the other hand; one thought, the other labor. The Chinese is, characteristically, utilitarian, positivist, realistic, bound to rules and prescriptions and routines, yet not purely materialistic. As Mr. Johnson acutely remarks, it is not the incapacity of the Chinese mind to grasp ideas, but its tendency immediately to embody them in concrete forms, and hold them fast bound there, unable, apparently, "to hold them in solution for the tests of reason and aspiration," which is the key to "Chinese immobility;" this gives the appearance of arrested development. The idea long ago got its perfect expression, and so its repression to dead levels of repetition. Everything tends to details; yet everything, by minuteness and repetition, gets elaborately and exquisitely done within its limitations. This is true alike of handiwork, written language, historic record, political structure, educational methods, civil etiquette. Yet, with this faculty for organization, the Chinese have built up a vast and permanent civilization, industrious, educated, and orderly. Their ethics, tending immediately to conduct, exalting "the mean," make them, if not heroic, yet humane, peaceable, and reasonably honest. "No nation in the world, of whatever religion, possesses a literature so pure," or, as we shall see, so vast. The same elaborateness, with the same limitation, shows itself in their numerous but undeveloped inventions, in their language which has no alphabet, in their art at once exquisite and crude.

The chapter on Government reveals like characteristics. The state in China, according to our author, "is not an ideal concrete, but a concrete ideal." All its elements are believed to have existed from the remotest times, so perfect as to be, not merely the best, but the only real state, the true expression of the relation of heaven and earth, coextensive with the natural laws. And this is the ground of its exclusiveness, akin to that of the Roman Church. Chinese absolutism is not the arrogance of an individual will; the emperor represents the will of heaven. As son of heaven, he is the father of his people, in this patriarchal system. "To violate the laws is equally criminal in emperor or private

¹ *Oriental Religions and their Relations to Universal Religion: China.* By SAMUEL JOHNSON. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

man" is a popular Chinese proverb. The responsibility of the emperor to govern justly and humanely and for the good of the people is everywhere recognized. If he does not, "Heaven wills his overthrow and the people must effect it." There is a board of censors ready with remonstrance; there is a register of the imperial words and actions written in secret, opened only at his death, recording his glory or his shame. "The praises of tyrannicide stand in the text-books of law and ethics." So tempered is this "despotism." The Classics are full of high counsels to rulers. In the absence of newspapers and legislatures, the popular opinion gets expressed in satires, stories, placards, remonstrances, and through secret societies. There is, besides, an element of local government in the city councils and village communities, with household suffrage. Mr. Johnson gives a full abstract of the actual penal code of China, which abounds in provisions of justice and benignity. The maxim of the Shi-king, that "the end of punishment is to make an end of punishment," has not been forgotten. Antiquated penalties, of a barbarous character, though retained in the books, are not allowed or practiced. But in this connection our author well says, "Darker passions, which descend in the blood and brain of all races, may leap into unexpected power. For this reason alone, a cruel or unjust principle should be utterly wiped off the statute-book the moment its application ceases to be allowed by public sentiment. The same is to be said of superstitions which stand in statutes long after they are outgrown by the enlightened conscience, and afford hold for blind bigotry, such as the Sunday laws of the New England States."

The chapter on Education gives a full account of the ideas and methods of a people who have been declared to have been for ages more generally educated than any other. From them our author draws some valuable lessons for ourselves, pointing out the dangers of over-teaching and routine, mechanical repetition and mere rote knowledge, and the absence of mental freedom and force which beset our schools and of which intelligent Chinese are aware in theirs. The popular education appears not to include girls; but some of the teachers are women, and many women are authors. The system of competitive examinations is described and discussed, with reference to American deficiencies and needs.

Passing over a curious and instructive chapter upon Language, we come to those devoted to Chinese literature. "This literature," says Mr. Johnson, "appeals to the imagination by its amount, but makes little use of that faculty in its constructions." He finds in it "a type deficient in the qualities hitherto held by our traditional culture," but strangely coinciding with certain tendencies beginning to manifest themselves in the West. When we read of anthologies "flowering out into a collection of thirteen thousand poems, from a single dynasty," with two thousand compilers busy upon it; of the Han revival of letters (150 B. C.), which gave a catalogue of thirteen thousand recovered books, including those of two hundred schools of philosophy and thirteen hundred books of poetry, in a hundred schools; of vast encyclopædies; of a fresh age of lyric poetry by a thousand bards; of three hundred thousand volumes of dynastic histories, and a universal history in sixty, — to go no further, — we may well think our author's epithet of "colossal" not misapplied, and that old Hakluyt was right in calling Chinese literature "in a manner infinite." It quite reconciles us to never having learned the Chinese language. In dramatic literature we are told "no nation has such a store of plays in constant use." They are all in prose, all characterized by directness and "sedate simplicity of purpose" and a good, moral tone, but "wanting in the individuality, fullness, and flavor of the Western drama." The aim of the stage, according to the Chinese code, is "to offer true or supposed pictures of just men, chaste women, and obedient children, who may inspire the spectators to the practice of virtue." We should like to see that sentence inscribed above the stage of some of our theatres, and enforced below, that we might not, under pretense of amusement and painting things as they are, have our young people made familiar with corruption, and the fine edge of their moral sensibility dulled, its temper drawn out. In the numerous tales and romances of China "fancy clings to solid ground of fact, and easily runs into didactics." Yet humor is not wanting, and there is plenty of sentiment. Woman in them holds a high position. Good actions bring providential reward, after fashions "familiar to editors of Christian manuals and Sunday-school books," but types are found, too, of ideal virtue. Our author gives outlines of a number of dramas and romances, and several pages of selec-

tions from the literature of proverbs, which would seem so congenial to the Chinese mind. We quote a few of these:—

"Ill-gotten rice boils to nothing. True gold dreads not the fire. Deep roots fear no wind. The steel cannot behead the innocent. Better be without books than believe all that is in them. Do your duty and rest in your fate. For every blade of grass its drop of dew. The wild birds have no garners, but the wide world is before them. Three thousand laws and five hundred books, but it depends upon your free will whether you are good or bad. Sweep the snow from thine own door, and spy not the frost on thy neighbor's tiles. To return hate with kindness is like throwing water on snow. Dig your well before you are thirsty. Let your ideas be round and your conduct square. Adapt yourself to the situation, and listen for Heaven. It is better to do good than to burn incense. Helping another helps yourself. A good subject cannot serve two masters; lay not two saddles on one horse."

To Chinese Poetry Mr. Johnson devotes a very interesting chapter. This prosaic people, as we count them, are said by Ampère to be "of all nations the fondest of poetry." The poet, we learn, has, from earliest times, been honored by them even beyond the sage. We, once in a hundred years, send a Lowell on a foreign mission. In China the poet's gift has always been the passport to high office. Kings engrave his sentences on stone and invest him with royal robes, and when he withdraws from a corrupt court call him back from exile with entreaties and gifts. It was a poet who replied to royal offers of forgiveness: "I have done my duty, and ought not to be forgiven but rewarded." Every form of poetry except the epic is found in China. Under those placid, impassive faces beat surely human hearts, and all human experiences find mild and orderly expression in their truly "numerous" verse. Our author gives some very pleasing specimens. They are marked, as might be expected, by fancy rather than imagination, by delicate touch and tender sentiment; any vivid passion we must not look for. Their *kin* or *lyre* has, we are told, only silken strings, and so has their poetry. "Their best evidence of poetic capacity is a constant investment of nature with human expression." The willow blossom, the white swallow, the peace of the mountain height, the meeting of old friends, the sufferings of the conscript, the

praise of solitude, the transiency of life, a woman's devotion, a man's self-sacrifice,—such are their themes; and there are a few stirring war-songs. "The religious element in Chinese poetry," says Mr. Johnson, "we must seek in the *seriousness of its interest* in positive forms of life rather than in contemplation of Infinite Being." And we quote the sentence as one instance of the sympathetic insight which marks his criticisms.

To the Shi-king, or book of odes, the most ancient of the so-called Chinese classics, some twenty pages are devoted. Dating some centuries back from 800 B. C. the themes of its verses are the labors of husbandry, duties of government, affections and fidelities of home, laws of social order, all familiar human experiences. It inculcates everywhere humanity, justice, kindly affections, virtue, peace. It knows no priesthood, no mythology (except in the instance of the virgin-born How-tseih), but it teaches "to stand in awe of Heaven," whose "will none can resist." It celebrates good kings, like King Wan, who "bright in heaven ascends and descends on the right and left of God; His fame is without end: born of pure father and mother, watchful and reverent, with wisdom served he God and won the blessing; through him, grown men became virtuous, and the young went ever onward." It laments the corruption of evil days and rulers.

Of the Shi-king, Confucius, who compiled it in its present form, said that it might all be summed up in one sentence: *Have no depraved thoughts.*

Coming now to the "sages," the philosophy of the Chinese is naturally enough found to be rationalistic and secular. It is based on the assumption of the essential goodness of human nature, the validity and the sufficiency of human faculties. "Reason is the celestial principle innate in man," says Chu-hi. Their ethics are pure and elevated. Filial piety is made the beginning of all virtues. To Confucius and his influence Mr. Johnson devotes three chapters. His name of Kung-fu-tse means, it seems, teacher, of the family of Kung. He was born 551 B. C. He held public office; was exiled, a wanderer in peril of his life; returning at the age of sixty-nine he devoted his five remaining years to literary labors. His story is one of honorable activity, of wise counsels given in free conversation, of fidelity to conviction, of disappointment and outward failure, of patient acceptance

of suffering. "The sharp trial," he said, "is my good fortune. I do not murmur against Heaven, I do not fret myself at men. Below, I learn; above, I aspire. There is heaven; that knows me." At last he said, "My day is done; it is time for me to die." Mr. Johnson draws an interesting comparison between his death and that of Buddha and of Jesus. His character was marked by charity, sympathy, sincerity, humility, a vein of humor, practical good sense, and a strain of spirituality. Years passed. His tragedy was changed to triumphs, and he became, and still is, honored and almost worshiped. His followers have not hesitated to speak of him as "the equal of heaven." His teachings were written down by his disciples (or, as Legge thinks, by *their* disciples) in the Lūn-Yū (conversations or analects) and the Chūng-Yūng (the invariable mean). For an admirable analysis of these books, with illustrative extracts, we must refer to Mr. Johnson's pages. A few sentences we cannot forbear quoting, with the admission that in the original they will be found scattered through rather dreary pages:—

"The true man will yield up his life to preserve his virtue. To see what is right and not do it is the part of a coward. It is wisdom to do human duties faithfully, and while respecting the spirits [of ancestors] to keep away from them. Of three things a true man stands in awe: the laws of heaven, great men, and the words of the wise. For uprightness man is born. My prayer is a constant one. The mind of the superior man is occupied with righteousness, that of the mean man with gain. Overflow in love to all, and cultivate the friendship of the good. The good man loves all men; all within the four seas are his brothers. Recompense injury with justice. Only the virtuous know how to love or hate. Keep the heart right, and love others as thyself. To go beyond is as wrong as to fall short. Sincerity is the way of heaven; it makes its possessor coequal with heaven. What you do not like done to yourself do not do to others."

This "golden rule" also occurs in an affirmative form, but less compactly expressed. In the teachings of Confucius we find, as Mr. Johnson says, "large affirmations of essential right and spiritual law, but we miss æsthetic emotion and intellectual fire; we miss the flight of imagination. . . . Nor does religion attain a fully self-conscious freedom." He notes also a strong affinity to

modern "positivism," characteristic of the Chinese temperament.

A century after the death of Confucius was born Mencius, "a contemporary of the great age of Greek philosophy." A teacher of political science and morals, he confronted rulers with a freedom of speech like that of the Hebrew prophets, quite in whose spirit, also, are his pleas for righteousness in rulers and nation. "O king," he said, "why do you talk of profit? I have humanity and justice for my teaching, nothing more." "In success to share one's principles with the people, in failure to live them out alone; to be incorruptible by riches or honors, unchangeable by poverty, unmoved by perils or power,—these I call the qualities of a great man." "Never did one who bends himself make others straight." "A drowning kingdom must be rescued by right principles." To King Seuen he said that "if he had great faults and would not hear advice, they should dethrone him." He was no friend to hereditary monarchy, and pleaded for popular rights; yet he opposed the *doctrinaires* of his time. He "refutes the theory that every one who does not perform the manual labors necessary to produce all he lives on is an oppressor in an argument as timely to-day as it was two thousand years ago." Here was evidently "intellectual fire" enough.

A very different atmosphere do we enter in Lao-tze. Instead of concrete ethics and political and social reform, we have here the strains of the transcendentalist and mystic. Hear him speak of "a depth still and pure, as if the Eternal were indeed there. Before all beings, before the Supreme Ruler himself. Father of all mystery of motherhood, root of heaven and earth. He that worketh through it shall not be weary. All things wait on it for life, and it refuses none; it loves and supports all beings, but lords it over none. Forever without doing, it leaves nothing undone. All things as born of it, by its power upheld. The refuge of all beings, the treasure of the good, the redeemer of the wicked." Hear him proclaim: "The way that can be spoken is not the eternal way; the name that can be named is not the eternal name. He that is free from selfish desires shall behold it in the spirit. Depth and the depth of depths; the entrance to all spiritual life!"

And so on, Mr. Johnson gives us nearly the whole of the Tao-te-king of Lao-tze in a translation drawn from French and German

sources, and much superior to that of Chalmers, heretofore, we believe, the only English version. Here we have Plotinus and Böhmen and Tauler all in one, showing that this plodding, Nestorian race is at least capable of winging the upper air. Yet the disciples were more earthly than the master, and the mysticism of the Tao degenerated into thaumaturgy and divination, as did the later neoplatonism.

For a very full, interesting account of Buddhism, its introduction into China eighteen hundred years ago, and its various modifications there, we must refer our readers to the book itself. There is also an admirable chapter on Beliefs and Superstitions, defending the Chinese on strong grounds from the charge of atheism.

We have been able in our space to give but an outline of what this remarkable book contains. We shall be glad if these hints of its wealth may induce any of our readers to lay aside some trivial and ephemeral volume for this thoughtful and instructive work, which is a real honor to American scholarship. They cannot fail to gain from it a largely increased interest in and respect for a people whom they may have been wont to look upon with indifference, pity, or amused contempt. In view of certain outrages and the spirit which prompted them, we heartily wish the information and ideas of this book could in some way be brought to enlighten the prejudice which — as intelligent as it is unrepugnant — has so shamefully manifested itself on our Californian coast, and is not unknown nearer home.

— The Antelope and Deer of America,¹ by J. D. Caton, is not only by far the best work upon the subject, but is, in many respects, a model for all writers upon natural history. The author, a distinguished lawyer and judge of Illinois, instead of compiling his book from works on natural history, sporting sketches, travels, and other similar sources, has for years kept and watched living specimens of the animals themselves, running at large in two vast parks or inclosures made expressly for them, and has thus had opportunities for examination, comparison, and description which even the most experienced hunters could never have obtained. He is also a

close and accurate observer, and from a vast amount of facts, carefully noted down from time to time, has selected the most interesting and important, thus preparing a work which must always remain the standard upon the subject. The author divides the ruminantia, Cuvier's eighth order of mammalia, into two groups, those having horns and those which have none. The first group is subdivided into those which have hollow horns and those having solid ones.

Each of these two groups is further subdivided, the first including those animals having hollow and persistent horns, like the ox, goat, etc., and those with hollow and deciduous horns, of which class the American antelope is the sole representative; and the second into those having solid and persistent horns, of which the giraffe is the only specimen, and those having solid and deciduous horns, including the deer, elk, moose, and all the cervidæ.

Mr. Caton gives a most elaborate and detailed description of the antelope, from the tip of the horns to the end of the tail, and especially of the formation, growth, and shedding of the horns, which is the more interesting as it is the only animal known with hollow horns which sheds them annually. The cervidæ of North America include eight distinct species: the moose, elk, woodland caribou, mule deer, black-tailed deer, common or Virginian deer, barren-ground caribou, and Acapulco deer.

Of all these, except the moose and caribou, the author has had living specimens in his parks, and gives full and detailed accounts of them from his own observation.

The common deer and the elk are well known, but some of the others are so unfamiliar that a short description of them may be desirable.

The mule deer is so called from the size of its ears, which much resemble those of a mule; it is about half as large again as the common deer, but more clumsy and heavy in form, of a yellowish color in summer and gray in winter. It is found all along the Pacific coast and throughout the whole range of the Rocky Mountains, but not to the eastward of them, though a few sometimes straggle out on to the great plains.

The black-tailed deer is a little larger than the common deer, of a grayish color,

¹ *The Antelope and Deer of America*. A Comprehensive Scientific Treatise upon the Natural History, including the Characteristics, Habits, Affinities, and Capacity for Domestication, of the Antilocapra and Cervidæ of North America. By JOHN

DEAN CATON, LL. D. New York: Published by Hurd and Houghton; Boston: H. O. Houghton and Company; Cambridge: The Riverside Press 1877.

with short body and legs, less clumsy than the mule deer, but not as graceful as the common kind. The most singular fact about this animal is its restricted area. It is found only on the Pacific coast, and though it ranges high up on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada it never passes the summit, and is never found in the Rocky Mountains or on the eastern side of the Sierras. The Acapulco deer is the smallest of the species, being about two feet high at the shoulder, and weighing about forty pounds. It is found only in Yucatan and Mexico. The moose is the finest of the native ruminants, specimens having been killed standing seven feet high at the shoulder and weighing as much as fifteen hundred pounds. The range of this noble beast was originally from the Ohio River to the Arctic Ocean, but it is almost extinct in the United States, and is rare even in the Canadas. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia it is still common, especially in the latter province, thanks to strict game laws well enforced. The author speaks of the moose as the most ungainly of the deer tribe, and doubtless they have less grace and beauty of proportion than any other of that specially beautiful class of animals, but they are by no means as awkward and stiff looking as would appear from the wood-cut he gives, and certainly no one can see a bull moose in his native forests without being struck by his majesty of appearance and the power and grace of his sinewy and clean-cut limbs. Their powers of scent and hearing are wonderful, and if their vision was as good it would be almost impossible ever to come within shot of them.

Their intelligence, too, is great, — almost equal to reason. They feed almost entirely on leaves and twigs of trees, and always feed to windward, so that they can hear danger behind and scent it before; after satisfying their hunger they go back some distance on a line parallel with and to leeward of their track, and then lie down, watching closely to see or smell any one following them.

They are hunted entirely on foot, and pursuit, to be successful, requires an amount of skill and knowledge now found among only a few of the Indians who still inhabit those countries. It is almost like a game of chess, the animal making moves which must be foreseen and defeated by still more complicated moves of the hunter. An accomplished Indian on finding a track, perhaps two or three days old, will follow it only

a short distance, to see whether the moose is traveling or feeding: if the former, he abandons it, and searches for another track; if the latter, he will determine from the appearance of the foot-marks, the age or freshness of the branches broken in browsing, and other indications how long it is since the animal has passed. He then considers the various subsequent courses of the wind, the state of the weather, the lay of the country, the favorite feeding grounds in the neighborhood, and various other elements of the problem, and will start off in the direction where he supposes the moose then is, and will almost always hit very near the spot in which the animal, after perhaps two days' wanderings, is to be found. Even after a fresh track is discovered and the moose is known to be near, the slightest sound will alarm it; the breaking of a dry twig underfoot will start it, for in some way it can distinguish between such a sound made by a human foot and that made by an animal; when found their strength and vitality is such that, unless shot through the heart or brain, they will often run miles, and sometimes escape altogether, with wounds that would prostrate almost any other animal.

The caribou is perhaps the least known of any of the deer tribe. It is in size about half-way between the moose and the common deer, a large buck sometimes weighing six hundred pounds and standing five feet high at the shoulder. In color it is yellowish-gray in summer, growing almost white in winter. Its habitat is now about the same as the moose, though it never had so great a southerly range. It is still a disputed question among naturalists whether there are two species or one, but most now agree that there are two, the woodland and the barren-ground caribou. The former is much larger than the latter, and inhabits the southern and more wooded parts of the country, while the latter is rarely found south of Hudson's Bay, and frequents the vast open plains of British North America. Both feed almost entirely on mosses of all kinds, but especially the *Cladonia rangerifina* or caribou moss, which grows in immense quantities throughout all the northern regions, sometimes two or three feet in depth, on barren rocks and ground where nothing else can live.

The caribou is hunted on foot, like the moose, but its habits are entirely different. It wanders continually, eating a mouthful here and a mouthful there, but never stop-

ping for more than an hour or two at a time, so that it has become a proverb among the Indians as to a caribou track, "One day old, man catch 'em; two day old, dog catch 'em; three day old, devil can't catch 'em." The only thing the hunter can do when he finds the caribou track is to follow it as fast and as far as he is able; if he gets up to them, and gets a shot he is fortunate, if not he has his labor for his pains. Their meat, however, when obtained is by far the finest of any of the deer tribe.

The book is full of attractions to the sportsman, the naturalist, and the general reader.

— The Chaucer Society was established in England ten years ago, not as a result of an English demand, however, but because an American scholar, Professor Francis J. Child, of Harvard, urged upon the attention of English students of Early English the discreditable condition of the text of Chaucer's poems and the necessity of collating manuscripts for the purpose of establishing the correct readings. The society has had hard work to interest enough persons in its important work to enable it to continue from year to year, and the director, Mr. Frederick J. Furnivall, confesses that the project must have failed if it had not had the support of Professor Child and his friends in the United States. The close of the year 1877, however, showed that success had at last crowned the society's persistent efforts, for it had issued in two forms six independent texts of the *Canterbury Tales*, several texts of the principal minor poems, and many essays and analogues connected with or illustrating the subject of Chaucer's life and works.

The society aimed to give scholars the basis upon which to build and helps to direct them in new studies, and it has so effectively accomplished this that large additions have been made to the Chaucer literature that appeals to the ordinary reader and is available for use in the class room. The works of Dr. Richard Morris and of the Rev. W. W. Skeat, illustrating the Prologue and several of the *Canterbury Tales*, are well known. They are published at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and are extensively used in this country. These volumes had, however, been anticipated on our side of the ocean by Professor Corson, of Cornell, who several years before the Chau-

cer Society was established issued the *Legende of Goode Women*, with an introduction and glossarial and critical notes, in a volume more attractive than those of the Clarendon Press. After that publication the next produced in our country was *The Parliament of Foules*,¹ which was published towards the end of 1877. The editor will be recognized as the writer of two articles, which we published in September and November last, on *Fictitious Lives of Chaucer*. If in those articles Mr. Lounsbury found it his duty to differ very emphatically from the director of the Chaucer Society, he has in his present volume given Mr. Furnivall the sincerest meed of praise. He owns that without the work of the society his would have been impossible, and he not only takes one of the texts the society has issued, but also borrows largely from its work in the introductory portion of his book. The form adopted by Mr. Lounsbury is very much like that established by the examples of Professor Corson and the Clarendon Press, though by lengthening the page and using some very fine type the publishers have made a volume ill-shaped externally and internally trying to the eyes.

In his introduction Mr. Lounsbury says that in 1862, when Bell's edition of Chaucer was published, "only two manuscripts of this poem were known to exist, but in 1871, almost entirely through the agency of the Chaucer Society, ten manuscripts had been discovered and published, one of which, much the best of all, had been previously unknown to editors." This statement shows that Chaucerian scholarship was in a very backward state before the formation of the society, and that its progress since has been very rapid. The same remark might be applied to all study of Early English. Mr. Lounsbury is unwilling to accept any of the statements regarding the date at which Chaucer composed the *Parlament of Foules*, and says, however, "They certainly cannot be disproved for the very good reason, that, in the present state of our knowledge, they cannot be proved," — a remark the force of which does not strike us. Referring to the arguments for establishing the date of a poem by its quality, he says, very justly, "There is nothing in our laws of intellectual development to justify the assumption that is continually put forth in the case of Chaucer: that a man's first productions are

¹ *The Parliament of Foules*. By GEOFFREY CHAUCER. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, by T. R. LOUNSBURY, Professor of English in

the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. Boston: Ginn and Heath.

comparatively poor, and then go on increasing in merit, at least until there comes a period of decline." If some of those who have wasted their time in endeavors to arrange Chaucer's works on this plan had tried to apply it to authors the dates of whose different productions are known, they would have saved themselves some trouble and the world many pages of careless disquisitions. Mr. Lounsbury enters quite fully into the subject of the sources of the story, presenting a translation of the whole of the *Dream of Publius Scipio*, as preserved by Macrobius, and he takes from the edition of the Chaucer Society a version of some stanzas of Boccaccio, made by W. M. Rossetti. This discussion and comparison exhibit the ingenuity, the care, and the sometimes misapplied labor that is brought to bear on such investigations. Next, we have a bibliography of the subject, followed by remarks on the text of the present edition, its grammatical forms and the metre. The last are sure to be good, for they are condensed from Professor Child's observations on the subject.

The text follows, which is that of the best manuscript, altered in places by collation with the others. The deviations are indicated in plentiful foot-notes, which, by the way, can be of very little use to the pupils for whom the book is intended. The text has been treated with evident care, and we should take exception to it in two places only. Lines 22 and 505 we should prefer as follows, as being more poetical than they now stand:—

"For ofte of olde feldys, as men sey."

"And I for worm foul" quod the fol kokkow."

We have examined the notes and glossary, and find them full and good, though the former might have been advantageously augmented, and would have been much more convenient if they had been placed at the foot of the pages to which they respectively belong, after Mr. Corson's plan. The volume will be found useful as a text-book and is interesting as one of the signs of the growing appreciation of the study of Early English in America.

—For a few years almost nothing more has been needed for the success of an American novel than a lively record of adventure in the wilder parts of the country, with a good deal of such local color as is given by bad grammar and worse spelling that shall represent the dialectic peculiarities of the region in which the scene of the story is laid. Frequently, the superiority

of honest work to the cheap and lifeless imitation of English novels has been clearly shown, and literature has been possibly not so much enriched as enlarged by very faithful studies of a form of society that is steadily retreating before advancing civilization. But such success as, notably, Mr. Eggleston has achieved is sure to attract a crowd of imitators who cannot distinguish high spirits from humor, and coarseness from simplicity. The author of *The Two Circuits*¹ has not escaped this pitfall. Under the pretext of writing an account of life in Illinois some thirty years ago, he has collected a series of anecdotes which are strung together as the experience of a young Methodist minister on his circuit. The anecdotes are of various kinds, and while some have the rough fun of those stories over which travelers in smoking-cars are accustomed to guffaw, there are others which fall even less within the province of literature. The effects of strong doses of lobelia upon the human stomach are described with great gusto by the reverend author, when he brings down the heavy lash of his satire upon quackery. The sudden and unwelcome appearance of cats in unsuitable places seems to have been of very frequent occurrence in Illinois about a quarter of a century ago, if the Rev. J. L. Crane is a trustworthy chronicler of that remote past. At any rate, stories turning upon such incidents appear to be great favorites of his. At the beginning of the book the monotony which this somewhat morbid harping on one string produces is relieved by the exquisite humor with which is described a young man suffering from an epileptic seizure.

On the whole, this is an unsavory a novel as it has ever been our misfortune to read. The only possible praise that can be given it is this: that it would be excellent—barring the coarseness—as a collection of ungrammatical English to be corrected by the pupils of elementary schools. It is a perfect treasure-house of such expressions as these:—

"Her eyes, nose, and lips had the appearance of being bitten by the frost, and had not healed up yet."

"These clerks grew eloquent in recommending mysterious articles, which no one knew at sight for what purpose they were made."

¹ *The Two Circuits: A Story of Illinois Life.* By J. L. CRANE. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co. 1877.

—The Jukes¹ is a pseudonym used to designate the descendants of the notorious "Margaret, mother of criminals," whose progeny for five generations, and to the number of five hundred and forty persons, alive and dead, the author has taken the trouble to register. His researches began in one of the county jails of New York, and most of his material has been laboriously gathered from "old residents," physicians, employers, poor-house records, sheriffs' books, and prison registers in various parts of the State. Many valuable facts are brought to light in the author's careful tables: for example, the eldest child tends to become the criminal of the family; the youngest, especially if the parents are consanguineous, the pauper. Crime chiefly follows the male, and especially the illegitimate lines. More men than women become paupers. The female sex preponderates among the first-born children of lawful marriages, while most illegitimate first-born are males. Hereditary pauperism is far more probable than hereditary crime. Severe and protracted punishment often changes a vigorous criminal into an under-vitalized pauper. It would be very interesting to know whether these and many other inductions which the author has drawn from his facts would be verified if his method of inquiry could be extended to include the natural history of other degraded and diseased criminal families. But the difficulties attending such researches are so great that even with the utmost precaution much uncertainty must always attach to the results.

Estimating the total number of persons in all the collateral branches of this family at twelve hundred, the "social damage" of the Jukes, including charity, cost of prosecutions, maintenance in prison and poor-houses, drugs for diseases resulting from vices, cost of depredations, lost time, etc., is found to be a million and a quarter dollars.

Mr. Dugdale is not inclined to accept the popular notion that intemperance is the cause of pauperism and crime, without important qualifications. His tables suggest that hereditary or induced physical exhaustion or disease precede the appetite for stimulants; but the facts are here far too meagre for any reliable inductions. Few intelligent readers will dissent from the author's opinion that the temperance question is one for physicians and educators rather than for legislators and politicians,

and that brain and nerve disease and intemperance are so reciprocal in their influence that the priority of either as cause cannot be determined.

Dr. Guy, of England, estimates that "the ratio of insane to sane criminals is thirty-four times as great as the ratio of lunatics to the whole population." This Mr. Dugdale believes approximately true in our own country. Although he believes that whatever is physiologically unsound is morally wrong, and although he shows that the probability that any given member of the Jukes family will be found a criminal amounts almost to a certainty, yet he urges that environment has, after all, much more to do with the development of character than heredity, and demands a radical reconstruction of the entire machinery of punitive and reformatory institutions. "We cannot call these establishments," he says, "the results of the wisdom of our generation, but rather the cumulative accidents of popular negligence, indifference, and incapacity." The ideal criminal, the courageous man in the prime of life, for whom Mr. Dugdale seems to have such a fondness, whose successfully contrived crime is an index of capacity, — the burglar, for instance, "with his strong physique, cool head, and good judgment backed by pluck," — only needs a change of career. "All criminals," we are told, "of sound mind and body, who have not passed the prime of life, can be reformed if only judicious training is applied in time. Where there is vitality, there morality can be organized and made a constituent of character."

With paupers the lack of vitality is generally caused by licentiousness, and the cure is hard, unintermittent labor. For the children of criminals isolation from the degrading surroundings of early life and the use of kindergarten methods is suggested, in order that post-natal influences may at once begin to operate against ante-natal predispositions. Since, as we are sagely informed, "the whole process of education consists in the building up of cerebral cells," conduct may, "with good physiological quality," be made to depend on knowledge of moral distinctions, and it is then that the greatest effect of environment is secured.

Upon the whole, in spite of a style that is nothing less than awkward and considerable psychological crudity here and there, the author has presented a very suggestive, valuable, and well-arranged collection of facts.

¹ *The Jukes: A Study in Crime, Pauperism, Disease, and Heredity.* By R. L. DUGDALE.

—If any proof were needed at this period of the world's history that a novel is not made interesting by the mere combination of unexpected and more or less tragic incidents, a fresh example of the truth of this maxim could be found in Chedayne of Kotono,¹ which treats of battle, murder and sudden death, fire, flood, and fighting, with even a guillotine suddenly springing up at the end of the book. It is not an easy book to read. It is hard to care much whether the good or the bad people are knocked on the head or slain, and from some fault not easy to define exactly the narration produces a sort of blurred effect, so that without the closest attention it is hard to make out just what is happening. The book describes the sufferings of a number of people from Connecticut who settled in Pennsylvania, and who were afterwards dispossessed by the inhabitants of that State, these last being apparently the rightful owners, though the soundness of their title is not strictly made out. It is fair to suppose that a boy who is fond of Mayne Read may get his pleasure from this story, but it is by no means certain. What every one cares for more than anything else is something like life in the characters, and this is totally wanting here.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

It is by no means surprising that a volume of George Sand's writings has been made up since her death, for to almost her last moments the pen was constantly in her hand, and there were various contributions to different periodicals, which were easily collected, that cannot fail to give pleasure to the reader. This volume is entitled *Dernières Pages*,² but yet we cannot help hoping that some, at least, of this author's correspondence may soon be given to the public.

What was always apparent in everything George Sand wrote was her great fluency, her wonderful ease of expression, and of course it again appears in this volume, which gives us once more the pleasure of reading something new from her pen. Henceforth her place is on the shelf, as one who has finished her task, and it is possible to give a more complete glance at her work than could be done when she was alive.

And in considering her work it is important not to pay too much attention to her life. An author is always justified in demanding that his writings be judged by themselves alone, just as an artist's paintings are to be seen and admired or condemned without reference to his habits, which more truly concern his family if he is married, or his landlady if he is single. But yet so long as the world is what it is, it will be impossible wholly to regard an author impersonally, because no one is impersonal, and everything one writes is dependent on the author's character, feelings, and experience. Of hardly any one is this truer than of George Sand. This extraordinary woman led an eventful life, and almost all her experience came into use as literary material. She did not make use of her life to write an exact story of all that she did; she rather wrote about her career in order to represent it as it seemed to her, through the halo which every one casts about himself, and to show what she meant to do, to set forth the most defensible side of her errors, to gloss over her faults, to place in a good light those virtues of which she was conscious, — in short, to write what would seem to her imagination like an autobiography. And what a life it was! It may be said that it was in a way thoroughly French. By this is meant not French in the sense of throwing off allegiance to conventionality, but in that it was an attempt, after forming an unusual theory of life, to put it into practice. That is peculiarly what the French nation does; it not only forms startling ideas, it carries them out with thoroughness, and so is to the observer one of the most interesting countries in the world. The English keep on solid ground by preferring what is practicable to theoretical truth, but the French have made modern history thrilling by the great Revolution and by their visions of communism undermining contemporary civilization. George Sand shared every famous social vagary, besides inventing some of her own. The particulars of her adventurous life are presumably familiar to our readers, who will recall her independent Bohemianism, and it is interesting to find in this volume further revelations, innocent enough to be sure, of her readiness for what Dr. Johnson, on a somewhat similar occasion, called a frisk. An example of this is in the paper called

¹ *Chedayne of Kotono: A Story of the Early Days of the Republic.* By AUSBURN TOWNER. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1877.

² *Dernières Pages.* Par GEORGE SAND. Paris: C. Lévy. 1877.

Nuit d'Hiver, in which she tells a curious story. It seems that she and her brother were sitting together one evening, when it occurred to them that it would be an amusing thing to go in disguise to the neighboring town,—she dressed as a man, he as a woman,—to awaken a friend of theirs, named Duteil, and find out what amusement he could suggest. It was a cold night as they made their way over the fields, crossing a river on the ice, and at half past eleven reaching the town. There they heard the sound of music at a workman's ball, which attracted them within. George Sand wore a mask at first, but it soon fell from her face in the ardor of the dance, yet without betraying their secret except to one faithful woman. After a while they grew tired of watching and sharing this amusement, and determined to try their first plan, that of awakening Duteil. This they did, and he proved to be a congenial soul, who joined heartily in their plan to trick the mayor of the town by the brother's running to him with a long story that some one was trying to run away with him. The official was very stern with them, and slammed his door in their faces. Duteil then accompanied them, and did his share of the entertainment by a very vivid and annoying bark, which stirred the bile and aroused the envy of every dog that heard him, until the town was filled with the uproar. They then stood under people's windows and called them by name; when asked their business they replied that they wanted to be assured of the existence of their friends. Then, this sport also cloying in time, they sat down on the curb-stone and chaffed the passers-by and talked idly together, giving expression to their delight at the singularity of their actions and at the lateness of the hour (there is no feeling so common to the whole human race, without exception, as vanity at sitting up considerably after midnight; when did any one ever write a letter at such a time without mentioning the hour?), and then George Sand and her brother made their way home for an hour's sleep before morning.

Another sketch contains a somewhat similar adventure. George Sand describes a breakfast at the house of an old miser, M. Blaise. The few pages she has devoted to the account of this man, his stories of his five desertions from the army, and his avariciousness, are very entertaining. Then they start for home, once more in the company of the incorrigible Duteil. They lose

their way, and Duteil proves to them that they are really at home and asleep, and that they are merely dreaming that they are lost. The whole tale reads like a bright letter describing some actual event. Both of these incidents bear the mark of truth, and they have certainly an interest as showing the woman's inclination to amusement and her immense animal spirits. It would be idle to build up an imaginary picture of her from this testimony alone, and it is unnecessary at present to describe all the peculiarities of her character, but it is interesting to catch her thus, so to speak, off the stage,—at home, not posing as an oracle to settle distracting social questions, but leading her own natural life.

Another and more interesting view that we get of her domestic life is from her account of her marionnette theatre at Nohant. Not even Goethe in his Wilhelm Meister showed greater personal affection for the stage than George Sand does here. Her interest in the theatre, at least in domestic theatricals, began some time before with charades, and soon grew to giving representations of more complicated comedies and emotional dramas. At the beginning everything was done in pantomime. Chopin, who first introduced these performances, would improvise at the piano, while the others either acted fitting scenes or danced solemn or lively dances to his music. Some time after this the marionnette theatre had its first performances under the direction of George Sand's son Maurice, with seven miniature figures, who acted various thrilling plays. The first little theatre was consumed by the flames at the end of a piece which represented a fire, but it was quickly followed by another somewhat more ambitious one, when the whole French Revolution was to be given in historical scenes, like those in Scott's novels, but the Revolution of 1848 interrupted them. In time, all sorts of improvements were introduced, which she describes at great length,—the rising and setting sun and moon, greater likeness to life in the figures, etc. She tells, incidentally, that once, when in Venice, *autrefois*, she saw some beautifully dressed marionnettes without action, but that they did not compare with her own, of whom she says that they can do almost everything on the stage. "They take a torch or a lamp from one piece of furniture to set it down on another. They set a table, dress and undress before the spectator, take off their hats and put them

on again, fight duels, and dance with grace and energy. In fact, they do not take anything; the object is held before them on a fine wire which follows their motions, and permits them apparently to seize it with one hand." Whoever was managing all these puppets had various bits of machinery to direct, wild animals to bring in, sounds to introduce, as of railroad trains, the song of birds, the rustle of wind, the roar of waves, etc. George Sand's enthusiasm about the whole matter is charming: the spectator, she says, when the curtain was pulled up, would be conscious that he was looking at miniature figures, but after a while that feeling would disappear. The dim light would hide other points of comparison, and so strongly would he be impressed by the life of what he saw that when, as sometimes happened, the person behind had to make an appearance as a giant or ogre, the apparition was monstrous and really alarming. She goes on to tell us how, in order to have faithful figures of animals, they were obliged to discard the ordinary wooden toys and manufacture others from the wires taken from her old hoop-skirts. Yet even the rejected toy animals were superior to those more complicated creatures who could be wound up and would then cross the scene by clock-work. As she truly says, "An automaton obeys itself alone, and does nothing irregular." With regard to the difficulties surrounding the human director of the puppets, she goes on to say, "The marionnette does not obey the guiding hand as passively as does the actor the stage directions. It cannot walk alone, it does not move of itself, it does not go around an obstacle; it may get caught on a decoration, it may slip from its support or from the finger that should hold it and swoon away at a most inopportune moment,"—and for all such accidents the ready wit of the manager has to be prepared.

The decoration of this miniature theatre was in good hands. She laments that she did not have the theatre at the time of her acquaintance with Delacroix, who, she tells us, had a great admiration for wall-papers

and theatrical decorations, often paradoxically defending their great excellence. But his general advice on decoration was afterwards followed by Maurice Sand, when he adorned this stage and its surroundings.

We have given but a small part of all that this writer says of the charm of private theatricals and of puppets. The whole essay, which is a tolerably long one, deserves to be read for its own interest and for the light it throws on the woman who wrote it. In its thoroughness and sincerity, as well as in its subject, it reminds one of Goethe.

Of considerable importance is the essay entitled *Mon Grand-Oncle*, in which she gives a fuller account of this relative, whom she had mentioned in her *Histoire de ma Vie*. His career was a singularly adventuresome one, and in hardly any of her novels has she invented a more startling combination of incidents than those which made up this abbé's life. An abbé of the last century was something of which the world will probably never see the like again, but one who was more peculiarly the product of his time it would be hard to find. The great Revolution, too, he saw, as is already known, but it was as few who saw it lived to tell. Another terrible story of the Revolution is to be found in a criticism of the poems of Mademoiselle Flaugergues, which our waning space allows us merely to mention.

In conclusion it can be said that this volume, though it contains some papers of meagre interest, will be found in general well worth reading. Besides what there is in the feeling that nothing more can be gathered of what she wrote, there is very much in the book of great value to those who read George Sand with pleasure. For the most part it is unmixed pleasure the reader will feel in these sincere confessions of a woman who, whatever her faults, was never tiresome so long as she spoke what she really felt or knew and not what she had extracted from others. Certainly, no one ever sought enjoyment in this life as she did, and in this book she gives only grateful fruits from it.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.

VOL. XLI.—APRIL, 1878.—No. CCXLVI.

DETMOLD: A ROMANCE.

PART V.

XI.

IDYL OF AN ITALIAN HILL-SIDE.

NEARLY a month had now glided pleasantly away. The copy by Alice of the head of the hale and florid warrior at the Museo was approaching completion. Her father — greatly aided in his labors by the kind assistance of the elder Castelbarco — was bringing his researches into the methods and economies of the silk manufacture to a close. Nothing remained to require the longer stay of the party at Verona. They purposed to pass a few days at Venice, and then turn back to Switzerland.

The Castelbarcos fixed an evening, shortly in advance of the time selected for the departure of their friends, to hold an assembly in their honor. It was also a day or two before the three young men were to make their visit to the farm on the canal of Este, in response to the invitation of Signor Niccolo. The original appointment had been somewhat extended on account of an illness of the good old gentleman, who was now recovering.

Besides the movements hitherto noted, the party at the Torre d'Oro had made most of the short excursions that the

neighborhood afforded, and also some others to a distance. They had been to Padua, where the Castelbarcos had a younger son at the university, had embarked at Peschiera and sailed up the lake to its terminus at Riva, and had spent a day in a trip to the bathing beach of the Lido at Venice. There remained only an expedition, which had been for some time planned, to gratify a desire of the young ladies to see something of the silk culture at close quarters.

They set forth one bright morning, when the heat was tempered by a light breeze, northwest to Torri, near the shore of the lake. A Veronese gentleman whom Mr. Starfield had met had an estate there, which he assured them his agent would be delighted to place at their disposal. Detmold was of the party, by invitation of Mr. Starfield, to replace his wife, who preferred to remain at home. The party consisted, then, of Alice and Miss Lonsdale, Mr. Starfield and Detmold. Two stout horses and a swarthy, ill-shaven driver, of much volubility when his ingratiatory comments were encouraged, conducted their carriage.

The road mounts and descends by turns through a country wild and pict-

uresque and an expanse of highly cultivated gardens. They passed through Bardolino and Garda, each with its artificial port for the protection of its small craft from the blue and poetic lake, which rages not rarely with the traditional fury of a woman scorned.

Our friends, having no exacting plan, pursued such a desultory course as pleased them. They paused to gather flowers, to drink from a clear, running spring, to inspect the interior of some vine-shaded habitation, or to exchange greetings with some pretty peasant spinning with a distaff as she walked. They noted at one time the tall figure of a woman, with a blue robe and corn-colored hair, waving them a salutation with a handkerchief, from a balcony. She remained so long immovable, with the white handkerchief drooping without a flutter, that they were astonished. It was only upon a nearer approach that they discovered that damsel, balcony, and all were but an exaggerated trick of external frescoing.

The villas by the way were embowered in plantations of aloe, acacia, and lemon, the fragrance of which filled the air. Back in the hills are pastures where herdsmen as brown as the savages of America keep their flocks; and higher still, forests and precipices, and gorges where mountain streams tear under wild bridges, on their way down to keep the blue lake always at the level of its golden brim. There are lonesome Scaligerian castles with forked battlements, and remnants of ancient walls climbing vine-terraced slopes to their bases. In this district the mulberry flourishes luxuriantly, and the silk-worm spins with its greatest delicacy.

The voluble driver pointed out here and there on the way the scene of a crime, a skirmish, or some romantic tale of love, or told them stories of the brigands of former times. He knew the brigand signals, — the turn of the eyes to the left, the hand extended with the palm up or down, and the peculiar call-note by whistling between the thumb and forefinger. Alice insisted upon learning them, — including the whistle,

of which she made only a limited success, — and numbered them henceforth among her accomplishments.

The agent of the Veronese gentleman was an agile little man of excessive politeness, which, under the stimulus of the bright eyes of Alice, he exerted to the utmost. The visitors found the silkworms spread out upon wicker frames, clamping vigorously at their succulent food. To see that they come to no harm, to regulate the sun and air and the fineness and quantity of their food, and to renew their beds of leaves so that there may be nothing deleterious to their best activity is an occupation of the greatest necessity, yet combining many of the elements of that *dolce far niente* in which the brown peasants traditionally delight.

"The silk, signoras and gentlemen," said the agent, "is the most rapid of crops, and, if it were not for the occasional epidemics that prevail, one of the most profitable. A pound of *bacchi*, which cost but two and a half francs, and are distributed at first, in appearance like black grains of sand, in a space of nine square feet, cover at maturity two hundred and sixty square feet, and produce sometimes one hundred and fifty pounds of cocoons, at a franc and a half the pound. As to the mulberry-tree, on the leaves of which they feed, it costs less than a franc. It bears leaves fit for stripping in the fifth year, and continues till the twentieth."

The people engaged in this culture were found in large, well-ventilated habitations. It is a sanitary condition demanded by the delicate creatures who spin the thread of the locality's destiny. They can endure no conditions unworthy of the charming fabric they produce.

The travelers declined the further hospitality of the agent, and drove, by a grassy road, to a situation near a partly ruined farm-house in a remote quarter of the estate, to take their lunch in the open air. It was upon the slope of a long hill that rises to the Monte Baldo and commands a wide prospect. The house had once been of some impor-

tance. There were traces of a polished stucco on the walls, and the remains of a sculptured fire-place. There were holes for musketry in the upper story, pierced by troops who had used it as an outpost in recent wars. Milk, cheese of the *stracchino* variety, and fragrant wine and honey were obtained here, which, with the comfortable hamper brought from Verona, were borne to the shade of a square vine-trellis, in which there was a weather-beaten table.

The repast went on happily, but sedately. There was no one like Hyson to convulse the company with uncontrollable merriment. Mr. Starfield indulged in short disquisitions from the stores of his ripe experience, or rallied the young ladies with quiet humor. In this he called upon Detmold to help him. As the custom is in this kind of railery, those who loved each other dearly feigned hostility, and pretended to believe derogatory things of each other. In return for some playful thrust, Alice held up her hand and made to Miss Lonsdale the brigand signal which indicated that both of the gentlemen were to be dispatched instantly.

The red wine glittered in its polished bottle; the sun threw down the patterns of the vine leaves upon the white tablecloth. Their driver had eaten the portion allotted to him, at a distance, and stretched himself out to sleep.

In Italy all is openness and sunshine, adverse to mystery. Even its superstitions have been in keeping with its climate. It has nourished fair traditions of fauns and dryads and mountain nymphs; the gloomy hobgoblins, werewolves, and dark huntsmen of the North have found little countenance. Under this potent influence, upon the friendly Italian hill-side, the old secret of Detmold was no more than a remote, well-nigh vanished figment. Contentment seemed hatching out as if from a genial incubation of nature.

Mr. Starfield went away to hold some conversation with the peasant farmer. Miss Lonsdale dozed over a copy of Corinne, to the hum of bees in a neighboring thicket. Alice and Detmold moved

to a clump of walnut-trees, and rested at ease in their shade. Upon the face of a gray rock, scintillating with bits of mica, quaint lizards of dusty green darted up and down. Narcissus and euphorbia bloomed near by, and the azure myosotis in the hollows. The pensive figure of a shepherd with his staff, on the edge of the hill-side, at a distance, was projected against the sky.

The influence of the scene, the languor of the atmosphere, the sentiment of isolation in this far-away country, the consciousness of mutual regard,—and, on one side, of admiring devotion,—combined to draw the couple nearer together than ever before. The topics upon which they discoursed were not greatly different from usual, but more than ever did a subtle tenderness pervade the accents and give the words a truer meaning. At times they paused and rested, with half shut eyes gazing off in sympathetic silence upon the prospect. Below lay the expanse of the azure lake; on the other side, the mountains. Out of the void of the serene sky beyond all twinkled at times, as if a signal from some moving speculum, a flash from some unseen ice peak of the Alps. Detmold's straw hat, pushed carelessly upon the back of his head, encircled his face like an honest aureola. Flecks of light spattered through the overhanging foliage upon the muslin dress of Alice. The sprays of her floating hair took in its shining the aspect of a luminous mist.

Estates here are greatly subdivided, and the whole covered with the landmarks of more than two thousand years. There were owners down in the district below having each but a few square yards of lemon plantations, from which they drew a moderate livelihood.

"Do you like this swarm of landmarks," asked Detmold, "this endless succession of proprietorships, these incessant evidences of the occupation of the land from time immemorial?"

"Oh, yes," said Alice; "it gives everything such a human interest. So much of our own country seems soulless on account of having no such associations. Our cultivated land has been re-

deemed from untrodden wildness so lately that it is almost as if it were only just created."

"We have as lovely scenery," said Detmold, "but it is not yet furnished. These real antiquities cannot be put in at all, but probably in a hundred years, or less, our beautiful lakes will be as abundantly provided with villas and terraces, Cornice roads and lateen-sailed boats as this. Take Lake George, now; it is capable of almost anything."

"I like very much," said Alice, "the keeping account of one's ancestry, which is so easy here. The humblest person can trace his a long way back. I wish I could mine, even if there were nothing remarkable in any part of it. I do not mean in order to set up a coat-of-arms, and think one's self better than others, but merely as a satisfaction. We only know that papa's great-great-grandfather came from England and settled in Connecticut. There is no clue to anything back of that. He might as well have waded ashore out of the sea."

"Do you think very much more of one for an imposing descent, Miss Alice?"

Lying at her feet, free from scrutiny, he dared to essay so much of a test. Had her gaze been fixed upon him, he could not have propounded the inquiry.

"I am afraid I used to much more than I do now," she replied. "I have been disappointed in the physical results of the system, as exhibited in its best examples, since coming abroad. Have you not also? And it does not appear that the results mentally are any better. There are dukes and duchesses, and counts and marquises, as homely as they can be, and anything but stylish. I supposed that there was an *air* about them, — an exclusive elegance entirely out of the question for people in general. There are really plenty of just as distinguished-looking persons on the street at Lakeport every day. Still," she continued, "I would like to have a tall family tree to climb up. What is a great-great-grandfather? Mine was something in the Revolution; the next was college president, the next was a

merchant, and then my father, who is a merchant too. That is all there is of us. It is very provoking."

"But consider all the people who have not even a grandfather, Miss Alice," said Detmold, "and how well they get along. The self-made man is our cornerstone. We like him so well that we do not care very much who his father was."

"Of course not," assented Alice. "I am sure I never think of it — very much."

"Still, even you may perhaps look at him a little differently from what men do. Women, if you will allow me to say so, perpetuate most of the snobbishness in the world. They do not mix enough with all sorts of people to find out what fine character often lies hidden under appearances that society could not think of tolerating. And they are not, like us, — as I am happy to say, — engaged in a general scramble for money, skill in the attainment of which entitles its possessor to respect, no matter who he is."

"There is only one circumstance in the way of ancestry which I am disposed to make an obstacle of," said Alice, "and the feeling is more involuntary than intentional, — and that is crime. It runs in the blood; you can never tell when it will crop out again."

A momentary vertigo seized upon Detmold; the brightness of the landscape was covered as if by smoke; his heart struck heavily against his ribs.

"It is not that I think crime should continue to be punished in the innocent," proceeded Alice. "I feel sorry for such persons, but I cannot help being afraid of them. They have everything against them, and often turn out badly in spite of their own best exertions as well as those of others. You see it over and over again in children of bad parents, brought up with every redeeming influence."

"Have you known many instances?" asked Detmold.

"Not in my own experience, but I have heard of a good many, and read of some. There is a county on the Hudson where of the descendants directly traced to a woman who was hanged for

murder seventy years ago, two hundred have been actual criminals before the courts, and a large number of others idiots, imbeciles, drunkards, or paupers."

There was a considerable pause. If this involuntary tendency to crime of which she spoke were true, was it not in his blood also? He resolved rather to be cut in pieces by inches, to die a thousand deaths, than ever to yield to it an instant. Yet at this very moment the guilt of his concealment, now that this judgment of the fatal character of the secret it covered was recorded, seemed a sensible lapsing into the gulf. But oh, could there not be this one exception? Detmold had determined to be happy. He wrestled strongly with himself and adhered doggedly to his purpose. By degrees the pall passed back from the landscape. Were they not in a far foreign country? At least she knew nothing of his secret yet; nor was there any conceivable source from which she could learn it. The crickets chirped merrily about them. A small kid came and disported near them with a lovable awkwardness. He was followed and captured by a woman from the house, who called him opprobrious epithets, laughing good-humoredly the while and displaying excellent white teeth.

"I like to think," began Detmold, speaking again, "that there is upon the whole a general average in this matter of lineage. Ancestry does not stop, you know, at Plymouth Rock, or the Norman Conquest. We have an intimate flesh-and-blood connection with history that we are apt to forget. Some ancestor of yours and mine may have fought against the Danish invaders with King Alfred, or been one of the piratical Danes himself. The ancestor of this one may have come to Britain with the Romans or with Phœnician traders. He may have been a Druid, and offered human sacrifices."

"Yours may, but I shall never admit that mine did," said the young lady, with a positive air.

"I withdraw the preposterous supposition," said Detmold. "We will say mine, only; and then," he continued,

"his forefathers in the Orient probably bowed down 'to Nebo, Bel, and all the powers divine.' Further back yet, there was one a fire-worshiper. And so you get back to Gog and Magog, into the chaos of history. It is singular to remember that all the time there was a man taking part who was the father of your father's father's father's and - so - forth father in a direct line of descent. And then at last you emerge out of chaos into the pure freshness of the primeval Paradise."

"It makes one feel quite cosmopolitan," remarked Alice. "Which side do you suppose your ancestor was on in the siege of Troy or the battle of Salamis?"

"I wish we knew. But now as to the average I spoke of," he continued: "does it not seem fair to suppose that in these long lines of descent there has been an average that puts us all substantially upon the same footing? There has probably been about the same number of masters and slaves, mistresses and maids, patricians and plebeians, — high and low alternations of fortune, — among the ancestors of each of us. If for one series of generations they followed the plow, scrubbed the pot, and dressed in homespun, most likely for as many more, at some other time, they wore silk and velvet, followed the chase, abused the plow-boy, boxed the maid, and talked of Shakespeare and the musical glasses."

"I like your theory," said Alice, "especially the fire-worshiper. Perhaps there is just a spark of his reverential communion with the sun in our enjoyment of its delightful brightness this very moment."

"I think it applies just as reasonably in the particular of crimes. As every line of descent has its aristocrats and democrats, its wealth and poverty, it doubtless has its saints and sinners, to make a series of offsets and strike an even balance. There is no way of proving my theory, but I do not take the less comfort in it on that account. In this way, too, the wheel of fortune, of which we were speaking the other day, may make a complete round. No one indi-

vidual can experience all phases of life and circumstances, but his line of descent must come pretty near it."

"It is a very good theory," said Alice, when he had finished speaking. "I think I shall adopt it."

"It is a fancy, a speculation, — not a theory," said Detmold.

"We are better friends than we used to be, Miss Alice; do you not think so?" he said, hesitatingly, after a pause.

"Why? because I accept your theory, or speculation, or whatever you call it? No, I think we quarrel a great deal."

"I am sure I can think of nothing we have quarreled about for a long time, — nothing since the Romeo and Juliet matter, and in that you" —

"No, I think it was you," said she.

"You were excessively harsh in your judgment of the sentiment of the piece. After what had passed so — so lately, I could not help thinking that it was meant" —

While he hesitated, she went on as though he had finished: "I only meant to be severe upon such absurd sentiment as theirs was, which sprang up in a minute, without any basis. I do not understand it."

"Then you would have had more consideration if it had been represented as the growth of years, — based upon coincidence of tastes, and admiration for character and soul as well as personal beauty?"

"I should have said that that was quite a different matter."

They talked on, coming ever nearer to the subject which was calling in the heart of Detmold for utterance. Still, the memory of his former experience and the dread that her amiability might after all be only a manifestation of implicit trust, which it would be cruel to shock, kept it timorously back. Some other time, some other place, would present itself; he would have fuller indications. But he knew that she was going away from Verona in a few brief days, and none could say when or under what circumstances they should meet again. What time, what place, so favorable as this!

This glowing afternoon upon the hillside, by the gray rock, in sight of the lake and the herdsman with his goats, was as perfect as an idyl of Theocritus. Why could it not always have lasted! How without a sigh Detmold would have abandoned forever that remote, uneasy world behind him, to pasture here his flocks and tenant the broken farm-house with a shepherdess sweeter than the honey of Bormio!

The conversation was soft and poetic; it would have taken little to versify it. Like Daphnis and Chloe they took up in turn the strains of beauty, love, and life's aspirations, and all seemed about to mingle at the close in an exquisite harmony. Alice, who had something of a Thackerayan repugnance to the demonstrative expression of feeling, however genuine, did not entirely relinquish her tone of banter. She said flippant and mocking things, but they were cynical only in form. Some unfettered emanation from a true and generous heart belied them, even as they were spoken.

One hand was thrown carelessly beside her, and lay like a lily upon the grass. Detmold had engraved an imaginary monogram with a pencil upon the stone of a turquoise ring she wore, without occasioning her to withdraw it. Then he took the tip of one of the small fingers and drew the palm into his. Still she did not oppose; she was looking off at the landscape, as if in a sweet reverie, with her head averted. He raised the hand to his lips. How different this from the despairing touch of their last parting, which had appeared to seal the decree of an eternal separation! He saw a brighter color steal into her cheek. It was not a flush of resentment, but rather of yielding and tenderness. His long pent-up emotion was upon the point of utterance; words of passionate affection already trembled upon his lips.

But it was fated that no word should then be spoken. Miss Lonsdale, tired of her arbor, where she had indeed taken a broken nap, with her head pillowed upon the table, came towards them at this moment, holding Corinne open in her hand. She read to them some pas-

sages upon which she had reflections to offer. A little discussion of the work was entered upon. Miss Lonsdale liked it for its elevation of sentiment and unexceptionable tone concerning religion; Detmold for its descriptions of nature and art. Alice admitted that by reason of having had it as a text-book in her younger days she had conceived a prejudice against it which she could not overcome; Lord Nelvil with his endless moping seemed very stupid, and Corinne much too gifted in *bizarre* accomplishments.

Mr. Starfield came to notify them that if it was intended to have another lunch from what remained in the hamper it was time to prepare it, as the horses must soon be put to.

To include as much variety as possible they were to return by another route. The heat outside of the protecting shade was still considerable, and it was late before they left the agreeable spot. The long shadows of poplar, elm, and myrtle stretched across the greensward. A wreath of smoke curled from the farmhouse chimney. Slight purple mists began to fill the hollows of the rounded masses of foliage on the slope below. The flocks came tinkling down the mountain road.

XII.

THE FÊTE.

Detmold sought an opportunity to renew the interrupted conversation on the hill-side at Torri. He could not allow Alice to go away without finally learning his fate. Who knew when they should meet again, or what changes might be effected by absence? The fête at the Grazzini palace was at hand, and he hoped much from the possibilities it offered. Could he now reasonably doubt what the result was going to be? She had been so yielding and gracious on that memorable afternoon. When the thought of his deception intruded upon his uneasy conscience he tried to dismiss it with a reprimand. Was he not him-

self innocent? he had not merited disgrace. If he wronged this dear girl by his concealment, he would atone for it by the achievements of a limitless affection and a tireless ambition.

Ardent as he was, he did not escape some moments of misgiving of a different kind, natural to the time. Was he ready, after all, to put the entrancing dream in which he was immersed to the test of reality? Might there not come a period even with Alice when, having lived too long the same life and thought, the same thoughts, all piquancy of association would be lost and a tame commonplaceness be arrived at? His untrammelled freedom, even with its moodiness, was dear to him; the idea of conventional family routine, regular hours, slippers, an equable temperature, was slightly suffocating.

Castelbarco also was looking forward to the fête, as an occasion both to afford him the opportunity he had been so anxiously seeking, and to impress Alice with an extraordinary idea of the dignity of his house.

The affections of the two young men were similar, yet unlike. It could hardly be said that one was more genuine and all-pervading than the other. With Detmold it had been the steady growth of years; into the more fusable nature of Castelbarco, seemingly long prepared by the circumstances of his condition, it had flashed with sudden intensity; but it possessed both equally. There was this difference, that Detmold looked up to Alice with reverence, as a superior being, — in social station as in all other respects; while Castelbarco, who in contracting such a marriage would have gone counter to the wishes of his ambitious mother, and stepped a little down from his fancied gentility, felt in his purpose a trace of condescension. Yet how worthy was not the beautiful American of even a thousand-fold greater sacrifices! His pride in her companionship would have been scarcely less than Detmold's.

There was a corresponding difference in the states of mind with which the two looked forward to the coming in-

terview. Detmold, with all the sweet omens he possessed, did not cherish absolute certainty; Castelbarco, with little in his favor but his own consciousness of merit, was serenely confident. As between the two, Detmold, who knew so well the pain of hopeless love, had for Castelbarco nothing but sympathy; while the latter entertained towards his old school-mate, as he now did towards every one much favored with the society of Alice, an uneasy feeling of jealousy, which would quickly have become hatred had he suspected the truth as it really was.

The Grazzini palace, during the declining fortunes of the family, had undergone many changes and abasements. The present occupant, though perhaps able to do so, had not yet repaired them. Two of the wings were sequestered to common uses. The grand staircase was closed up, and the space utilized in some other way. The stair-case by which one mounted at present was of flag-stones four feet in width, and provided with an iron hand-rail. On the evening of the fête a rich carpet was thrown down upon it, to shield from its harshness the rich material of sweeping robes and rosetted boots of satin and kid.

The principal saloon was a noble apartment, lighted by tapers in a chandelier of crystal. The floor, of polished parquetry bordered with a mosaic of tiles, gave back reflections. The walls were hung with faded yellow satin. The paneled ceiling, of dark wood and gilded moldings, contained frescoes of angels and prophets around a main composition showing a sea-fight of one of the old Grazzinis with the Turks. There were frequent portraits and other paintings along the walls, and, disposed between them, oval mirrors with candles in sconces, carved chairs, and cabinets holding china and bronzes. At the upper end, let into the wall and surrounded by an ancient frame of beaten copper, was a pier-glass of peculiar elegance. Its depths were filled with the rich, dark tones of the apartment, across which now glided, with increasing fre-

quency, the sheen of silken costumes, merging into a soft jumble of moving color. The centre of the room was occupied by two circular divans. Along the sides were dispersed chairs and *fauteuils* of modern fashion, with coverings of blue and white chintz. At one side a row of windows opened upon balconies. The air at intervals lifted the curtains of silk, which swelled and rustled together as though engaged in some mysterious converse of their own.

The society encountered by our friends at the Grazzini palace was not far from the best the city afforded. There were titles of nobility: a marchesa and a baroness, and a Spanish count and countess who had been in Mexico with Maximilian. The musical termination of the names announced by the tall footmen was in itself a pleasure, — Bianchi, Carpasso, Cavalcanti, Ruzzanti. The assembly differed less from American social gatherings they knew than might have been the case in some localities of a less pronounced commercial character. Neither in Lombardy nor elsewhere does a nobility which has never looked upon the bearing of arms as the only worthy occupation so exclusively as some others abstain entirely from relations to manufactures and trade. An heiress of New York has even married a prince who kept the books of a bank.

There were handsome, athletic officers of the garrison, and two or three courtly ecclesiastics. The young society men, with opera hats under their arms, bent over the ladies on the divans, and addressed to them conventional drawing-room talk not differing greatly from that of London or New York.

Married ladies, in low dresses, were most numerous. They talked with vivacity, involving many small frowns, poutings, and elevations of very flexible brows. Their walk was the perfection of grace. Hyson found them very attractive, and gave himself up to them with characteristic unreserve.

The young Italian gentlemen, particularly the proverbially susceptible soldiers, were equally impressed with Alice. When presented they bowed with ex-

treme elegance, but then, owing to linguistic deficiencies on both sides, the acquaintance could progress little farther and was largely confined to somewhat inane smiling. With the Signora Grazzini and her father at her side, she held a kind of small court, and laughed at and with her admirers. Their helplessness made her look upon them — gigantic as they were — as well-meaning, harmless creatures, whom it was safe to patronize and almost to caress a little.

The elder Castelbarco passed hither and thither, inciting merriment. Detmold stood somewhat aloof, taking in the feast of color and motion, watching the gayety of Alice with anxious twinges, and waiting for the moment that should enable him to separate her from the throng. He listened to the collision of the busy voices, and found in it something like the babbling of water, the stir of a corn-field or of forest leaves, — as though even multitudes of conventional sounds, when combining, must run into the one great voice of nature.

There are moments in such an assembly when, even to the cynic, all is exquisite. The body, wrapped only in the most delicate fabrics, — tissues of silk, linen, and gold, — seems as free from grossness as themselves. Young girls, in toilettes of gauze that envelop them dreamily, throw themselves into fauteuils with *abandon*. The air is heavy with odor of sandal-wood; the music plays with cloying sweetness. At times all seems to move in a rhythmical procession, the faces pensive, the silken garments flowing or wound about the limbs in long folds. Again, it is sinuous and irregular, with eddies; and again, the music crashes high, and it is a tossing chaos crested with a pinkish foam of lace and jewels. There are only smiles, slight pressures, flying contours, perfumes; it might be a revel of immortals in the asphodel meads.

Hyson joined him.

"Fancy," said he, "our taking part in a ball in a palace at Verona. There is no end to this theatrical business. I feel as if we ought to be in dominos, like Romeo and his friend at the masque of

the Capulets. Old Castelbarco, there, makes a very tolerable Capulet. See him stir things up. 'What, ho! more lights! bid the musicians play! How long is 't now, good cousin Capulet, since you and I were in a mask?'"

But at this moment the hospitable entertainer came towards them, and led him away, to give him the advantage of the acquaintance of a colonel of engineers of large experience on the royal works of irrigation. Then he returned to present Detmold to the Signora Spinello and her daughter, an heiress lately come back from a convent at Paris.

The Signorina Spinello was a perfect blonde, with eyes as blue as corn-flowers. Eyebrows of a dark shade and a slight habit of wrinkling the forehead petulantly gave piquancy to a face that would otherwise have been too placid. She walked with Detmold, and they paused a moment to comment on the curious tall pier-glass.

"It mirrors a fine couple," said the host pleasantly, passing behind them.

"Doubtless," said Detmold; "but our attention was just now given to the mirror itself; it is very handsome."

"It is old, and there are traditions connected with it. My wife could tell you what they are, if you cared to know; as for me, I make no account of such things. The breaking of it would be a very bad sign for our house, I believe, as she interprets it."

"Or for any other, I should think," said Detmold; "it would cost a mint of money to replace it, if indeed it could be replaced at all."

His eyes wandered involuntarily at every moment after Alice, and he would have been glad to be released. All at once he saw her upon the arm of Castelbarco, his rival, whose purpose to-night might very well be similar to his own. They turned once or twice, and were lost to sight. They had passed out upon the balcony of a window opening by the pier-glass, and near the door that led into a smaller room, where there were cards for those who did not care to dance.

In a robe of silk of a pale golden tint,

with lace upon her shoulders, her hair bound in a classic knot, there was no figure so princess-like as that of Alice. A gold ornament at the neck fastened a ruff of lace into which her round chin went in and out sweetly with the movements of her head.

Castelbarco would have brought her a chair to the balcony, but she declined, saying that it would be less refreshing to sit than to stand, as the air would be cut off by the balustrade. She had not been able to offer an excuse—as she would have been glad to do—that would not have offended him, when he proposed to her to seek a moment's respite from the heat of the rooms. Although she had no suspicion of what was to take place, she was uneasy, and had formed the intention to remain the briefest possible moment.

The young man leaned against the window architrave. Alice, with one hand drooping over the stone railing, looked down into the well-like street.

"Miss Starfield has enjoyed her stay in Verona, I hope?" he began.

"Oh, very much."

"Will she ever come to Verona again?"

"I fear there is little hope of it. We sail for home in the autumn, and intend to spend most of the summer in Switzerland. I do not suppose papa could be induced to cross the ocean again, or to allow us to come without him, now that he knows what it is."

"Then I shall never see you again?"

All this was with a decided appearance of being preliminary to something.

"You can come to America again, at some time, can you not? But it is chilly; had we not better go in?"

"I can go to America, yes," said he, disregarding her suggestion, in his pre-occupation; "but—it is long and far. Who knows what may happen? There is another way. I have long sought an occasion to beg you, to implore you, as I do now, to remain here—with me. I love you, Miss Alice, and I have done so since a child. It is not a little while I know you; it is half a life-time. Even in my school-days was I charmed; you

alone made them endurable. I planned then for the future; and you were always the centre of my plans, though you did not know it. When you came here so happily to our Verona, my passion was renewed,—with all the strength, now, of manhood, and all the earnestness of our race. I could throw myself at your feet, to adore you. I cannot bear to have you ever go away. I have fortune, I have ancestry. You shall be so happy here that you will not miss America. Besides, do I not know the ways of your country? I will bend myself to them. You shall have here, if it please you, another America."

He stood facing her, with his hands clasped together. His manner was vehement and supplicatory, yet gallant and respectfully confident. As Alice did not reply for a moment, and still looked down into the street, he endeavored to steal his arm gently about her waist, and to take in his the hand extended upon the balustrade. She avoided the caress by a slow, easy drawing back.

When this supreme instant arrives to those who have known and understood each other, the momentous question seems to have been asked and answered long before. There is no crisis; there is only the fusing together of two natures yielding to attractions that accomplish their appointed end. But when a woman is addressed by one with whom she is little familiar, and upon whom her thoughts have never fondly rested, an element of gratuitous offense enters into his proposal. Unconscious, from any responsive feeling, of the depth of passionate sentiment she may have aroused in him, she finds it unnecessary and uncalled for. The lover appears as a strange, alarming person. His ardor has a ferocious aspect. He is well enough as a part of the furniture of society, but why should he wish to touch her, to lavish expressions of endearment upon her, when she takes not the slightest interest in him?

"It is very painful to me to hear this," said Alice, "because I can say nothing favorable in reply. You do me a great

honor, but I — am sure our acquaintance does not warrant this. I could not think of it. I — hardly know you. I hope you will not pursue the subject. It would be useless. We may be friends, but nothing more."

She listened with considerable calmness to some further arguments, and her tone continued to be kindly but decided. She was much more careful of him than of Detmold at Paris, — perhaps because of valuable self-possession acquired in that very interview; perhaps because it is not uncommon to do worst when we would appear at the best advantage, and best when the approbation to be gained is entirely immaterial; and because this was something so wholly out of the question that no trace of doubt embarrassed her decision.

"Do not be so cruel, Miss Alice!" he still appealed.

"I am not cruel. It is you who are cruel. You are making me very uncomfortable. I must go and rejoin my father. It is cold here;" and she made a movement to go in.

"There is some other," said Castelbarco, behind her.

She did not reply, but her eye kindled a little, as if at a piece of impertinence.

"Oh, yes, there is some other," he repeated. "Have I not eyes? have I not seen? The Signor Detmold is agreeable to the Signorina Starfield; from him she could easily have listened to such talk."

In a little outburst of temper, somewhat below her usual plane of dignity, Alice turned half about, and said, "If there is another, as you say, and you know it; why do you pursue me? You have forgotten your good breeding, sir."

Smarting with this deserved reproach, and with jealousy and disappointment, he cried, in uncontrollable rage, "Then I say you shall not be his, either, — this moping half-artist, this — yes, I say it — this jail-bird! Do you hear? His father was a convicted felon, and he himself was born in prison. Now, marry him, if you will, instead of an honorable Italian gentleman!"

"Honorable? O Heaven! And you pretended to be Detmold's friend. It is a base calumny."

"But if it were true?"

"If it were true I might never marry — I might — it is immaterial — but I should not the less regard you with utter contempt."

She stepped into the saloon, and Castelbarco followed her. The rich mirror showed his face working with passion, and hers pale and scornful. But sadder than either it showed also that of Detmold, who leaned against the edge of the window from which they had just emerged, — passing him unnoted, — with a countenance of extreme and pitiable despair. Searching for Alice he had come from the card-room, and stood by the entrance to the balcony at the moment that Castelbarco, in a distinctly audible hiss, had made the fatal announcement.

Out of this bright scene of rejoicing, in the far country where all seemed impregnable security, upon the very verge of the consummation of his hopes, the dark shadow of his early life swept down and destroyed him. It was as if its vague, almost dissipated filaments had been forged into a weapon of steel, with which he had been stricken in the midst of the festival. The dear light that promised to radiate enduring happiness into his life was forever blotted out.

At sight of Detmold, Castelbarco was recalled as from a trance of madness. He had not deliberately planned this revelation; he had hardly, even in the heat of his passion, intended it. He had only, at some former time, dallied with it, as a speculative possibility; as something — not of course for a moment to be thought of — which might be used if any one had a motive for doing so, to Detmold's serious injury. He had heard the story at school as a piece of idle gossip. For his own part, he cared nothing about it: the circumstances were vague, possibly untrue; even if true, it was all thousands of miles remote, and could in no way affect him; and Detmold was a very good fellow, whom he respected, and who had been his friend in those

very school-days. But the evil he had allowed himself to contemplate had executed itself in his rage, almost in spite of him. The view of Detmold's distress moved him deeply.

"My God!" said he, "what have I done! Miss Alice—Detmold—I deny everything. I know nothing of it. It is not true."

Detmold turned feebly to depart.

"Do not go away, Mr. Detmold," said Alice, with mingled sympathy and indignation; "I do not believe a word of it."

"I must go," said Detmold. "*It is true!*"

The glance of Alice lingered painfully upon his face for an instant. Then her features contracted coldly.

At this moment an extraordinary thing happened. The great Venetian glass, in the depths of which the joyless trio saw their pain reflected, lapsed from its frame in fragments of a crystalline structure. It fell about them as if in a shower of glittering tears. The guests shrank back in alarm, and the revelry ceased.

There are said to be voices so radically jarring when directed by malignity, or it may be so intensely vibratory in supreme emotion of any kind, as to destroy the natural cohesion of particles and cause them to fall asunder. If sensibility to such a force could be supposed to inhere in this mirror of Venice, perhaps it was an extension of the quality which it was able to give to certain of its drinking-glasses to make them shatter at the contact of poison.

It is not to be believed that either the malicious rage of Castelbarco or the anguish of Detmold reached to this fabulous point. It is more likely that the mirror was broken by some slow settling of the walls in which it was fixed, causing unequal strains and pressures, accelerated by the unusual weight of the merry-making company.

At the bottom of the space left vacant by its fall was a small inscription, which, dimly remembered, doubtless furnished the basis to the tradition mentioned by

the senior Castelbarco. Upon being deciphered it read:—

"When the Venice glass is broken,
To this house is evil spoken."

The guests drew a cordon about the scene of the catastrophe. The superstition of the ill fortune of a circumstance of this kind is generally prevalent, and the matter was taken gravely. The countenances of the household were deeply troubled. The host caused a piece of tapestry to be hung over the blank wall, and devoted himself ruefully to restoring the suspended festivities. Hyson picked up some of the fragments, and eyed them curiously, and then the inscription.

"A fine murdering old ancestor, truly," said he, turning to Alice, who now leaned upon her father's arm, "to leave such a sword of Damocles hanging,—such a dynamite machine stowed away in the wall to blow up the peace of mind of his descendants. What an old cut-throat he must have been!"

"It is no laughing matter," said the young officer in blue and silver whom he had met at the Café Dante with Antonio on the evening of his arrival. "Just now I would rather be a Benotti as I am than a Castelbarco or a Grazzini, although they could buy us all up, and are an older family by a couple of centuries. I have seen too much of these omens,—we Italians are especially favored. They almost always turn out badly. If this accident has no further ill effects, it will at least depress our friend Antonio nobody knows how long. He is too impressionable. I am sorry for the poor boy."

The music began again to play enchanting waltzes; the gayety recommenced. But it was at best only a faint reflection of its former self; the accident continued to be the principal topic of conversation. "It is only to the mother's side, the Grazzini," said some, "that the omen can apply; probably it will come to nothing." But when they departed, it was evident that it had made upon all no ordinary impression.

W. H. Bishop.

PIGEONS.

PINK-FOOTED, sleekly white, or delicate fawn,
 Or darklier-plumed, with glossy throat where clings
 One soft perpetual ripple of rainbow rings,
 How often to your beauty our sight is drawn
 When back from roamings wide you suddenly dawn,
 A lovely turbulence of quick-fluttered wings,
 Alighting on some brown slanted roof like spring's
 Pale showers of blossoms on an orchard lawn!

Our common barn-yard life, plain, stolid, rude,
 You haunt with tender purity sweet to note;
 And gladden its dullness with your buoyant throng,
 In many a smooth and mellow interlude
 Through homelier sound serenely letting float
 Your strange luxurious monotonies of song!

Edgar Fawcett.

A PERSIAN POET.

I.

A TASTE for Oriental poetry — or such quality of it as drips through the sieve of English translation — is, I fancy, an acquired taste. Those who have made a close study of Eastern literature in this sort naturally discover flavors in it which escape the ordinary reader, who very soon comes to find the rose nauseating and the bulbul indigestible. "Most poetical translations," says Mr. James Freeman Clarke in the preface to his admirable little herbarium of *Exotics*, "resemble the reverse side of Gobelin tapestry. The figures and colors are there, but the charm is wanting." In many cases it would seem as if the pleasure in a translation stopped short with the translator. It is not here a question of such matters as Goethe's *West-Ostliche Divan*, or Victor Hugo's *Les Orientales*, or the lyrics of Mirtsa Schaffy, whom, by the way, Mr. Alger

in his *Poetry of the East* mistakes for a veritable Persian author, speaking of him as "a living poet, under whose instruction the translator studied Persian literature at Tiflis." Mirtsa Schaffy — an elder brother of Hans Breitmann — is the happy invention of the German Bodensiedt, who weaves a very neat fiction about him and another professor named Mirtsa Jussuf. Jussuf and Schaffy are pictured as rival teachers of Persian at Tiflis, both of whom endeavor to secure the young Western barbarian as pupil. When I say that Eastern poetry is not generally pleasing to the Occidental taste, I refer to the genuine article as we get it in literal translations, and not to those imitations of imitations which are often not without a charm of their own.

"Some are pretty enough,
 And some are poor indeed."

The reader who cannot wade through an English version of the *Mahabharata*

—if such an awful thing as a complete English version exists, for the original contains two hundred thousand verses and fills four gigantic quartos — encounters no difficulty in liking *The Sick King in Bokhara* of Matthew Arnold. I do not know of anything more likely to be dreary reading than “a novel from the Chinese,” unless it is one of those interminable epics which possess so deep a fascination for Oriental scholars. One needs to be an Oriental scholar to take delight in them; but one need be nothing more than an unaffected and simple lover of poetry to relish the exquisite quatrains of Omar Khayyám, whose *Rubáiyát* has just come to us from the press of Osgood.¹ The volume will be a revelation to the majority of its possessors, for, though the poems of Omar Khayyám have long been familiar to students of Persian literature, they were comparatively unknown to the English reader until ten or twelve years ago, when Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, of London, translated and published a selection from the *Rubáiyát*, a few copies of which found their way to this country. The book seems to have had but a limited circulation abroad, for it has only now reached a third edition. It is from this that the American reprint is made.

Of the life of Omar Khayyám, the few facts that have been preserved are set forth in Mr. Fitzgerald's interesting introduction to the poems. From this we learn that the poet was born about the middle of the eleventh century, at Naishápúr, in the province of Khorasan; that in early life he was a tent-maker by trade; that through the influence of one of his boyhood's friends, Nizám-ul-Mulk, vizier to Alp Arslám, the sultan granted Omar a yearly pension; that, safe from the care which loves to feed on impecunious literary flesh, he lived at ease in Naishápúr, acquired great learning, became a famous astronomer, hated the Súfis,² wrote sev-

eral hundred faultless quatrains, which likely enough nobody at that time would read; and that there he died, in the year 1123, lamented by the sultan, regarded by the world as a lamp of science, and probably beloved by every one who did n't write quatrains himself. Always excepting the Súfis. That is all. If Khayyám had been a Shakespeare he could not have had a more meagre biography. To learn anything further of Omar one must go to his quatrains; there are glimpses to be had there of the inner man. But first, a couple of anecdotes, with a tolerable air of authenticity to them, considering their age, for they are at least seven hundred years old. I confess, however, that the story of Omar's pension is quite charming enough to be pure fiction. It is thus quoted by Mr. Fitzgerald from an ancient number of the *Calcutta Review*. I should state that the story is told by the Vizier Nizám-ul-Mulk, in his *Wasiyat* or Testament, which he wrote and left as a memorial for future statesmen:—

“One of the greatest of the wise men of Khorassan was the Imám Mowaffak of Naishápúr, a man highly honored and revered, — may God rejoice his soul; his illustrious years exceeded eighty-five, and it was the universal belief that every boy who read the *Koran* or studied the traditions in his presence would assuredly attain to honor and happiness. For this cause did my father send me from Tús to Naishápúr with Abd-us-samad, the doctor of law, that I might employ myself in study and learning under the guidance of that illustrious teacher. . . . When I first came there, I found two other pupils of mine own age newly arrived, Hakim Omar Khayyám and the ill-fated Ben Sabbáh. Both were endowed with sharpness of wit and the highest natural powers; and we three formed a close friendship together. When the Imám rose from his lectures, they used to join me, and we repeated

¹ *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer-Poet of Persia. Rendered into English verse. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

² “He is said to have been especially hated and dreaded by the Súfis, whose practice he ridiculed,

and whose faith amounts to little more than his own when stripped of the mysticism and formal recognition of Islamism, under which Omar would not hide.” — E. F.

to each other the lessons we had heard. Now Omar was a native of Naishápúr, while Hasan Ben Sabbáh's father was one Ali, a man of austere life and practice, but heretical in his creed and doctrine. One day Hasan said to me and to Khayyám, 'It is a universal belief that the pupils of the Imám Mowaffak will attain to fortune. Now, even if we *all* do not attain thereto, without doubt one of us will; what then shall be our mutual pledge and bond?' We answered, 'Be it what you please.' 'Well,' he said, 'let us make a vow that to whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it equally with the rest and reserve no preëminence for himself.' 'Be it so,' we both replied, and on those terms we mutually pledged our words. Years rolled on, and I went from Khorassan to Transoxiana, and wandered to Ghazni and Cabul; and when I returned, I was invested with office, and rose to be administrator of affairs during the sultanate of Sultan Alp Arslán."

The two old school-mates would not have been human beings if they had not turned up just at this period and claimed a share in the vizier's good fortune. There was nothing surprising in that; the surprising part is—the vizier remembered his vow. Hasan got a place under the government, just as if he had been a relation of the royal family, fell into bad ways, as relations to royal families sometimes do, tried to supplant his benefactor, and, not succeeding in that, succeeded in assassinating him.

Omar also had a claim to make; but he wanted neither title nor office. "The greatest boon you can confer on me," he said, "is to let me live in a corner under the shadow of your fortune, to spread wide the advantages of science and pray for your long life and prosperity." The vizier was so unused to such modest demands that he at first took all this as a pleasantry; but finding Omar sincere in his refusal of office, Nizám-ul-Mulk urged him no further, but got him a pension of twelve hundred *mithkáls* of gold from the treasury of Naishápúr. Thus at Naishápúr lived and died Omar Khayyám, as in a fairy-book, "busied,"

adds the vizier, "in winning knowledge of every kind, and especially in astronomy, wherein he attained to a very high preëminence. Under the sultanate of Malik Shah he came to Merv, and obtained great praise for his proficiency in science, and the sultan showered favors upon him." Omar was one of the eight learned men selected by Malik Shah to reform the calendar; the result of the labor was "a computation of time which," according to Gibbon, "surpasses the Julian and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style." Our poet was also the author of some astronomical tables and an Arabic treatise on algebra; the latter work has recently been translated and published in Paris.

The second anecdote I mentioned is related by Khwájah Nizámi of Samarcand, one of Omar's pupils. This is also from the Calcutta Review. "I often used to hold conversations with my teacher, Omar Khayyám, in a garden; and one day he said to me, 'My tomb shall be in a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it.' I wondered at the words he spake, but I knew that his were no idle words. Years after, when I chanced to revisit Naishápúr, I went to his final resting-place, and lo! it was just outside a garden, and trees laden with fruit stretched their boughs over the garden wall, and dropped their flowers upon his tomb, so as the stone was hidden under them."

II.

The poems of Omar Khayyám were never popular among his own countrymen, and his MSS. are so rare now, thinned by mutilation and the accidents of transcription, that few of them are to be found anywhere, especially in Western collections. "There is no copy at the India House," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "none at the Bibliothèque Impériale of Paris. We know but of one in England: No. 140 of the Ouseley MSS. at the Bodleian, written at Shiraz, A. D. 1460. This contains but 158 Rubáiyát. One in the Asiatic Society's Library at Cal-

cutta (of which we have a copy) contains (and yet incomplete) 516, though swelled to that by all kinds of repetition and corruption. So Von Hammer speaks of his copy as 'containing about 200, while Dr. Sprenger catalogues the Lucknow MS. at double that number.' Out of the four or five hundred quatrains left by the poet, the present translator gives us a hundred and one.

Each of these quatrains is complete in itself, except here and there, as in the dialogue between the potter's pipkins, where the fancy overflows awhile from stanza to stanza. These, properly speaking, are not quatrains. In general terms, any stanza of four verses is a quatrain. Mr. Emerson sometimes goes so far as to call a couplet a quatrain. (See *May Day* and *Other Poems*, page 182.) Dryden defines it as "a stanza of four lines rhyming alternately." The style of poem to which the name has come to be applied is something more than that. The quatrain, as exemplified by the masters of it, occupies a field of its own, like the sonnet; and though not fettered by so involved laws as the latter, it has laws which are not to be broken with impunity. It is a surprisingly difficult species of composition. The quatrain is an instrument on which one may strike the lightest or the deepest note, but it must be a full note. It is imperative that the single thought, fancy, or mood with which it deals should find complete expression. If your statement exceeds the austere limit of four verses and requires one or more additional stanzas to complete itself, you have written a poem of eight, twelve, or fourteen verses, as the case may be, but not a quatrain. Then, again, a trifle too much point or snap turns your poem into an epigram. A perfect quatrain is almost as rare as a perfect sonnet.

Of the kind of verse which Omar Khayyám chose for his work the reader will discover very many unique specimens in the *Rubáiyát*. There is nothing of "sustained effort" here: the poems are not of long breath; they are not to be measured with a yard-stick; but so exquisite is their workmanship, so firmly

and cleanly are they cut, that they are a part of the world's precious things, retaining their freshness and their subtilty through corroding centuries, like those intaglios turned up from time to time in Roman earth. Omar Khayyám has shown us once more that a little thing may be perfect, and that perfection is not a little thing. But are these poems in any sense little things? Here and there the poignant thought in them cuts very deep. It is like a crevasse in an Alpine glacier, only a finger's breadth at the edge, but reaching down to unfathomable depths. The mysteries of life and death and the problem of future existence occupied the good Omar Khayyám very much in his soft nest at Naishápúr. In vain broodings over these matters his supply of Moslem faith gave out; he became a skeptic, a Pantheist; destiny took the place of providence. To him the world became merely an inn, where it was best to eat, drink, and be merry. The landlord was Death; he was inexorable in his demands; he would be paid in any case; so it was wise to have good cheer for a few days before one started forth — into the unknown.

"Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way."

Khayyám's philosophy ran into a very shallow, epicurean channel at last. He says, —

"You know, my friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse."

Many of his verses are in praise of the wine-cup; but I suspect that he praised more wine than he drank, and that the epigram which English Herriek wrote upon himself would be an excellent fit for the Persian's tombstone:—

"Jocund his Muse was, but his life was chaste."

M. Nicolas, who has somewhat recently published an edition of the original text, accompanied by a French translation, does not hold Mr. Fitzgerald's views in respect to the poet's materialistic philosophy. M. Nicolas is

pleased to regard him as a mystic, "shadowing the Deity under the figure of Wine, Wine-Bearer, etc., as Hafiz is supposed to do; in short, a Sûfî poet." Mr. Fitzgerald shows conclusively that this theory is not tenable. While some of the Rubáiyât are obscure and susceptible of mystical interpretation, it is impossible, without a sacrifice of common sense, to accept others as allegories. They must be taken literally. For example:—

"Ah, with the grape my fading life provide,
And wash the body whence the life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living leaf,
By some not unfrequented garden-side."

"Were the Wine spiritual," remarks Mr. Fitzgerald, "how wash the body with it when dead? Why make cups of the dead clay to be filled with 'la Divinité'?"

Whether or not Omar Khayyám put his bacchanalian theories into practice, it is evident that his faith in things unseen was of the slightest.

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went."

"O threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain, — *This Life flies*;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown forever dies."

"I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd, 'I Myself am Heav'n and Hell.'"

The poet's moods are many, and there is no monotony in the quatrains. Now and then he gives us a purely picturesque touch, as in these two instances:—

"Wake! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n and strikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light."

"Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,¹
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;
But still a Ruby gushes from the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows."

That many a garden in bloom by the water is a picture which needs no additional detail.

¹ "Iram, planted by King Shaddád, and now sunk somewhere in the Sands of Arabia. Jamshyd's Seven-ring'd Cup was typical of the 7 Heavens, 7

The world is very old to Omar, and sentient with the dust of dead generations:—

"For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its *all-obiterated Tongue*
It murmur'd, 'Gently, Brother, gently, pray!'"

This grotesque conceit is frequently to be met with in Oriental poetry; but it is seldom so delicately embodied. One of our own poets has tried his hand at it:

"In the market-place one day
I saw a potter stamping clay;
And the clay beneath his tread
Lifted up its voice, and said,
Potter, gentle be with me,
I was once a man like thee."

The silent, inevitable flight of the hours was never noted with more sadness than by Khayyám:—

"Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one."

And elsewhere:—

"Each Morn a thousand roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?"

In the same plaintive minor key, three centuries later, sings François Villon:—

"Mais où sont les neiges d'autan?"

All things pass away, moans Khayyám, who has not wholly passed away himself, since his voice is still good in this Year of Grace, Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-Eight:—

"They say the lion and the lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great hunter — the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep."

Though the poet sings of roses and wine and friendship, he has little to say of love, unlike Hafiz, Firdousi, and the rest. In one place Khayyám apostrophizes a "beloved," but whether it is friend or mistress we are left in the dark. Here, however, seems to be a very plain case:—

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

In this quatrain occurs the only forced rhyme I have discovered in the series.

Planets, 7 Seas, etc., and was a *Divining Cup*." — E. F.

Aside from the admirable technique of the quatrains, the most striking feature is their intensely modern spirit. Some of them so deal with the questions which assail and defeat us to-day that it would be easy to imagine them the work of a poet of the period, if any poet of the period could have written them. There is a Singer sleeping in the English-Burying-Ground at Florence who might have written certain of them. It is to praise both poets to say their quatrains are alike in grace, repose, and consummate finish. For instance:—

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Drept in her Lap from some once lovely Head."
Landon might have written this.

The compact, flexible stanza in which Mr. Fitzgerald has reset the Persian's jewels is a model for young poets of the "howling dervish" school. Whether or not the translator is always faithful to the method and matter of the original text, the astronomer poet may thank his stars, in that other world, that his work fell into the hands of so accomplished a master of verse in this.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

XII.

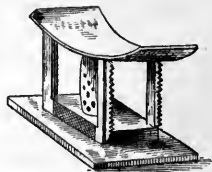
FURNITURE, SHOES, TOILETTE.

It would be hardly fair to say that elaborateness and variety of furniture are the measure of civilization, for there are highly civilized communities with simple tastes, and there is barbaric splendor with but little culture. Nevertheless, polish and elegance shown in weapons, utensils, and furniture indicate the dawn of taste, and are the result of leisure.

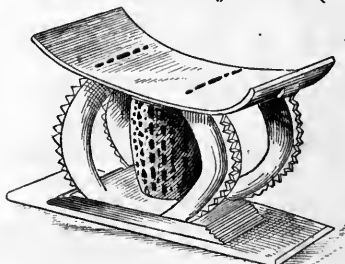
The most leisurely being in the world is perhaps to be found in Africa, but his wants are simple, his tastes undeveloped, and his constructive ability fearfully small. His chairs for important occasions are fashioned from a solid block of wood by laborious and patient carving. He is not troubled with the need of tables or bedsteads. Of his bowls and spoons we have already spoken. Figure 325a is a native Fantee stool made from a solid block of white wood. Figure 326 is an African chief's stool from the Gold Coast of Africa; it

also is made out of the solid wood, and has curved legs and a perforated central pillar. It is thirteen inches in height, and the seat is twenty-two by eleven inches. The ornamentation is laborious without being ingenious or graceful.

The Bongos of the Upper Nile make a stool for women out of *goll-tree* (*Pro-*



(Fig. 325a.) Fantee Stool. Gold Coast Exhibit.



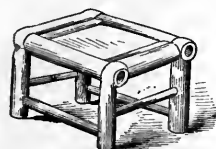
(Fig. 326.) African Chief's Stool. Gold Coast Exhibit.

sopis lanceolata). It is of a chestnut-brown color, and takes a good polish.

The Uaupés of Brazil also make their stools out of a solid block of wood neatly painted and varnished.

The chair of the Monbuttoos is a bundle of leaf stalks of the *raphia* palm, sewed together with fine split reeds, and supported by four small carved legs. It is peculiar in having a back, which, however, is not a part of the stool, but a separate erection at the rear. The more ordinary form of Central African stool is of wicker or coiled straw rope, or carved from a block of wood. The Monbuttoos, men and women, sit upon stools; those of the women have but one leg. The Makalolo of the Zambesi have stools with elaborately carved legs. The Bari man always carries his stool with him, slinging it behind him by means of a belt. Although the bamboo is so common in Africa, Madagascar, Australia, Polynesia and elsewhere, and is used for very many purposes in building and for

utensils, it is the Chinese notably who make it into furniture. Figure 327 is a Chinese foot-stool of bamboo, and shows clearly the mode of using the material for straight and for bent work.



(Fig. 327.) Bamboo Foot-Stool. Chinese Exhibit.

The Chinese chair (Figure 328) is a rather small pattern, as the height of the seat is only twelve inches and of the back twenty inches additional; but it shows well the applications of bamboo. On each side, one piece, cut away at the corners to allow it to bend, forms the frame of the seat. Two others, over which the side frames are bent, form the front and back of the seat frame. The seat itself is made by flattening a section of bamboo by numerous slittings from end to end.

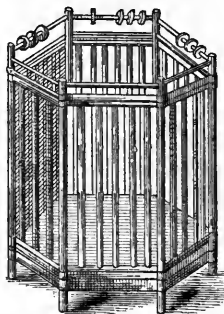


(Fig. 328.) Bamboo Chair. Chinese Exhibit.

Figure 329 is a Chinese cat-cage shown in the Mineral Annex to the Main Building. The main portion is of whole bamboo of different sizes; the top is of bamboo splits and the parts are fastened together by pegs of bamboo. The cage is twelve by twelve inches (Fig. 329.) Bamboo Cat-Cage. Chinese Exhibit.

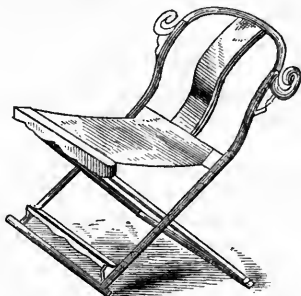


The baby-cage (Figure 330) would be an acquisition in this country. It is made wholly of bamboo which is smooth and round, and not too solid when it is made up. A child could hardly be better off except in its mother's lap or on the grass. The floor is of plank. The upper rounds have loose rings of a larger bamboo, to amuse the child. The cage is two feet high.



(Fig. 330.) Baby-Cage. Chinese Exhibit.

Figure 331 is a veritable camp-chair, for it is stated in the Japanese cata-

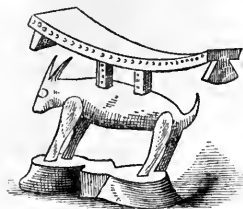


(Fig. 331.) Camp-Chair. Japanese Exhibit.

logue as especially designed to be used by the commander-in-chief in battle. The wooden part is profusely ornamented, and the seat is of leather.

Contrary to the usual habits of Euro-

peans, the natives of Africa, in ancient and recent times, have preferred a head-rest of wood to a pillow of feathers. Figure 332 shows a head-rest six inches

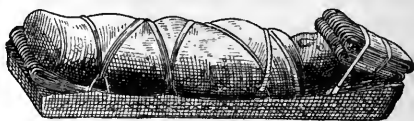


(Fig. 332.) Head-Stool of Mozambique. Portuguese Colonies Exhibit.

high, carved by a native of Mozambique. The same collection had several similar specimens from Angola, on the other side of Africa. Paintings on the Egyptian monuments show like contrivances, and some of stone and wood are found in the museums of Cairo, and of Europe and America. The Abyssinians use a head-stool to preserve the arrangement of their carefully plaited hair. A cylindrical bar of wood supported on legs is the pillow of the Fijians, Tongans, and Samoans. The carved wooden pillow (*mosamela*) is carried suspended from the neck by the people of Zibah on the Zambesi. The Kafir pillow is a head-stool cut from a block of the acacia. It is fifteen inches long and six high. It is usually carved with several legs. The Malays use head-stools of split bamboos. The Chinese have a variety: head-stools, elastic pillows of bamboo covered with leather, pillows of rattan, blocks with elastic bamboo slats on top, embossed pig-skin cushions stuffed, resembling the Roman *pulvina* probably. The Siamese are profuse in pillows: not content with using them for the head, they have them for arms, legs, knees, and feet.

The baby savage is swathed and carried, or is hung up or laid away out of the reach of prowling animals or insects, until he is able to crawl. The rude cradles of the Exhibition were those of the North American Indians. A number of these were shown, principally intended for slinging the infant at the back; but the most peculiar was the cradle of the Chinook or Makah Indians. This is made of cedar bark, the compress and head-rest pads being of the same. The com-

press is to produce the unnaturally retreating forehead so much admired among the flat-heads. Another form of the cradle has a head-board fastened to



(Fig. 333.) Makah Cradle. National Museum Exhibit.

the upper end of the cradle-board, and two strings which pass around the latter to fasten the head-board at the desired angle. The pressure is increased daily until a graceful (?) slant is obtained from the nose to the crown.

The artificial light of Africa and the tropics generally is a torch; the Burmans use petroleum. They have but little use for anything beside the bonfire to illuminate their night concerts. Was-san on the Gold Coast, however, showed a small black earthenware lamp, rather



(Fig. 334.) African Palm Oil Lamp. Gold Coast Exhibit.

superior in its shape to most of its surroundings. It is six inches in height, and has a dome-shaped chamber and dish. The former has a hole for the palm oil and a smaller one for the wick. The clay is heavy and micaceous. Greek and Etruscan domestic and votive lamps, of what may be somewhat disrespectfully called the butter-boat pattern, were among the few archaic remains exhibited. The classic form seems to have been wide-spread, in ancient Egypt, Etruria, and Rome. Dr. Schliemann found the same in the excavations of Hissarlik. An ancient Egyptian wick-cutter is in the British Museum. The rudest lamp, too crude to be worth presenting, probably, may be found in a pan or calabash of oil or grease, with a wick over the side or supported by a piece or two of stone to prevent burning the dish, if it be of wood. Such were common in Western cabins within the memory of some of the present generation.

A spittoon was exhibited from Hawaii. It is a carefully turned oblate



(Fig. 335.) Spittoon from Hawaii. Sandwich Islands Exhibit.

vessel of wood, inlaid with pieces of human bone.

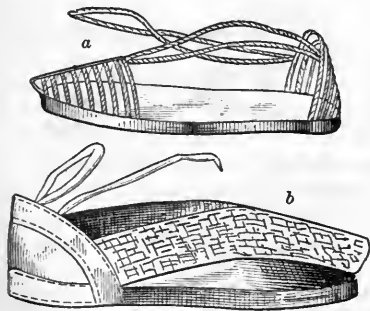
Sandals and Shoes. Our scheme is not intended to include costume, but there is one subject, that of foot-gear, which may profitably occupy a page or two. Africa, which has furnished so much in every other department of our subject, fails us here: Africa, speaking generally, goes barefoot.

The crudest forms of foot-gear at the Centennial Exhibition were the sandals



(Fig. 336.) Chinese Sandal.

of the Spanish peasants. These carry us back at one leap to the times when Pliny wrote and described the customs and products of the Peninsula. Figures 336 and 337 show three specimens from the Spanish exhibit in the Main Building. Figure 336 is a sandal with plaited grass



(Fig. 337.) Peasant's Sandals. Spanish Exhibit.

sole and linen counter and toe. The loops for the instep band are on the counter, but the strap was not in place, and we do not make additions. Figure 337: *a* has counter, toe, and tie of plaited grass, cords and sole of the same

material; *b*, plaited grass soles, a counter of plaited grass with leather straps, and sides of plaited strips of black cloth.

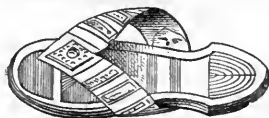
The Roman peasants had sandals (*baza*) of plaited willows or rushes; in fact, the common sandals or slippers of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean were of rushes, grass, spartium, or papyrus, according to the prevalence of the different vegetable products. The plaited birch-bark slippers of the Rus-



(Fig. 338.) Birch Bark Slippers. Russian Exhibit.

sian peasants were shown in the Agricultural Building.

Passing from articles of grass or bark to those of wood and leather, we find the old Roman sandal of the commonest kind (*solea*), a simple sole of wood with an instep strap, and the *sculponea*, or sole and thongs of the Roman serf; one form of *cothurnus* had a sole several inches thick, and was worn by tragic actors to increase their stature. The *fulmenta* was a three-



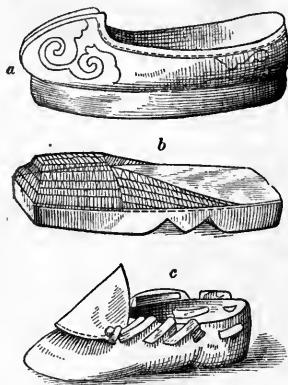
(Fig. 339.) African Sandal. Gold Coast Exhibit.

fold sole of cork. In so simple a matter it is not surprising to find the old forms still existing in rude communities. Figure 339 is a sandal of the Gold Coast of Africa, intended for a person of consequence. It has six thicknesses of hide for the sole, sewed through and through with leathern strips. It has an instep strap showily ornamented with metal and beads, and held down in front by a thong which passes between the big toe and the next one.

The Hottentot wears a sandal consisting of a sole of leather larger than the foot and fastened on with thongs which pass around the instep and over and forward between the toes. The sandal of the Malagasy is of raw ox-hide with the hair on. The natives did not understand tanning until it was taught them by the English.

The Apache Indians wear long boots of deer-skin, with stout soles turned up at the toes, the upper ends of the boots being fastened by straps from the loins or turned over the knee; good in a cactus country.

The Chinese have the merit of introducing a new material, — paper. Their shoes have thick paper soles, and are comfortable, though a graceful gait seems to be impossible with such an unbending pad on one's feet. Figure 340 shows



(Fig. 340.) Chinese Shoes.

three kinds of shoes exhibited in the Mineral Annex to the Main Building: *a* is of sheep-skin lined with felt, and with an outer ornamentation of green morocco; the principal thickness of the sole is of layers of paper, with a leathern bottom; *b* has a thick wooden sole and a pocket for the foot made of twine of cocoa-nut husk (coir); *c* is a raw-hide moccasin without a sole. In front, the leather is gathered as in the American moccasin. The hide is of the natural color. Figure 341 is a shoe of a very thick gray felt, with soles of twelve thick-



(Fig. 341.) Chinese Felt Shoe.

nesses of the same. The Chinese exhibit showed also high boots of various kinds, materials, and patterns; some with high iron studs on the soles.

French *sabots* were not noticed, although for some purposes they are so popular and well fitted; it is a mistake

to suppose that they are only common and coarse foot-gear for the peasantry. Spain showed *sabots* from the Peninsula, and also from her colonies in the



(Fig. 342.) Spanish Sabot.

Philippine Islands. Figure 342 is a sabot of white wood, probably willow or poplar. The sabot of the Philippines is made of wood, but not from the lack of materials for the usual substitutes in a warm country. The sabot is neatly made, pointed at the toe, and ornamented with carved stripes gayly painted. The wood resembles beech, a very common wood in France, the home of the sabot; it is, however, but a resemblance. The sabot has two supports beneath, like the clogs of Turkey which the ladies use in sauntering around the wet floors of their luxurious baths. The clog and patten with wooden soles are found here and there in Europe and Asia; the patten of the Muscat women has no thong, but is held to the foot by a small peg which stands between the great toe and the next.

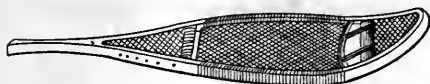
Passing from the tropics to the subarctics, from the Philippines to Canada, we find the snow-shoe, — a marvel of



(Fig. 343.) Sabot of Philippines. Spanish Colonies Exhibit.

lightness and strength. Snow-shoes are not made upon an unvarying plan, but a typical one in the Canadian exhibit is shown in Figure 344. This is three and a half feet long and one foot wide. The frame is of black ash, and the netting is of twisted deer-sinews laid in three directions, so as to make a hexagonal mesh of great neatness. The frame has two cross-bars, beneath the forward one of which the toe of the boot is inserted; a buck-skin strap goes over the instep. In walking, the shoe is not raised altogether, but the front end being lifted a little

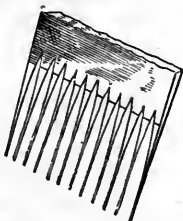
the shoe is dragged over the surface of the snow. Another form has two points and a square opening, which is edged by



(Fig. 344.) Chippeway Snow Shoe. Canadian Exhibit.

heavy thongs. The toe of the boot is placed through this, the heel resting on the parallel thongs just behind it, the hollow of the foot resting on the edge thong (*binnikibison*), on which the foot rocks freely. A strap over the instep serves to pull the shoe along, while a strap behind it prevents the foot pulling out backward.

Toilette. We are fortunate in being able to show some combs and a brush of the rudest description. We may begin with Africa, although, indeed, the African specimen is the best of the lot. Figure 345 is a comb of the Gold Coast made of a heavy brown wood, probably rose-wood. The length is five inches. Egyptian combs of the olden time are to be seen in the museums, the toilette being very carefully performed by that cleanly people; they were accustomed also



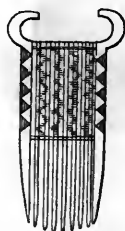
(Fig. 345.) African Comb. Gold Coast Exhibit.

to wear wigs elaborately plaited and adorned, and even false beards were not unknown. The Persians, too, at a later period, adopted this artificial coiffure. The ringleted heads of hair and beards of the Assyrians suggest the same. Asatyages, according to Xenophon (Cyr. i. 3), had his eyes and face painted, and wore false hair. The Romans had their combs of box-wood, fine-toothed (*denso dente*) and large-toothed (*rarus pecten*). Wigs are yet known in Africa. Sandia, a chief of the Zambesi, wears a wig made of *ife* fibre (*sansevieria*) dyed black and of a fine, glossy appearance. The plant *ife* is allied to the aloe.

The New Zealand exhibit showed two Maori combs. Figure 346 is called a

Karan, and has a single row of teeth. The comb Figure 347 is made of wooden splints with slats lashed across them at mid-length.

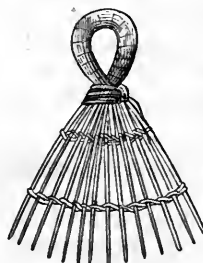
The Fijians make combs somewhat like Figure 346. The official insignia of their priests is an oval frontlet of scarlet feathers, and a long-toothed comb made of a number of strips fastened together. These islanders practice most



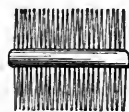
(Fig. 346.) Maori Comb. New Zealand Exhibit.

elaborate head-dressing, securing the coiffure with tortoise-shell pins eighteen inches long. They also make immense wigs; red and white being the favorite colors. Some wigs have whiskers and mustache attached. The Samoans let their hair grow to large dimensions, and then remove it to make wigs, which are stained red and frizzed to an enormous size, and crowned with feathers.

Coming to America we find a comb made of bent maple-wood sticks (Figure 348) bound together at the handle with dressed skin, spread out fan-like, and wattled. Figure 349 is a dolphin's-jaw comb of the Makah Indians of the Northwest coast. The poor Fuegian of the extreme south uses the same kind of a comb, but not to any great extent.



(Fig. 348.) Indian Comb. National Museum Exhibit.



(Fig. 347.) Maori Comb. New Zealand Exhibit.

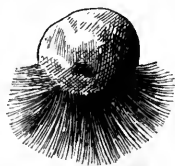
He has more use for head scratchers (Figures 351, 352). At a point say about midway between the Makahs and the Fuegians are found the Uaupés of the Amazon. The Uaupé comb is made of palm-wood, and ornamented with feathers. The women, of the tribe go entirely naked, and wear few ornaments. The men part the hair carefully, comb it to each side, tie it in

a queue behind, and stick the comb on top of the head. They also wear necklaces, and extirpate the beard.



(Fig. 349.) Dolphin's-Jaw Comb. National Museum Exhibit.

The Exhibition showed a multitude of brushes, good and indifferent, but with one exception of the ordinary type. The exception was one from Arizona, made by the Indians of the spinous fruit of a species of cactus, a portion of the spines



(Fig. 350.) Cactus Brush. National Museum Exhibit.

being removed to permit handling. After this, a chestnut bur. The native brushes of Mexico and New Mexico are bunches of agave fibre or wire-grass. The Roman brushes—not for toilette, however—were bunches of twigs (*scopee*) like the European birch broom; a smaller one for the hand (*sco-pula*) was of fine twigs or myrtle, a whisk, in fact. Schliemann found a brush-handle thirty-two feet below the surface, in the excavations of Hissarlik; so the brush made with tufts set in a handle is not a thing of yesterday.

Elaborate or even merely large heads of hair, when the habits are none of the most tidy, involve consequences with which such crude combs and brushes are incompetent to deal. So ingenuity has been displayed in making head scratchers, capable of penetrating to the seat of disturbance without materially disarranging the head-gear. Figure 351 shows



(Fig. 351.) Indian Head Scratchers. National Museum Exhibit.

two head scratchers of walrus ivory obtained from Indians of the Northwest coast. They are provided with eyes for suspending, and might have been taken for needles. Figure 352 is an iron head scratcher from the Northwest coast. It is made from a bolt, probably picked up on the shore, and carefully shaped

into the semblance of a wolf's head by means of stone implements; a work requiring considerable patience. The legend that comes with this instrument is that the proprietor used it in a double way: searching with the point for the seat of the disturbance and, then giving a tap with the wolf's nose to execute or disperse the rioters.



(Fig. 352.) Iron Head Scratcher. National Museum Exhibit.

Of the razors of the uncivilized world the Exhibition showed us little: tweezers for extirpating, pumice-stone for removing; sharp stones or pieces of metal, the latter being a razor proper, however crudely made. The Andamaner uses a piece of the white man's glass when he can pick it up, the island being now a convict station; in default of that he uses a sharpened shell.

The mirror of the Fijian dandy is a hole chopped in the upper side of a slanting tree, the leaves so arranged that the water drips into it and keeps it full.

The *strigil*, so commonly used by the Greek athlete and in the Roman baths, is in use among the Kafirs, who are, both male and female, most sedulous in greasing their persons and careful in regard to the shine and suppleness of their skins. Their strigils (*lebeko*) are of bone, wood, ivory, or metal, with a curved edge like a narrow spoon.

The Japanese toilette appliances include tweezers, brushes, combs, hair-net, cosmetic brushes, hair-pins, etc. The hair-net of the Australian native is of tendons from the tail of the kangaroo.

The Antis of the Bolivian Alps have a wonderful toilette case: a bag, slung on the shoulder, containing a comb made of the thorns of the *Chonta* palm; a paint (*rocon*) for his cheeks; a *gemma* apple to color his limbs; a ball of thread; a bit of wax; two muscle shells to form tweezers for eradicating face hairs; a snail shell doing duty as a snuff-box; a bent-tube snuff-taker; and any small trifle he may pick up.

We dare not trust ourselves upon the voluminous subject of savage ornament, but may give a few specimens from countries which have already contributed to our collection. Figure 353 is a Hawaiian necklace (*Niho palaoa*), consisting of a bunch of human-hair braid, with an ivory, hook-shaped, pendent ornament.

(Fig. 353.) Hair Neck-lace. Hawaiian Exhibit.

Figure 354 is an ear pendant made of a shark's tooth and held to possess great virtue in New Zealand.

Figure 355 shows the divining bones of a Kafir witch-doctor, Umlambo, who had great influence with his tribe. The pieces of the necklace are the carpal bones of baboons. Among the Zulu Kafirs a necklace of human finger bones has been noticed.

As washing is less important than ornament among savages, we have safely deferred till now a few illustrations, furnished in the Japanese Exhibit, of modes of washing common in the East Indies and Southern Asia generally. The description of



(Fig. 354.) Maori Ear Pendant. New Zealand Exhibit.



(Fig. 355.) Witch Doctor's Divining Bones. Cape of Good Hope Exhibit.

the Singhalese by a prisoner in Ceylon, two centuries since, is that "they use



(Fig. 356.) Mallet and Block Washing. Japanese Exhibit.

Lye in their washing, setting a Pot over the Fire holding seven or eight Gallons

of Water, and lay the foul Cloths on the top; and the steam of the water goes into the Cloths and scalds them. Then they take them and carry them to a



(Fig. 357.) Pestle and Mortar Washing. Japanese Exhibit.

River side, and, instead of rubbing them with their hands, slap them against the Rock, and then they become very clean; nor doth this tear the cloths at all as they order it." The Japanese showed two methods: by mallet and block, and by pestle and mortar. Figures 356 and 357 will be readily understood without a long description. They may also have the Indian Dhobee plan of slapping them on a stone whose flat top is just beneath the surface of the water. The Malagasy method is the same as Figure 356.

After washing comes *ironing*, which is done with stone in Peru, with copper in China, and with wood in Japan. Figure 358 is a small smoothing stone.



(Fig. 358.) Smoothing Stone. Peruvian Exhibit. from Peru; it is five inches long. The Chinese use a smoothing tool of copper, made hollow and filled with hot embers. The Japanese method is more like mangling or calendering. The fabric is run over a roller and beaten with a mallet. A similar method is adopted in China.

The umbrella, so recent in Europe, is old in Asia especially; in Africa its place was taken in early Egyptian times by a

sort of feather brush, which may have operated as a sun-shade, fan, and fly-brush. The suggestion of an umbrella is natural enough, the umbrageous leaves of the tropics furnishing them ready to hand. There are also examples which might provoke imitation, the umbrella bird of Brazil, and the *nshiego mbouwé*, an ape of the Gaboon River, in Africa: the former has a dome-shaped crest of



(Fig. 359.) Calendering Roller. Japanese Exhibit.

feathers, and the latter constructs a roof of leaves over his seat in the tree where he roosts at night.

A captured sailor who lived nearly twenty years in Ceylon two centuries since writes of the natural umbrella in that isle on which the winds are said to "blow soft:" "The Talepol leaves are of great use and benefit to this people, one single Leaf being so broad and large that it will cover some fifteen or twenty men and keep them dry when it rains. The leaf being dried is very strong, and limber and most wonderfully made for men's Convenience to carry along with them; for tho this leaf be thus broad when it is open, yet it will close like a *Ladies Fan*, and then it is no bigger than a man's arm. It is wonderfully light; they cut them into pieces and carry them in their hands. The whole leaf spread is round almost like a Circle, but being cut into pieces for use are near like unto a *Triangle*: they lay them upon their heads as they travel, with the peaked end foremost, which is convenient to make their way through the Boughs and Thickets. When the Sun is vehement hot they use them to shade themselves from the heat. Souldiers all

carry them; for beside the benefit of keeping them dry in case it rain upon the march, these leaves make their Tents to ly under in the Night. A Marvelous Mercy which Almighty God hath bestowed upon this poor and naked People in this Rainy Country."

The umbrella of Timor is an entire fan-shaped palm leaf, stitched at the fold of each leaflet to prevent splitting. This is opened out and held sloping over the head, inclining backward in a shower. Many of such objects from Java, the Philippines, Trinidad, and other tropical countries were laid on or under benches or against the walls, and were passed unsuspected by casual visitors. In very few cases were attendants ready or able to explain what they had in charge, but the facility for handling was unexpectedly great, and it is a wonder that no more damage was done.

The antiquity of the umbrella in India and elsewhere, and also its regal character, may be gathered from the facts that Vishnu in his fifth incarnation is fabled to have descended (*ad infernos*) with an umbrella in his hand, and that the *basso-relievos* represent Dionysius (Bacchus) bearing an umbrella when he descends into Hades. The term *satrap* is said to be derived from *Ch'hatra-pati* (lord of the umbrella), a title of the Mahratta princes of Poonah. A mushroom-shaped umbrella (*chatta*) is shown on the Buddhist tope Sachi, at Bhilsa in Central India. It is not necessary to insist upon the statement in the Singhalese book *Jana-charita*, written in Pali, that the umbrella held by Sahampati over Bôdisatwayo was forty miles broad.



(Fig. 360.) Siamese Royal Umbrella. (Folded.) Siamese Exhibit.

Edward H. Knight.

THE ROSE AND THE JASMINE.

MOONLIGHT IN THE TROPICS.

Now dies the rippling murmur of the strings
That followed long, half-striving to retake,
The burden of the minstrel's ended song.
Silence! but we who listened linger yet,
Two of the soul's near portals still unclosed, —
Sight and the sense of odor. At our feet,
Beneath the open jalousies, is spread
A copse of leaf and bloom, a tangled wild
Of foliage and purple-flowering vines,
With here a dagger-plant to pierce them through,
And there a lone papaya lifting high
Its golden-gourded cresset. Night's high noon
Is luminous; that rich, unrivaled hour
When the concentrate spirit of the South
Grows visible, — so rare, and yet so filled
With tremulous pulsation that it seems
To fold us in its effluence, compact
Of light and fragrance and ethereal dew.

Two vases — carved from some dark, precious wood,
The red-grained heart of olden trees that cling
To yonder mountain — in the moonlight cast
Their scrolls' deep shadows on the glassy floor.
A proud exotic Rose, brought from the North,
Is set within the one; the other bears
A double Jasmine for its counter-charm, —
Than which the frangipani's stellar spray,
Night-blooming cereus, or orange flower,
Yields less of ecstasy and strange perfume.
Here on their thrones, in equal high estate,
The rivals bloom; and both have drunk the dew,
Tending their beauty in the tropic night,
Until their sovereign odors meet and blend
As voices blend that whisper melody,
Now each distinct, now mingled both in one:

JASMINE.

I, like a star, against the woven gloom
Of tresses on Dolores' brow shall rest.

ROSE.

And I one happy, happy night shall bloom
Twined in the border of her silken vest.

JASMINE.

Throughout our isle the guardian winds deprive
Of all their sweets a hundred common flowers,

To feed my heart with fragrance! Lone they live,
And drop their petals far from trellised bowers.

ROSE.

Within the garden-plot whence I was borne
No rifled sisterhood became less fine;
My wealth made not the violet forlorn,
And near me climbed the fearless eglantine.

JASMINE.

Who feels my breath recalls the orange court,
The terraced walks that jut upon the sea,
The water in the moonlit bay amont,
The midnight given to longing and to me.

ROSE.

Who scents my blossoms dreams of bordered meads
Deep down the hollow of some vale far north,
Where Cuthbert with the fair-haired Hilda pleads,
And overhead the stars of June come forth.

JASMINE.

Me with full hands enamored Manuel
Gathers for dark-browed Iñez at his side,
And both to love are quickened by my spell,
And chide the day that doth their joys divide.

ROSE.

Nay, but all climes, all tender sunlit lands
From whose high places spring the palm or pine,
Desire my gifts to grace the wedded bands,
And every home for me has placed a shrine.

JASMINE.

Fold up thy heart, proud virgin, ay, and blush
With all the crimson tremors thou canst vaunt!
My yearning waves of passion onward rush,
And long the lover's wistful memory haunt.

ROSE.

Pale temptress, the night's revel be thine own,
Till love shall pall and rapture have its fill!
The morn's fresh light still finds me on a throne
Where care is not, nor blissful pains that kill.

JASMINE.

Sweet, sweet my breath, oh sweet beyond compare!

ROSE.

Rare, rare the splendors of my regal crown!

BOTH.

Choose which thou wilt, bold lover, yet beware
Lest to a luckless choice thou bendest down!

Edmund C. Stedman.

ITALY REVISITED.

I WAITED in Paris until after the elections for the new Chamber (they took place on the 14th of October); for only after one had learned that the odious attempt of Marshal MacMahon and his ministers to drive the French nation to the polls like a flock of huddling sheep, each with the white ticket of an official candidate round his neck, had not achieved the success which the unscrupulous violence of the process might have indicated, — only then was it possible to draw a long breath and deprive the republican party of such support as might be derived from one's sympathetic presence. Seriously speaking, too, the weather had been enchanting, and there were Italian sensations to be encountered without leaving the banks of the Seine. Day after day the air was filled with golden light, and even those chalk-toned vistas of the Parisian *beaux quartiers* assumed the most tenderly iridescent and autumnal tints. Autumn weather in Europe is often such a very sorry affair that a fair-minded American will have it on his conscience to call attention to a rainless and radiant October.

The echoes of the electoral strife kept me company for a while after starting upon that abbreviated journey to Turin, which, as you leave Paris at night, in a train unprovided with encouragements to slumber, is a singular mixture of the odious and the charming. The charming, however, I think, prevails; for the dark half of the journey is, in fact, the least interesting. The morning light ushers you into the romantic gorges of the Jura, and after a big bowl of *café au lait* at Culoz you may compose yourself comfortably for the climax of your spectacle. The day before leaving Paris I met a friend who had just returned from a visit to a Tuscan country-seat, where he had been watching the vintage. "Italy," he said, "is more lovely than words can tell, and France, steeped

in this electoral turmoil, seems no better than a bear-garden." That part of the bear-garden through which you travel as you approach the Mont Cenis seemed to me that day very beautiful. The autumn coloring, thanks to the absence of rain, had been vivid and crisp, and the vines that swung their low garlands between the mulberries, in the neighborhood of Chambery, looked like long festoons of coral and amber. The frontier station of Modane, on the further side of the Mont Cenis tunnel, is a very ill-regulated place; but even the most irritable of tourists, meeting it on his way southward, will be disposed to consider it good-naturedly. There is far too much bustling and scrambling, and the facilities afforded you for the obligatory process of ripping open your luggage before the officers of the Italian custom-house are much scantier than should be; but, for myself, there is something that depreciates irritation in the shabby green and gray uniforms of all the Italian officials who stand loafing about and watching the northern invaders scramble back into marching order. Wearing an administration uniform does not necessarily spoil a man's temper, as in France one is sometimes led to believe; for these excellent, underpaid Italians carry theirs as lightly as possible, and their answers to your inquiries do not in the least bristle with rapiers, buttons, and cockades. After leaving Modane you slide straight downhill into the Italy of your desire; and there is something very picturesque in the way the road edges along those great precipices which stand shoulder to shoulder, in a long perpendicular file, until they finally admit you to a distant glimpse of the ancient capital of Piedmont.

Turin is not a city to make, in vulgar parlance, a fuss about, and I pay an extravagant tribute to subjective emotion in speaking of it as ancient. But if the place is not as Italian as Florence and

Rome, at least it is more Italian than New York and Paris; and while the traveler walks about the great arcades and looks at the fourth-rate shop windows, he does not scruple to cultivate a shameless optimism. Relatively speaking, Turin is picturesque; but there is, after all, no reason in a large collection of shabbily-stuccoed houses, disposed in a rigidly rectangular manner, for passing a day of deep, still gayety. The only reason, I am afraid, is the old superstition of Italy, — that property in the very look of the written word, the evocation of a myriad suggestions, that makes any lover of the arts take Italian satisfaction upon easier terms than any other. Italy is an idea to conjure with, and we play tricks upon our credulity even with such inferior apparatus as is offered to our hand at Turin. I walked about all the morning under the immense arcades, thinking it sufficient entertainment to take note of the soft, warm air, of that coloring of things in Italy that is at once broken and harmonious, and of the comings and goings, the physiognomy and manners, of the excellent Turinese. I had opened the old book again; the old charm was in the style; I was in a more charming world. I saw nothing surpassingly beautiful or curious; but the appreciative traveler finds a vividness in nameless details. And I must add that on the threshold of Italy he tastes of one solid and perfectly definable pleasure in finding himself among the traditions of the grand style in architecture. It must be said that we have still to come to Italy to see great houses. (I am speaking more particularly of town architecture.) In northern cities there are beautiful houses, picturesque and curious houses; sculptured gables which hang over the street, charming bow-windows, hooded door-ways, elegant proportions, and a profusion of delicate ornament; but a good specimen of an old Italian *palazzo* has a nobleness that is all its own. We laugh at Italian "palaces," at their peeling stucco, their nudity, their shabbiness and duskiness; but they have the great palatial quality, — elevation and

extent. They make smaller houses seem beggarly; they round their great arches and interspace their huge windows with thorough aristocratic indifference to the master-builder's little account. These grand proportions — the colossal basements, the door-ways that seem meant for cathedrals, the far-away cornices — impart by contrast an humble and *bourgeois* expression to those less exalted dwellings in which the air of grandeur depends largely upon the help of the upholsterer. At Turin my first feeling was really one of shame for the architectural manners of our northern lands. I have heard people who know the Italians well say that at bottom they despise all the rest of mankind and regard them as barbarians. I strongly doubt it, for the Italians strike me as having less national vanity than any other people in Europe; but if the charge had its truth there would be some ground for the feeling in the fact of their living in such big houses. The most direct, sensible, and — superficially considered — reasonable measure of one's greatness is the size of one's house; and, judged by this standard, Turinese and Genoese, Florentines and Romans leave us all very far behind.

An impression which, on coming back to Italy, I find even stronger than when it was first received is that of the contrast between the fecundity of the great artistic period and the vulgarity of the Italian genius of to-day. The first few hours spent on Italian soil are sufficient to renew it, and the phenomenon that I allude to is surely one of the most singular in human history. That the people who but three hundred years ago had the best taste in the world should now have the worst; that having produced the noblest, loveliest, and costliest works they should now be given up to the manufacture of objects at once ugly and flimsy; that the race of which Michael Angelo and Raphael, Leonardo and Titian were characteristic exemplars should have no other title to distinction than third-rate *genre* pictures and catchpeny statues, — all this is a frequent perplexity to the observer of actual Ital-

ian life. The flower of art in these latter years has ceased to bloom very powerfully anywhere; but nowhere does it seem so drooping and withered as in the shadow of the still solid monuments of the old Italian genius. You go to a church or a gallery and feast your fancy upon a splendid picture or an exquisite piece of sculpture, and on issuing from the door that has admitted you to the beautiful past you are confronted with something that has all the effect of a mockery or a defiance of it. The aspect of your lodging (the carpets, the curtains, the upholstery in general, with their crude and violent coloring and their vulgar material), the third-rate look of the shops as you pass them, the extreme bad taste of the dress of the women, the cheapness and baseness of every attempt at decoration in the cafés and railway stations, the hopeless fickleness of everything that pretends to be a work of art, — all this modern infelicity runs riot over the relics of the great period.

We can do a thing for the first time but once; it is but once for all that we can have a pleasure in its freshness. This is a law which is not on the whole, I think, to be regretted, for we sometimes learn to know things better by not enjoying them too much. It is certain, however, at the same time, that a traveler who has merely worked off the primal fermentation of his relish for this inexhaustibly interesting country has by no means entirely drained the cup. After thinking of Italy as simply picturesque, it will do him no great harm to think of her, for a while, as modern, — an idea supposed (as a general thing correctly) to be fatally at variance with the Byronic, the Ruskinian, the artistic, poetic, æsthetic manner of looking at this godsend to literature and art. He may grant — I don't say it is absolutely necessary — that modern Italy is ugly, prosaic, provokingly indisposed to inspire one to water-color sketching or a superior style of album dissertation; it is nevertheless true that at the pass things have come to, modern Italy in a manner imposes herself. I had not been many hours in the country before I became

conscious of this circumstance; and I may add that, the first irritation past, I found myself disposed to take it easily. And if we think of it, nothing is more easy to understand than a certain displeasure on the part of the young Italy of to-day at being looked at by all the world as a kind of soluble pigment. Young Italy, preoccupied with its economical and political future, must be heartily tired of being accounted picturesque. In one of Thackeray's novels there is mention of a young artist who sent to the Royal Academy a picture representing "A Contadino dancing with a Trasteverina at the door of a Locanda, to the music of a Pifferaro." It is in this attitude and with these conventional accessories that the world has hitherto seen fit to represent young Italy, and I do not wonder that, if the youth has any spirit, he should at last begin to resent our insufferable æsthetic patronage. He has established a line of horse-cars in Rome, from the Porta del Popolo to the Ponte Molle, and it is on one of these democratic vehicles that I seem to see him taking his triumphant course down the vista of the future. I will not pretend to rejoice with him any more than I really do; I will not pretend, as the sentimental tourists say about it all, as if it were the setting of an intaglio or the border of a Roman scarf, to "like" it. Like it or not, as we may, it is evidently destined to be; I see a new Italy in the future which in many important respects will equal, if not surpass, the most enterprising sections of our native land. Perhaps by that time Chicago and San Francisco will have become picturesque, and their sons and daughters will dance at the doors of *locandas*. However this may be, a vivid impression of an accomplished schism between the old Italy and the new is, as the French say, *le plus clair* of a new visit to this ever-suggestive part of the world. The old Italy has become more and more of a simple museum, preserved and perpetuated in the midst of the new, but without any further relation to it — it must be admitted, indeed, that such a relation is considerable — than that of the stock

on his shelves to the shop-keeper, or of the Siren of the South to the showman who stands before his booth. More than once, as we move about, nowadays, in the Italian cities, there seems to pass before our eyes a vision of the coming years. It represents to our satisfaction an Italy united and prosperous, but altogether commercial. The Italy, indeed, that we sentimentalize and romance about was an ardently mercantile country; though I suppose it loved not its ledgers less, but its frescoes and altarpieces more. Scattered through this brilliantly economical community — this country of a thousand ports — I see a large number of beautiful buildings, in which an endless series of dusky pictures are darkening, darkening, fading, fading, through the years. At the doors of the beautiful buildings are little turnstiles, at which there sit a great many men in uniform, to whom the visitor pays a ten-penny fee. Inside, in the vaulted and frescoed chambers, the art of Italy lies buried as in a thousand mausoleums. It is well taken care of; it is constantly copied; sometimes it is "restored," — as in the case of that beautiful boy-figure of Andrea del Sarto, at Florence, which may be seen at the gallery of the Uffizi, with its honorable duskiness quite peeled off, and Heaven knows what raw, bleeding cuticle laid bare. One evening lately, in Florence, in the soft twilight, I took a stroll among those encircling hills on which the massive villas are mingled with the vaporous olives. Presently I came, where three roads met, upon a way-side shrine, in which, before some pious daub of an old-time Madonna, a little votive lamp glimmered through the evening air. The hour, the lovely evening, the place, the twinkling taper, the sentiment of the observer, the thought that some one had been rescued here from an assassin, or from some other peril, and had set up a little grateful altar, in consequence, in the yellow-stuccoed wall of a tangled *podere*, — all this led me to approach the shrine with a reverent, an emotional step. I drew near it, but after a few steps I paused. I became conscious of an incongruous

odor; it seemed to me that the evening air was charged with a perfume which, although to a certain extent familiar, had not hitherto associated itself with rustic frescoes and way-side altars. I gently interrogated the atmosphere, and the operation left me no doubts. The odor was that of petroleum; the votive taper was nourished with "ile"! I confess that I burst out laughing, and a picturesque *contadino*, wending his homeward way in the dusk, stared at me as if I were a frolicsome ghost escaped from one of the old villas near by. If he noticed the petroleum, it was only, I imagine, to sniff it gratefully; but to me the thing served as a symbol of the Italy of the future. There is a horse-car from the Porta del Popolo to the Ponte Molle, and the Tuscan shrines are fed with the Pennsylvanian fluid!

If it is very well to come to Turin first; it is still better to go to Genoa afterwards. Genoa is the queerest place in the world, and even a second visit gives little help toward a lucid understanding of it. In the wonderful crooked, twisting, climbing, soaring, burrowing Genoese alleys the traveler is really up to his neck in the old Italian picturesqueness. Genoa is, I believe, a port of great capacity, and the bequest of the late Duke of Galliero, who left four millions of dollars for the purpose of improving and enlarging it, will doubtless do much toward converting it into one of the great commercial stations of Europe. But as, after leaving my hotel, the afternoon I arrived, I wandered for a long time at hazard through the tortuous by-ways of the city I said to myself, not without an accent of private triumph, that here was something it would be as difficult to modernize as it was to cleanse the Augean stables. I had found my hotel, in the first place, extremely entertaining — the Croce di Malta, as it was called, established in a gigantic palace on the edge of the swarming and not over-clean harbor. It was the biggest house I had ever entered, and the simple basement would have contained a dozen American caravansaries. I met an American gentleman in the vestibule who (as he

had indeed a perfect right to be) was annoyed by its troublesome proportions — one was a quarter of an hour ascending out of the basement — and desired to know whether it was a “correct sample” of the Genoese inns. It appeared to be an excellent specimen of Genoese architecture generally; so far as I observed, there were few houses perceptibly smaller than this Titanic tavern. I lunched in a great, dusky ball-room, whose ceiling was vaulted, frescoed, and gilded with the inexpensive skill of a couple of centuries since, and which looked out upon another ancient house-front, equally huge and equally battered, from which it was separated only by a little wedge of dusky space (one of the principal streets, I believe, of Genoa), out of the bottom of which the Genoese populace sent up to the windows — I had to crane out very far to see it — a perpetual clattering, shuffling, chaffering sound. Issuing forth, presently, into this characteristic thoroughfare, I found an abundance of that soft local color, for the love of which one revisits Italy. It offered itself, indeed, in a variety of tints, some of which were not remarkable for their freshness or purity. But their combined effect was highly pictorial, and the picture was a very rich and various representation of southern low life. Genoa is the crook-est and most incoherent of cities; tossed about on the sides and crests of a dozen hills, it is seamed with gullies and ravines that bristle with those innumerable palaces for which we have heard from our earliest years that the place is celebrated. These great edifices, with their mottled and faded complexions, lift their big ornamental cornices to a tremendous height in the air, where, in a certain indescribably forlorn and desolate fashion, overtopping each other, they seem to reflect the twinkle and glitter of the warm Mediterranean. Down about the basements, in the little dim, close alleys, the people are forever moving to and fro, or standing in their cavernous door-ways or in their little dusky, crowded shops, calling, chattering, laughing, scrambling, living their lives in the conversational

Italian fashion. For a long time I had not received such an impression of the possible crowdedness, density, and, as it were, cheapness of human life. I had not for a long time seen people elbowing each other so closely, or swarming so thickly out of immense human hives. A traveler is very often prompted to ask himself whether it has been worth while to leave his home — whatever his home may have been — only to see new forms of human suffering, only to be reminded that toil and privation, hunger and sorrow and sordid effort, are the portion of the great majority of his fellow-men. To travel is, as it were, to go to the play, to attend a spectacle; and there is something heartless in stepping forth into the streets of a foreign town to feast upon novelty when the novelty consists simply of the slightly different costume in which hunger and labor present themselves. These reflections were forced upon me as I strolled about in those crepuscular, queer-smelling alleys of Genoa; but after a time they ceased to bear me company. The reason of this, I think, is because (at least to foreign eyes) the sum of Italian misery is, on the whole, less than the sum of Italian serenity. That people should thank you, with a smile of striking sweetness, for the gift of two-pence is a proof, certainly, of an extreme and constant destitution; but (keeping in mind the sweetness) it is also a proof of an enviable ability not to be depressed by circumstances. I know that this may possibly be great nonsense; that half the time that we are admiring the brightness of the Italian smile the romantic natives may be, in reality, in a sullen frenzy of impatience and pain. Our observation in any foreign land is extremely superficial, and our remarks are happily not addressed to the inhabitants themselves, who, at a hundred points, would certainly exclaim upon the impudence of the fancy-picture. The other day I visited a very picturesque old city upon a mountain top, where, in the course of my wanderings, I arrived at an old disused gate in the ancient town wall. The gate had not been absolutely forfeited; but the recent com-

pletion of a modern road down the mountain led most vehicles away to another egress. The grass-grown pavement, which wound into the plain by a hundred graceful twists and plunges, was now given up to ragged contadini and their donkeys, and to such wayfarers as were not alarmed at the disrepair into which it had fallen. I stood in the shadow of the tall old gate-way, admiring the scene, — looking to right and left at the wonderful walls of the little town, perched on the edge of a shaggy precipice; at the circling mountains over against them; at the road dipping downward among the chestnuts and olives. There was no one within sight but a young man, who was slowly trudging upward, with his coat slung over his shoulder and his hat upon his ear, like a cavalier in an opera. Like an operatic performer, too, he was singing as he came; the spectacle, generally, was operatic, and as his vocal flourishes reached my ear I said to myself that in Italy accident was always picturesque, and that such a figure had been exactly what was wanted to set off the landscape. It suggested a large measure of that serenity for which I just now commended the Italians. I was turning back, under the old gate-way, into the town, when the young man overtook me, and, suspending his song, asked me if I could favor him with a match to light the hoarded remnant of a cigar. This request led, as I walked back to the inn, to my having some conversation with him. He was a native of the old hill-town, and answered freely all my inquiries as to its manners and customs and the state of public opinion there. But the point of my anecdote is that he presently proved to be a brooding young radical and communist, filled with hatred of the present Italian government, raging with discontent and crude political passion, professing a ridiculous hope that Italy would soon have, as France had had, her “’89,” and declaring that he, for his part, would willingly lend a hand to chop off the heads of the king and the royal family. He was an unhappy, underfed, unemployed young man, who took a hard, grim view of everything, and was pict-

uresque only quite in spite of himself. This made it very absurd of me to have looked at him simply as a graceful ornament to the prospect, — a harmonious little figure in the middle distance. “Damn the prospect — damn the middle distance!” would have been all *his* philosophy. Yet, but for the accident of my having a little talk with him, I should have made him do service, in memory, as an example of sensuous optimism!

I am bound to say, however, that I believe that a great deal of the apparent sensuous optimism that I noticed in the Genoese alleys and beneath the low, crowded arcades along the port was quite substantial. Here every one was magnificently sunburnt, and there were plenty of those queer types — those mahogany-colored, bare-chested mariners, with ear-rings and crimson girdles — that make a southern sea-port entertaining. But it is not fair to speak as if, at Genoa, there were nothing but low life to be seen, for the place is the residence of some of the grandest people in the world. Nor are all the palaces ranged along dusky alleys; the handsomest and most impressive form a splendid series on each side of a couple of very proper streets, in which there is plenty of room for a coach and four to approach the big door-ways. Many of these door-ways are open, revealing great marble staircases, with couchant lions for balustrades, and ceremonious courts surrounded by walls of sun-softened yellow. One of the palaces is colored a goodly red, and contains, in particular, the grand people I just now spoke of. They live in the third story; but here they have suites of wonderful painted and gilded chambers, in which there are many foreshortened frescoes in the vaulted ceilings, and on the walls many of those halting arabesques in which the rococo taste of the last and the preceding century took pleasure. Those great residents I allude to bear the name of Vandyke, though they are members of the noble family of Brignole-Sale, one of whose children (the Duchess of Galliera) has lately given proof of nobleness in presenting the Gal-

lery of the Red Palace, out of hand, to the city of Genoa.

On leaving Genoa I repaired to Spezia, chiefly with a view of accomplishing a sentimental pilgrimage, which I in fact achieved, in the most agreeable conditions. The Gulf of Spezia is now the head-quarters of the Italian fleet, and there were several big iron-plated frigates riding at anchor in front of the town. The streets were filled with lads in blue flannel, who were receiving instruction at a school-ship in the harbor, and in the evening — there was a brilliant moon — the little breakwater which stretched out into the Mediterranean offered a promenade to the naval functionaries. But this fact is, from the picturesque point of view, of little account, for since it has become prosperous Spezia has grown ugly. The place is filled with long, dull stretches of dead wall and great, raw expanses of artificial land. It wears that look of monstrosity, of more than Occidental, newness which distinguishes all the creations of the young Italian state. Nor did I find any great compensation in an immense new inn, which has lately been deposited by the edge of the sea, in anticipation of a *passaggiata* which is to come that way some five years hence, the region being in the mean time of the most primitive formation. The inn was filled with grave English people, who looked respectable and bored, and there was of course a Church of England service in the gaudily-frescoed parlor. Neither was it the drive to Porto Venere that chiefly pleased me, — a drive among vines and olives, over the hills and beside the sea, to a queer little crumbling village on a headland, as sweetly desolate and superannuated as the name it bears. There is a ruined church near the village, which occupies the site (according to tradition) of an ancient temple of Venus; and if Venus ever revisits her desecrated shrines she must sometimes pause a moment in that sunny stillness, and listen to the murmur of the tideless sea at the base of the narrow promontory. If Venus sometimes comes there, Apollo surely does as much; for close to the temple

is a gate-way, surmounted by an inscription in Italian and English, which admits you to a curious (and it must be confessed rather cockneyfied) cave among the rocks. It was here, says the inscription, that the great Byron, swimmer and poet, “defied the waves of the Ligurian sea.” The fact is interesting, though not supremely so; for Byron was always defying something, and if a slab had been put up wherever this performance came off, these commemorative tablets would be, in many parts of Europe, as thick as mile-stones. No; the great merit of Spezia, to my eye, is that I engaged a boat there of a lovely October afternoon, and had myself rowed across the gulf — it took about an hour and a half — to the little bay of Lerici, which opens out of it. This bay of Lerici is charming: the bosky gray-green hills close it in, and on either side of the entrance, perched upon a bold headland, a wonderful old crumbling castle keeps ineffectual guard. The place is classic for all English travelers, for in the middle of the curving shore is the now desolate little villa in which Shelley spent the last months of his short life. He was living at Lerici when he started on that short southern cruise from which he never returned. (His body, it will be remembered, was washed ashore near Pisa.) The house he occupied is strangely shabby, and as sad as you may choose to fancy it. It stands directly upon the beach, with scarred and battered walls, and a *loggia* of several arches opening upon a little terrace with a rugged parapet, which, when the wind blows, must be drenched with the salt spray. The place is very lonely, — all overwheeled with sun and breeze and brine, — very close to nature, as it was Shelley’s passion to be. I can fancy a great lyric poet sitting on the terrace, of a warm evening, far from England, in the early years of the century. Granted wonderful genius, to begin with, he must have heard in the voice of nature a sweetness which only the lyric movement could translate. It is a place where an English-speaking traveler may very honestly be sentimental and feel moved, him-

self, to lyric utterance. But I must content myself with saying in halting prose that I remember few episodes of Italian travel more sympathetic, as they have it here, than that perfect autumn afternoon; the half-hour's station on the little battered terrace of the villa; the climb to the singularly picturesque old

castle that hangs above Lerici; the meditative lounge, in the fading light, upon the vine-decked platform that looked out toward the sunset and the darkening mountains, and, far below, upon the quiet sea, beyond which the pale-faced villa stared up at the brightening moon.

Henry James, Jr.

A DECEMBER NIGHT.

ALL day*the sky has been one heavy cloud,
All day the drops have plashed against the panes,
The brimming eaves-spouts gurgled full and loud;
And now the night has come, and still it rains.

The frosts and rifling winds, those treacherous thieves,
Have stripped the shivering branches stark and bare;
Beneath, the walks are thick with trodden leaves,
Which fill with woodsy odors all the air.

Yon street-lamp glows, a disk of luminous fog,
Lighting a little space of mud and rain,
Where hurrying wayfarer or homeless dog
Starts sudden into sight, and fades again.

Its faint gleam struggles with the dark, and shows
A lonesome door-yard, with its leafless vine,
And Monday's luckless washing, — rows on rows
Of dripping garments hanging on the line.

Along the roadside gutters rush the streams
Like turbid rivers in a sudden flood;
And at the crossings drivers urge their teams
To splash the wroth pedestrian with mud.

From far across the harbor, low and faint,
A fog-horn's friendly bellow greets the ear;
Or some slow, cautious steamer's hoarse complaint,
Warning its kindred not to come too near.

Small knots of draggled pilgrims stand and wait
Upon the muddy curb, and peering far
Up street and down, in vain, find fault with fate,
And sharply blame the dilatory car;

Their grouped umbrellas, by the hazy light
 Obscure and dim, show through the vapors dense
 Like clumps of toad-stools, born of rain and night,
 Huddled beside some roadside pasture fence.

One ray redeems the dreariness and blight, —
 The window-light which streams across the square:
 The light of home, — the blessed, saving light
 Which keeps the world from darkness and despair.

Ah, happy they who in its warmth abide!
 Peace sits among them, with her fair wings furled:
 What care they for this wretched world outside, —
 This darksome, dismal, drear December world?

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

APRIL DAYS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF HENRY D. THOREAU.

APRIL 1, 1841.

ON THE SUN COMING OUT IN THE AFTER-
 NOON.

METHINKS all things have traveled since you
 shined,
 But only Time and clouds, Time's team, have
 moved;
 Again foul weather shall not change my mind,
 But in the shade I will believe what in the sun I
 loved.

April 1, 1852. Walden is all white
 ice, but little melted about the shore.
 The very sight of it when I get so far on
 the causeway, though I hear the spring
 note of the chickadee from over the ice,
 carries my thoughts back at once some
 weeks toward winter, and a chill comes
 over them. . . .

The mountains seen from Bare Hill
 are very fine now in the horizon, so evanescent,
 being broadly spotted white
 and blue like the skins of some animals,
 the white predominating. The Peterboro' Hills to the north are almost all white. The snow has melted more on the more southern mountains. With their white mantles, notwithstanding the alternating dark patches, they melt into the sky. Yet perhaps the white por-

tions may be distinguished by the peculiar light of the sun shining on them. . . .

I hear a robin singing in the woods south of Hosmer's, just before sunset. It is a sound associated with New England village life. It brings to my thoughts summer evenings when the children are playing in the yards before the doors, and their parents, conversing, sit at the open windows. It foretells all this now, before those summer hours are come.

As I come over the turnpike, the song-sparrow's jingle comes up from every part of the meadow, as native as the tinkling rills or the blossoms of the spiræa. . . . Its cheep is like the sound of opening buds.

April 1, 1853. The rain rests on the downy leaves of the young mulleins in separate, irregular drops, from the irregularity and color looking like ice. The drops quite in the cup of the mullein have a peculiar translucent silveriness, apparently because while they are upheld by the wool the light is reflected which would otherwise be absorbed, as if they were cased in light. The fresh mullein

leaves are pushing up amid the brown, unsightly wrecks of last fall, which strew the ground like old clothes. . . . That early willow by Miles's has been injured by the rain. The drops rest on the catkins as on the mullein. Though this began to open only day before yesterday, and was the earliest I could find, already I hear the well-known hum of a honey-bee, and one alights on it (also a fly or two), loads himself, circles round with a loud humming, and is off. Where the first willow catkin opens, there will be found the honey-bee also with it. He found this out as soon as I. The stamens have burst out on the side towards the top, like a sheaf of spears, thrust forth to encounter the sun, — so many spears as the garrison can spare, advanced into the summer. With this flower, so much more flower-like or noticeable than any yet, begins a new era in the flower season.

April 1, 1854. The tree-sparrows, hiemalis, and song-sparrows are particularly lively and musical in the yard this rainy and truly April day. The robin now begins to sing powerfully.

P. M. Up Assabet to Dodge's Brook; thence to Farmer's. April has begun like itself. It is warm and showery, while I sail away with a light southwest wind toward the rock. Sometimes the sun seems just ready to burst out, yet I know it will not. The meadow is becoming bare. It resounds with the *sprayey* notes of blackbirds. The birds sing this warm and showery day after a fortnight's cold (yesterday was wet, too), with a universal burst and flood of melody. Great flocks of hiemalis, etc., pass overhead like schools of fishes in the water, many abreast. The white-maple stamens are beginning to peep out from the wet and weather-beaten buds. The earliest alders are just ready to bloom, to show their yellow on the first decidedly warm and sunny day. The water is smooth at last, and dark. Ice no longer forms on the oars. It is pleasant to paddle under the dripping hemlocks this dark day. They make more of a wilderness impression than pines. . . . The hiemalis is in the largest flocks of any at

this season. Now see them come drifting over a rising ground, just like snow-flakes before a northeast wind!

April 1, 1855. When I look out the window, I see that the grass on the bank on the south side of the house is already much greener than it was yesterday. As it cannot have grown so suddenly, how shall I account for it? I suspect the reason is that the few green blades are not merely washed bright by the rain, but erect themselves to imbibe its influence, and so are more prominent, while the withered blades are beaten down and flattened by it.

April 1, 1858. I saw a squirrel's nest twenty-three or twenty-four feet high in a maple, and climbing to it (for it was so peculiar, having a basket-work of twigs about it, that I did not know but it was a hawk's nest) I found that it was a very perfect (probably) red squirrel's nest, made entirely of the now very dark or blackish-green moss, such as grows on the button-bush and on the swampy ground, — a dense mass of it, about one foot through, wattled together, with an inobvious hole on the east side. A tuft of loose moss blowing up about it seemed to answer for a door or porch-covering. The cavity within was quite small, but very snug and warm, where one or two squirrels might lie warm in the severest storm, the dense moss walls being three inches thick, or more. But what was most peculiar was that the nest, though placed over the centre of the tree, where it divided into four or five branches, was regularly and elaborately hedged about and supported by a basket-work of strong twigs stretched across from bough to bough; which twigs I perceived had been gnawed green from the maple itself, the stub ends remaining visible all around. . . .

April 2, 1852. Six A. M. To the river-side and Merrick's pasture. The sun is up. The water in the meadows is perfectly smooth and placid, reflecting the hills and clouds and trees. The air is full of the notes of birds: song-sparrows, redwings, robins (singing a strain), bluebirds, and I hear also a lark,

as if all the earth had burst forth into song. The influence of this April morning has reached them, for they live out-of-doors all the night, and there is no danger they will oversleep themselves such a morning. A few weeks ago, before the birds had come, there came to my mind in the night the twittering sound of birds in the early dawn of a spring morning, — a semi-prophecy of it, — and last night I attended mentally, as if I heard the spray-like dreaming sound of the midsummer frog, and realized how glorious and full of revelations it was. The clouds are white, watery, not such as we had in the winter. I see in this fresh morning the shells left by the musk-rats along the shore, and their galleries leading into the meadow, and the bright red cranberries washed up along the shore in the old water-mark. Suddenly there is a blur on the placid surface of the waters, a rippling mistiness, produced, as it were, by a slight morning breeze, and I should be sorry to show it to a stranger now. So is it with our minds. . . .

How few valuable observations can we make in youth! What if there were united the susceptibility of youth with the discrimination of age! Once I was part and parcel of nature; now I am observant of her. . . .

It appears to me that to one standing on the heights of philosophy mankind and the works of man will have sunk out of sight altogether; that man is altogether too much insisted on. The poet says the proper study of mankind is man. I say, study to forget all that; take wider views of the universe. That is the egotism of the race. What is this our childish, gossiping, social literature, mainly in the hands of the publishers? Another poet says, "The world is too much with us." He means, of course, that man is too much with us. In the promulgated views of man in institutions, in the common sense, there is narrowness and delusion. It is our weakness that so exaggerates the virtue of philanthropy and charity, and makes it the highest human attribute. The world will sooner or later tire of philanthro-

py, and all religion based on it mainly. They cannot long sustain my spirit. In order to avoid delusions, I would fain let man go by, and behold a universe in which man is but a grain of sand. I am sure that those of my thoughts which consist or are contemporaneous with social, personal connections, however humane, are not the wisest and widest, most universal. What is the village, city, State, nation, aye, the citizen's world, that they should concern a man so much? The thought of them affects me in my wisest hours as when I pass a woodchuck's hole. It is a comfortable place to nestle in, no doubt, and we have friends — some sympathizing ones, it may be — and a hearth there; but I have only to get up at midnight, ay, to soar or wander a little in my thought by day, to find them all slumbering. Look at our literature; what a poor, puny, social thing, seeking sympathy! The author troubles himself about his readers, would fain have one before he dies. He stands too near his printer; he corrects the proofs. Not satisfied with defiling one another in this world, we would all go to heaven together. To be a good man (that is, a good neighbor in the widest sense) is but little more than to be a good citizen. Mankind is a gigantic institution; it is a community to which most men belong. It is a test I would apply to my companion. Can he forget man? Can he see the world slumbering? I do not value any view of the universe into which man and the institutions of man enter very largely and absorb much attention. Man is but the place where I stand, and the prospect hence is infinite. The universe is not a chamber of mirrors which reflect me when I reflect. I find that there is other than me. Man is a past phenomenon to philosophy; the universe is larger than enough for man's abode. Some rarely go out-of-doors; most are always at home at night; very few indeed have stayed out all night once in their lives; fewer still have gone behind the world of humanity, seen its institutions like toadstools by the wayside. . . .

April 2, 1853. The tree-sparrows and

a few blue snow-birds in company sing (the former) very sweetly in the garden this morning. I now see a faint spot on the breast. It says something like a "twee, twee, chit chit, chit-chit-chee-var-r." . . .

The farmers are trembling for their poultry nowadays. I heard the screams of hens and a tumult among their mistresses (at Dugan's) calling them and scaring away the hawk yesterday. They say they do not lose by hawks in mid-summer. White quotes Linnæus as saying of hawks, "*Paciscuntur inducias cum avibus quamdiu cuculus cucullat,*" but White doubts it. . . . The song-sparrows, the three-spotted, away by the meadow-sides, are very shy and cunning: instead of flying, will frequently trot along the ground under the bushes, or dodge through a wall like a swallow; and I have observed that they generally bring some object, as a rail or branch, between themselves and the face of the walker, — often with outstretched necks will peep at him for five or ten minutes. . . .

Heard and saw what I call the pine warbler, — "vetter, vetter, vetter, vetter, vet," — the cool woodland sound. The first this year of the higher-colored birds, after the bluebird and the black-bird's wing, is it not? It affects me as something more tender. . . .

We cannot well afford not to see the geese go over a single spring, and so commence our year regularly.

April 2, 1854. P. M. To Conantum via Nutmeadow Brook. Saw black ducks in water and on land. Can see their light throats a great way off with my glass. They do not dive, but dip. . . .

The radical leaves of some plants appear to have started, look brighter, — the shepherd spurse and plainly the skunk's cabbage. In the brook there is the least possible springing yet, — a little yellow lily in the ditch, and sweet-flag starting. I was just sitting on the rail over the brook when I heard something which reminded me of the song of the robin in rainy days in past springs. Why is it that not the note itself, but something which reminds me of it, should affect

me most? — the ideal instead of the actual. . . .

The tree-sparrows make the alders, etc., ring. They have a metallic chirp and a short canary-like warble. They keep company with the hiemalis.

April 2, 1855. Green is essentially vivid or the color of life, and it is therefore most brilliant when a plant is moist or most alive. . . . The word, according to Webster, is from the Saxon *grêne*, to grow, and hence is the color of herbage when growing.

April 2, 1856. It is evident that it depends on the character of the season whether this flower or that is the most forward, whether there is more or less snow, or cold, or rain, etc. I am tempted to stretch myself on the bare ground above the Cliff, to feel its warmth on my back and smell the earth and the dry leaves. I see and hear flies and bees about. A large buff-edged butterfly flutters by along the edge of the Cliff, *Vanessa antiopa*. Though so little of the earth is bare, this frail creature has been warmed into life again. Here is the broken shell of one of those large white snails, *Helix albolabris*, on the top of the Cliff. I am rejoiced to find anything so pretty. I cannot but think it nobler, as it is rarer, to appreciate some beauty than to feel much sympathy with misfortune. The powers are kinder to me when they permit me to enjoy this beauty than if they were to express any amount of compassion for me. I could never excuse them that.

April 2, 1858. At the spring on the west side of Fairhaven Hill I startle a striped snake. It is a large one, with a white stripe down the dorsal ridge between two black ones, and on each side the last a buff one, and blotchy brown sides, darker towards the tail. Beneath, greenish-yellow. This snake generally has a pinkish cast. There is another, evidently of the same species, but not half so large, with its neck lying affectionately across the first. When seen by itself you might have thought of a distinct species. The dorsal line on this one is bright yellow, though not so bright as the lateral ones and the yellow about

the head. Also, the black is more glossy, and this snake has no pink cast. No doubt on almost every such warm bank now you will find a snake lying out. . . . They allowed me to lift their heads with a stick four or five inches without stirring, nor did they mind the flies that alighted on them, looking steadily at me without the slightest motion of head, body, or eyes, as if they were of marble; and as you looked back at them, you continually forgot that they were real, and not imaginary.

On the side of Fairhaven Hill I go looking for baywings, turning my glass to each sparrow on a rock or tree. At last I see one which flies up straight from a rock eighty or one hundred feet, and warbles a peculiar, long, and pleasant strain, after the manner of the skylark, methinks; and close by I see another, apparently a baywing (though I do not see the white on its tail), and it utters, while sitting, the same subdued, rather peculiar strain. . . .

It is not important that the poet should say some particular thing, but that he should speak in harmony with nature. The tone and pitch of his voice is the main thing.

It appears to me that the wisest philosophers I know are as foolish as Sancho Panza dreaming of his island. Considering the ends they propose and the obstructions in their path, they are even. One philosopher is feeble enough alone; but observe how each multiplies his difficulties, — by how many unnecessary links he allies himself to the existing state of things. He girds himself for his enterprise with fasting and prayer, and then, instead of pressing forward like a light-armed soldier, with the fewest possible hindrances, he at once hooks on to some immovable institution, and begins to sing and scratch gravel *towards* his objects. Why, it is as much as the strongest man can do decently to bury his friends and relations, without making a new world of it. But if the philosopher is as foolish as Sancho Panza, he is also as wise, and nothing so truly makes a thing so or so as thinking it so.

April 2, 1859. As I go down the street just after sunset, I hear many snipe tonight. At this hour, that is, in the twilight, they make a hovering sound high in the air over the villages, and the inhabitants do not know what to refer it to. It is very easily imitated by a sort of shuddering with the breath. It reminds me of calmer nights. Hardly one in a hundred hears it, and perhaps not nearly so many know what creature makes it. Perhaps no one dreamed of snipe an hour ago, and the air seemed empty of such as they; but as soon as the dusk begins so that a bird's flight is concealed, you hear this peculiar, spirit-suggesting sound, now far, now near, heard through and above the evening din of the village. I did not hear one when I returned up the street half an hour later.

April 3, 1841. Friends will not only live in harmony, but in melody.

April 3, 1842. I can remember when I was more enriched by a few cheap rays of light falling on the pond side than by this broad sunny day. Riches have wings, indeed. The weight of present woe will express the sweetness of past experience. When sorrow comes, how easy it is to remember pleasure! When in winter the bees cannot make new honey, they consume the old.

Experience is in the head and fingers. The heart is inexperienced. . . .

I have just heard the flicker among the oaks on the hill-side ushering in a new dynasty. It is the age and youth of time. Why did nature set this lure for sickly mortals? Eternity could not begin with more security and momentousness than the spring. The summer's eternity is reestablished by this note. All sights and sounds are seen and heard both in time and eternity; and when the eternity of any sight or sound strikes the eye or ear, they are intoxicated with delight.

Sometimes, as through a dim haze, we see objects in their eternal relations. They stand like Stonehenge and the Pyramids, and we wonder who set them up, and what for.

The destiny of the soul can never be studied by the reason, for the modes of the latter are not ecstatic. In the wisest calculation or demonstration I but play a game with myself. I am not to be taken captive by myself. I cannot convince myself. God must convince. I can calculate a problem in arithmetic, but not any morality. Virtue is incalculable, as it is inestimable. Man's destiny is but virtue or manhood. It is wholly moral, to be learned only by the life of the soul. The reason, before it can be applied to such a subject, will have to fetter and restrict it. How can he, step by step, perform that long journey who has not conceived whither he is bound? How can he expect to perform an arduous journey without interruption who has no passport to the end? On this side of man is the actual, and on the other the ideal. The former is the province of the reason, which is even a divine light when directed upon that, but it cannot reach forward into the ideal without blindness. The moon was made to rule by night, but the sun to rule by day. Reason will be but a pale cloud like the moon when one ray of divine light comes to illumine the soul.

April 3, 1852. They call that northernmost sea, thought to be free from ice, "Polina." The coldest natures, persevere with them, go far enough, are found to have open sea in the highest latitudes.

April 3, 1853. Nothing is more saddening than an ineffectual, proud intercourse with those of whom we expect sympathy and encouragement. I repeatedly find myself drawn toward certain persons but to be disappointed. No concessions which are not radical are the least satisfaction. By myself I can live and thrive, but in the society of incompatible friends I starve. To cultivate their society is to cherish a sore which can only be healed by abandoning them. I cannot trust my neighbor whom I know any more than I can trust the law of gravitation and jump off the Cliffs.

The last two Tribunes I have not looked at. I have no time to read news-

papers. If you chance to live and move and have your being in that thin stratum in which the events which make the news transpire, — thinner than the paper on which it is printed, — then these things will fill the world for you. But if you soar above or dive below that plane, you cannot remember nor be reminded of them.

P. M. To Cliffs. At Hayden's I hear hylas on two keys or notes. Heard one after the other; the sounds might be mistaken for the varied note of one. The little croakers, too, are very lively there. I get close to them, and witness a great commotion, they half-hopping and half-swimming about with their heads out, apparently in pursuit of each other, perhaps thirty or forty within a few square yards, and fifteen or twenty within one yard. There is not only the incessant lively croaking of many together, as usually heard, but a lower, hoarser, squirming kind of croak, perhaps from the other sex. As I approach nearer, they disperse and bury themselves in the grass at the bottom, only one or two remaining outstretched upon the surface; and at another step, these too conceal themselves.

April 3, 1856. P. M. To Hunt's Bridge. It is surprising how the earth on south banks begins to show some greenness in its russet cheeks in this rain and fog, — a precious emerald-green tinge, almost like a green mildew, the growth of the night, a green blush suffusing her cheek, heralded by twittering birds. This sight is no less interesting than the corresponding bloom and ripe blush of the fall. How encouraging to perceive again that faint tinge of green spreading amid the russet on earth's cheeks! I revive with Nature. Her victory is mine. This is my jewelry. . . .

I see small flocks of robins running on the bared portions of the meadow; hear the sprayey tinkle of the song-sparrow along the hedges. Hear also the squeaking notes of an advancing flock of redwings or grackles (am uncertain which make that sound) somewhere high in the sky. At length detect them high overhead, advancing northeast in loose array,

with broad, extended front, competing with each other, winging their way to some northern meadow which they remember. The note of some is like the squeaking of many signs, while others accompany them with a steady, dry "tchuk-tchuk."

H— is overhauling a vast heap of manure in the rear of his barn, turning the ice within it up to the light. Yet he asks despairingly what life is for, and says he does not expect to stay here long. But I have just come from reading Columella, who describes the same kind of spring look in that, to him, new spring of the world with hope, and I suggest to be brave and hopeful with nature. Human life may be transitory and full of trouble, but the perennial mind whose survey extends from that spring to this, from Columella to H—, is superior to change. I will identify myself with that which did not die with Columella and will not die with H—.

Coming home along the causeway, I hear a robin sing (though faintly) as in May. The road is a path, here and there shoveled through drifts which are considerably higher than a man's head on each side.

April 3, 1858. Going down town this morning, I am surprised by the rich strain of the purple finch from the elms. Three or four have arrived and lodged against the elms of our street, which runs east and west across their course, and they are now mingling their loud, rich strain with that of the tree-sparrows, robins, bluebirds, etc. The hearing of this note implies some improvement in the acoustics of the air. It reminds me of that genial state of the air when the elms are in bloom. They sit still over the street, and make a business of warbling. They advertise one, surely, of some additional warmth and serenity. How their note rings over the roofs of the village! You wonder that even the sleepers are not awakened by it, to inquire who is there. And yet probably not another in all the town observes their coming, and not half a dozen ever distinguish them in their lives. But the very mob of the town know the hard

names of Germanians or Swiss families who once sang here or elsewhere. . . .

When I have been out thus the whole day, and spend the whole afternoon returning, it seems to me pitiful and ineffectual to be out, as usual, only in the afternoon, — as if you had come late to a feast, after your betters had done. The afternoon seems at best a long twilight after the fresh and bright forenoon.

The gregariousness of men is their most contemptible and discouraging aspect. See how they follow each other like sheep, not knowing why! Day and Martin's blacking was preferred by the last generation, and also is by this. They have not so good a reason for preferring this or that religion. Apparently, in ancient times several parties were nearly equally matched. They appointed a committee and made a compromise, agreeing to vote or believe so and so, and they still helplessly abide by that. Men are the inveterate foes of all improvement. Generally speaking, they think more of their hen-houses than of any desirable heaven. If you aspire to anything better than politics, expect no coöperation from men. They will not further anything good. You must prevail of your own force, as a plant springs and grows by its own vitality.

April 3, 1859. The bæomyces is in perfection this rainy day. I have for some weeks been insisting on the beauty and richness of the moist and saturated crust of the earth. It has seemed to me more attractive and living than ever, a very sensitive cuticle, teeming with life, especially in the rainy days. I have looked on it as the skin of a pard. And on a more close examination I am borne out by discovering in this now so bright bæomyces, and in other earthy lichens, and in cladonias, and also in the very pretty red and yellow stemmed mosses, a manifest sympathy with and an expression of the general life of the crust. This early and hardy cryptogamous vegetation is, as it were, a flowering of the crust of the earth. Lichens and these mosses which depend on moisture are now most rampant. If you examine it, this brown earth crust is not

dead. We need a popular name for the *bæomyces*. C—— suggests "pink mold." Perhaps "pink shot or eggs" would do. . . .

Men's minds run so much on work and money that the mass instantly associate all literary labor with a pecuniary reward. They are mainly curious to know how much money the lecturer or another gets for his work. They think that the naturalist takes so much pains to collect plants or animals because he is paid for it. An Irishman who saw me in the fields making a minute in my note-book took it for granted that I was casting up my wages, and actually inquired what they came to, as if he had never dreamed of any other use for writing. I might have quoted to him that the wages of sin are death, as the most pertinent answer. What do you get for lecturing now? I am occasionally asked. It is the more amusing, since I only lecture about once a year out of my native town, often not at all; so that I might, if my objects were merely pecuniary, give up the business. Once, when I was walking in Staten Island, looking about me, as usual, a man who saw me would not believe me when I told him that I was indeed from New England, but was not looking at that region with a pecuniary view, — a view to speculation; and he offered me a handsome bonus if I would sell his farm for him.

April 4, 1839. The atmosphere of morning gives a healthy hue to our prospects. Disease is a sluggard that overtakes, never encounters us. We have the start each day, and may fairly distance him before the dew is off; but if we recline in the bowers of noon, he will, after all, come up with us. The morning dew breeds no cold. We enjoy a diurnal reprieve in the beginning of each day's creation. In the morning we do not believe in expediency; we will start afresh, and have no patching, no temporary fixtures. In the afternoon man has an interest in the past; his eye is divided, and he sees indifferently well either way.

Drifting in a sultry day on the sluggish waters of the pond, I almost cease

to live, and begin to be. A boatman stretched on the deck of his craft, and dallying with the noon, would be as apt an emblem of eternity for me as the serpent with his tail in his mouth. I am never so prone to lose my identity. I am dissolved in the haze.

April 4, 1841. The rattling of the tea-kettle below stairs reminds me of the cowbells I used to hear when berrying in the Great Fields many years ago, sounding distant and deep amid the birches. That cheap piece of tinkling brass which the farmer hangs about his cow's neck has been more to me than the tons of metal which are swung in the belfry.

April 4, 1852. It is refreshing to stand on the face of the Cliff and see the water gliding over the surface of the almost perpendicular rock in a broad, thin sheet, pulsing over it. It reflects the sun for half a mile like a patch of snow. As you stand close by, it brings out the colors of the lichens like polishing or varnish. It is admirable regarded as a dripping fountain. You have lichens and moss on the surface, and starting saxifrage, ferns still green, and huckleberry bushes in the crevices. The rocks never appear so diversified and cracked, as if the chemistry of nature were now in full force. Then the drops falling perpendicularly from a projecting rock have a pleasing geometrical effect.

I see the snow lying thick on the south side of the Peterboro' Hills, and, though the ground is bare from the sea-shore to their base, I presume it is covered with snow from their base to the icy sea. I feel the raw air, cooled by the snow, on my cheek. Those hills are probably the dividing line at present between the bare ground and the snow-clad ground stretching three thousand miles to the Saskatchewan and Mackenzie, and the icy sea.

April 4, 1853. P. M. Rain, rain. To Clematis Brook *via* Lee's Bridge. Again I notice that early reddish or purplish grass that lies flat on the pools, like a warm blush suffusing the youthful face of the year. A warm, dripping rain heard on one's umbrella as on a snug roof, and on the leaves without, suggests comfort. We go abroad with a slow

but sure contentment, like turtles under their shells. We never feel so comfortable as when we are abroad in a storm with satisfaction. Our comfort is positive then. We are all compact, and our thoughts collected. We walk under the clouds and mists as under a roof. Now we seem to hear the ground a-soaking up the rain, which does not fall ineffectually, as on a frozen surface. We too are penetrated and revived by it. Robins still sing, and song-sparrows more or less, and blackbirds, and the unfailing jay screams. How the thirsty grass rejoices! It has pushed up visibly since morning, and fields that were completely russet yesterday are already tinged with green. We rejoice with the grass. I hear the hollow sound of drops falling into the water under Hubbard's Bridge, and each one makes a conspicuous bubble which is floated down stream. Instead of ripples, there are a myriad dimples in the stream. The lichens remember the sea to-day; the usually dry cladonias which are so crisp under the feet are full of moist vigor. The rocks speak, and tell the tales inscribed on them. Their inscriptions are brought out. I pause to study their geography. At Conantum-end I saw a red-tailed hawk launch himself away from an oak by the pond at my approach, — a heavy flyer, flapping even like the great bittern at first. Heavy forward. After turning Lee's Cliff, I heard, methought, more birds singing even than in fair weather, — tree-sparrows, whose song has the character of the canary's (*Fringilla hiemalis*) *chill-till*, the sweet strains of the fox-colored sparrow, song-sparrows, a nut-hatch, jays, crows, bluebirds, robins, and a large congregation of blackbirds. They suddenly alight with great din in a stubble field just over the wall, not perceiving me and my umbrella behind the pitch-pines, and there feed silently. Then, getting uneasy or anxious, they fly up on to an apple-tree, where, being reassured, commences a rich but deafening concert, — "o-gurgle-ee-e, o gurgle-ee-e," — some of the most liquid notes ever heard, as if produced by some of the water of the Pierian spring flowing through a kind

of musical water pipe, and at the same time setting in motion a multitude of fine vibrating metallic springs. Like a shepherd merely meditating most enrapturing glees on such a water pipe. A more liquid bagpipe or clarionet, immersed like bubbles in a thousand sprayey notes, the bubbles half lost in the spray. When I show myself, away they go with a loud, harsh "charr-charr-r." At first I had heard an inundation of blackbirds approaching, some beating time with a loud "chuck-chuck," while the rest played a hurried, gurgling fugue.

A rainy day is to the walker in solitude and retirement like the night. Few travelers are about, and they half-hidden under umbrellas and confined to the highways. The thoughts run in a different channel from usual. It is somewhat like the dark day; it is a light night. How cheerful the roar of a brook swollen by the rain, especially if there is no sound of the mill in it! A woodcock went off from the shore of Clematis or Nightshade pond with a few slight, rapid sounds like a watchman's rattle half-revolved.

April 4, 1855. P. M. To Clematis Brook *via* Lee's. A pleasant day; growing warmer; a slight haze. Now the hedges and apple-trees are alive with fox-colored sparrows all over the town, and their imperfect strains are occasionally heard.

It is a fine air, but more than tempered by the snow in the northwest. All the earth is bright; the very pines glisten, and the water is a bright blue. A gull is circling round Fairhaven Pond, seen white against the woods and hill-sides, looking as if it would dive for a fish every moment, and occasionally resting on the ice. The water above Lee's Bridge is all alive with ducks. There are many flocks of eight or ten together, their black heads and white breasts seen above the water, — more of them than I have seen before this season, — and a gull with its whole body above the water, perhaps standing where it is shallow.

Not only are the evergreens brighter, but the pools, as that upland one behind Lee's, the ice as well as snow about their

edges being completely melted, have a peculiarly warm and bright April look, as if ready to be inhabited by frogs. . . .

Returning from Mt. Misery, the pond and river each presented a fine warm view. The slight haze which, in a warmer day at this season, softens the rough surface which the winter has left, and fills the copses seemingly with life, made the landscape remarkably fair. There is a remarkable variety in the view at present from this summit. The sun feels as warm as in June on my ear.

Half a mile off, in front, is this Elysian water, high over which two wild ducks are winging their rapid flight eastward through the bright air. On each side and beyond, the earth is clad with a warm russet, more pleasing perhaps than green; and far beyond all, in the northwest horizon, my eye rests on a range of snow-covered mountains glistening in the sun.

April 4, 1860. The birds are eager to sing as the flowers to bloom, after raw weather has held them in check.

LINCOLN'S TRIUMPH IN 1864.

In the summer of 1864 vague and indefinite rumors were circulated that peace was attainable, and actually desired by the rebels, but that the administration would not listen to overtures or receive propositions which might lead to an adjustment. Some leading and over-officious persons interested themselves in these matters, which were merely subsidiary aids to the peace democrats, projected by the rebels to divide the republicans and to promote democratic success in the pending election. For a brief period these rumors undoubtedly made an impression unfavorable and unjust, as regarded the president. Horace Greeley, often credulous and always ready to engage in public employment, was entrapped by the most skillfully contrived of these intrigues. He became the willing agent of certain prominent rebels who resorted to Canada, and from thence persuaded him that they were authorized by the rebel government to negotiate peace, and desired his assistance. They asked for full protection to proceed to Washington to effect that object, and made Greeley the medium to convey to the president their application and purpose.

Greeley, thus applied to, at once entered into the scheme, and forwarded

their application, with his indorsement that while he did "not say a just peace is now attainable, he believed it to be so." The president had no belief in the good faith or sincerity of this proceeding, and little doubted that it was a subtle intrigue; but as it emanated from distinguished rebels, and had the indorsement of one of the most influential editors and politicians of the republican party, he was for a moment embarrassed how to treat it or what course to take. Promptly to reject the application thus made and indorsed would not only subject him to misrepresentation, and bring upon him the assaults of the malevolent, but would lead to a misconception of his own ardent desire for peace by many well-meaning men who, weary of war, earnestly praying that hostilities should cease, wished he might accept this advance and permit such conspicuous rebels as Jacob Thompson, C. C. Clay, and their associates, to visit Washington. The advent of these secession gentlemen would not be private and unheralded, but attended with the pomp and proclaimed character of ambassadors or ministers from the Confederate government to negotiate peace. Its effect would be and was evidently intended to divert attention from a vigorous prosecution of the war, and

raise hopes through the North which it was the special object of this commission to defeat. Their errand of peace was obviously auxiliary to the peace democrats, and whether accepted or rejected was to be used against the administration in the presidential election. Mortified that so intelligent and eminent a republican as Mr. Greeley should in his officious desire to be useful lend himself to this intrigue of distinguished persons, who presented no credentials, even from the irresponsible rebel organization, the president deputed Greeley himself to proceed to Niagara, communicate with his rebel correspondents, and ascertain their power to act. As an authority to Greeley and an estoppel to future similar intrigues, the president issued the following:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, }
July 18, 1864. }

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which comes by and with an authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the executive government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms on other substantial and collateral points; and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe conduct both ways.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

These and other schemes, projected by real and professed republicans as well as by avowed opponents, while annoying and discouraging, were skillfully met, ward off, and disposed of by the president, who never failed to prove himself able to cope with his adversaries and to be equal to any emergency. Greeley was surprised and taken aback on receiving his appointment as a *quasi* minister or agent, with authority to meet the ambassadorial trio whose mission he indorsed, and with the assurance that any proposition which embraced the restoration of peace and the integrity of the Union would be received, and the bearers should have

safe conduct. The rebel representatives and the peace democrats in the North were as much astonished and disappointed with the comprehensive credentials, which extended not only to them and their mission but to any and all others whom it might concern. It virtually muzzled that species of political party electioneering that was intruding itself into the presidential campaign.

The democratic national convention met at Chicago on the 29th of August, to nominate a candidate for president, and to lay down the programme or platform of political principles which the managers professed to believe best for the country, and by which they and their associates were governed. Until within a few days of the meeting of the convention circumstances had favored them. Scarcely a cheering ray had dawned upon the administration after the renomination of Mr. Lincoln until about the time the democratic delegates convened at Chicago. Except the success of the navy in the destruction of the rebel cruiser Alabama by the Kearsarge in June, and the passage of the forts of Mobile Bay by Farragut in August, there had seemed a pall over the Union cause, and all efforts, civil and military, of the administration. Information of the surrender of Fort Morgan was received on the day the democratic convention assembled. That convention pronounced the war a failure. Not only did rambling party declaimers harangue crowds against the despotic and arbitrary measures of the government, which, they said, was alienating the South, but men of eminence, some of whom had enjoyed public confidence and held high official position, participated in the assaults upon the president, who, while thus attacked, was struggling against reverses and armed resistance to the Union.

Added to these attacks of the peace democrats were the denunciations and various intrigues of the radical element in the republican party, which assailed the president personally, and bitterly attacked his conciliatory policy, accusing him of usurpation in his mode and meth-

od of striving for peace, and of inefficiency and neglect in not prosecuting the war with greater severity. The democrats and the radicals did not coalesce, were antagonistic; yet each was hostile to the president and opposed his reelection, but from opposite causes. Among the members of the Chicago convention were such men as James Guthrie, formerly secretary of the treasury, and Charles A. Wickliffe, once postmaster-general, both of Kentucky, Union men at the beginning of the war, uncompromising, however, against the radicals, but now opposed to President Lincoln. They disapproved the policy of the administration, and especially the emancipation of slaves by a military order of the president. Such an act, changing the social and industrial character of nearly one half of the States, was fundamental; one, as they claimed, above and beyond the executive or legislative authority of the federal government; and it could not be legally effected except by the States interested, or possibly by an amendment of the federal constitution. These original Union men were members of the convention at Chicago, and acted in concert with such violent and denunciatory anti-Union men as Vallandigham, as well as with the more plausible and timid but scarcely less mischievous members of the convention who refused to recognize war necessity as a justification for emancipation.

As usual with political conventions or assemblages in periods of high party excitement, the radical and too often the impulsive and inconsiderate extremists, by their vociferous and inflammatory harangues, carried with them a majority of the members, most of whom had in fact been chosen, not for calm and deliberate judgment, but for their party zeal and intolerance.

On this occasion extraordinary efforts had been made to strengthen the weak and timid of the party, to oppose the government, and to fortify the bold and aggressive by a gathering at Chicago of rebel emissaries and reckless and violent factionists outside the convention, known as "copperheads," who were secretly in

sympathy with the secessionists. Rumors that a conflict was inevitable prevailed. It was stated by Colonel Sweet, and subsequently affirmed by Holt, the judge-advocate-general, that there was a plot or conspiracy to improve the opportunity of the meeting of the democratic convention to arouse and inflame the masses and ultimately to free the rebel prisoners, of whom several thousands were confined in Chicago, at Camp Douglas, and also at Indianapolis and other places. Price and his bushwhackers in Missouri were to move in concert with an extensive secret organization that existed throughout the country under various names, but generally recognized as the Sons of Liberty, the Golden Circle, Order of American Knights, etc. These were to inaugurate an uprising which would, in its ramifications in the approaching election, be decisive.

For some time the war department and General Grant — whether wisely or unwisely it is not necessary here to discuss — had set aside and disregarded the cartel for the exchange of prisoners, and retained in confinement the rebels captured by our troops. As a consequence, Union soldiers taken in battle were held in captivity and shut up in Libby, Andersonville, Salisbury, and other prisons, where, half-starved and half-clad, their sufferings were almost incredible.

The democrats at Chicago took advantage of the fact that our soldiers were so confined to denounce the "shameful disregard of the administration to its duty, in respect to our fellow-citizens who are now and long have been prisoners of war, in a suffering condition, as deserving the severest reprobation, on the score alike of public interest and common humanity."

Great suffering was, undoubtedly, experienced by the prisoners on both sides, in consequence of the interruption of the cartel. The president was, technically, as the head of the government, held responsible for the cruel detention and confinement of prisoners, but neither he nor the members of the administration, except the secretary of war and the lieutenant-general, were then

aware that the exchange had, by the authority of these two officials, ceased.

The democratic convention, in its resolutions, arraigned the administration as violently as the radicals through Wade and Winter Davis, for its usurpation and its exercise of extraordinary and dangerous powers not granted by the constitution; also for the subversion of civil by military law in States not in insurrection; for arbitrary military arrests, imprisonment, trial, and sentence of American citizens in States where civil law existed in full force; for the suppression of freedom of speech and of the press; for disregard of State's rights; for the imposition of test oaths, etc., etc.

Although there had been some recent improvement in military operations to lighten the almost insupportable load which had depressed the Union men through the summer, the reverses actually encouraged and animated the democrats while electing their delegates. The convention thus chosen declared that "after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demanded that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities."

Availing themselves of every difficulty that beset the government, — of the financial embarrassment, military stagnation, opposition to the draft and calls for more troops, the radical hostility to the president for what was called usurpation, and the general depression that prevailed and was a growing discouragement after Grant's arrival and non-action near Richmond, — the democrats made the clamor for peace the watch-cry at their party gatherings during the summer. The Chicago resolutions were responsive to and in cooperation with this and with the cunningly devised peace schemes which had captivated Greeley and others who, if not in full harmony with the radicals, had become tired of the war which they themselves had invoked, and, without any definite ideas of their own how to bring it to a close, were dissatisfied with the president and wanted another candidate. In fact, the whole platform of principles, though not

destitute of patriotic professions, was factious, denunciatory of the administration, and unjust to the government involved in war for the national life. But the Chicago proceedings, although sent out with bluster and bravado, fell coldly upon the public ear. They were not what the Union men expected. It was soon evident that the convention had, under the spur and pressure of heated partisanship, committed an error, and that it would have been well to have listened to the wiser and more considerate views of the moderate and conservative members. But the conservatives lacked resolution, — courage to face and resist the violent and reckless, and proclaim and enforce a different and more statesman-like course.

General McClellan, whom the democrats nominated as their candidate for president, had the sagacity to see that the party managers at Chicago had been carried away by the vituperative harangues and inflammatory declamations of superficial and disunion speakers; he nevertheless accepted the nomination. In his letter of acceptance, however, he disavowed and virtually repudiated the platform of the convention, to the great disgust of the peace democrats, who opposed the administration and made it a point to declare "the war a failure," and insisted on the "immediate cessation of hostilities." He said to his friends in this letter: "The Union was originally formed by the exercise of a spirit of conciliation and compromise. To restore and preserve it, the same spirit must prevail in our councils and in the hearts of the people. The re-establishment of the Union in all its integrity is and must continue to be the indispensable condition in any settlement. . . . The Union is the one condition of peace. . . . When any State is willing to return to the Union it should be received at once, with a full guarantee of all its constitutional rights. If a frank, earnest, and persistent effort to obtain these objects should fail, the responsibility for ulterior consequences will fall upon those who remain in arms against the Union; but the Union must

be preserved at all hazards. . . . I would hail with unbounded joy the permanent restoration of peace on the basis of the Union under the constitution without the effusion of another drop of blood; but no peace can be permanent without union."

These views and opinions were so much in accord with those of President Lincoln — it was so manifest that General McClellan, away from Chicago and the factious and party influences there dominant, had arrived at the same conclusion as the president in regard to conciliation and the restoration of the Union — that the extremists of the party were dissatisfied, and some of them were for taking immediate steps for another candidate. Before his letter appeared a perceptible change had taken place in the public mind. The Chicago resolutions had fallen heavy on every man of patriotic sentiments who read them; the democrats, especially those who had opposed secession and were for sustaining the government, could not accept or acquiesce in the peace programme. Regardless of mere party organization, they had, in 1861, rallied to uphold the flag when it was assailed at Sumter, in conformity with their Union principles and from a high sense of duty. The war experience and the condition of affairs in 1864 had led them to anticipate that such a course would be marked out and adopted at Chicago as would enable them to become reconciled with their former democratic associates in reorganizing the party and supporting its candidates, but the resolutions and the doctrines avowed repelled them.

President Lincoln had, with a good deal of hesitation, relieved General McClellan from the command of the army of the Potomac in November, 1862. Although the general had decided opponents in the war department, and there were military officers opposed to him, yet no one was more popular in that army or had more fully the confidence of the soldiers than the general in command. In removing him, which was with reluctance, the president gratified a large portion of the republican citizens; but there

were some who, like the democrats, condemned the removal as a mistake that was almost inexcusable. Not without reason had the general been censured for dilatory movements, but his tardy operations were now contrasted with the immobility of Grant, who, with a much larger force, was wasting the summer of 1864 on the same ground that McClellan had occupied in 1862, without making further advance. Earnest and distinguished democrats, and some republicans in whom he had confidence, now advised and urged upon the president the reinstatement of McClellan. They gave as a reason that he was a man of intelligence and culture superior to Grant's, and that this movement would annihilate the peace party, utterly defeat the democrats, and break down the democratic organization. The president had yielded to Stanton and Halleck in 1862, who pressed the general's displacement while in command of the army of the Potomac before Richmond. Having reinstated him after Pope's defeat, with Halleck's concurrence, the president was slow in listening a second time to the earnest and persistent demand of the war department and head-quarters that he should dismiss McClellan for alleged neglect and remissness following the battle of Antietam. But added to the representations of the war department was the dilatory conduct of the general, whose vacillating and perverse course was such that the president was forced to the conclusion that it was a duty to relieve him. This he finally did, deliberately and on conviction, in 1862. He was not disposed to reverse the act in 1864, and again reinstate that officer, — certainly not on mere party grounds and for merely party purposes. In these conclusions the Union element of the country was clearly with the president. There had been, moreover, a feeling on the part of some that McClellan was not sufficiently earnest in prosecuting the war, and his nomination by the peace democrats for a time intensified that feeling.

With the Chicago clamor for peace came tidings of the triumphant achieve-

ments of Farragut at Mobile, and Sherman at Atlanta. These tidings revived at once, as if by an electric charm, the previously drooping spirits of the people. Those democrats who from the first had opposed secession and supported the war, and the republicans who were untainted with radicalism, had been the strength of the government in the great conflict from 1861, and they were now again consolidated. The radical faction, which had been fierce, insolent, and overbearing in Congress, was found to be weak with the people; and the vituperative assaults upon the president, such as the arrogant and denunciatory protest of Wade and Winter Davis, were almost universally condemned. Even their fellow congressmen who had egged them on fell away as the country was aroused, withheld their names, and shrank from association with those presuming protestants against Lincoln and his policy. Wade's appointments to address the people of Ohio in the political campaign then progressing were canceled by the state committee, and Davis failed to secure even a renomination from the republicans of his own district in Baltimore. The discountenance of these extremists, who, in the plenitude of their party management and power in Washington, had deemed themselves irresistible, and with bold front, had denounced the conciliatory measures of the executive and his policy of reconstruction, instead of injuring President Lincoln actually inspired confidence in his administration, and contributed to bring again almost the whole of the war supporters into cordial unity. It became apparent that Congress, or the radical faction, was not, as it assumed, the embodiment or the correct exponent of the popular sentiment of the country; that though the leaders might, by secret operations and party machinery, so discipline a majority of that body as to procure a legislative sanction of their proscriptive and intolerant views, the hearts and feelings of the nation were not with them in their exclusive schemes, which were really disunion and sectional, but with the president in his endeavors to promote tranquillity,

nationality, reconstruction and a restoration of the Union.

Whatever disappointment was experienced in consequence of Grant's inaction before Richmond, it was measurably relieved by the military and naval successes in the Southwest.

On the 29th of August, the day on which the Chicago convention assembled, information was received, through the rebel lines, that Fort Morgan, which guarded the entrance to the bay of Mobile, had surrendered. This intelligence, after a summer of inaction of the great army on the James, was inspiring and invigorating. It cheered the president and the whole administration; the navy department was encouraged to renew efforts, long previously made, to close the port of Wilmington by capturing the forts at the mouth of Cape Fear River. Through this channel, which it was difficult to blockade, the rebels had received their principal supplies; and now that the navy had obtained possession of the forts, and our squadron was in Mobile Bay, Wilmington remained the only important port where blockade running was in the least successful. To close that port, and thus terminate the intercourse of the rebels with the outer world, would be like severing the jugular vein in the human system. Richmond and the whole insurrectionary region, which, even before Grant reached the James, was in an exhausted and suffering condition, could not, if deprived of foreign aid and succor, long hold out against the Union arms. It was in view of these circumstances, and of the almost total immobility of the armies of the Potomac and the James, that in the latter part of the summer, while the military seemed waiting events and the administration and country also were greatly depressed, I proposed that the army should send a force to coöperate with the navy against Forts Fisher and Caswell, at the mouth of Cape Fear River. The secretary of war and General Halleck had on previous occasions seemed indifferent, if not actually opposed, to the movement. But the changed condition of things ir

the Gulf and the Southwest, and the fact that the large military force on the James was doing so little, favored the project. The president earnestly sanctioned it, and thought the war department might now come into it, and was himself ready to make the expedition an administration measure. General Grant, he thought, would be disposed to avail himself of the opportunity to employ a portion of his large force in a work that would weaken the enemy and strengthen his own operations against the rebel capital.

The war department, after Grant was made lieutenant-general and had taken command of the armies in the field, seemed willing to devolve upon him the responsibility as well as the honors of the campaign, and in one or two interviews signified a willingness to refer the whole subject, so far as the military were concerned, to that officer, with the single exception, by the secretary of war, that General Q. A. Gillmore should be designated to command the military forces, should the expedition be ordered. To this there was on the part of the president and the navy no objection, and to facilitate the movement the assistant secretary of the navy, Mr. Fox, whose zeal and efforts in the project were earnest and devoted, and General Gillmore, designated by the war department, went to the front on the 31st of August to lay the subject before General Grant and enlist him in its favor. In this they found no difficulty; for, although the general himself had little originality, was barren of resources and by no means fertile in strategy, he possessed, in general, good judgment in passing on the plans of others, was always willing to avail himself of valuable suggestions, and in this instance was ready to adopt the plan and aid in carrying it out. It is singular that the general-in-chief should have lain three months in front of the rebel capital without any attempt or thought of cutting off its only channel of supplies from abroad, but, as already stated, he relied on others to make suggestions. He was prompt to acquiesce in this one, and, as his friend Admiral Porter, who

knew him well, remarks, was willing also to appropriate to himself the credit of the expedition. It was characteristic. It was Admiral Foote who proposed the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, in the winter of 1862; it was Sherman and Porter who projected the many schemes at Vicksburg and vicinity, except the last successful demonstration, which originated with Farragut, who, in 1863, when lying between Grand Gulf and Vicksburg, sent his marine officer, Captain, now Major, John L. Broome, and Paymaster Meredith, of the Hartford, across the peninsula at Vicksburg, and advised that the army should come below and make its advance, instead of wasting its strength and that of the navy above, on the Yazoo; it was the president and the navy department that, in 1864, suggested to him the capture of Cape Fear and the port of Wilmington, as an important point, not only for the blockade, but in the operations against Richmond. It is proper the facts should be stated, for the expedition against Fort Fisher was a subject of consultation at Washington, and had the sanction and approval of the president before it was communicated to or known by General Grant. No credit, however, is given by the histories of the period to the administration or the navy, which projected it and devoted months of incessant labor and a large expenditure to that great object. The honors won were awarded to General Grant, who complacently received them.

Horace Greeley, in his *American Conflict*, a valuable work in many respects, and which he intended should be truthful, but which exhibits at times the party prejudices and personal bias of the author, introduces the subject of the expedition and capture of Fort Fisher as follows: "To close it [the port of Wilmington], therefore, became at length synonymous with barring all direct and nearly all commercial intercourse between the Confederacy and the non-belligerent world. Early in the autumn of 1864, General Grant proposed to General Butler the dispatch of Brigadier-

Generals Weitzel and Graham to reconnoitre Fort Fisher, the main defense of the sea-approaches to Wilmington, to determine its strength, preparatory to a combined attack."

The impression that General Grant planned the expedition to capture Fort Fisher and the other defenses of Wilmington, and close the port, was prevalent when the History of the American Conflict was written. Grant did consult Butler, and Weitzel and Graham were sent to reconnoitre, but this was after the navy department had suggested it. Mr. Greeley was evidently confirmed in his impression, if he did not derive it from the official report of the lieutenant-general, who, without openly assuming the credit, certainly did not repel it.

It was a knowledge of this erroneous impression which gave dissatisfaction to naval men who were cognizant of the facts, and led Rear-Admiral Porter, who was in command, to write to me from his "Flag Ship Malvern, Cape Fear River," January 24, 1865: "To the navy department alone is the country indebted for the capture of this rebel stronghold; for had it not been for your perseverance in keeping the fleet here, and your constant propositions made to the army, nothing would have been done. As it was, after the proposition had been received and General Grant promised that the troops should be sent, it was not done until General Butler consented to let the matter go on, and when he hoped to reap some little credit from the explosion of the powder-boat. Now the country gives General Grant the credit of inaugurating the expedition, when on both occasions he permitted it to go improperly provided. In the first place it had neither head nor tail, so far as the army was concerned. . . .

"Now that the most important port on the coast has been gained, as usual you will hear of but little that the navy did, and no doubt efforts will be made again to show that the work was 'not substantially injured as a defensive work.' To General Grant, who is always willing to take the credit when

anything is done, and equally ready to lay the blame of the failure on the navy when a failure takes place, I feel under no obligations for receiving and allowing a report to be spread from his headquarters that there were three days when the navy might have operated and did not. He knows as much about it as he did when he wrote to me, saying 'the only way in which the place could be taken was by running the ships past the batteries,' showing, evidently, that he had not studied the hydrography of Cape Fear River, and did not know the virtue there was in our wooden walls when they went in for a fair stand-up fight. . . . I have served with the lieutenant-general before, when I never worked so hard in my life to make a man succeed as I did for him. You will scarcely notice in his reports that the navy did him any service, when without the help it has given him, all the way through, he would never have been lieutenant-general. He wants magnanimity, like most officers of the army, and is so avaricious as regards fame that he will never, if he can help it, do justice to our department.

"When the rebels write the history of this war, then, and only then, will the country be made to feel what the navy has done. . . . His course proves to me that he would sacrifice his best friend rather than let any odium fall upon Lieutenant-General Grant. He will take to himself all the credit of this move, now that it is successful, when he deserves all the blame for the first failure. . . .

"I remain, respectfully and sincerely,

"Your obedient servant,

"DAVID D. PORTER."

These are the freely and frankly expressed opinions of the chief naval officer in the Fort Fisher expedition, written in the private and unreserved confidence of an officer in command to the secretary under whom he acted and who was entitled to the facts. The publication of this letter from the files of the department was made after the close of my official connection with the navy, and without my knowledge, but the facts stated truthfully express the feelings

and opinions of one who long coöperated with General Grant, and understood his character and traits.

By special request of the lieutenant-general, Rear-Admiral Porter had been, on the 22d of September, transferred from the Mississippi squadron, where he had served with Grant and coöperated with the army in the capture of Vicksburg, to the North Atlantic squadron, with a view to the command of the expedition against Fort Fisher. This command had been first assigned to Admiral Farragut, on the 5th of September, after the successful mission of Assistant Secretary Fox and General Gillmore to induce General Grant to lend a military force to coöperate with the navy. This was at a period when the tide of affairs, political and military, had taken a favorable turn elsewhere than in the vicinity of Richmond. The proceedings and nomination at Chicago had just been promulgated, Atlanta had fallen, the bay of Mobile and the forts which guarded its entrance were in our possession, and the importance of prompt additional successes and decisive blows was felt by the administration to be necessary. But Admiral Farragut, the great and successful hero of the war, who was selected to command the expedition, had written me on the 27th of August a letter, which I did not receive until after my orders of the 5th of September assigning him to the command of the Fort Fisher expedition, saying his strength was almost exhausted, "but as long as I am able, I am willing to do the bidding of the department to the best of my abilities. I fear, however, my health is giving way. I have now been down in this Gulf and the Caribbean Sea nearly five years out of six, with the exception of the short time at home last fall, and the last six months have been a severe drag upon me, and I want rest if it is to be had."

On receiving this letter, it was felt that further exaction on the energies of this valuable officer ought not to be made; he was therefore relieved from that service, and Rear-Admiral Porter was substituted. The action of the department

in giving Porter the command instead of Farragut was much commented upon and never fully understood by the country, which had learned to appreciate the noble qualities of Farragut, and gave him its unstinted confidence. The great admiral always regretted — though on his account I did not — that he had reported his physical sufferings and low state of health before my orders were received or even issued. I have embraced this occasion to make known the facts more in detail than was necessary, perhaps, in relating briefly, not the military, but the political and civil events of Lincoln's administration in the early autumn of 1864. The Fort Fisher expedition was properly an administration rather than a military measure, projected at Washington, not at army headquarters, and was, after delays, chiefly military, finally successful in January, 1865. Its inception was at a critical and turning period of the political affairs of the country, when the Chicago convention was in session, and the amnesty and reconstruction policy of the administration was opposed and undergoing a severe test. The radical opposition was by no means appeased, but eager and contriving. The party managers of that faction had hopes through the summer that Mr. Chase might yet be selected as a compromise candidate, around whom they and all republicans could rally. That gentleman, after his resignation in June, withdrew from any active participation in the political campaign, which was being prosecuted with vigor while the president was violently assailed by radical friends. So early as May 23d, before the convention met at Baltimore, but when it became certain that Lincoln would be nominated, Chase wrote to a friend that "all under God depends on Grant. So far he has achieved very little, and that little has cost beyond computation."

This was before Mr. Chase resigned, and while he was still secretary. After he left the cabinet, he passed the summer in listless inactivity, or was secretly communing with grumblers. Months wore away without any successful mili-

tary achievement and with daily increased "cost," though in May he said it was "beyond computation."

In all these trying days not one word of encouragement to the president or the country came from the ex-secretary, although until the 30th of June he had, but with disappointed aspirations, been surpassed by no one in zeal and activity for the public welfare. His abstinence from encouragement and advice during this period was not from indifference to events and occurrences that took place. Murmurs of discontent were uttered, and extracts from his letters and diary evince his feelings and those of a discontented class with whom he held communication. In July he wrote that —

"The president pocketed the GREAT BILL [the Winter Davis bill] providing for the reorganization of the rebel States as loyal States. He did not venture to veto, and so put it in his pocket. It [the bill] was a condemnation of his amnesty proclamation, rejecting the idea of possible reconstruction with slavery; which neither the president nor his chief advisers have, in my opinion, abandoned." He adds that "Mr. Sumner said also that there was intense indignation against the president on account of his pocketing the Winter Davis or reconstruction bill."

"I am too earnest, too antislavery, and say too radical to make him [the president] willing to have me connected with the administration; just as my opinion that he is not earnest enough, not antislavery enough, not radical enough, but goes naturally with those hostile to me rather than with me, makes me willing and glad to be disconnected from it."

Garfield, Schenck, and Wetmore, he says, "all were bitter against the timid and almost pro-slavery course of the president."

From the republicans as a party Chase could expect no nomination, — they had already nominated Lincoln. What had he to hope for? What could he do? In July he wrote: "Senator Pomeroy came to breakfast. He says there is great dissatisfaction with Mr. Lincoln, which

has been much excited by the pocketing of the reorganization bill [Winter Davis bill]. . . . Pomeroy says he means to go on a buffalo hunt and then to Europe. He cannot support Lincoln, but won't desert his principles. I am much of the same sentiments, though not willing now to decide what duty may demand next fall. Pomeroy remarked that on the news of my resignation reaching the senate several of the democratic senators came to him and said: 'We'll go with you now for Chase.' This means nothing but a vehement desire to overthrow the existing administration, *but might mean much* if the democrats would only cut loose from slavery and go for freedom and the protection of labor by a national currency. *If they would do that I would cheerfully go for any man they might nominate.*"

Governor May wrote a letter in reference to a movement in behalf of Chase for the presidency at a time when he says, "there was great discouragement and dissatisfaction with Mr. Lincoln's administration."

Mr. Chase replied on the 31st of August, the Chicago convention having nominated McClellan the day previous: "I am now a private citizen, and expect to remain such; since my retirement from the department, I have no connection with political affairs; . . . I see only, as all see, that there is a deplorable lack of harmony, caused chiefly, in my judgment, by the injudicious course of some of Mr. Lincoln's chief advisers, and his own action on their advice."

Party movements and the political events of the summer had not been such as he hoped and expected. The dreams and anticipations of party politicians are often delusive, ending in disappointment. They were so in this instance. Achilles had retired to his tent, or to the White Mountains, during the summer, and there learned that his friends and supporters were less in numbers, strength, and influence than he had supposed, and were also becoming enlisted in the support of Lincoln. On the 14th of September, after the nomination of McClellan and the adoption of suicidal resolutions at

Chicago, Chase returned to Washington, and was kindly welcomed by the president. He entered in his journal:—

"September 17th. I have seen the president twice since I have been here. Both times third persons were present, and there was nothing like private conversation. His manner was cordial, and so were his words; and I hear nothing but good-will from him. But he is not at all demonstrative, either in speech or manner. I feel that I do not know him, and I found no action on what he says or does. . . . It is my conviction that the cause I love and the general interests of the country will be best promoted by his reelection, and I have resolved to join my efforts to those of almost the whole body of my friends in securing it. . . . I never desired anything else than his complete success, and never indulged a personal feeling incompatible with absolute fidelity to his administration. . . . But it would be uncandid not to say I felt wronged and hurt by the circumstances which preceded and attended my resignation."

The summer's observation, reflection, and experience, with the determination of "almost the whole body of my friends," convinced Mr. Chase that it was unwise to kick against the pricks; that the current of public opinion after the Chicago convention was becoming irresistible; and that the really substantial and considerate men on whom he depended had yielded to events which they could not control, and concluded that they would support the reelection of Mr. Lincoln. He therefore, in September, came to the same conclusion, which was confirmed by the genial and cordial manner and the friendly reception by the president. Other attending circumstances reconciled him to the administration. He soon enlisted in the political campaign, made speeches, and contributed to the success of the republican party in the following November.

On the same day that Mr. Chase wrote "I have resolved to join my efforts to those of almost the whole body of my friends" to secure the election of Mr. Lincoln, namely, on the 17th of September,

John C. Fremont, the radical or extreme republican candidate, withdrew his name as a presidential candidate, stating that he did so "not to aid in the triumph of Mr. Lincoln, but to do my part toward preventing the election of the democratic candidate. In respect to Mr. Lincoln, I continue to hold exactly the sentiments contained in my letter of acceptance. I consider that his administration has been, politically, militarily, and financially, a failure, and that its necessary continuance is a cause of regret for the country."

In this extract are exposed the radical feelings towards Mr. Lincoln and his administration. The extremists, with their sectional and proscriptive intolerance, were not recognized as correct exponents of the principles and views of the republicans in the autumn of 1864, although at a later period, and under another president, they by caucus machinery and party discipline became the despotic dictators of Congress, and the authors of those sectional measures which prolonged national differences and for years excluded from rightful representation and all participation in the government one third of the States and people of the Union.

On the 23d of September, a few days after Chase had resolved to join his friends and support the president's reelection, and Fremont, perhaps by concert, at the same time had withdrawn in a dudgeon, Mr. Bates, the attorney-general, and myself left the cabinet meeting together. We stopped for a few moments on the platform of the north portico of the White House, where the postmaster-general, Mr. Blair, soon joined us, and as he did so remarked, "I suppose you gentlemen are aware I am no longer a member of the cabinet." So far from being aware of this it was a surprise to us both. As the meeting, where we had only pleasant conversation on miscellaneous topics, had just adjourned, without any allusion to the subject, we were incredulous until Mr. Blair repeated that he had resigned.

The sudden and unexpected retirement of a member of the administration

would at any time create a sensation in the country, and especially excite his colleagues and associates in the government; this wholly unanticipated and unexplained step astounded us. Each inquired what it meant, what was the cause, and how long the subject had been under consideration. There had been grumbling, complaints, intrigues, often unjust, as there always will be, against members of every cabinet. Mr. Blair, as well as others, had been the subject of such assaults. Probably no member of the cabinet had greater influence with the president on important questions, especially those of a military character, than Mr. Blair. Politically, he had little sympathy with or respect for the radicals, and did not conceal his opposition to their ultra ideas, which would, if carried out, end in sectionalism, exclusion, and, ultimately, in separation. On the subject of amnesty and reconstruction he and the president agreed, and those subjects were, in the pending political campaign, to be put to a test. Why then this break? It was from no dissatisfaction on the part of either the president or the postmaster-general. In answer to an inquiry how long the subject of his resignation had been meditated, he replied that we were as well enlightened on that point as he was.

Mr. Blair called at my house that evening, and read the correspondence which had passed between the president and himself. The whole proceeding had been in the most amicable spirit and with the utmost harmony of feeling and friendly understanding on the part of both. Thinking that parties had assumed such shape, personally and politically, that the president might, in the course of events, deem it expedient and politic to modify or change his cabinet, or a portion of it, and yet feel a delicacy in taking such a step, Blair had repeatedly said that if his resignation would conduce to pacification or be a relief, the president had only to signify the fact and the office of postmaster-general was at his disposal. No farther interchange of sentiments between them had ever taken place, nor anything which could

be construed into an intimation of a purpose to make a change, with perhaps the single exception of what he at the time supposed were casual remarks, the preceding day, when Fremont's letter declining to be a candidate was discussed and criticised. The president, in that conversation, said that Fremont, when getting out of the way, had stated "the administration was a failure, politically, militarily, and financially;" this, the president remarked, included, he supposed, the secretaries of state, treasury, and war, and the postmaster-general, and he thought the interior also, but not the secretary of the navy or the attorney-general.

With this exception, Mr. Blair said he had received no intimation from the president that his retirement was wanted until he found upon his table, when he came in that morning from Silver Spring, the following letter:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, }
September 23, 1864. }

HON. MONTGOMERY BLAIR:

MY DEAR SIR, — You have generously said to me more than once that whenever your resignation could be a relief to me it was at my disposal. The time has come. You very well know that this proceeds from no dissatisfaction with you, personally or officially. Your uniform kindness has been unsurpassed by that of any friend; and while it is true that the war does not so greatly add to the difficulties of your department as to those of some others, it is yet much to say, as I most truly can, that in the three years and a half during which you have administered the general post-office, I remember no single complaint against you in connection therewith. Yours as ever,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The resignation was promptly written, and handed to the president personally, who received it with many expressions of kind regard and friendship.

In answer to a question as to the immediate cause which led to this step, — for there must be a reason for it, — Blair said it certainly was not from any dis-

agreement between the president and himself, as I would see by the letter, but he had no doubt his retirement was a peace-offering to Fremont and the radicals. He reminded me that the president, if somewhat peculiar, was also sagacious, and that he comprehended the true condition of affairs; that his own retirement was all right, and would eventuate well; that something was needed to propitiate Fremont and furnish the radicals an excuse in their retreat; that they had, in their wild crusade against the South, mounted a high horse which they found unmanageable, and they required help to dismount; that the tide of public sentiment for the reelection of the president was irresistible; and that the radicals and all discontented republicans would now come in to the support of Lincoln, who would certainly be elected and successful in his policy.

In a conversation with the president, subsequently, he not only spoke of reconciling the Fremont element, but said Mr. Chase had many friends who felt grieved that he should have left the cabinet, and left alone. There had been for a year a bitter feud between Chase and the Blairs, growing out of alleged abuse and misrepresentation of General Blair by certain of the treasury agents, in which the secretary of the treasury took part with his subordinates, and the postmaster-general, very naturally, defended his brother, who he believed was unjustly treated. It is not necessary here to enter into the details of that quarrel, more personal than political, though for a time it partook, with some, of a partisan character. The president regretted the feud, but avoided any commitment to either party. The secretary of the treasury, who at that time had high aspirations, was not satisfied with neutrality, but thought that in not sustaining him the president supported the Blairs.

This was also one of the charges made by the friends of the secretary in Congress, and by the treasury officials generally, who insisted that the retention of General Blair in a high position in the army, his brother, the postmaster-

general, in the cabinet, and Commodore Lee, a brother-in-law, in command of the North Atlantic squadron, while Mr. Chase, with whom they had a personal quarrel, left the cabinet, was in effect a discrimination in favor of the Blairs.

As indicative of the feeling of Mr. Chase himself, and that the subject, which some strove to make political and general, may be fully understood, one or two brief extracts from letters of Mr. Chase may be introduced. He wrote to Jay Cooke on the 5th of May:—

"I seek and consult personal considerations in my public conduct, and so suppressed my inclination to resign my office and denounce the conspiracy of which the Blairs are the most visible embodiments."

The next day, the 6th of May, he wrote to Colonel R. C. Parsons:—

"Of Blair's outrageous speech and its apparent, though I am sure not intended, indorsement by Mr. Lincoln, nothing can change the character of the Blair-Lincoln transaction so far as the public is concerned."

On the 10th of May he writes:—

"I use as much philosophy as I can in relation to the Blairs . . . and the apparent indifference to it all of Mr. Lincoln, who, though he disclaims all sympathy with them in their speech and action, does nothing to arrest either."

May 19th he writes:—

"The convention [at Baltimore, in June] will not be regarded as a Union convention, but simply as a Blair-Lincoln convention, by a great body of citizens whose support is essential to success."

To Alfred P. Stone he says, on the 23d of May:—

"I have not written a word to Ohio, I believe, on the villainous, malignant, and lying assault of the Blairs—for the congressional general was only the mouth-piece of the trio—and its apparent indorsement by Mr. Lincoln."

These extracts from his writings are quoted as exhibiting the animus, the intense personal animosity, that existed and for months had been nursed and cherished by Mr. Chase and his friends.

It was probably not less intense on the part of those whom he denounced. The president had been anxious, even while beset with public affairs, to allay this controversy in his political family, and to unite all, indeed, who were opposed to secession.

For some time there had also been an estrangement between the postmaster-general and the secretary of war, which seemed connected with the Chase and Blair controversy. This difference or enmity had been not only unpleasant but exceedingly annoying and distressing to the president. The estrangement was mysteriously brought on by some one who had an object in producing alienation, and was of such a character that it could not be reconciled or removed. The facts were that at an early period of the administration, in the spring of 1861, Edwin M. Stanton was pressed by Mr. Seward for the office of attorney for the District of Columbia. The attorney-general, Mr. Bates, was very earnest for General Carrington. Other members of the cabinet abstained from interference, until the president, tired of delay, requested the opinion of each. Mr. Blair, who, being a resident in Washington, knew all the competitors, personally and professionally, was specially asked his opinion. Thus called upon, Mr. Blair spoke of Mr. Stanton as possessing superior legal ability, and as occupying a higher standing at the bar, but stated a fact within his personal knowledge which affected the integrity of that gentleman. This was decisive against Mr. Stanton. Within less than a year, however, on the retirement of Mr. Cameron, Mr. Seward succeeded, by skillful management assisted by adventitious circumstances, in securing the position about to be made vacant for his friend and confidant, Mr. Stanton, the unsuccessful candidate for district attorney. It has been represented by Mr. Chase and Mr. Cameron respectively, and perhaps believed by each, that he procured the selection of Stanton to be secretary of war. Mr. Stanton himself knew otherwise, and so did Mr. Seward. The latter, however, satisfied with his success in

bringing his friend and confidant into the cabinet, was willing that the others should assume credit for what he had accomplished. The president took no part in those rivalries and pretensions, nor in the differences between Stanton and Blair at a later period. In administering the government, however, he was necessarily brought into close official and personal intimacy with Mr. Stanton on all military questions, yet he seldom failed to consult and he relied greatly on the intelligence, experience, and judgment of Mr. Blair, who had received a military education, had been an army officer, and was more familiar with and better understood the *personnel* of the service than the secretary of war or any of his colleagues. Mr. Stanton himself took much the same view as the president, and for a year or two deferred much to the opinions and judgment of Mr. Blair, who was almost daily at the war office, consulting and advising in regard to military operations. About the close of the year 1863, it was noticed that Mr. Stanton became reticent and uncommunicative towards the postmaster-general. This coolness grew so marked that Blair demanded an explanation. Stanton said he had been informed that Blair had made statements injurious to his character. Blair, understanding to what he alluded, replied that he had volunteered no statement, but when called upon by the president, on a certain occasion, he had communicated, in the frankness and confidence of cabinet consultation, as was his duty, certain facts which Stanton knew to be true. Without inquiring who had betrayed confidence, Blair said he had stated what Stanton knew to be a fact. This terminated all friendly intercourse. Neither ever after visited the other, or exchanged civilities. Whenever the president desired the views of either, he was compelled to get their opinions separately, or in general cabinet consultations. This political domestic controversy, which it was impossible to reconcile, had added to the other troubles of the president.

Mr. Blair comprehended all these embarrassments, personal and political, that

enviored Mr. Lincoln, not only in putting down the rebellion, but in quelling differences in the administration and in overcoming the radical faction that persistently opposed his reelection; as well as the wretched intrigues which sought to place the president on a level with Fremont, and, by antagonizing the two, compel him to decline for a more acceptable and more radical candidate, who would carry into effect the radical scheme of putting the States of the South under ban, and by federal power disfranchise and degrade the whites, and enfranchise the blacks, reducing the one and elevating the other to a condition of legal and social equality. These factious intrigues, which had been active through 1864, failed in their purpose. The unpatriotic action of the Chicago convention largely contributed to bring into harmonious action every element of the republican party, but something seemed wanting as an excuse or reason for radical support of Mr. Lincoln, after the

violent denunciations which had been uttered. As Mr. Blair, who, besides his personal differences with Chase and Stanton, was emphatic and pronounced against the aggressive, exclusive, and sectional policy of the radicals, had generously proposed to the president that he would resign whenever his doing so would relieve the president, his resignation, so unselfishly tendered, was requested. When it took place, his retirement was considered a peace-offering which would close up differences, contribute to insure success in the election, and put an end to the proscriptive intolerance and sectional exclusion of the radical leaders.

Such was the result in the election, and such would also have been the result in the matter of restoration and reconstruction but for the assassination of President Lincoln, after his second inauguration, and just as the rectitude of his benignant policy was beginning to be appreciated.

Gideon Welles.

SAINT OR SINNER.

It worried Hannah Dean not to find her sister at the door when the factory "let out" one pleasant June evening. Hetty and she worked through the day in different rooms, but they always walked home together at night. Hannah was the more troubled because for the past week or two Hetty had acted strangely. At home she followed Hannah from room to room, and would not be left alone. At the mill, on the contrary, she avoided her sister, and spent all her spare time idling with Frank Cotter, a young fellow who worked in the machine-shop, whom Hannah did not fancy. This evening, when Hetty was missing, Hannah feared that she

had gone somewhere with Frank, and took her homeward path, thinking in a troubled mood of the pretty, wayward girl, and of their father's death, which had occurred two months before. But Tom Furness joined her, and his cheeriness drove away her care. He persuaded her to go rowing with him on the river, after supper; but the mother, Mrs. Dean, when she heard the plan, objected strenuously, because it was the prayer-meeting night, and Hannah ought to go to church. Hannah's pleading that she had been to prayer-meetings all her life and had never been in a boat on the river would have availed little had not Tom come to the rescue and persisted in taking her; while the widow, who had not seemed to notice Hetty's absence,

marched sullenly off to church, taking her third child, Patty, an imbecile girl, of whom she was very fond. Tom and Hannah spent a happy hour, rowing through the twilight. He coaxed her to sing, and all the squalid cares of her life seemed to drop away with the deep, sweet shadows that fell over the water.

At last he drew his boat up on the shore, and they silently landed; and, though they knew it not, their enchanted dream of youth and love was over. She never sang again.

They walked together down the river-side till they reached the church. There were lights in the vestry, and the meeting was still in session.

"Let us go in," said Hannah; and Tom acquiesced.

They separated at the door, and Tom sat down among the men, while she crossed over to the women's side of the house. She looked around for Hetty without finding her, but soon distinguished her mother at the end of one of the seats. A lamp hung suspended from the ceiling over the old woman's head, and the yellow, flickering light fell full on her hard old face, so dark and rigid, intense and pinched. Her hands were gloveless, and lay clasped tight upon her knee. Her eyes were closed, and her lips moved in response to the prayer of Deacon Dudley, a white-haired old man who knelt near her. Patty's pretty, imbecile face was close to her mother's shoulder.

When the meeting was over Tom met Hannah at the gate. "Come with me; I've something to tell you," he said.

"What is it?" she asked, in vague alarm.

"Hetty had trouble with the overseer to-day, and he's turned her out of the mill. She's been slack at her work, and I guess she's been away from it more than you knew."

"With Frank Cotter?"

"I suppose so."

"But where is she now?"

"At Sue Flint's."

Annoyed at hearing this, since Frank Cotter boarded at Mrs. Flint's, Hannah went straight there with Tom.

She knocked at the kitchen door, and without waiting for a response opened it and walked in with neighborly freedom.

Mrs. Flint, a raw-boned, weary-looking woman, sat on one side of the stove, and her husband, Jabez Flint, sat on the other. His mouth was drawn up and open on one side. His nose seemed to have forgotten which way it had originally meant to go, and at last, in sheer despair, it had given up trying to be a nose and had come to an end. His eyes stared vacantly in opposite directions. His forehead slanted back to the unkempt hair, which straggled forward to meet it in a vain attempt to give some harmony to the face. He smoked a short, black pipe, and he did not move when Tom and Hannah entered. Mrs. Flint, however, rose, greeted them, and pushed forward chairs. Tom sat down, but Hannah only steadied herself by the back of hers, and asked, "Is Hetty here?"

"Yes; she and Sue have just gone up-stairs to bed."

Hannah breathed more freely to learn that Hetty had not gone out with Frank Cotter.

"I should like to see Hetty," she said.

"I've just heard about her trouble."

"Her trouble, eh!" exclaimed Mrs. Flint, sharply.

"Oh, did n't she tell you? Some trouble with the overseer that worried her," said Hannah, annoyed to find that she had revealed what Hetty had kept secret.

"Like enough she told Sue," said Mrs. Flint, "but I did n't take no notice when she come in; I was busy 'tendin' to him," indicating Jabez with her thumb.

"Have you been sick to-day?" asked Tom of the old man.

Mrs. Flint answered for her husband: "A dreadful spell; he ain't quite come out of it yet. I don't know, sometimes, what we shall do."

No more was said for a minute, and then Hannah proposed going up for Hetty, and Mrs. Flint consented. Shortly afterwards the two girls came down-

stairs together, and Hanpah said quietly, "I've coaxed Hetty to go home with me, and we'll tell mother in the morning. Hetty's afraid mother will be vexed, but I guess not."

This speech was much braver than Hannah felt. Tom stared at Hetty, and was startled to see how white the pretty face was.

They all walked home silently, and Hannah insisted that Tom should leave them at the gate.

"You are not fair, Hannah," said Tom. "You are always shutting me out when you are in trouble. Never mind, I'll come in some day." He suddenly stopped, kissed her, and turned away.

"Hetty," began Hannah, bending to her sister-a face whose blush the darkness hid, "now tell me all about it. Was it about"—

"No, it was n't about Frank," broke in Hetty. "And yet it was too, I suppose. Any way, I was n't at my work regular, and there was a fuss to-day, and the boss just turned me off." She stopped, and even the night which concealed Hannah's blush could not hide her look of terror. "Oh, I don't dare go in!"

"Hetty, Hetty, my poor girl, what have you done?"

"I have n't done anything."

"Then what are you afraid of?"

"Oh, I'm afraid, I'm afraid!" clinging desperately to her sister.

"Come round the house," said Hannah, "and we'll go up the back-stairs, and nobody need see us."

"She'll come up in the night!" cried Hetty, catching her breath hysterically.

"Who'll come up?" asked Hannah, trembling.

"Mother, mother!" whispered Hetty; "she'll poison me too."

And then, suddenly, both girls had sunk upon the ground, and were staring at each other with white faces. Neither moved, while Hetty, in low, wild whispers, went on: "The night that father died, I saw her go to the closet and get a bottle out of that little cupboard she always keeps locked, and I saw her pour something into a cup of tea, and I

did n't think anything. Of course, I did n't. But she came and woke him up. I was just at the door, where I was standing still, so as not to wake him, and she did n't see me. She gave him the tea, and somehow I felt frightened then. You know how he grew worse that evening, and the doctors did n't know what was the matter. Oh, and after giving him the tea, she went to the window and opened it. The stars were very bright, and she threw something out,— I did n't see what. But a week ago I was round there, and I found the bottle, and it had some white powder in it, and it was marked 'Arsenic.'"

"You don't know it was that she threw out."

"No, but I'm pretty sure, and I'm afraid of her."

"Show me the bottle."

Hetty rose slowly, and Hannah followed, staggering after her round the house.

Hetty poked about in the grass, where she had dropped the bottle on the spot in which she had found it. Hannah crouched against the house. Her hand trailed in some high clover growing there, and the dew on it felt like blood.

"There!" said Hetty at last, holding up a small phial. Hannah took it, put it in her pocket, and rising led the way into the house.

Mrs. Dean and Patty had gone to bed and left a lamp burning on the kitchen table. Hannah fastened up the doors and windows, and as she did so Mrs. Dean called out from her room, the one under whose window they had just found the bottle, "This is a pretty time of night to come in! Is Hetty there?"

Hetty shrank and shivered, but Hannah answered, "Yes," took up the lamp, and mounted the stairs, while Hetty followed. When they had reached the room, Hannah closed the door behind them, took out the bottle, and read the fatal label.

Mrs. Dean was at this time about sixty years old. She could neither read nor write. She had been born in one of the worst neighborhoods of the State,— a squalid collection of some half dozen

huts in the country, where the men and women herded together like cattle. She had drifted out of these surroundings, and, rather late in life, had married the son of a farmer of much better class. Her husband was a hard-working, inefficient man, and all the worldly prosperity of the family was due to her thrift and her stingy economy. Mr. Dean had possessed a certain feeble-minded sensitiveness of organization. Repelled by his wife's stern character, unable even to share in the peculiar religious fervor which she always manifested, he had sought refuge in the affection of Hannah and Hetty; Patty always seemed to inspire him with repugnance and awe. There was nothing unpleasant about the girl. She would sit for hours crooning songs in a low, sweet voice, apparently seeing and hearing nothing. But she did see and hear, and would sometimes show that she had been keenly observing everything during the whole time she had been quiet; and it was probably this odd mingling of imbecility and shrewdness which produced in her father a species of nervous terror.

Mrs. Dean, on the contrary, manifested for Patty the only real tenderness she displayed in her family. For her only would she relax the stern economy with which she presided over the household.

Mrs. Dean had fretted much, at first, over the expenses which her husband's illness involved. His health had been failing a long time, and for two years before his death he had not worked at all. Hannah, lying awake all this dreadful night, with the bottle labeled arsenic hidden away among her clothes, remembered how the fretfulness had subsided as the months rolled on, and how a certain angry but silent acquiescence had marked her mother's reception of every fresh bill for medicine or medical attendance.

Hannah's thoughts suddenly reverted, at this moment, to a time when she was a child. An old man and his wife had lived some years in Mrs. Dean's family, with the understanding that they were to be cared for during life, and at their

death Mrs. Dean was to receive the small sum of money they would leave behind.

Hannah remembered that once when the old woman, Betsey Jordan, had shown, with childish glee, some cloth which she had bought for a new cloak, Mrs. Dean had turned away, grumbling, "If you are n't more saving of your money than that, precious little will them get that feeds you."

It was just a week after this that, in the early morning, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan were found both dead in their bed. Hannah remembered her father's bending over the still, old faces, and saying, gently and sadly, —

"They went together, any way; but it's sudden, and makes the home feel lonesome."

The look on her mother's face as he spoke came even now before Hannah's eyes, and she understood it at last. These people were cousins of Tom Furness's mother. And Hannah, working slowly through this horrible mesh of circumstance, came to a new point to be considered, a new agony to be borne. Tom Furness! She clutched the bed-clothes and set her teeth. Tom Furness! She raised herself and stared at Hetty, whose hysterical sobbings had long since subsided into sleep. For one moment, Hannah felt as if she could kill the girl for putting this fearful thing between Tom and herself. Only for a moment; the next, she felt a horror of herself, which set her thoughts striving to find the path of her duty, — her feelings, rather, for she could not think it all out. Somehow, at last, in all the black maze, it came clear to her that she was her mother's child, and must not breathe a suspicion against her. Perhaps the suspicion was false, but that possibility only barred her the more from telling it. Tom and she must go apart forever. Patty must never know. Hetty's life must be freed from this dark shadow; in atonement, perhaps, for her own late anger with her.

For the rest, one duty lay clear before Hannah: "Never to let it happen again." She said these words over and

over, as if they might be a spell against fate. She would watch her mother till she died, so that the horrible impulse of crime, the avarice which prompted the impulse, should never be free to work again. She must ever keep in mind that human life might depend on her silent vigilance, and that the price of her silence might be blood. And would she not also be guilty of that blood? Tom must go. Into that valley of the shadow of death which her life entered she could drag no lover.

It rained Sunday morning. Hannah saw at once that she would not be tempted to indulge in the exquisite misery of meeting Tom once more, and going to the next town with him to church, before she told him that they must separate. The other girls made ready to go to church with their mother. Hetty looked pale and frightened, and avoided Hannah's eye. She too was meditating a desperate resolve. Hannah sat sullen and still, and made no movement to go with the others. Her mother rebuked her sharply, but she answered that her head ached, and they left her sitting in the kitchen. In a few minutes Tom burst in at the door, shaking the rain off his coat and tossing his wet hat in before him. "I watched the folks go in to meeting," he said, "and saw you were not there. What's the matter? Is it Hetty?"

She stood silent, and so obviously agitated that he took both her hands in alarm. "No, no!" she cried, "you mustn't think any harm of Hetty. She's a good girl. Indeed she is. Think what you like of me—of—the rest of us." She trembled, feeling how helpless she was, shut in the house alone with the man she loved. If they were only out, — out somewhere in the pitiless storm, and she could run from him forever, through the rain and wind, and hide herself in the uttermost parts of the earth! But she could not flee. She must stand still and drive him away, — out under the angry sky. "Oh, Tom, Tom, go! For God's sake go, and don't ask me anything!"

"Hannah!"

"Yes, you are angry. I knew you would be angry, but it is all for your own sake."

"Good heavens! What is all for my sake?"

"That you must go. Tom, dear Tom, it is forever. You must marry some one else. You must never marry me. Oh, don't kill me by staying here any longer!"

"Tell me," he cried, as she sank sobbing on the floor before him, "what do you mean? Do you want me to leave you, so you may marry another man?"

"Me marry another man!" She sprang up as she spoke. "Who dared say I would marry another man? No, it is you who must marry."

"Wait till I've asked leave to do so," he said, sullenly. "I might take you at your word."

She shivered, but answered bravely, "God grant you may. Look! I will swear to you never to marry anybody else in the world, — but I can't marry you."

"What's your oath worth? You're breaking your promise to marry me."

"Oh, Tom, Tom," she moaned, "can't we part in peace? I have loved you all my life; I cannot quarrel with you, but we must part. Speak kindly to me first. You'll have plenty to think of and to be glad about after you've left me, but I'll have nothing pleasant to hope for, or to remember, — but just the thought of you. Give me one kind word to live on all my life long. I must live, Tom. I've something to do. Sometime, dear, if you and I live long enough, I'll tell you all about it. I don't know when I may be free to speak. I may die first, but if I live, I'll find you wherever you are and tell you. I hope you'll marry, Tom. It won't matter, then, when I tell my secret. I'll not come hankering for your love. You need not fear that, when you sit by your wife, in your own house. I'll only come to say why I sent you off when we both were young, and you and your wife will be glad and thank me for it."

He put his arms around her, and said, "Tell me your secret now."

She started from him. "No; if you came to me every day in the year, I'd never tell you. It is n't my secret."

"Well, marry me, and I'll never ask you what it is."

"Oh, Tom, such a thing could never be between husband and wife. Kiss me once, Tom. God bless you. Go now."

It was her own hand that opened the door. He staggered out into the rain.

The day passed, as Sundays usually did at Mrs. Dean's, with dreary formality. In the evening, Hannah went to church with the others. When coming out, she saw Hetty stop and speak with Frank Cotter, but it did not trouble her. It seemed as if nothing would trouble her now.

Monday morning dawned with pitiless brightness. The mill bells rang out through the clear air. Hannah asked Hetty if she should tell their mother of her dismissal from work. The girl answered shortly, "No, I'm going down to the mill. May be I can get a place."

They went together to the factory, and separated at the door.

A little before noon Patty came wildly into the room where Hannah worked, and with agitation that almost made her face intelligent told her that Hetty had run away with Frank Cotter that forenoon, and that they were already married.

"It is just as well," answered Hannah quietly, turning back to her work.

"Oh," sobbed Patty, "mother is taking on dreadful. Do come home."

Hannah rapidly arranged with the overseer about her work, and left the mill with her sister. On the way Patty told her all she knew about the matter.

Frank and Hetty were now at Mrs. Flint's. They had come there an hour before, and had sent word to Mrs. Dean that they had been to the next town and had been married about nine o'clock that morning.

The girls found Mrs. Dean seated in the kitchen crying, and as Patty went up to her she sobbed aloud: "Oh, Patty, I'll have to go out scrubbing, in my old age, to get you a morsel to eat, now Hetty has gone."

"Are you going over to see Hetty?" Hannah asked.

"No," said Mrs. Dean. Hannah went up-stairs, packed up some of Hetty's things, and brought the bundle down. The old woman took it from her daughter, opened it, and curiously examined its contents. "Where's her gold beads?" demanded the mother.

"I think likely she wore them," said Hannah.

Mrs. Dean muttered between her teeth. She turned over the things, picked out some stockings, a new dress, two collars, and some of the better underclothing; then rolling up the poor remains of Hetty's slender wardrobe, she said, "You may take them things to her, but she shan't have these; they cost too much."

"Oh, mother," said Hannah, her heart full of shame and trouble, "Hetty bought them with money she earned herself. And for her to go as a wife to Frank Cotter without any decent clothes! It would disgrace us all."

"She's disgraced us already," said Mrs. Dean, with a low chuckle. "Let Frank Cotter dress his own wife,—I can't afford to. I don't want to die in the poor-house. It's likely she'll come to it yet. You may tell her she need n't look to me to keep her out. Patty shall have the things."

Hannah tied up the pitiful bundle left her, took it, and went out into the yard. She felt dizzy, and sat down for a few minutes on a stone, just inside the gate. Hearing quick steps, she raised her head, and saw Patty coming with Hetty's dress and the other clothes. A happy smile lighted the imbecile girl's face, and she sang softly, as she came along.

"Mother's queer," she said, with a low laugh; "Hannah must n't mind. Patty don't want the things. Take 'em to Hetty. Poor Hetty! Take 'em to Hetty," she said again, as Hannah hesitated; "mother won't know." She laughed gleefully. "Hetty shall have her things. Poor Hannah won't be sorry any more."

Poor Hannah indeed! She knew it would not do to take the things. Mrs. Dean would be sure to miss them, and

what if she were to be angry with Patty! what if her affection for her imbecile child should lessen! There must be no such risks run. Patty must never offend her mother, must never be allowed to seem a burden to her. Hannah must see to that.

To satisfy Patty, she picked out one or two trifling articles from the bundle, assured her that Hetty would not want the others, thanked her warmly, and went rapidly away to Mrs. Flint's.

She found Frank and Hetty sitting in solitary and rather uncomfortable state in Mrs. Flint's parlor. He came to meet her as she entered the room. Hetty hung back shamefaced.

"Do you think this is a bad business?" asked Frank, with a smile.

"I hope it is not."

Hetty ran forward at this, and kissed her sister warmly, murmuring praises of Frank. Hannah gave her the bundle, and told her how Patty sent some of the things, but softened the account of their mother's part in the transaction. Hetty took it all sweetly, and said she was glad Patty was to have the dress; but she did not speak of her mother, and soon broke away and ran up-stairs with her clothes. Hannah looked at Frank.

"You'll be kind to her, and," with hesitation, "you'll go away from New Bridge?"

"Yes," he answered, "we are going to Orrinsville to-night. I shall look for work there, where I have friends."

"That is best."

"Oh, yes," said Frank speaking deliberately; "I'm sorry for you and Patty, but Hetty can't stand these things. She asked me to take her away."

"Asked you!"

"Oh, she was right enough. I'd given her reason to think I'd marry her, and when I'd got her into a scrape about her work I was bound to stand by her. I like her, besides. She's a good girl, and I could n't leave her to be scared to death at home." Frank knew! Hannah's heart beat heavily as he continued: "I always liked you, Hannah, though you did n't like me.

Hetty thinks you'd better, marry soon, and take Patty and come and live near us in Orrinsville." His tone was truly brotherly. For an instant, a vision of heaven danced before Hannah's eyes.

"No," she said in a moment, "I must stay. I must see to it all,—watch things, you know. I've broken with Tom. He does n't know. He never shall know. I don't believe it ever happened, but any way I must see that it never happens again. I don't believe it."

"Hannah, you're the right sort of woman," cried Frank; but he felt sure that Hannah did believe it.

Mrs. Flint and Sue and Hetty all came in just then, and Mrs. Flint proposed that she and Hannah should go and bring Patty there, and should, if possible, persuade Mrs. Dean to come. Neither Hetty nor Frank felt any desire to have Mrs. Dean's blessing rest upon their marriage day, and Hannah would gladly have kept these last few moments free from the shadow of her mother's presence; but they all felt it would be unwise to oppose her coming.

Mrs. Dean was easily induced to let Patty go, and the girl darted gleefully off after her bonnet. When she was gone, Mrs. Dean asked, with an apparent effort to be unconcerned and neighborly, "How is Mr. Flint?"

"Dretful poorly," answered the unfortunate wife, and, eager to propitiate the widow, she spoke with less reserve than usual of her husband's illness, and told how he had had two "spells" the last two days, and how he had fallen, in one of them, against the table which was set for dinner, and upset it, breaking the crockery and spilling soup all over her new rag carpet.

"I would n't have a man round doing like that," said Mrs. Dean, with a scowl.

"Why, what would you do?"

"Oh, there 's ways. I'd still him down, somehow."

Hannah grew pale in her corner, and Mrs. Flint opened her eyes in wonder. Just then Patty came in, flushed and eager, and Mrs. Flint was recalled to her

mission, and began to urge Mrs. Dean to go with them.

"No, I won't," said she, shutting her thin lips tight. There was an ominous gleam in her eyes, and Patty cried out, "Come away! mother won't care, when we come back."

II.

Tom waylaid Hannah twice on her way home from the mill, but she repulsed him. Sometimes, afterward, she caught glimpses of him about the village. Always she wished he would come and speak to her. Always she shivered with fear lest he should come. After a few days, however, he left the village. His mother said he had gone to work in some town in Connecticut, where a good place was offered him, and, as she said it, she glanced reproachfully at Hannah. The blood settled heavily around the girl's heart, but she made no sign and spoke no word. The dread she had felt, while her lover remained in the village, lest he should sometimes persuade her to yield to his entreaty grew into a remembered bliss when the days and months trailed by, and she sickened at heart to know that he would try no more to persuade her. He did not come back to New Bridge, and after a not very long period Hannah heard that he was married. She was left to count the interminable days like sands upon the seashore. The years passed, till the memory of her love ceased to torture her, but she grew very still at heart, and felt as if she must walk softly evermore, because she trod upon a grave.

Patty was her chief comfort. She grew very fond of her after Hetty went away. She often thought with horror that it might be that she had all this while wronged her mother with her suspicion. Then she would try to draw nearer to the widow's close-locked heart, and to atone, by some dumb service, for the fearful thing she had thought. A revulsion of feeling was sure to follow, and she grew more convinced, year by year, that her mother was guilty. Still, nothing occurred to waken her dread

that, in some new access of temptation, Mrs. Dean might repeat the crime, and a wearing monotony of pain, anxiety, and fear that was not quite terror dominated over Hannah's life. She feared most for Patty, but was comforted by seeing that the mother's affection for the unfortunate continued firm.

After a while a great revival swept through the village and roused Hannah's dormant spirit. She frequented prayer-meetings, and would fain have joined in the ecstasy of the converted. One evening, a wave of passionate emotion rushed over her soul and stirred it with feelings she had never known before.

Her submission to fate, though uncomplaining, had hitherto been dogged. Now, for an instant, she felt in accord even with the Power that had crushed her life, and given to her, an innocent woman, the burden of guilt to bear. Christ, too, had lived and died for sinners. It was permitted unto her to enter into that great sacrifice, to partake of that immeasurable and holy suffering. Hannah's heart was moved by the eternal truth underlying the dogmas of theology, — that, for some mysterious reason, the innocent must suffer with the guilty, — and she thrilled with consciousness of intimate union with Him whose death on Calvary has been a type of that mightier vicarious atonement in which the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation, and the whole round world groans in the travail of Justice.

"It's like Christ," she said to herself, "somehow, it's like Christ to suffer because some one else has done wrong."

And Hannah might have fallen on her knees and burst out into the wild, incoherent prayer in which her comrades indulged at these meetings, but that just then she turned her head and saw her mother on her knees in the vestry aisle. The old woman's eyes were closed, her bonnet fallen back. Her hands were clasped, her lips moved, and her body swayed slightly to and fro.

"She's a Christian," thought Hannah, and settled back in her seat.

All the next day, as Hannah walked back and forth between her looms, the machinery grumbled a steady undertone to her thoughts. This daughter, who believed her mother a murderess, had yet never attempted to decide whether the strange perversity and distortion of that mother's nature did or did not admit a genuine element of sincere, religious feeling. But if it did, what was religion, and of what good was it?

Hannah remembered her father, who had "died in his sins," as Mrs. Dean had been known pleasantly to describe her husband's condition of soul at the time of his death. Mr. Dean had never been converted. A death-bed conversion might have saved his soul. His wife's deed had prevented that possibility. What remained to him? Was it his fault that time had not been granted him?

Mrs. Dean might live to feel a genuine penitence. Indeed, it was not clear to Hannah's mind, clouded as it was by a crude theology, that her mother would not be saved under any circumstances, since she called on Christ's great name. Nor did this daughter wish to imagine an eternal retribution awaiting even her guilty mother.

When Hannah went home that night, she found Deacon Dudley sitting by the kitchen fire. He smiled at her in a sickly way. Her mother set her thin old mouth firmly for a moment, and then said, "Hannah, I'm married to Mr. Dudley."

The girl stood still and stared.

"May be," broke in the old man, "you don't fancy the idea of a step-father, but I guess we'll get on fust-rate. The old woman and me got married to-day. It don't take much fuss to get anybody married in this State, and we did n't want no fuss. I've been mighty lonesome since my fust wife died, an' Mary, she's got her husband an' children to look arter, though I don't mean to say nothin' against Mary. She's a good woman, but I've always thought a sight of your ma. I do think, Hannah, she is the smartest woman in New Bridge; an' such a nice place as she's

got, an' a smart girl like you in the mill, an' Patty" — But here some wiser instinct dawned upon him; he forbore to state how much of a disadvantage he considered Patty in this matrimonial arrangement, and he continued, with a smile meant to express sentiment, "An' so you see, though Mary Pierce is a nice, good woman, an' plenty willing to have her old father stay with her, my feelings seemed to draw me here."

"You'd better shut up now, about your feelings," remarked his bride, amiably, "an' draw a pail of water for your tea."

The old man got up hurriedly, and taking the empty pail tottered out of the kitchen.

"I thought," said the mother, "that it would be handy to have a man about the house. I guess he'll rather more than earn his board."

Hannah did not answer, but took off her bonnet and shawl, and sat down by the table.

In a moment Mr. Dudley was heard crying for help, and Hannah went hastily out to the well, where she found the old man struggling in vain with the bucket. It was evident that he was too feeble to draw the water. Hannah took his place and performed the task, while he stood by simpering out apologies.

At supper, Mr. Dudley pushed his plate over to his wife, and asked her to cut up the meat. Hannah glanced up at him, and saw that his hands were trembling violently. She looked over at her mother, and perceived a heavy frown on the old woman's brow as she complied with her husband's request.

Hannah hurried off to the mill the next morning. She carried her dinner, and did not return till night. She looked haggard enough as she came into the kitchen, where Deacon Dudley sat smoking a pipe.

Her mind had been busy all day with harassing thoughts. She had remembered that Mr. Dudley was reputed to own three or four hundred dollars. She could not doubt her mother's motive in marrying him. She had noticed the evening before that he was far more

feeble than her mother could have supposed. He would, very likely, soon become a burden to his new wife. What would happen then, and what could she, Hannah, do? She was away from home eleven hours a day; what things might happen in eleven hours? The mill wheels ground out this question in her ears. The looms and all the flying machinery had screeched it at her, as they kept up their diabolic dance before her eyes. Ought she to expose her mother? Was there really anything to expose?

She looked so sallow as she came into the kitchen that Mr. Dudley, lifting his head and removing his pipe, said, "Hannah, why don't you take some of them little white powders, them arsenic powders, the other gals take to clear their skins out? You're mighty dark complected."

Hannah grew ghastly white, and went through the room and up-stairs without speaking.

At supper, Mr. Dudley shoved his plate over to Hannah, and asked her to cut up his meat. Mrs. Dudley contracted her brows, and after a little while remarked to her spouse that his appetite seemed good. He smiled as he answered that he generally relished his food.

Two weeks passed, and one day Mrs. Dudley announced her intention of visiting relatives in Troy, a town some twenty miles distant. Mr. Dudley and Patty were to go with her. Hannah, she said, might, while they were gone, take her meals at Mrs. Flint's. Hannah was amazed and troubled by this arrangement. Her mother had never made a visit before since she could remember.

"I think I'll go, too," said Hannah.

"No, you won't," replied Mrs. Dudley, shortly. "I can't have you foolin' away all your time. Me an' the old man 'll go, and Patty, because her board to home would cost suthin'; but you can stay an' 'arn your own livin'."

Hannah, nevertheless, resolved to go, and made her preparations accordingly. When the morning of the intended departure came, Mrs. Dudley discovered her daughter's plans, and seemed so an-

gry that a great terror fell upon the unhappy girl, and she dared not go, lest she should only precipitate some dreaded catastrophe. Perhaps she feared that she should draw down doom on her own head. At any rate, her courage failed, and she watched the others depart to take the cars, making no further attempt to accompany them. Mr. Dudley turned after he had entered the road, and looking back to Hannah, who stood leaning on the gate, smiled and called out pleasantly that he wished she were going with them.

Hannah went back into the house and put on her shawl. She had come to a stern determination as those three figures had vanished from her sight. She would go instantly to Mrs. Pierce, Mr. Dudley's married daughter, confide to her the whole horrible story, and put the matter in her hands. She could go after her father, if she wished, and bring him home, and henceforth take care of him herself. Perhaps she could reason away Hannah's fears. Perhaps she would tell her that it was all a delusion. Of course, it must be delusion. What proof was it that Mr. Dean had died of poison that his daughters had found a bottle of arsenic under his chamber window? Bottles were common, and arsenic was used to kill rats, — and was n't it used also for the complexion? Did n't Mr. Dudley say so? Hannah knew one or two persons who took it in small doses, as a stimulant. Mr. Dudley had a strangely white complexion. Hannah wondered if he used it. If he died, and people thought it was poison that killed him, of course it was because he took those powders. Hannah was sure he did. Oh, it had all been a delusion, a hideous dream, and she had dreamed it all her life. No, once she had not dreamed any such thing: that was when she rowed on the river with Tom Furness, and sang to him. She had not seen Tom for seven years. He was married. He had forgotten her. And but for this foolish, wicked dream of horror she might have been his wife all this time. Her mother would not do such a thing. Her mother was a good

woman. Her mother belonged to the church. It was she, Hannah's self, who was very bad indeed to have thought of such a thing. She would go and tell Mrs. Pierce, and Mrs. Pierce would tell her that it could not be true. She was so bad, she must be a lost soul. She was sure she would 'go to hell when she died. She doubted whether hell would be any worse than this. She was n't certain but she was in hell even now. She would go to Mrs. Pierce, and find out where she was. But perhaps Mrs. Pierce would believe it all. Perhaps her mother would be arrested and hanged, and she would have done it. She would be the murderess then. No, she would not go to Mrs. Pierce at all; she would go to the river, where she had been with Tom, and drown herself before any more misery came to her. But would that save Mr. Dudley? Save him — save him from what? She did n't know. Where was Mr. Dudley? Who was he? Why did it torture her so to think of Mr. Dudley? Oh, she remembered now. He was her mother's husband, and had gone away with her mother; and she must find Mrs. Pierce and tell her something. She had forgotten what she was to tell her, but she should recollect when she saw her, and it would save something. Where was Mrs. Pierce?

All the while, Hannah went rushing round the nearly empty village streets, with her brain on fire. She could not find Mrs. Pierce's house. Everything looked strange to her. On she wandered, through the long forenoon. The faces of the few people she met grew distorted in her vision as she looked at them, and changed into horrible human caricatures. At last, a little before noon, guided by some blind instinct, she staggered into Mrs. Flint's yard and dropped by the door-step.

They found her there, and took her in. She moaned and muttered day after day, but they who heard her could distinguish nothing she said.

They wrote to Mrs. Dudley, and she came home with her husband and Patty. The old man was not well, and Hannah could not be moved; so Mrs. Dudley's

time was divided between the two houses, which were a quarter of a mile apart. She grumbled a good deal at this, but matters grew no better, since the second night after their return Mr. Dudley became very ill. His wife then ceased her complaints. She seemed very devoted to him. She paid Mrs. Flint to take the whole care of Hannah, that she might give all her time and strength to her husband. He did not improve, however, and when, two days later, Hannah became conscious, Sue Flint told her that her step-father was dead. To Sue's astonishment, Hannah gave a shriek and went off again into delirium.

Mr. Dudley had lain in his grave perhaps two weeks, when strange rumors began to circulate through the village. Mrs. Pierce had somehow had suspicions of foul play awakened in her mind.

One day she called at Mrs. Flint's. Hannah had crawled down into the kitchen that morning, and sat there, silent and wretched. Mrs. Pierce, as she came in, eyed the girl sharply, and Hannah, heart-sick and feeling sorely stricken before Deacon Dudley's daughter, dropped her eyes to the floor, and, after a moment's pause, rose, and walking slowly left the room. Mrs. Flint and Mrs. Pierce both felt her departure a relief, and their talk soon turned on the recent death.

"Will the old woman have his money?" asked the hostess.

"Not if I can help it," answered Mrs. Pierce, with a darkening brow; "I don't feel very well satisfied about my father."

"Was n't she kind to him?"

Mrs. Pierce was silent. Mrs. Flint continued, "She's a close-fisted woman. I presume she reckoned on his money when she married him."

"Yes, and when he died," said Mrs. Pierce, with startling emphasis. "I lie awake nights and think how he died."

"Why, but he was an old man; it's the course of natur' for the old to die."

"Some things are in the course of nature, and some are not," returned the visitor. "He was always worse after

he'd taken medicine. She did n't want me there, I could see. But I saw enough to know that. There was sediment in his medicine. I saw it once" — Here she checked herself. "I never felt my father a burden. He'd better have stayed with me."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Flint, in vague horror, of what she knew not, "the doctor did n't understand the case."

"I don't think he did," answered Mrs. Pierce.

"She is n't over-patient," went on Mrs. Flint, who shrank from perceiving any hidden meaning in her visitor's remarks, "with people who can't work their way. She's always hinting about my husband's being such a trial to me; and so he is, but I suppose the Lord sent him, and I must make the best of him."

Whereat, by careful manipulation, Mrs. Pierce drew out from Mrs. Flint the story of that strange remark of the widow Dean's about "stilling him down."

"I've often wondered what she meant. I suppose she thought opium or laudanum might be good for him," added the much-tried wife.

Mr. Dudley's daughter felt a cold chill run through her bones. Had her poor old father been "stilled down," — her helpless old father?

Meanwhile, that other daughter, the suspected widow's child, in the room above, was wearily packing her few things to go back to that home of horror and of sin. She felt by instinct that Mrs. Pierce's suspicion was aroused, and that the secret sin would surely be ferreted out. She was conscious of a dreary willingness that it should be so. She left the Flints that day, not weeping when she went, but with a tearless misery in her eyes which they half understood, and which held Sue Flint firmly to her defense in the days that followed.

The village was soon alive with rumor. Hannah heard it at last, with set, dogged face. She too came under the ban. The mill girls fell back when she

entered the factory door, and waited below, while she climbed the winding stairs alone in the morning; and they crowded together in the entries at night, and left her to go down the dizzy flights, accompanied only by her own whirling fancies.

Whether Mrs. Dudley was herself aware of all that was being said, no mortal ever knew. She kept within doors, and went her accustomed rounds, only avoiding Hannah a little. Sue Flint, though friendly to Hannah, shared the universal suspicion of the widow, and now told that on the night, many years before, when Hetty had taken refuge at their house, after being turned out of the mill, the girl had sobbed out in her distress that she was afraid to go home, lest her mother should poison her.

Mr. Dudley's body was taken from the grave and examined. Arsenic was found in the stomach. The afternoon that this discovery was announced, two police officers came from the neighboring town and arrested the widow.

The tidings of this event were borne to Hannah in the mill. She drew her shawl over her head and hurried home, where she found a crowd of men, women, and children standing in the yard and in the road outside.

"Here comes Hannah!" cried a small boy, who was instantly silenced by some one.

"Are they going to take Hannah too?" another boy asked, as that unhappy creature reached the gate.

"Do you know," said some one else, "that to-morrow they mean to take up old Mr. Dean's body, and see what he died of?"

Hannah turned and faced the crowd. None who stood there ever forgot the dingy, labor-marked figure, the white, set face gleaming out from the folds of the dark shawl still flecked with cotton from the mill, or the cold, hard voice which spoke.

"I think," she said, "you'd better dig up all the graves in New Bridge, and see what your fathers died of."

It was a luckless speech, and it turned

away from Hannah what little sympathy had already existed for her in the village. After that, people wondered whether she were not an accomplice in her mother's crime. Poor Hannah had, in her half-distracted brain, often wondered the same thing.

After speaking to the crowd, Hannah walked quickly into the house and found her mother perfectly composed, but lowering and dark of aspect. She was gathering together a few things to take with her. Patty lay sobbing on the floor. A constable stood at each door. Hannah assisted her mother, and when all was ready offered to go with her. Mrs. Dudley refused to allow her.

When the widow appeared in the yard, a neighbor, Deacon Burrill, stepped forward and spoke to her. "I'm very sorry," he said, "but I guess it'll all come out right, and we'll be glad to see you back again."

"For forty years," answered the widow, "I've been a member of the church here, and I'm as innocent as a babe unborn."

One half-grown girl gave a hysterical sob; otherwise, all was entirely quiet as Mrs. Dudley walked through the crowded yard. Patty had stayed in the house. Hannah followed her mother's tottering steps to the covered carriage, which waited in the road. Deacon Burrill helped the widow to enter. The constables got in after her.

The carriage drove away, and the deacon walked with Hannah back to the kitchen door. She would not let him enter with her, and when she had gone in herself he heard her lock the door behind her.

The men and women looked angrily at him as he turned back among them, and some of the boys hissed. That night a mob of lads hung Deacon Burrill in effigy before his own gate.

The next day Mr. Dean's body was disinterred, and it was currently reported that the stomach was found perfectly preserved and loaded with arsenic. It was horrible to Hannah to know that curious hands had torn open that grave and rifled it of its hideous secret. She

went at night to the grave-yard, and groveled for hours over the mound, which had been hastily piled again, and smoothed with her bare hands the carelessly heaped earth.

People next suggested that it would be well to examine the graves of the aged Jordans, whose deaths had seemed so strange, years before, but it was never done. The public mind was sated with horror.

The trial came at last. Hannah and Patty sat, through it all, by their mother's side. Hetty did not come into the court room. Hannah firmly forbade her, and she was only too willing to escape the public ignominy to be seen there.

"Keep your wife away," said Hannah to Frank Cotter. "Keep away yourself. You can do no good there. People would only stare at Hetty, because she has been talked about in it, you know, that she was afraid of her mother when she married you. And when she read in the paper that mother was arrested, she cried aloud, 'They've found her out at last!' and fainted. That's told all over New Bridge. Is it true?"

"Yes," he said.

"She'd better have kept her thoughts and her faintings to herself," answered Hannah, shortly; then, softening a little, she added, "She was never good at keeping secrets, and this, to be sure, has been a thing to burn its way out of a closer mouth than hers. And may be it would have been better" — A shadow came over her face, already dark with care. She paused, and said no more.

The trial dragged its slow length out for three days, and was finished. The jury retired. Outcast and abhorred sat the prisoner and her children before the bar. This was the end of Hannah's long endeavor to prevent a repetition of her mother's crime, — to sit through a slow half-hour, waiting for the verdict. She had kept the secret, and blood had been the penalty of her silence. Was she not also guilty of that blood? Should she not arise, confess her sin before men, and go with her mother to meet a common doom? She thought of Tom. He would hear the story. He would

understand now, and be glad she had sent him away.

The jury came back and rendered their verdict, "Guilty." Capital punishment had been abolished in the State, and Mrs. Dudley was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

The evidence had been only circumstantial, but very strong against the widow. It went to prove that she had poisoned her victim rather slowly, by putting arsenic in the food and medicine she gave him during his illness. The attempt failed on the part of the defense to prove that Mr. Dudley killed himself by an accidental overdose of arsenic, which it was asserted he took habitually as a stimulant. The habit was not even conclusively shown to have existed. Hannah and Patty had both been put on the stand as witnesses, but, fortunately for them, neither had seen or known positively anything about the matter.

Hannah returned to her work in the mill. Patty did much of the housework, and what was beyond her limited powers Hannah performed at night, after her toil in the factory was over. Visitors had always been rare at this house. Now, no neighbor ever called. Sue Flint was still friendly when she happened to meet Hannah, but she never came to see the sisters. Hannah left off going to church, and this fact was unfavorably commented on, and strengthened the half-suspicion entertained against her. Patty ceased her crooning about the house, and when her work was done would sit motionless upon the door-sill through the long summer days. She always brightened when Hannah came home, but it was with only a faint illumination of her darkened spirit.

Every month the two sisters went to the state-prison and saw their mother. They carried her food in such quantities that, in all the years that she remained there, she was very little dependent on the prison fare. The warden allowed the old woman some privileges on account of her age. She was never obliged to wear the prison dress, and her daughters always clothed her. They even did her washing, and kept her supplied with

white, freshly "done up" caps. At the intercession of some persons of influence, whom Hannah interested in the case, Mrs. Dudley was permitted to have a rocking-chair in her cell. The girls wanted to take her a feather-bed, but this was considered too great a luxury, and they were not allowed to do so. She never worked with the rest of the female prisoners, but was given yarn to knit, in her own cell, into stockings for the other convicts. One of her jailers said she showed her passion for acquisition by stealing and secreting in her bed great bunches of this yarn. She always maintained that she was innocent, and stoutly insisted that Mr. Dudley took the arsenic himself. Sometimes, even now, Hannah half believed it. The warden once said, however, that, in talking about it, Mrs. Dudley showed a knowledge of poisons and their peculiar properties and action certainly astonishing in such an ignorant person, were she supposed innocent of unholy dabbling in such mysteries.

The church at New Bridge dropped Mrs. Dudley's name from the roll of its membership. The charge of her soul's salvation thenceforth devolved on the state-prison chaplain and chance visitors or preachers at the jail. But Hannah never delegated to any other individual the care of her mother's person. The mother always received her daughters, when they visited her, with a certain dry dignity, such as she seemed to consider befitting her injured innocence. She might be in a prison cell, but she never forgot that she was a persecuted martyr, and, in a squalid sort of fashion, she was a stately one.

One evening, in the September after Mrs. Dudley's trial, Patty left the house after supper, for a stroll across the meadows and down to the river, one of whose many curves brought it back of their house. Hannah sat quite idle, in the fast-falling twilight. The kitchen door stood open before her. The long, faint light streamed in and fell about her. She wore her dark factory gown. Her hair, generally twisted tight from her face, was this night pushed loosely

back. Her hands lay clasped in her lap. Not beautiful she looked, yet surely not unlovely, for the stern mouth was softened, and the hard eyes were almost dreamy.

Suddenly she became aware that the room was darkened, and, looking up, she saw that a man stood in the doorway and shut out the light.

A moment she stared bewildered, and then she saw that he held in his arms a little child. A moment more, and she knew that Tom Furness stood before her. She did not move, only sat and gazed.

The man's lips trembled, and some strange emotion flickered over his face as he saw this silent woman who sat in his Hannah's place. Then he slowly walked across the room, and laid the sleeping child in her lap. She looked at it, and she looked at him wildly, and then she gathered it close to her heart.

Tom leaned over her and put his hand on her shoulder, and felt her tremble under his touch.

"Hannah," he said at length, "I have guessed it all now, and know why you sent me away; but you should have told me, and I would have stood by you. I was mad and proud, and in my madness and pride I married — a woman who drank herself to death. My boy is a sickly little fellow, and I've brought him in my arms all the way, to ask you to take him and take care of him."

A sound of sobbing filled the dreary old kitchen. All the sorrow and remorse and doubt and fear of seven years was told; but after the storm came quiet and the promise of peaceful days.

New Bridge gossip busied itself greatly over the marriage of Tom Furness to Hannah Dean. People wondered that he dared marry into a family which had proved so fatal to husbands, and most of all they pitied the sickly child, delivered up to the tender mercies of the daughters of a mother who was supposed to have poisoned at least four persons from motives of economy! Their apprehensions were quieted in time, when they saw how well the boy was cared for, and how fond he seemed of Hannah. Of course, some fragments of

the true story were also bruited about, and helped to restore a kindly feeling towards Hannah among her neighbors.

She left the mill and entered upon a quiet household life. She missed, at first, the ceaseless whir of the machinery. It was so still at home, she said, she could not think; but she soon came to feel this stillness, broken only by Patty's croon, which sounded again, and by the sweet laugh of Tom's child, to be a blessed thing.

Tom and his wife were naturally very ordinary people, and had they married in their first youth would undoubtedly have settled into a most humdrum life. But they had both lived through sad and dark experiences, which made every commonplace incident and detail of their married days an inexpressible relief and pleasure, and thus they had come to know the deeper meaning of trifles.

He never shirked his part in her sad ministry to her mother, but she would never let him go with her and Patty to the prison. They continued their visits there, but they always went alone. Neither Tom nor Tom's boy would Hannah permit to be seen with them on these occasions, when all who saw them would remember their disgrace.

Winter and summer wore away, and still Mrs. Dudley sat in her white-walled cell, the eternal knitting in her hand, the small, bright eyes ever fixed upon the door; ten years were told, and never a confession of guilt was drawn from her.

There was one lady who visited the prison who took a great interest in Mrs. Dudley, and believed her to be innocent; and feeling, also, that a prison cell was a dreary abode for a woman nearly eighty years old, she made many efforts, and at last obtained a pardon for her. Those persons who had testified against Mrs. Dudley at the trial at first opposed her return to New Bridge. They said they feared her revenge, and all the old suspicion that had been lulled so long woke again, and people looked coldly as ever on Tom Furness and his wife. It was a bitter time for those two. They sent Robert away on a visit, that

he, at least, might be shielded from all this evil speaking.

"Oh, Tom," cried Hannah once, "I ought never to have married you, to bring this on you."

He smiled sadly, yet tenderly. "It is hard, Hannah, but we'll weather it, and if they get the old woman pardoned we'll take her and go West, where nobody will ever know. It's clear in my mind that it will do no harm for her, old as she is, to come out of jail. And we'll never think of the past. We'll think instead that her mind has been sick all her life, and that's how she came to be as she is. Indeed, I don't think she was born with a well soul."

So Mrs. Dudley, in her trembling old age, came back to the home she had polluted, and which grew sad again when she entered it. Patty shrank a little from this dark, helpless old woman. She had entirely forgotten that her mother had ever been there before, having now for several years had no ideas connected with her except the prison associations, and she was bewildered to see her in the house. Robert stayed all this while at Frank and Hetty Cotter's, busy and happy among their numerous brood.

"If mother does not live very long," said Hannah, "Robert shall never come home while she is here. He shall never see her."

It seemed at first as if the old woman would die very soon, but under the thoughtful care they gave her she rallied a little, and was sometimes seen at the front windows, looking out at the street, or on the other side of the house, staring over the wide, lovely meadows that stretched down to the peaceful water. Did she know that the passers-by still shuddered when they saw her dark old face through the window-pane? Did she care for the familiar fields and the changing yet unchanged sky circling above them?

She had been at home a fortnight, when a longing woke within her to go again to the village church where she had once been a constant attendant. She was shocked because Tom and Han-

nah did not go to church, and querulously reproved them.

"We will go with you," answered Hannah, with a patient smile.

"If you went to church regular," said Mrs. Dudley, "may be the Lord would give you freedom from the bondage of sin, like as he's given it to me."

As she spoke, Tom remembered the superstitious belief of some religious fanatics, that they were so intimately associated by grace with God's grace that they could do no wrong, and he wondered whether Mrs. Dudley were not under the influence of this idea. Perhaps she had believed that whatever annoyed her annoyed God also, and it was lawful for her to put it away. Was this the explanation of her constant assertion of innocence?

Tom was too proud just then to borrow a horse and carriage of any of the neighbors, to carry to church the feeble old convict. So when Sunday came, he took a small wagon, which he had obtained somewhere, set an arm-chair in it, and placed therein the old woman. Hannah and Patty walked along the sidewalk; Tom went between the shafts and drew the wagon himself.

Through the Sunday quiet of the village street they passed, under the arching elms and the straight, fair maples, and they paused at length before the old white church. Silently Tom lifted Mrs. Dudley out, and Hannah supported her up the steps. Their faces were set and pale, but hers was flushed, and it trembled a little with the helpless quiver of old age. They led her in to the seat to which she had formerly been accustomed, and they sat down by her.

She stared about her a moment, then fixed her eyes on the minister, and the old peculiar Sunday look which Hannah had known from childhood stole over her face.

She rigidly maintained this appearance of devotion to the end of the service. God only knows what were the thoughts of any one of that strange family group. He knows also whether the sort of pious feeling which Mrs. Dudley manifested from her earliest to her latest

days was purely assumed, or whether it arose from some real germ of good in her ill-born and sin-distorted soul.

Through the long morning service, with the sweet sounds of nature stealing in through the open windows, Mrs. Dudley kept her place. She sat among her life-long neighbors, and they gazed on her fearfully. The mark of Cain was on her brow, but her children faithfully surrounded her, and it may be God had not quite forsaken her.

The next day one of the church members met Tom Furness, and told him, with a not unnatural disgust, that great dissatisfaction was felt at Mrs. Dudley's appearance in the house of God. It disturbed the congregation, and it must not happen again.

A savage light gleamed for an instant in Tom's eyes, then he spoke quietly: "Very well, I don't think much of your religion, but I thought the particular boast of your church was that it preached a gospel fit for sinners and powerful to save them."

So the quaint procession never reappeared in the streets of New Bridge, and

the sinner came no more to the house of penitence and prayer.

A little longer Mrs. Dudley lingered on the threshold of the grave. A few more sunny days and long, still evenings remained for her; for Hannah and her husband yet a little more patience and silent pain, and then the end came.

No confession passed Mrs. Dudley's lips. She sank into a sort of stupor, and died quietly at last. They were all there: Frank and Hetty Cotter, Tom, Hannah, and Patty. When the wretched life was fairly gone, Tom drew a long, free breath, and lifted his head like a man who throws down a great burden. Each person save Hannah, whose head was bowed in her hands, turned and looked strangely at the others. Death had set the living free, and a great wonder, a great sorrow, and a great exultation were all written for a moment in those blanched faces. No one spoke till Tom crossed over and laid his hand on Hannah's shoulder. "Dear," said he, "it is over now. We will send for Robert, and take Patty, and move somewhere, far from here."

S. A. L. E. M.

THE LEGEND OF ST. SOPHIA.

WHEN the fierce Moslems stormed the town,
They sacked Byzantium up and down:
Not even Saint Sophia stayed
Their cruel, all-destroying raid.
The sacred walls no shelter gave;
They rode their chargers up the nave,
Trampling down with iron hoof
The people gathered under its roof.
And yet, in spite of startled cry,
The shout of angry foemen nigh,
The ring of the consecrated stones
'Neath the horses' feet, the dying moans,
The priest, who at the altar there
Had just begun to chant his prayer,
His prayer, unbroken, chanted on,
Unmoved in either look or tone;

In voice so tranquil, solemn, clear,
With never a shade of haste or fear,
He said the holy Catholic mass.

When closer still the horde drew near,
He seemed neither to see nor hear,
Until they pressed at left and right
And quenched the candles in his sight;
And then he turned to where was spread
The sacrament. He took the bread,
He held the wine above his head,
And with a look sublime that said,
" Christ's servant never yet has fled,"
He walked with firm and equal tread
The only open way. It led
To the solid minster wall; and lo!
As once of old the sea did know
To ope a way for Israel's host,
And close again when the people crossed,
So now the wall did part in twain,
Receive the priest, and close again;
While e'en the Moslems paused to hear,
From just behind the wall anear,
A voice so tranquil, solemn, clear,
With never a shade of haste or fear,
Repeat the holy Catholic mass.

Stern Islam now the minster ruled,
And all the conquered building schooled
To speak its mandates. Much they burned;
And when they marked the altar turned
To Christ's Jerusalem its face,
They tore it rudely from its place,
And made it look to Mecca. Still,
Listening oft against their will,
The very workmen paused to hear,
From just behind the wall anear,
A voice so tranquil, solemn, clear,
With never a shade of haste or fear,
Repeat the holy Catholic mass.

And still behind the walls, they say,
The priest imprisoned waits the day
That brings the end of Moslem sway;
And now and then they hear the tone
Of his devotions through the stone.
The legend cries with prophet voice,
" That day will come. Let man rejoice!"
And then the wall will part in twain,
The faithful priest come out again;
Within his hand will be the bread,
He'll hold the wine above his head,

And climb with firm and equal tread
 The altar stairs, to finish there,
 As he began, his chanted prayer.
 In voice so tranquil, solemn, clear,
 With never a shade of haste or fear,
 He'll end the holy Catholic mass.

THE STORY OF AVIS, AND OTHER NOVELS.

MISS PHELPS'S *Story of Avis*¹ is a very unusual book. It moves to strong admiration and almost equally strong regret. That would be a dull and cold reader indeed who should fail to be impressed by the emotional intensity of the tale, its mental refinement, the truth of the subordinate characters, its frequent humor, and the highly poetic quality of its diction. The diction, in fact, — to speak first of superficial things, — is often a great deal too poetic, and there are passages in the book to which the word *frantic* would even better apply. We have no sympathy with the vulgar captiousness which allows one idly to toss over a volume containing some of the best effort of a sensitive heart and a brilliant mind, just for the sake of a laugh at occasional absurdities of manner. But modesty and true art in the use of words are just as serious and obligatory as in the use of more palpable materials; and expressions like these, "Her lips *leaned* to him;" "against this background of the *passion of carmine* [of a *portière*.] her youth and color seemed to cut themselves like articulate words before his eyes;" "he paced the room with *blind and bitter feet*;" "she watched him with *gaunt, insomniac eyes*," are as monstrous as warts and wens would be on the forehead of what Miss Phelps gravely calls the "*Melian Venus*." Why will she call it so? Of a certainty, the expression would not be so irritating,

would not remind one so obnoxiously of the irrepressible Burnand's treatise in *Punch* upon the Mealy Bug, if it were not a sample of a sort of conscientious pedantry which may also be noted as a surface blemish upon the book. There is the slightest possible affectation — unconscious, without doubt, as most affectations are — of being so familiar with the arts and sciences as to have become *blasé* about them all, so that one mentions them incessantly, but in a negligent and informal manner. It was George Eliot, whom Miss Phelps very nobly worships, who first set this ungraceful fashion of omniscience, which she alone, if even she, can wear becomingly; but it is possible for Miss Phelps to command a style of remarkable beauty which shall be quite distinctively her own. On the hither side of the line which she has too often overpassed, there is in *Avis* a good deal of very truly and justifiably fine writing. Take the description, in the second chapter, of the birds beating themselves to death against the Harbor Light, — a sad little "theme," as Miss Phelps would call it, — which is made to have a prophetic significance, and to which she recurs again and again, and always exquisitely. Or this, which the list of pigments harms but cannot spoil: "Especially she was moved by spring scents; the breath of the earth where the overturned loam lay moistly melting shades of brown together — amber, umber, sienna, madder, bitumen, and vandyke — with that tenderness which is so inex-

¹ *The Story of Avis*. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

pressibly heightened by the gravity of the color; the aromatic odor of the early bonfires, with whose scent the languid air was blurred and blue; then by the exhalation of small buds, the elm and the grape, that borrowed the mantle of the leaf, as wild things do that of the forest, to escape detection. Every sense in her quivered to homely and unobtrusive influences." Or the abundantly ardent, but always delicate sentiment of the scenes in the studio, when Avis was painting her lover's portrait. She would hear the footsteps of her good old matronizing aunt die away, and, "looking gently after her, think of some odd, old words, 'Then she departed into her own country by another way.' Turning to Ostrander, she would find his eyes upon her, but his lips said nothing. The robins came and peered at them with curious glance upon the window-ledge; a ground-sparrow who had built her nest just beneath the wooden door-step twittered in a tender monotone; the boughs of the budding apple-trees hit the glass with slender finger-tips, and *reddened if one looked at them; the dumb sunlight crawled inch by inch, like a creeping child, across the steps and in upon the floor.*" All Miss Phelps's allusions to children are lovely, and the scenes in her story where children are introduced are well-nigh perfect. One is sometimes tempted to wish that she had never written prose at all, but only poetry; and that only at the bidding of some such inspiration as produced *That Never was on Sea or Land*, and a few of her briefest lyrics. Surely she might then have been better than an exceedingly popular writer, not only to-day but to-morrow. Possibly she never would have swerved from her highest line if she had not become the prey of a stringent set of "reformatory" ideas, involving what we believe to be a wholly erroneous theory of womanhood. That theory seems to be based on the belief that marriage is not a woman's best and highest destiny. It was plainly enough foreshadowed in the last of Miss Phelps's earlier stories, *The Silent Partner*, where it will be remembered both the heroines, one an heiress and

the other a mill operative, decline to marry, on the ground that they do not "need" their lovers to assist them in carrying out their views. Such an objection may well appear unanswerable to any given suitor, but who but a Boston woman "would preach it as a truth to those who eddy round and round"? The author of *Avis* does preach it as a truth. One made the allowance for a certain impracticability in her earlier books that each was the expression of keen sympathies overwrought in some particular direction, of a strained and unhealthful but probably transitory mood. In *Avis* she returns to the charge, after a long silence, with the added power which more years and broader knowledge needs must give to one so finely endowed by nature, and reiterates the notion, now become a belief: gifted women must not be fettered by domestic ties. That woman of the future whom Miss Phelps describes in the page or two of impassioned argument added after the story of *Avis* is told, whose way it has taken so many generations of mistake and sacrifice to prepare, is one whom no man shall hinder and none approach save one "whose affection becomes a burning ambition not to be *outvied* by hers; whose *daily soul* is large enough to guard her, even though it were at the cost of sharing it, from the tyranny of small, corrosive cares which gnaws and gangrenes hers; such a man alone can either comprehend or apprehend the love of such a woman." *Avis's* mother had dramatic talent, and wanted to go upon the stage; but a masterful philosopher swooped down and married her, and she died to art and was buried in a respectable home. *Avis* herself had an extraordinary aptitude for painting; but a handsome fellow came a-wooing, and in a moment of weakness she hearkened to his charming, and there was an end of her. But *Avis's* daughter, please God, shall be an artist first and always, and take a husband only to further her ambition and to share with her the "small, corrosive cares" of beefsteaks and table linen. Now the story of *Avis* herself, cleared of its moral, is a simple, sad, and

likely one enough, and even the moral hardly interferes with its absorbing interest. In one way it is sadder than the author intends it to be, for it is the memorial of a great piece of self-deception. The dreamy, motherless girl, growing up in the rarefied air of a college town, who wins her dreamy father's reluctant consent to her adopting an artist's career, who is so happy studying abroad, and whose first efforts seem so full of promise, is ardently loved in that complete ripeness of her handsome youth when every New England girl is most fit to win and to retain love; and strange to say, the wooer, when she marries him, does not prove perfect. He was pleasant and fond, but he had weaknesses both of constitution and character. He was not very industrious; he was vain and accessible to flattery; and when invited to a sentimental flirtation by a woman whom he had admired before he married, this unnatural man in some sort consented. On the other hand, Avis was not a model housekeeper, at least when she began, and she felt her nerves rasped and her studio wronged by the wailing of her babies. They had troubles from without. Philip, the husband, lost his professorship; the children were ill; one died; the father's own health failed. They dismissed their anger then about the flirtation and the subsequent recriminations, and were tenderly devoted to one another until the end. In five years the conjugal experience, which is represented by Avis's biographer as so deplorable and devastating, was all over, and the widow returned with one child to a peaceful home in her father's house, and the strong years after thirty lay all, or almost all, before her. If she had had a touch of the genius, a tithe of the power, which the author attributes to her, she would have laid hold of her old work, as soon as her body was rested, with a breadth of grasp and a depth of insight impossible to her day of maiden dreams; and then, and then only, would she have done things worthy to live a while. For it is perhaps the very best testimony to Miss Phelps's own power of portraiture that we believe her tale implicitly,

and take sides about her characters as if they were creatures of flesh and blood. If we were less assured of her facts, we should not care so much to dispute the false inferences which she draws from them. And so we insist that no disappointments or misfortunes happened to this married pair but such as are common to humanity. Why should they not, like others, have "met the good days and the evil, as they went the ways of fate"? Could Avis have supposed that the presumably hasty indorsement of Couture would secure a child of earth, and especially a daughter of earth, immunity from hindrance and sorrow?

The book is pervaded, as we have said, by a strong and solemn implication that the heroine ought not to have married at all, but economized all her strength to paint pictures. But marriage is the great central fact of human relations, whereby they exist and must continue. It is not quite so involuntary as birth or so inevitable as death, but ranks so near them that we may fairly apply to it the serene and triumphant saying of Marcus Aurelius: "That which is universal *cannot* be a calamity." The powers which five years of average married life can exhaust and extinguish are not of the first or second order. If Avis had no more than enough in her, besides doing her home duties moderately well, for a time so sorrowfully brief, to paint that one picture of the Sphinx (and we never shall believe without seeing that even that was any better than Vedder's), then she might well have diffused her power over half a dozen water-colors, and made "home happy" by hanging them on her parlor wall. A woman's gifts do certainly belong, in a peculiar and preëminent manner, to her next of kin and her immediate society, and there is room for the exercise of more talent in the enrichment of social and domestic life than your earnest reformer is apt to realize. If a woman has gifts which cannot be confined within these modest limits, there is no use in saying that they ought to go to benefit the world, for they *will*, and there is no power in heaven or earth to help

it. Women, as a rule, are born in homes, but the most memorable of them have also ruled homes of their own. It is a rather remarkable fact that no unmarried woman has ever yet achieved the highest order of distinction. Maria Theresa, Mary Somerville, Elizabeth Browning, George Eliot—who cannot recite the brief catalogue in his sleep?—have all been married women, almost all mothers; and the first husband of Mrs. Somerville, at all events, was not one enthusiastically to claim his half of the “small, corrosive cares,” however it may be with the “daily souls” of Mr. Lewes and Mr. Browning. That frequently recurring condition of a somewhat highly civilized society, which greatly increases the proportion of women who necessarily remain unmarried, does not seem specially favorable to the development of original genius in the sisterhood; however, it may cultivate a class of painful virtues. Witness the patient and ineffectual ghosts who defile in endless procession under the elms of our own country towns. On the other hand, if anybody doubts that the effort of those who are just now toiling and teasing for all manner of artificial aids and exemptions for women is really one for the assistance of mediocrity and the inflation of flatness, let him read attentively that column of the *Woman's Journal* which keeps brief record, from week to week, of the specific achievements of women as women. Miss Phelps is herself so good an artist, her instinct of truth is so overmastering, that against her own word and will she has made her *exigante* Avis a woman of slender abilities and short-lived inspiration.

Our author expresses somewhere in her fervid book a special aversion to the word “morbid.” Let us not use it, then. But let us say as emphatically as we can courteously that the best of all the qualities which a book, or a system, or a life may have is *sanity*. Suffer us to repeat, as the key-note of our best possible aspiration, Matthew Arnold's magnificent line on Sophocles,

“Who saw life steadily and saw it whole,”

and to plead for a view of human affairs

and a regulation of human desires which shall leave to the natural course of things its powerful and beneficent way, and to the grand exceptions their own impressive rarity and authenticity,—a view in which the “primal duties” shall be clearly seen to “shine aloft like stars,” while the meteoric destinies flash few and far between, and the dazzling comet-creatures return at immense intervals along their inconceivable ways.

Green Pastures and Piccadilly¹—it should, by the way, be Piccadilly and Green Pastures—begins very pleasantly. Has not Mr. Black always a simple and peculiar grace of literary *entrance*? On the present occasion it seems charmingly proper that we should owe to an old and much-admired acquaintance, Queen Tita of the Phaeton, our introduction to a new heroine, and one of the loveliest and most clearly individualized of them all, Lady Sylvia Blythe. We like her Scotch lover too, and entirely believe in him: Balfour, whose name is historic if he is in trade (so aristocratic do we all become in the charmed “liberties” of English fiction!)—Hugh Balfour, of the high mind, the hard head, the true heart; of enlightened and wary but ungrudging benevolence; of strict but unsentimental sense of honor, scornful integrity, and haughty, quarrelsome temper. For his sake we fling ourselves into the familiar arena of English politics with an ardor almost as innocent as Lady Sylvia's own. We enjoy his contemptuous fight with the deputation of electors from his borough of Balinasroon with as much zest as if an English election were a novelty, and we had not regularly weathered a score of them, every year of our adult lives, under the guidance of Bulwer, Lever, Trollope, or Reade. It is a pity that the scene in question is too long to quote, for it is the best in all the book, and strikingly illustrates Mr. Black's aptitude for a more terse, keen, and manly style of writing than that which he ordinarily affects. Almost equally admirable are the scene at Balfour's former college in Oxford, where he

¹ *Green Pastures and Piccadilly*. By WILLIAM BLACK. New York: Harper & Bros. 1878.

makes shamefaced and would-be indifferent confession of his love to the sympathizing and romantic old don; the experiences of this thorough-going philanthropist in Happiness-Alley, where he sojourns for a while, — to the intense admiration of his high-souled young mistress, — that he may study from within the life of the lowest orders of society; the piquant love scenes between these two, where politics and nightingales play about equal parts, where the secrets which the lover tells the lady under the moon-silvered, whispering foliage of a Surrey June concern gas bills and water bills, and the girl is continually confounding the reformer by religiously adopting his extremest views and giving them back to him in a shape so exaggerated as to be suicidal. Then come the facile marriage, the hurried honeymoon, and, fast and fateful, the wholly natural and inevitable misunderstandings and miseries of this high-spirited but undisciplined pair. It is all spontaneous, earnest, and fascinating; there is not a false note anywhere until we are suddenly jerked off the track of our highly-wrought interest and landed in the most prosaic wilds of our own country. The names of some of our *dramatis personæ* accompany us still, but their selves, their souls, are fled. A most engaging romance has been snatched away from us unfinished, and we have been given, in its stead, a commonplace kind of guide-book to scenes which we know quite well enough already. This last may not seem quite so great an injury to transatlantic readers as to ourselves, but they must equally object to seeing a work of art ruthlessly spoiled for purposes of literary trade, and a book of travels over the least storied of earth's lands sprung on them from behind a front of sweetest fiction. It is inconceivable that a clever man like Mr. Black should have cared to do so flat a thing as to write the history of his travels at all, and very much indeed to be regretted that he seems to have contracted the rather vulgar habit of producing a book a year at any hazard. In no well-administered realm of letters will more than one book in two

or three years be allowed to any author. George Eliot gives us about one in five. When the Preacher uttered his impatient protest against the "making of many books," he little dreamed — good, easy man — that the world would one day see something much worse than all making of books, namely, their *manufacture*.

No clue is given to the identity of the American author who figures on the title-page of *Green Pastures* as Mr. Black's assistant. It is quite easy to see, however, what he must have supplied: an exposition of the manners and customs of the commercial "runner;" a careful explanation of the local jealousies of the north and south "sides" in Chicago; a treatise on the much-disputed dialect of the Western plains. But the truer the "local color" of the latter part of the book, the less it suits those ideal beings whom we find it so difficult to associate with the scenes portrayed; and as for Balfour having remained in Idaho as Von Rosen's agent, we simply *know* that the rumor is false. As the prince consort of Queen Titania cynically remarks, "People who fail for half a million are sure to be pretty well off afterwards;" and Hugh Balfour was never the man to have turned his back on the native land whose interests he had made so peculiarly his own, and plunged into the stupid life of a mighty hunter, just because he was no longer a millionaire. The feelings with which we close this mutilated romance may be summed up in one word, — *defrauded*. Our author has failed for more than Balfour himself, and we will have no compromise. The title of his last chapter, *Auf Wiedersehen*, would seem to indicate that he means, at some future time, to tell us more of these nice people, but we give him fair warning that we will not read the sequel to *Green Pastures* unless its opening sentence be, "And so they awoke and found it all a dream."

Is there, then, no true element of romance in the large, inchoate living of the far West, its primitive manners, and the strange, titanic splendors of its scenery?

Is it quite out of the question for a novelist to try to enrich his work by the picturesque contrast between life in the most settled and sophisticated spot on earth and the life of the same race in one of the newest and most lawless? Henry Kingsley did this for English and Australian life; and who has forgotten the fresh and powerful enchantment of Geoffrey Hamlyn? And let nobody decide hastily, on the strength of Green Pastures and Piccadilly, that the British Channel cannot be made to flow freely into the Pacific Ocean. Let him not decide, at least, before he has read Erema; or, My Father's Sin (Harper & Bros., New York). It is a very bad title for a book, — a trumpery, catchpenny title, of the sort which seems to "connote" coarse wood-cuts and incessant melodrama; nevertheless, the book is great. Mr. Blackmore, the author of Alice Lorraine and the Maid of Sker, has none of Mr. Black's quaint literary courtesy and gentle graces of manner. He seems, in fact, rather to disdain to please. But he arrests our attention, and presently constrains us to follow him. He gives us with a few bold strokes a new, but ever memorable landscape; with a few firm lines, an entirely unheard-of, but intensely vivified type of character. We have no notion whereabouts on either continent people talk the queer, strong English dialect, freely besprinkled with obsolete and, we half suspect, invented words, which this author puts into the mouths of so many of his characters; but we do know that it seems equally suitable to the Californian herdsman and mill owner whose ancestors have been for several generations in America, the sexton who has never been beyond the confines of the sleepiest hamlet in England, and the old family servant, once a nurse, long a lodging-house keeper in the cockneyest part of London. Even the gentleman-bred people in the book, the gallant major and the invalid earl, occasionally avail themselves of the same pure and pungent mode of speech, and we do not mind the oddity. We are too intent on what they have to say. Considered with reference to the actual world, the

story of Erema is violently, one might almost say impertinently, improbable. Considered with reference to the relation of its parts, the interdependence of its peculiar and often thrilling incidents, it is admirably consistent and symmetrical. The daughter and heiress of an English earl and graduate of a French convent, after the death by starvation of her father in the great Californian desert, sojourns for a while most gratefully, and, as it would seem, congenially, in the household of the aforesaid herdsman, — and a rough but precious old hero he is. She is a princess of refinement and high spirit always, but enters with zest into the customs of the place, and distinguishes herself much in athletic sports and stormy, often sanguinary adventures. At this time, being fifteen years old and finely grown, she wins the affections of Ephraim Gundry, the old ranch-man's grandson, but rejects his suit because she has her father's name to clear of the cloud which blighted his existence. Animated by this filial purpose, and arrived at the mature age of seventeen, she returns to England under the formal guardianship of Major Hockin, of the British army, one of the most entertaining characters in the book and not the least lovable. Here she assumes the office of detective, grandly scorning any assistance from the police force of her mother country, and relying solely on the sufficiently remarkable aptitude for both fight and *finesse* which she had herself developed on the Pacific shore. After long struggles and many disappointments she is completely victorious. The real author of the crime of which her father had been accused is hunted down in person by this intrepid young woman, and makes voluntary confession to her. She declines to bring him to justice, but a timely flood removes him from the scene; the sickly, but truly saintly incumbent of the Castlewood estates dies almost simultaneously, and Erema enters into her long-alienated kingdom, only to turn her back upon it forever. American ties are stronger than those of birthplace and lineage. She comes back to the States in the

midst of the civil war; finds Samuel Gundry in the Union army, and the rejected Ephraim in the Confederate; restores the latter to life, though stricken by an abundantly mortal wound; reunites and reconciles the two; and returns to California to spend the remainder of her days as the mother of Ephraim's children and the mistress of Gundry's mill. Could anything be more frantically absurd? But where now are the indignation and incredulity with which we received the suggestion that the Balfours might remain in Idaho? We are conscious of no such feeling. In the skillful hands of the author of *Erema* the impossible becomes indisputable, and the preposterous natural and plain; because, this author has true creative imagination, and "when found," as Captain Cuttle used so devoutly to say, "make a note of."

Erema, then, is a book worth study. Let us consider it a little longer. Minor peculiarities, or rather originalities, of this author's method are a great concentration of purpose and seriousness of spirit. You cannot conceive of him as conscious of his own humor, although he betrays plenty, as very earnest people often do in conversation. He tells his wildest tale with a simple assurance which fairly cows the reader's skepticism. He explains little, and apologizes never. He plunges his people without warning into the midst of the most extraordinary situations, and disdains even to tell how they got there; his business and the reader's being to see them through. Another marked feature is the preponderance of noble types of character,—the very sparing employment, even in a tale of mystery and crime, of thorough baseness. Everywhere in the course of her quixotic quest *Erema* encounters kindness, help, loyalty. Even the arch villain of the piece half wins our pardon in the end, and in no maudlin fashion either, but only because we are made clearly to see the cruelty of his wrongs and the terrific strength of his temptation.

Erema is unconventional to the last degree, and readers who dislike this

quality, and prefer something simple, safe, and realistic, had better turn at once to *Marjorie Bruce's Lovers*. (Harper & Bros.) *Marjorie* had a great many of them in all orders of society, for she belonged to the class of heroines most frequently described as "little witches," and twinkled fatefully at every man she saw, and called her father "darling daddy." Since, however, that father was only a superior kind of yeoman, it became *Marjorie* to steel her small heart against the very genteelness of her admirers, and, in effect, to adopt the high-minded resolution of the heroine in the *Bab Ballads*:—

"Come, virtue, in an earldom's eot,
Go, vice, in ducal mansions!"

This, after some ineffectual efforts and lapses into naughty coquetry, she is divinely enabled to do: the lord of the county, who had distinguished her by his smiles, marries the heiress cousin to whom he is properly betrothed, and *Marjorie* becomes the mistress merely of "an ancient three-storied manor-house, with small casements looking out of masses of ivy, a couple of straggling modern wings, a quaint pillared stone porch gay with old-fashioned vases," etc.

Marjorie Bruce's Lovers may be described as passively and rather pleasantly harmless. *Winstowe* (Harper & Bros.), by Mrs. Leith Adams, is most aggressively and annoyingly so. It is saturated with false sentiment, and suffused with maudlin piety. If Dickens had once lost his mind, and embraced Methodism when he had only partially recovered it, he might have perpetrated much such a story. It begins with a tiresome old gentleman, so bowed and beaming with goodness that we strongly suspect him of having robbed a bank, who discovers in a church porch, one Christmas Eve, a vagrant boy, with aristocratic features and golden hair, listening to the carols, and starving. The matter-of-fact old man rashly proposes to remedy the starvation, but is respectfully requested by the æsthetic waif to wait until the music is over. This point he yields, but will not be let from adopt-

ing the young beggar and sumptuously providing for all his low connections. The highly-organized little wanderer's name is Willie, and he grows to be a great comfort to the bland old gentleman, and saves children's lives when the houses take fire where they are staying, and carries all before him at the university. He also clears at one sprightly bound the preliminary steps of legal advancement, popularly supposed to be slow and difficult in England, and is a blooming barrister at twenty-five, and the favorite guest of Q. C.'s and the like. His appalling astuteness never failed him but once, and that was when he fell in love with old David Earle's other ward, also golden-haired, but high-born and richly dowered. She looked upon Willie as a brother, and engaged herself to Guy Tremlett, whose record was by no means as clear as Willie's, and whom the latter darkly suspected of being occasionally inebriate. Obeying his lawyer's instinct, he even looks about for some proof of his rival's guilt, but is presently shocked at his own lack of generosity, and permits himself to use the violent past participle "confounded" in making confession of his baseness. Thenceforward, he devotes himself simply to Tremlett's reformation; succeeds, however, but indifferently, yet so far as to receive a recommendation to Lilian's mercy, while watching at the bed where Guy is rather ruthlessly dispatched by delirium tremens. It is needless to add that Lilian, after a suitable delay, accepts him as a legacy; and that Willie is conclusively shown by his friend the Q. C. to be the descendant of a long line of nobles and heir to a handsome estate.

As for the Modern Minister (Harper & Bros.), the last of our English visitants, with its list of one hundred and twenty-one dramatis personæ, its rank abundance of truly vile illustrations, and the dense confusion of its numerous plots, we have but the first part of the story as yet, so perhaps there is no need to say anything about it. It has a certain exuberance of incident and scenery, but differs, unfortunately, from all

the others by being positively coarse and objectionable in parts; and if it be not the work of a very young writer, it surely is that of a moderately vicious one. All these English books teem with Americanisms of expression, technically so-called. In all of them, and in books, by the way, of more literary pretension than any of them, we find "reliable" and "those sort of things," and a fine confusion in the cases of the personal pronouns. But they have other qualities in common which distinguish them decidedly, and, it must be owned, favorably, from the two lively American tales which stand at the foot of our list. Trite and poor though several of these reprints be, they are all fairly well constructed, — all, at least, except *Green Pastures* and *Piccadilly*, which, as we have seen, is dis-severed and *pieced*, deliberately and of malice aforethought. The rest have each its significant chain of events and sequence of situation, a cumulative if not very intense interest, a slight but sufficient maintenance of suspense, and a proper resolution and end. That is to say, these English writers, even Mrs. Leith Adams, with her mincing moralities, appear all to have *learned their trade*, while the evidently clever and agreeable authors of the *Wolf at the Door* (Roberts Bros., Boston) and *One Summer* (Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston) seem ignorant of those very first principles of fiction exemplified in any one of the familiar fairy-tales recited to us all in infancy. A story, properly speaking, is a thing of shape and boundaries and motive, not a portfolio of loose sketches, however charming, nor a rehearsal of long conversations, however natural and gay. The *Wolf at the Door* is one of the No Name novels, — number ten, we believe, — and it is less than the least and lighter than the most volatile of that amusing, but on the whole rather futile series. It is a speaking and very piquant likeness, in outline, of town life and fashionable charity, just as many of us know them. It is full of the bright talk of slightly commonplace and conventional, but refined and animated people; the temper of it is

sweet, the style purer than we are apt to get from over the water; there is enough of diffused and careless cleverness about it to brighten and redeem six Marjories and a dozen Winstowes, but in no true sense of the word is it a romance, or even a tale. It strikes one as the quick work of an incorrigibly idle amateur, whose wit and talent will never submit to the discipline which they need in order to make them permanently effective.

It may be urged that the very immaturity of *One Summer*, which appears in a new edition with graceful illustrations by Hoppin, implies a greater chance of future excellence than the lady-like *aplomb* of the author of the *Wolf at the Door*, and we are always inclined to hope for the best; but there can be no harm in reminding one who would write novels exactly what a novel is and is not. It is either a study of picturesque types of character, — and not all types

are picturesque, any more than all objects are suitable for representation in art, — or it contains a closely connected series of interesting events, commonly called a plot. Mr. William Black has proved himself so true and dainty an artist in character that we are not strenuous about his plots. Mr. Blackmore resembles the greatest novelists of all in combining these two characteristics, and he does so in a higher degree than has yet, we think, been generally acknowledged. The Marjorie Bruce and Winstowe makers irritate us by their fatuity, but they show clearly that they understand the mechanical principles of storytelling; while our own apt and sparkling countrywomen seem laboring under the delusion that any mere aimless “once there was,” told spiritedly against time, as one tells a story to an importunate child, is worthy to be called a work of fiction.

FATE.

SORROW knocked; I barred my door.
 “Go,” I cried, “and come no more;
 I have guests who, gay and sweet,
 Cannot bear thy face to meet.”

But ere long from every room
 Vanished light and warmth and bloom;
 Hope and joy and young love went,
 And, late lingering, sweet content.

Then my door I opened wide:
 “Sorrow, haste to come,” I cried;
 “Welcome now, no more to roam:
 Make henceforth my heart thy home.”

Luella Clark.

AMERICANISMS.

IN the three articles of this brief series upon Americanisms which have been already published,¹ some positions were taken, and, I believe, some points were established, which, for the sake of old readers no less than of new, it may be well to reconsider. The first of these is that in language whatever is distinctively "American" is bad. That is, the language of the country being English, all deviations from the best English usage are solecisms, provincialisms, or, in the original sense of the word, barbarisms. This seems indisputable so long as we profess to speak English and do not set up for ourselves a standard of our own, in which case our speech would be not English but "American," — a dialect of the English language. It is true that English is our language by inheritance, our mother tongue, and that therefore it is ours, to do what we please with it, and to use as it suits our convenience, just as it is that of the English people. Its literature is ours just as it is theirs, and for the same reasons. Our political severance from the mother country did not affect our rights in this matter; for language and literature are questions of race, not of politics. The distinction sometimes made between English literature and American literature is factitious. English literature is the literature of all the English-speaking peoples. As well talk of Australian literature or Canadian literature as of American literature; of Prussian and Austrian literature, both being simply German; for place has as little to do with the question as politics. But in all languages there is, and must be, a standard; and this is the usage of the best society, that is, the most intellectually and socially cultivated society, by which it is spoken. Now, in regard to the English language, that society is the aristocracy and the upper middle class of England; the mass

of people who have their education chiefly at the great English universities, and all the members of which, if not personally educated at those great schools, are constantly under their influence. Moreover, in addition to this point of higher culture, there is the fact that English is, and must of necessity be, the speech of the English people. Another language might be supposably better, but if it were other, however good it might be, it would not be English. But the American people, although to all intents and purposes an English people, at least until within the last twenty-five years, are not *the* English people. That distinction pertains peculiarly to the people of England, and must continue to do so until they emigrate in a body and leave that country as bare of Englishmen as their forefathers left, a thousand years ago, the little scrap of the earth's surface known of late years, to the confusion of politicians and historians, as Schleswig-Holstein, which is the cradle of the English people, — an England older than Old England herself.

When, however, we come to decide the question, What is an Americanism? a difficulty at once presents itself. For we have to decide what is American and what is an American. For myself, I avow that the word "American," as applied to a man, is entirely without meaning, except in the sense (itself quite conventional and illogical) of a citizen of the United States of America. To call a man an American because he happens to be born in America, or rather in a certain part of North America, is entirely to reverse the natural and logical order of things. It brings up the old joke of calling a man a horse because he was born in a stable. Countries have their names from the people who inhabit them: England is the country of the Angles, the English, — Angle-land; France, the country of the Franks, and so forth. An Englishman is so called not because

¹ In the *Galaxy* for September and November, 1877, and January, 1878.

he was born in England, but England is so called because he and his forefathers were born there. Mr. Thackeray was born in India; but no one thinks of calling him an Indian or a Hindoo. He was a British subject, and he might have been a citizen of the United States of America. In the latter case would he have been any the less English? There is this strange and anomalous peculiarity about the name "American:" that whereas, for example, a British subject may be an Irishman, a Scotchman, a Welshman, a Hindoo, a Parsee, or what not, and if any one of these he preserves his proper name as such, if a man is a citizen of the United States, particularly if he be born so, he is called "an American," and nothing else. If birth in what is merely for convenience called "America" makes an American, we have then no distinction between Henry W. Longfellow, Patrick MacShane, Hans Breitmann, Bone Squash Diavolo, and the lately arrived son of Ah Sin; and what is the worth, the distinguishing value, of a name which lumps Anglo-Saxon, Celt, Teuton, Negro, and Mongol together? The name "American" has a certain rough convenience; but it also has a very decided inconvenience when we come to use it with any thought or exactness, and that inconvenience is felt in a very perplexing way when we undertake to decide what is American, particularly in language.

Assuming the name, however, as it seems we must, the question What is an Americanism in language? is still to be answered. We may instructively work down to the point we seek by throwing out of consideration what are not Americanisms. And first, words and phrases which are now, or have ever been, received in the current speech or literature of England in the modern period cannot justly be called Americanisms. A word in use in America which was brought here from England may be out of fashion in cultivated circles there, but it is difficult to see how that can make it in any way American. Words pass out of use from mere caprice, and sometimes come in again with as little reason. This

being the case, if mere fashion is to decide this question as to a word of indisputably English origin and acceptance, we might be reduced to the absurdity of classing a word of purest Anglo-Saxon lineage as English in one generation, an Americanism in the next, and as English again in the third.

Words which are the names of things peculiar to this country are not Americanisms, except under certain conditions. *Maize*, *potato*, *moccasin*, *squaw*, *wigwam*, are not Americanisms. They are merely the names of things peculiar to the aborigines of this country (with whom we have no relations of race, society, or language), and which are necessarily adopted by speakers and writers of all languages in describing or mentioning those things. If these and their like are Americanisms, *elephant*, *crocodile*, *upas*, *tea*, *banyan*, and the like are Orientalisms, which no one pretends or would admit. If, however, any such word is adopted here as the name of a thing which had already an English name, as, for example, *wigwam* for hut, *moccasin* for shoe, *squaw* for wife, or *papoose* for child, it then becomes properly an Americanism.

Strictly, therefore, that is, according to reason, an Americanism in language is a word or phrase found in the speech of the descendants of the European settlers of this country which is peculiar to them, either in itself or in the sense in which it is used, and which is not the name of anything peculiar to the land itself or to its aboriginal inhabitants. We shall find that a very small proportion of the words and phrases which are loosely called Americanisms, and even of those which are classified as such by the compilers of glossaries and dictionaries, are within these limits. Of the books upon this subject, the one which is best known, and which, from the extent of its compiler's researches and the fullness of its illustrations, has become what is called an authority, Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms, of which a fourth edition enlarged and corrected has lately appeared, is the most misleading. With high respect for the

author of this work, and admiration of his patient and conscientious investigations, I cannot but regard the result of his labors as misleading, and therefore pernicious in its effect. Fault enough may be justly found with English as it is generally spoken in this country; but the presentation of this huge collection of words and phrases as a dictionary of Americanisms is, in part at least, a gross misrepresentation of the language of the people of the United States. Apart from the slang and the cant words and phrases which swarm upon its pages, and which, although a considerable number of them are correctly classified as Americanisms, should have been collected by themselves and labeled as slang and cant, the volume is crowded with other words and phrases which are English pure and simple, English by origin, English by continued usage from time immemorial to the present day, either in colloquial use or in literature, or in both, and which in fact lack nothing required for the completeness of their Englishhood. The effect of such a publication is one of gross and injurious misrepresentation. It supports and confirms the erroneous assumption in England and on the continent of Europe that the language spoken by Americans generally is a barbarous, hybrid dialect of which English is only the stock, upon which Indian, Dutch, French, German, Irish, and Negro stems and branches have been freely grafted. Dictionaries and glossaries are not read through; they are merely glanced at or referred to; and the discovery in this careful and copious collection of a few examples of such perversion as that mentioned above leads to, if it does not warrant, the inference that the whole book is filled with such examples. Here, it is said, is a dictionary of Americanisms compiled by an American, a New England man, and it is a large, closely printed octavo volume. To what a condition has the English language been brought in America! I have heard such remarks made more than once by intelligent Englishmen; I have seen them more than once in print. Now, no intel-

ligent American who knows anything of English, past and present, as spoken and written in England and in the United States, will for a moment admit the truth of such an assumption. Every such person knows that a very few pages of such a volume as Mr. Bartlett's dictionary would contain all the words and phrases, not slang or cant, which are properly American, either by origin or by peculiarity of use.

The favor with which this work has been received and the authority which has been accorded to it are due to two causes. First, it is a collection made with careful and laborious research, which is manifest upon its every page; and all such collections have some value, and are apt to attain a certain authoritative position. They are almost sure to do so, unless their defects or faults are so great as at once to provoke exposure; and this position they maintain until they are superseded by something of the same kind which is better and more trustworthy. Mr. Bartlett is not exactly a pioneer in this field, for he was preceded by Pickering many years ago; but his book is much more pretentious than its predecessor, which is almost forgotten, except by students of language; and it is in its kind and for the present generation as authoritative as Webster's Unabridged. It would have been so even if its merits were less and its faults—faults of design, not of execution, be it observed—greater than they are.

Next, this dictionary wins favor by satisfying, or seeming to satisfy, a certain uneasy craving for Americanism which is very common the world over, and which exists in a great degree among intelligent and thoughtful Englishmen. There is constantly manifest in Europe, and particularly in England, a desiring expectation of the development of something new in America, some peculiar and characteristic traits, moral, mental, social, political, physical. What, it is asked, is the use of your great experiment in a new country, if it does not produce something new? If you merely adhere to the old forms and the old ideas, and work upon the old models,

you are unprofitable servants; you do not fulfill your function. Give us something new; something peculiar to yourselves in philosophy, in politics, in art, in literature, even in language. Europe fails, or seems to fail, to see that Americans are merely Europeans who have been transplanted to a country in which they have sought first, and thus far chiefly, their material prosperity, their physical well-being, freed from the restraints which were imposed upon them by the political, social, and physical conditions of the countries in which they or their immediate progenitors were born. European inquirers do not accept the attainment of these ends as at all a satisfactory result of what they call our "experiment." The diffusion of comfort, of a moderate degree of education, among thirty or forty millions of people, a large proportion of whom, if there were no America, would be in poverty and ignorance, is well enough, and indeed is to be regarded with a certain degree of satisfaction; but this, which is to these Americans themselves the chief, if not the only, object of their wishes and their exertions, is a minor matter to the European writer of essays and leading articles and criticisms. He looks ever for some "new departure." Hence there is a craze for "the American thing." There is a cry for the novel of American society, for the American poem, the American what-not. What is welcomed with interest is that which is peculiar. That which is a mere repetition, probably a pale and distorted reflex, of the society and the literary models of Europe is looked upon with eyes cold and unsatisfied, if not averted. Let the American thing be bad, only let it be something new. To this uneasy craving it may charitably be attributed that certain poets and humorists and immoral moralists, of whom few of us are very proud, have received marked attention in Europe, far more than they have received at home. These Old World *quid nuncs* would be delighted if a new language were rapidly developed here; and as that has not yet happened, and is not rationally to be looked for, they regard with

interest, if not with favor, an enormously large collection of words and phrases which shows, or seems to show, to what a monstrous degree we have perverted and degraded the language that we inherited from our forefathers.

Nor are they alone in this desire. It exists to a certain degree among Americans themselves. But it is futile. It must be so. Originality, true and worthy originality, never comes by striving to be original. It springs spontaneously, unconsciously, into being. It is the utterance of that which seeks expression only for its own sake. The man who says within himself, "Go to, I will be original," may possibly produce something which is unlike what has been produced before; but that the thing will be of any intrinsic value or beauty is, to say the least, extremely improbable. It is likely to be only grotesque and monstrous. Literature and art and language in America will assume peculiarity and originality just as soon as Americans themselves develop unconsciously peculiar and original traits of intellect and morals. Whether they are now in the way to do this, or in that of assimilating themselves to the rest of the world, every careful observer may decide for himself.

Strangely enough, however, the very first manifestation of this desire for originality was in regard to language. This was strange, because language is of all things that in which originality is most nearly impossible. For language must endure. It is transmitted from generation to generation, with only such change as comes from what may be called the wear and tear of use. It cannot be otherwise. If it were otherwise, communication between one generation and another would be impaired, or become impossible, and language would fail in its only function. Yet when the constitution of the United States was adopted, at the celebration of the event in New York, a book was borne in procession by the philological society of that city, on which was inscribed, "The Federal Language." What it was supposed that language might be, and how it was to be

formed, is beyond the reach of human conjecture. But Noah Webster himself was the advocate at that time of an American form of the English language. As to his views in particular I must refer those of my readers who care to have further information upon this subject to the article in the *Galaxy* of November last. Suffice it here to say that he plainly supposed that there could and should and would be a divergence between the language of America and that of the mother country, consequent upon their political separation. It is almost needless to say that the result has been exactly the reverse of what he supposed and wished that it might be. The language of the two countries has not only remained the same, but time and freedom of intercourse, physical and intellectual, have removed gradually any differences that existed. There are provincialisms, vulgarisms, barbarisms, and solecisms in both countries; but the standard of speech in both is exactly the same, and so it must and will remain.

I shall now refer very briefly to the more important and significant of the so-called Americanisms which I have previously shown to be entirely without the limits assigned above to the meaning of that term, and shall then pass on to the consideration of others, taking my examples chiefly, but not altogether, from Mr. Bartlett's dictionary.

Notion, in the sense of small, trifling wares, is probably the word which of all Americanisms is regarded as the most absolutely American, both in origin and in usage. "Yankee notions" is a phrase known the world over. But so grave and didactic a poet as Young, than whom none could be less American, used it nearly a hundred and fifty years ago exactly in the sense in which it is now used in New England:—

"And other words send odours, sauce, and song,
And robes, and notions framed in foreign looms."
(*Night Thoughts*. Night II.)

Guess, in the sense of believe, suppose, think, which is regarded almost as the Yankee shibboleth, is used exactly in that sense by Wycliffe, by one of his followers (name unknown), by Chaucer,

by Bishop Jewell, in an old north of England or Lowland Scotch ballad, in the *Mirror for Magistrates* (1587), by Bishop Hale (1599), by John Locke twice, and by one of the personages in Anthony Trollope's *Orley Farm*. Doubtless many other examples from standard English authors might be produced, and I am sure that I have memorandums of others, but they are not at hand.¹ These are, however, quite enough to show that this so-called Americanism is not American in any proper sense of the word.

Fall, for autumn, which has been regarded almost as absolutely American as *guess* and *notion*, is used by Dr. Cains (1552), by Vaughan (1624), by Gilbert White repeatedly in his *Natural History of Selborne* (1771, 1775), and by Froude in his *History of England* (vol. vi., chap. xxi.). With what semblance of propriety is a word which was in use in England at least two generations before the sailing of the *Mayflower*, and which has continued in use there until now by authors of repute, called an Americanism? And our very "Indian summer," which so many of us regard as peculiar to our country, is known in Europe, and is mentioned under various names from the time of the Greek poets to the present day.

Admire (as, I admire to see, I admire that, etc.) has long been set down among Americanisms of the most emphatic sort; and not only so, but is regarded by ourselves as being more than a mere Americanism,—a Bostonism. I should not hesitate to say even in Beacon Street or on Boston Common that I cannot regard it as an altogether lovely phrase; but it is used by Chapman in his translation of Homer, in the *Comical History of Francion* (1655), by Charles Cotton in his translation of Montaigne, by Charles James Fox in the fragment of his *History of England*, in Ashley's *Cyropædia* (1811), and by many other old English writers of high standing.

Baggage, meaning the *impedimenta* of a traveler, which is frequently scoffed at by British writers as an Americanism,

¹ The examples were given in detail in previous articles. I can here, however, only refer to them.

and is so set down by Mr. Bartlett, is used by Fielding, by Sterne, by Walter Scott, by Thomas Hughes in Tom Brown, and by many other British writers of recognized position.

Blackberry, as to which Mr. Bartlett says that "this term is universally used in the United States for the English brambleberry," has been used in England just as we use it for nearly a thousand years, — from the earliest Anglo-Saxon times to the present, both by the people at large and by writers of the best repute. Indeed, *blackberry* is the rule and *brambleberry* the exception during all that period.

Blow, meaning to boast, to brag, to talk big, and *bluff*, as a noun meaning a bold prominence, and as a verb meaning to bluster, to attempt to put down an opponent by big pretension, are known to English literature from its earliest days down to the present.

Bug, for beetle, is another test Americanism, according to the average British critic and book-writing traveler. And yet it was so used in England more than two centuries ago, and has continued in use there both in literature and in folk-speech. Mr. Jennings, in his lately published book of Walks through Field Paths and Green Lanes, mentions having heard it so used in the south of England.

Catamount, which we ourselves regard as not only American but peculiarly Western, has the support of at least two centuries of English usage; and *crevasse*, which we look upon as a Southwestern Americanism, is used by Chaucer.

The Rev. Archibald Geikie read, in 1857, before the Canadian Institute, a paper in which he undertook to instruct Canadians, Americans, and the world at large upon Americanisms; and from this paper Mr. Bartlett has taken what he sets forth as some "excellent illustrations." One of Mr. Geikie's points is that in England "great offenders are *hanged*," but that in America "they are all *hung*." That in England beef, gates, and curtains are *hung*, but felons are *hanged*; while in America all are *hung*. Now, this is a beautiful and a

characteristic example of the way in which men write about Americanisms; for, so far as what Mr. Geikie says on this point from being true, that *hung* was used in England to express death by hanging in Queen Elizabeth's days, and later, down to the present time, as I have showed by examples from Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Fuller, Southey, Hartley Coleridge, Mrs. Trollope, Froude, Mr. Bain, M. P., Sir Henry Holland, Charles Reade, William Morris, Smiles, The Greville Memoirs, Anthony Trollope, the London Spectator, the Saturday Review, and the London Times; and on the other hand inanimate objects have been said to be *hanged*, as I showed in like manner.

These instances of the exposure of gross errors in the classification of words and phrases as Americanisms are selected from the previous papers of this series for reference here because they are characteristic, and because it should seem that they are well suited to lead the mind of the reader into a healthy condition of doubt as to the Americanism of much that is so labeled, and of receptiveness as to what will be hereafter presented to him.

At the same time it must not be supposed that I appear as an advocate to get a verdict of "Not guilty of Americanism" for words and phrases invented or perverted in this country. On the contrary, to show that there are such, and which they are, will be one of my objects. Among such words, as I have already shown, is *corn*, which is here perverted from its proper function as a general name for all cereal grain, wheat, rye, oats, barley, to mean maize, a kind of corn unknown to the people who made and used the word for centuries. Another is *creek*, which, meaning properly an indentation greater or less in a coast line, and hence a narrow inlet from the sea, is used by many Americans, and in some parts of the country by all the inhabitants, to mean a running stream of fresh water, which in English is called a brook or a river. These are examples of genuine Americanisms in single words. Of like phrases is *right away*, absurdly used for at once,

now, instantly, immediately, and so generally thus used that it is to be feared that there is no hope of its future exclusion even from the speech of educated people. Its absurdity is so great as to be ridiculous, as any intelligent person will see by reflecting upon it briefly; and yet the immovable barrier between its right and its wrong use is very thin and transparent. For to say that a person went right away is good English and good sense; but to tell a person to do a thing right away is neither sense nor English. This perversion of the phrase is an Americanism, and one of the worst and most generally diffused that deform our speech.¹ I may now resume the examination in detail of examples of Americanisms real and pretended.

Darn is one of the slang words which we ourselves long regarded as an Americanism of pure New England origin; why, it is difficult to imagine, except that we assumed that any deviation on our part from standard English must be of our own motion, a step toward that originality and independent Americanism for which some of us are pining. The word as a euphemism for *damn* is known all over England, and is freely used by the rustic population, as it is here. And I found even Anthony Trollope using it thus, "that darned lecture," in the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Bartlett cites from the artificial ballad of Noakes and Styles, in the Essex dialect, an example of its use. The following stanza is from a ballad, doubtless genuine, given in Mr. William Black's charming *Princess of Thule*, chap. ii. Its dialect is not sufficiently marked to be distinguished from that of many parts of England.

"It happened on a zartin day
Fourscore o' the sheep they rinned away.
Says vather to I, "Jack, rin arter em, du!"
Says I to vather, "I'm darned if I du!"

I quote this, not because it is needed to show that *darn* is not an Americanism, but to call attention to *du*, the Yankee pronunciation of *do*. I have heretofore suggested that this sound, which is not

oo,—that is, the Italian *u*,—nor the French *u*, nor yet the English *iotized u* (*e-oo*), but something between the first two, and which is very unlike the snarling nasal caricature of it which is heard upon the stage, is the original English *u*. When in England I found that this sound was apparently quite unknown to the British phonologists, and I spent some time in teaching one of the most distinguished of them how to utter it. And indeed there are not many Americans who can do so correctly unless they have lived in rural New England and caught the sound unconsciously.

Deck, meaning a pack of cards, appears in Mr. Bartlett's collection; and yet he himself says "deck is defined by Ash, a pack of cards piled one upon another." This makes it almost superfluous to remark that it probably did not occur to him that in Henry VI., Part iii., Act v., Sc. 1, is the following passage:—

"But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king himself was stily finger'd from the
deck!"

which, by the way, shows that the game at which Ah Sin so effectually demonstrated the ruinous effects of Chinese cheap labor is not of American origin. But with what propriety does a word used by Shakespeare and defined by Ash appear at all in a dictionary of Americanisms? Its only proper place is in a glossary of words which are not American.

Department. Of this word we are told that "the principal offices of the federal government at Washington are called departments," and that the word is "borrowed from the French." But it is in constant use in England, where I heard it frequently; and countless examples of its use in literature might be produced, but I have at hand only the following:—

"If it was one of the younger clerks, you know, we should tell him it was discreditable to the *department*." (A. Trollope. *Small House*, etc., ii. 14.)

¹ For a more detailed examination of this phrase in reference to Mr. Lowell's suggestion of a con-

nection with *straightway*, see the *Galaxy* for November, 1877.

[Mr. Kissing, a martinet, speaks.] "Somerset House is not a *department*. The treasury is a *department*; the home office is a *department*." (Idem, iii. 5.)

"I was for ten years a clerk in the *department* of the public service,—civil service we liked to have it called." (London Society, August, 1864.)

"At present the British government, of which the secretary for India is only a member, whether he likes the position or not, and the India House only a *department*." (London Spectator, July 20, 1867.)

Deputize is possibly of American origin; but I notice it chiefly for the purpose of pointing out that it and its congener *jeopardize* are spurious, words that are not words, formed by adding *ize* to *depute* and *jeopard*, two good and sufficient verbs, instead of which the monsters are used without any variation of meaning. But they, particularly the latter, are in common use now by good writers in England; and an Oxford LL.D and bright light of the Athenæum Club (the swell literary club of London) not long ago wrote to me complaining of my censure of his use of *jeopardize*, and saying that he did not know that there was any objection to it; certainly there was none in England, although there might be in America. This was putting the saddle on the other horse with a vengeance.

Different from. Mr. Bartlett gives this as an Americanism, with the remark that "we say one thing is different from another. In England this expression is *different to*." This is quite incorrect. I must not repeat myself too much even on this occasion, and I shall merely now remark that, as I have heretofore shown, "*different from*" is the form in use by the best English writers, "*different to*" being in general a mark of the second or third rate writer, and that the form "*different to*" was censured so long ago as A. D. 1770, by Robert Baker, in his Remarks on the En-

glish Language. Yet the erroneous assertion abounds unmodified in Mr. Bartlett's fourth edition of his dictionary just published.

Dod rot it and *Dod drat it* are given as American euphemistic forms of swearing. On the contrary, the softening of *God* into *Dod* is an English verbal trick of long standing, and continues to the present day. In Cartwright's Poems, ii. 73, we find even "*Dod's blessing on't*;" and in a recent number of Punch, a sentry being asked by an officer "Why don't you salute, sir?" replies, "*Dod, man, I clean forgot*." *Rot* and, *drat*, too, are peculiarly British forms of oburgation, rarely heard in this country.

Dove for dived is possibly a genuine Americanism. It is unjustifiable; but, like many other Americanisms, it is creeping into use in England among careless speakers and writers. But it is to be remarked that the strong preterit, as it is called (*hung* is strong, *hanged* is weak), is used in provincial English speech in the case of many verbs which are properly of the weak conjugation.

Drink for river, as "the big drink," meaning the Mississippi, is Western American slang. It is an interesting and comical illustration of the assumption that the chief use of any fluid is for potation; although, as the rivers of the West do not yet run whisky, the application of the word to them in that quarter is remarkable.

"It beats the Dutch" is an American phrase, peculiar, as Mr. Bartlett correctly remarks, to New England and New York. It is, however, passing, or has passed, out of use. Not uncommon thirty years ago, it is now rarely or never heard. It has a historical value and interest, as it is a relic of the old animosity between the Dutch of New Amsterdam and the English settlers of New England, which Irving has so humorously recorded and illustrated. It was applied by the latter to anything monstrous, extravagant, and inexplicable.

Richard Grant White.

THE RUSSIANS ON THE BOSPHORUS.

AFTER a hostility of over two hundred years, — a hostility which no peace has fully suspended and no war has fully expressed, — Russia has borne her flag within the defenses of the capital of Turkey.

Asia has never entered Europe to rest. From the time of Darius down to the present day she has never been able to hold a rood of ground west of the Bosphorus except arms in hand. There seems to be no possibility of good-will, or even tolerance, between the races of the two continents, when brought into a state of co-inhabitation. The Persians, the Huns, the Mongols, the Tartars, arrived, overran, and established themselves, only to struggle with the eternal hate of the autochthonous peoples, to fall at last under their assaults, and to vanish.

The Turks have toiled and are toiling through a like sanguinary history. It is five hundred and twenty-two years since they crossed the Hellespont and seized Gallipoli; five hundred and seventeen years since they took Adrianople and founded their European dominion; four hundred and twenty-five years since they trampled out the Byzantine empire in the breaches of Constantinople. This period of more than five centuries has been a tangle of wars which it would be fatiguing and almost impossible to number. The flow and ebb of the Ottoman tide is stained with the blood of Byzantines, Bulgarians, Roumanians, Servians, Bosnians, Albanians, Montenegrins, Croats, Transylvanians, Hospitalers, Venetians, Genoese, Spaniards, Hungarians, Poles, Russians, Germans, French, Greeks, and even English. There is not a race, nor hardly a nation, west of the Euxine which has not done battle with them. They are the one people whom all Aryan peoples have recognized as enemies, either to be destroyed or angrily tolerated. For more than three centuries it was a question whether Tur-

key should continue to trespass upon and perhaps conquer Europe. For nearly two centuries, now, it has been one of the greatest of European questions whether Turkey should be, or cease to be.

The most persistent, the most formidable, and the bitterest enemies of the Ottomans have been the Slaves. When Amurath I. entered Roumelia (1360) the Slavic tribes were slowly but steadily tending southward, seizing and filling the depopulated provinces of the Byzantine empire. But for this Asiatic invasion there would probably long since have been two great Slavonic states, — the one on the banks of the Neva, and the other on the banks of the Bosphorus, — holding each other, perhaps, in equipoise, and tending to preserve the balance of Europe. The advent of the Ottomans was a challenge to mortal duel between them and the ancient, widespread valiant race whose march they interrupted and whose boundaries they invaded.

That duel has lasted, with incomputable waste of blood and indescribable flame of hatred, for more than five centuries. Half a million of Christian youth, mostly, no doubt, of Slavic breed, have been torn from their parents and their faith to die in the ranks of the Janissaries. It is but the beginning of the awful account of sacrifice. There is no imagining the number of Servians, Bulgarians, Herzegovinians, Bosnians, Arnaouts, Montenegrins, Croats, Cosacks, Poles, and Russians who have perished fighting for or against the Crescent. The story of Turkey, barren of all artistic or moral beauty, and loaded with slaughter, reminds one of those monstrous Druidic idols whose rude and worthless wicker-work was crammed full of tortured and dying men.

The conquest of the Slavic peoples of the Danubian region was by no means easy. Sometimes alone, sometimes al-

lied with Rouman communities, sometimes assisted by Magyars, Poles, and volunteers from Western Europe, they made a long struggle for independence. From the Servian defeat of Marizza, in 1363, on through the astonishing victories of the Hungarian Hunniades, down to the triumph of Amurath II. at Varna in 1444, the fortune of war was very various. At times the Christian principalities were tributary, and at times they seemed on the point of driving the Moslems into Asia. It was not until 1451, after ninety years of war, of partial submission, of insurrection, of victory and defeat, that Servia and Bosnia were completely subjugated by Mohammed II. For many years later savage Albania¹ remained in arms, now bowing its alpine head for a period, and now rising again. At last the wrestle was over, seemingly for all time. The Slavonia of the region called Turkey in Europe was all either mohammedanized or tributary. Even heroic Montenegro for a brief while endured the turbaned tax-gatherer.

But the battle between Ottoman and Slave had only commenced. The invaders had but made their way through the skirmishers of the great autochthonous race of Eastern Europe. They had thrust down and trampled over Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, etc., only to come upon Poland. After that meeting every advance had its prompt recoil. Turkey indeed flowed into Hungary, and surged for a second time as far as Vienna, and repeatedly threatened to reach the Baltic. But the astonishing valor of the Polish nobility, led by such generals as Zolkiewski and his son-in-law James Sobieski, and the renowned son of this last, John Sobieski, ruined host after host of Asiatics and checked the flight of the Crescent. We have not space to dwell upon these wonderful feats, so like the fabled adventures of Orlando and his comrades. Nor can we do more than allude to the struggles of the Hospitalers, of Venice, and of Austria against the Sublime Porte in the height of its power. Our business is with the

victors and the vanquished of the contest which has lately ended.

But before we open the subject of Russo-Turkish wars, let us glance at the martial institutions and methods of the Ottomans, partly for the purpose of knowing by what tactics and arms they won their footing in the most warlike continent of the world, and partly in order to estimate the military value of the enemy with which Russia had to measure herself.

The Turks gathered valuable lessons in warfare from their long struggle with the Byzantine emperors. From these inheritors of Roman science they learned to make vast use of earth-works, not only in siege operations, but also in fortifying camps and field positions. It was the same influence, probably, which led Sultan Orchan, about the year 1326 (more than a century before the establishment of Charles the Seventh's fifteen permanent companies of men at arms), to organize a body of disciplined and paid infantry called *Piade*. Not long subsequently the Janissary corps was founded, partly to check the power and insolence of the *Piade*, and partly to utilize the numbers and valor of the conquered Christian populations. Thus, after the taking of Constantinople, the Turks stood alone in Europe as possessing a stable army. The strength which they derived from these two Roman ideas, field fortification and regular infantry, can hardly be overestimated.

There was also a body of paid cavalry called the *Spahis*, — at first, like the Janissaries, merely palace guards, but, like them, gradually increased in numbers and distributed over the empire. They were supported, in part at least, by revenues derived from fiefs, which were sometimes hereditary, but more commonly bestowed for conduct and courage. It is related that, during an assault upon a fort in Hungary, one fief was granted to seven successive troopers, an eighth being lucky enough to survive and keep the prize. The weapons of the *Spahis* were two short darts, a lance, and a scimitar; after the introduction of fire-arms, the darts and lance gradually

¹ The Albanians are but partially Slavonic; some are Illyric or Epirotic

gave way to pistols. They attacked in squadrons of about fifty, at furious speed, but in good order; and this succession of swift, sharp raps has often broken the solidest European infantry. As with the Janissaries, their stipend was high and their rations abundant and choice, while the soldier of Christendom was in general irregularly paid and ill provided. They were recruited from the better class of the Moslem population, and are described by old historians as a select body of men, well educated and of gentle fashion.

Regular services of artillery, engineers, road builders, and even water carriers were also attached to the early Turkish armies; it seems as if they alone of all the nations of four hundred years ago had inherited the military wisdom of classical antiquity. On the breaking out of war they added to their paid troops an immense levy of militia, irregular infantry and cavalry, drawn from all the races of the incongruous empire, whose business it was to open the battles, to mask the manœuvres and marches, to perform scouting duty, to collect provisions, to plunder, harass, and destroy. This rambling rabble often spread dismay by causing men vastly to overestimate the strength of Turkish invasions. On the other hand, it sometimes damaged or ruined its own side by rolling back upon and disorganizing the Spahis and Janissaries. Its all-devouring and unwieldy multitude was the unscientific and defective feature of early Ottoman warfare. It was the survival of the barbarous Asiatic notion that a vast levy is a great army. Probably this traditional confidence in mere numbers has not been without its influence in preventing the Turks from keeping pace with European peoples in the art of war.

It was not only in the ranks of the Janissaries that the ancient Sultans made use of their conquered populations. Converts were heartily welcomed. A Christian who accepted Mohammed was at once an Osmanli; if he had courage and ability he might rise to the highest positions; the result was a multitude of

recruits who did the Porte vast service. The chief of the army which besieged Rhodes, under Mohammed II., was a scion of the imperial house of Byzantium. Ibrahim, the favorite officer of the great Solyman, was a renegade. About a dozen of the best Turkish generals, and at least three of their noted admirals, came of Christian origin. Even the rank and file, at all events in Europe, must have been largely of Christian and especially of Slavonic descent. This military use of subjugated peoples has indeed been the chief spring of the conquests of the Ottomans.

In studying Ottoman fortunes one is continually reminded of Napoleon's compendious phrase: "The Turks are but encamped in Europe." They have succeeded as a camp, and only as a camp. Their political prosperity began to decline the moment that the discipline of their troops began to decay. The moral history of the Janissaries includes the physical history of the empire. At first, the education and spirit of this famous corps were of almost unparalleled excellence. They were drafted young into military establishments, and trained, as only boys can be trained, to perfection in exercise and to absolute obedience. More docile, more devoted, more laborious, more valiant soldiers were hardly ever seen. They were the perfectly trustworthy guards of the Sultan, and the enthusiastic, heroic champions of the Crescent. While this lasted, and there was no other similar force in Europe, things went wonderfully well with Turkey.

But little by little too much power and too many privileges were accorded to the Janissaries. They were allowed to marry, to bring their children into the corps, to accumulate estates, to carry on business. In the course of time they became to Turkey what the prætorian bands became to Rome. They were a rich, greedy, insolent, mutinous military aristocracy rather than an army. They claimed and established the right of deposing and appointing, not only their own chiefs, but the chiefs of the state. Between 1512 and 1808 they dethroned

four Sultans and procured the death of five, besides maltreating or destroying more aghas and viziers than one cares to count. At least as early as the opening of the seventeenth century they were practically the rulers and the robbers of Turkey. No wonder that Sir Thomas Roe, the envoy of James I. of England, described the country as exhausted by exactions, and the richest portions of it as reduced to deserts. No wonder that he anticipated Nicholas's famous simile of "the sick man" by likening the misruled empire to "an old body crazed through many vices."

During the reign of Mohammed IV. a great change took place in the constitution of the Janissary force. Up to that time it had been recruited, in theory, and for the most part in practice, by an annual levy of Christian youth; at first, one thousand per annum, and later, three thousand. But Turkey had measurably ceased to be a conquering state; there were no longer hosts of captives and of freshly subjugated peoples to draw upon; the ancient rayahs had long found this impost of children the most vexatious of all taxes; finally, the Mohammedans were envious of the honors and privileges of the Janissaries. In 1676, therefore, the recruitment of Christian boys ceased, and gave place to the voluntary enlistment of Ottomans. It was another step in the decline of the body and of the military power of the empire. Henceforward, the army was deprived of one considerable source of courage, talent, and numbers; henceforward, the Janissaries, no longer disciplined and drilled from infancy, were more disorderly and ignorant than ever.

Their insubordination, their inattention to duty, their defect of all soldierly virtues except sobriety and courage, rose at last to a height which was nothing less than ludicrous. In the latter days of the corps, if a Janissary wanted to join the field army, he did so; if not, he stayed at home and attended to his sinecure office, his investments, and his gardening. A popular war or a favorite vizier would bring out hosts of these gentlemen soldiers; a defeat, a scarcity

of plunder, or a failure of pay would disperse them again. Of course, men so untrained during peace, and so irregular in campaign service, knew almost nothing of military business. They could intrench and they could form line, and that was about all. They were so incapable and even unsuspecting of manœuvres that an attack in flank was pretty sure to confound and scatter them; and it was one of their complaints that the cowardly infidels were always up to that sneaking game, instead of fighting an honorable front battle. As for their guard and scouting duty, it was performed in such a manner that their camps were frequently carried by surprise. When Prince Eugene, in the dusk of an August morning (1716), led fifty thousand Austrians to assault one hundred and fifty thousand Turks, he got into their position before he knew it. There were no videttes, and the sentries were asleep.

It was largely owing to the establishment of this insolent and conceited military corporation that the Turks came to learn nothing new in the arts of warfare, and even to forget much that they had known, including field movements and gunnery. Prince Eugene, in his curious memoirs, makes some instructive comments on their ignorance and stupidity. It appears that the Janissaries formed line in isolated platoons, without a second line to cover the intervals of the first, and usually without reserves. In the battle of Peterwardein he noticed, as an unusual circumstance, that large bodies were drawn up in the position of supports; but he adds that they appeared to be forgotten during the combat, and were not brought into action. We may fairly infer that in many Turkish battles a great part of their force never fought at all, so that their superior numbers availed them nothing. The great prince, by the way, speaks respectfully of Ottoman courage, and especially of the dash and adroitness of the Spahis. Indeed, he gives it as his opinion that, if they would only learn to use supporting lines and properly to handle reserves, still keeping their mode

of attacking violently in small bodies, "with that devilish yell of *Allah hu*," they would be invincible.

As for Turkish armament, it had always one serious defect, — the lack of a thrusting weapon. The Ottoman's idea of arms was from the first limited to a sabre and a missile. In early times he had a sabre and a bow; in later periods, a sabre and a musket, or pistols. He never used the pike in the days of its predominance, nor for a long time would he adopt the bayonet, nor has he ever learned to handle it. In the sieges of Rhodes and Malta, the Hospitalers constantly cleared the slashing Janissaries out of the breaches with half-pikes. In 1664 Montecuculi, winner of the great victory of St. Gothard, noted the entire lack of the pike, which he considered "the queen of weapons," as a fatal defect in Turkish armament. It is a matter of common notoriety that to the bayonet the Russians owe many of their triumphs over the Crescent.

Such is a brief — far too brief — and perhaps altogether insufficient view of the military peculiarities of the Ottomans during their loftiest prosperity and during the commencement of their decline. Let us now return to their encounter with the mightiest member of that great Slavic group of peoples with whom they necessarily closed in mortal wrestle when they invaded the east of Europe.

In 1492, one hundred and thirty-six years after the crossing of the Hellespont, and thirty-nine years later than the fall of Constantinople, the fatal name of Russia makes its first appearance in Turkish chronicle. In that memorable year, while Columbus was on his way to a new world, the Grand Duke Ivan, father of the terrible Ivan who first assumed the title of Czar, sent a letter to Sultan Bajazet II., complaining of Turkish exactions upon Russian merchants, and proposing diplomatic intercourse between the two governments. Three years later, his ambassador, Michael Plettschieff, arrived in Constantinople, claiming precedence over the envoys of all other Christian monarchs, refusing to bend the knee to the chief of the faith-

ful, and otherwise carrying himself so haughtily that Bajazet "blushed at the thought of submitting to such rudeness."

Russia was then a wild region of some seven hundred thousand square miles, inhabited by no one knows how many millions of semi-barbarians. Its famous Strelitsi (musketeers), or permanent soldiers, were not instituted until fifty-three years later, and its troops were still "men without all order in the field," who "ran hurling on heaps." Its long battle to throw off the tribute imposed by the descendants of Genghis Khan was as yet undecided. But even at this time it seems to have cherished some vague claims upon the throne of Constantinople. Ivan III. had espoused the last surviving princess of the Byzantine house, and assumed as his cognizance the double-headed eagle of the Byzantine emperors, — the eagle which has lately entered in triumph the defenses of Stamboul.

After this first act of political intercourse there came long peace between two natural enemies who could not get at each other. The Muscovites delivered themselves from Tartar tribute, overcame and destroyed the Tartar khanates of Kasan and Astrakhan, and waged with the Tartars of the Crimea many wars, so various in fortune that as late as 1571 these last stormed and sacked Moscow. Little by little, however, they forced their laborious way to the Euxine and Caspian, and there fell into small scufflings with the Turks for the possession of harbors and sea-side fortresses. In 1646 there was fighting around Azof, in which the Ottoman garrison repulsed a Muscovite attack, taking eight hundred heads and four hundred prisoners. In 1670, not far from Astrakhan, Russians dislodged a detachment of Turks who were intrenching a position on the Volga with the intent of commanding the commerce of that mighty river.

It was not until 1674, in the days of Sobieski and of Mohammed IV., that the two-headed Eagle and the Crescent met each other in set combat. Poland, Turkey, and Russia all claimed dominion

over the Ukraine. The Poles held it; the Turks were besieging them out of it; the Czar Alexis led a hundred thousand men to seize it. There was a battle, the first of hundreds, — the first, perhaps, of thousands. A considerable column of Ottomans was defeated and well-nigh destroyed by the Muscovites. The indignant Mohammed, gathering all his mingled multitudes, marched against the victors, and drove them back to their wilderness.

But the war continued. Year after year swarms of Russians descended into the Ukraine. In 1677 they gained a notable victory over the famous Vizier Kara Mustapha; in 1678 they were badly beaten, but still fought on. Even then, as an old traveler tells us, "of all the princes of Christendom there was none whom the Turks so much dreaded as the Czar of Muscovy." They were perhaps impressed by his power of bringing into the field great numbers of men. He met them in their own grandiose fashion, the innumerable against the innumerable. Kara Mustapha eventually came to believe that it would be easier to capture Vienna than to hold the Ukraine; and in 1681 the Porte ceded that nest of Cossacks to Alexis, thus closing ingloriously its first war with Russia.

The next contest between the two powers took place in 1694, during the reign of Peter the Great. Peter had not yet taken his strange journey abroad, nor destroyed his unmanageable prætorians, the Strelitsi. But he was already an innovator: he had raised a few regiments on the German model; he wanted civilization and commerce; he wanted a sea-coast. It occurred to him that alien and infidel Turkey, at that time struggling desperately with Austria, Venice, and Poland, might easily be robbed of a few harbors. He marched with a great army against Azof; but the Ottoman artillery, directed by a German deserter, far overmatched the Russian; the Czar lost thirty thousand men, and had to break up the siege. Next year he reappeared, with civilized tactics throughout, with a respectable

navy, with engineers and gunners borrowed from Holland and Germany, and with a German for commander. At the end of two months of intelligent besieging, Azof fell into his hands. Little more of note occurred during the war, and it ended in 1698 with the general peace of Carlowitz, the Czar retaining his coveted sea-port and the adjacent territory, and grumbling loudly because he could have no more. Already the Western powers were beginning to watch with anxiety the growth of Russia, and to say to each other that she must not be allowed to grasp overmuch of Ottoman dominion. Already the Porte, beaten by Peter, beaten by Venice, beaten dreadfully by Prince Eugene, began to be regarded in the light of a "sick man."

This, very briefly, is the history of Russo-Turkish affairs from 1492 to 1698. There had been various local skirmishings and two set struggles for territory, the Muscovites always taking the aggressive, always fighting with the aid of other nations, always gaining ground. During these two centuries, Christian Europe, not excepting Russia, had advanced immensely in population, wealth, civilization, and military skill. Meanwhile, there had fallen upon the Ottoman race and rulers one of those strange blights of intellectual and moral force which so often arrest and bring to decadence a formidable people. The valor of Poles and Germans, the genius of Sobieski and Prince Eugene, had checked their expansion, exposed the tactical feebleness of their armies, and prepared the way for the assaults of the great reserve column of Slavonia.

Every one knows the rest. We have not space even to sketch the great combatings of reformed and civilized Russia with decadent Turkey. The temporary check of the campaign of the Pruth in 1711; the sanguinary but ineffective war of Anne and her ferocious Münnich in 1736-39; the first war of Catherine, lasting from 1769 to 1774, and distinguished by the victories of Romanzow, Dolgoroucki, and Weissman; the second war of Catherine, opening in 1787 and clos-

ing in 1792, with vast glory to Repnin, Kutusoff, and marvelous Suwarrow; the minor struggle of 1806, renewed in 1809, and ending in 1812, with small profit for much cost of blood; the remarkable contest of 1828-29, in which for the first time Russia made Stamboul tremble for itself; the gigantic wrestle of 1853-55, disastrous to the Slave through the interference of the Teutonic and Latin races,—all these trappings and shocks of Muscovite and Ottoman are too well known and too vast to be treated here.

We cannot relate; we can only comment. What strikes one as most wonderful is that from so many victories so little should result. The clumsy generalship and miserably appointed armies of the Moslems continually went down before the military science, vast preparation, and disciplined solidity of the Christians. Yet rarely did it happen that at the end of many defeats Turkey ceded any considerable breadth of territory. The marvel is the greater because the Porte has had other enemies besides the Muscovites. In the time of Münich, and again in the time of Suwarrow, Austria, to her bloody cost, combined with Russia in schemes for the partition of the Ottoman empire. In 1804-6 the Servians (with their own unaided hands) laid the foundations of their freedom. The successes of the Diebitsch war were prepared and furthered by the insurrection of Greece and the naval catastrophe of Navarino. It was not through Nicholas alone, but partly through the action of the Western powers, that Roumania gained her mediate independence. Russia can indeed claim that her arms have been the primal cause of every privilege secured by the Christian subjects of the Porte, and that but for her there might have been no emancipation for Moldavia and Wallachia, or even for Servia and Greece. But what she had won in bare conquest, up to a year ago, was little more than the Ukraine, and a desolate region on the north of the Euxine, and another wilderness at the southern base of the Caucasus.

One is reminded of Voltaire's bright

remark, that "it is easier to beat the Turks in the field than to take territory from them." No doubt of it; but why? It is true that, while the Ottoman has declined in military art, he has retained abundantly not only that untutored courage which suffices to defend ramparts, but also a great stock of moral courage; it is true that, after disastrous, humiliating, and seemingly disheartening overthrows, he has been ready to send forth fresh armies and fight on with wearying perseverance. Yet this is not all that has saved him hitherto from serious spoliation, and perhaps from complete conquest. The proud boast that during five hundred years no enemy had ever seen his capital would long since have been silenced but for the jealousy of Western Europe against Russia. Over and over again, in the past, the Teutonic and Latin races have checked the march of the Slave toward the Bosphorus. To-day they have not interfered; and there, after a struggle of centuries, he stands triumphant; there he stands, with what purpose and ultimate result we know not.

What will happen in humiliated Turkey it is so impossible to foresee that it seems like folly to attempt the part of a prophet. What should happen, it appears to me, is precisely what would have happened if the Ottomans had never broken into the natural tendencies of Christian Europe. There should be a Slavo-Roumanian confederation or empire, perhaps inclusive of Greece, extending from the Euxine and the Archipelago to the Adriatic, and dividing with Russia the dominion of the eastern part of the continent. England ought not to object to such a result, and it is her interest to favor it. Of what consequence is this Eastern Question to her compared with its dire and solemn stress upon the Slave? Moreover, with a free, youthful nation in Constantinople, a nation which fifty years of peace and good government might increase to thirty millions of souls, her Indian possessions would be safer from Russian inroad than they are even now. Such a nation the Western states of Europe

could willingly protect and upbuild. But what civilized, Christian people can give a hearty, and therefore really effective hand to the continuance of Tartar and Moslem?

There is no hope of strength or of reform in the Sublime Porte. "The Turks are but encamped in Europe." It would almost seem that they had invented this phrase, and had been altogether guided by it in their state-craft. They have held their domain as a commander holds a besieged city; they have sacrificed the welfare of the burgher to the success of the garrison; they have cared only for present safety, and nothing for future welfare. The government, the ruling class, the Ottomans, have been sustained at no matter what cost. The subjects, and especially the Christian subjects, have been neglected, thrust aside in scorn, stripped by the maddest taxation, and still farther stripped by official brigandage.

What Turkish intelligence and honesty in financial matters have amounted to may be judged by the fact that the piaster, which began life as a Spanish dollar, is now worth less than five cents. The prosperity of the commercial classes and the general wealth of the country have probably diminished in the same ratio with the depreciation of the currency. The government has lived on debased money, plunder, and corruption. Amurath IV.—and the case was not singular—left three hundred and sixty millions in French gold, mainly obtained by the sale of offices. Imagine what must have been the extortion and thievery, what must have been the selling of justice and the doing of injustice, in a civil service thus managed! Long since would such a government have fallen to ruin had not Western Europe held it essential to its balance of power. Now that it no longer secures that equilibrium, shall it be suffered to continue its harassings and wastings?

I find it impossible to have patience with the idea that the Ottomans should remain where they are. They have been more than five centuries in Europe, and they have done it naught but evil. They

have learned nothing from the Aryan race, and that race has learned nothing from them. It is difficult to comprehend how a people, even though armored in a hostile faith, could abide so long among European peoples and acquire so little of their ways of thinking, feeling, acting, and being. One is tempted to infer that ethnic differences reach deeper than the shape and color of man; that they must be ingrained for all time in his moral and intellectual nature. In this case of the Turk, conversion seems impossible. To expel him will be easier than to make him one of us,—far easier, surely, than to endure him as he has been, and is.

Let me insist upon this opposition of the Ottoman nature to the European. He shuts up and enslaves woman as no people of our kindred ever did, not even the men of remotest known antiquity. He is utterly incapable of discerning the nobleness of that classic literature which every Western race accepts as its perfect example of eloquence and beauty. He sees nothing worth preserving in Grecian sculpture, or in Grecian and Roman architecture, or in any fashion of painting. He held the Parthenon for ages, only to make it a mark for his bullets. Over the ruins of Ilium and a hundred other famed cities, illustrious in the story of humanity, he trampled for centuries, and would seemingly have trampled for an eternity, without knowing more of them than the beasts which pastured there. Of the brotherhood of man he has had no conception, or he has boorishly and inhumanly denied it. As he has felt no interest in the heroic past, so he has exhibited no care for the economic future. Upon the fairest lands of earth, upon the nursing places of the eldest civilizations, he has sat like an accursed Afreet, unsympathetic and noxious, making of them abodes of ignorance and sorrow, and failing little of turning them into deserts.

One manly virtue he has: he is brave, —as brave as a Sioux or a Maori; yes, and very nearly as savage. In former wars with Christians he cut off heads and ears as trophies. In this war he has butchered the wounded, tortured prisoners, violated women, executed unarmed

populations, and refused to his victims the decorum of burial. Even his bravery has been in no manner a benefit to humanity, not even as a stimulus to valiant self-devotion for others. What European or American youth will ever die for a great cause with more willingness or more exaltation of soul because of the example of such courageous brute beasts as the defenders of Plevna, the murderers of captives? As well think of winning men to chivalry through the contemplation of a man-eating tiger, or a wolf at bay. It is true that centuries ago our own forefathers were needlessly ferocious. But it *was* centuries ago. And here, in our age of protean compassion, in the light of the gentlest civilization that earth has known, the Turk is Modoc enough to bury alive brave foes taken in battle.

He is too inconvertible. As a ruler, if not also as an abider, he will have to be got rid of. Sooner or later, — and the sooner the better for mankind, — Europe will decide that he must abdicate or perish. There is no hope of bettering him; he is a non-Aryan, a non-Christian, a barbarian in fibre of heart and brain; the longer he is kept among us, the more antagonistic and intolerable he will seem. For six hundred years he has dwelt in the gardens of the Lord and at the gates of the temple of knowledge, leaving all things the worse for his inhabitation, and himself the worse for it, also. His darkness of mind has actually increased in proportion to the spreading of light all about him. Early in the sixteenth century his viziers commanded and his admirals executed surveys of the Mediterranean and the Indian seas. Within the past hundred years they have been known to deny that Englishmen could sail from Madras to Suez, and that Russians could sail from Cronstadt to the Hellespont.

Yes, the Ottoman is a less instructed, less able, less admirable being than he was before Italy rediscovered art and literature, or Guttenberg made the education of peoples possible, or Columbus doubled the empire of knowledge and civilization. One cannot but come back

upon this idea, — the hopeless inconvertibility and retrogression of the creature, the perverse tendency in him to grow worse instead of better. Surely, the careful upbuilding of a Slavo-Roumanian empire, of a Christian and cultured nation capable of order and political morality and self-supporting development, would be a labor worthy the extremest effort of the Germanic and Latin races, and worthy the magnanimous good-will of Russia.

It will be a day of jubilee for Europe when the only Asiatic horde remaining on her soil shall be driven forth from it, or at least deprived of all power therein. Her cunning hand will then be set free to repair the damage which has come upon one of her most fruitful regions through five centuries of desolating tyranny. No hope there of justice and industry and prosperity, no hope for art and literature and science and the graces of life, no hope even of continental content and tranquillity, until this redemption is accomplished. One can almost imagine the waste places of that Orient land pleading for deliverance. It needs no imagination to hear the supplications of the peoples who inhabit its enforced sterility. It needs but small knowledge of history to hear the generations of the trampled past swelling the prayer with their imprecations. Let Europe avenge in one merciful blow the long waste of man's industry and earth's fertility; avenge the groans of countless captives, degraded, broken-hearted, worn to death in bondage; avenge all the Christian blood which has been poured out upon the track of the Crescent, — the blood of the Hospitalers who fell in the breaches of Rhodes and Tripoli and Malta; the blood of noble Venetians, which has stained unnumbered ramparts and many waters; the blood of Greek and Austrian and Servian and Montenegrin and Pole and Russian.

If it be really true, as one may surely hope, that we see the near coming of the end of Ottoman misrule in Europe, no man can overstate the importance and sublimity of the events now transacting there in field or in council. The noblest

of continents freed at last from clownish invasion, and from the blighting influences of a hopelessly barbaric race; the illustrious mother of Aryan men, the chief light and strength and glory of the world, the parent of the highest culture and art and law, delivered altogether to her own incomparable children, — how

can the most eloquent tongue or pen do justice to this magnificent hope and possibility? A few disjointed words, just enough merely to hint our longings and emotions, — a burst of thanks and praise, hardly stammered in any comprehensible fashion, — and perhaps the greatest soul could utter no more.

THE LOBBY: ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

THE lobby is an institution peculiar to America. Of course, in all countries where there are parliamentary bodies there must be attempts to influence their action in the interest of private objects. But in no other country have these attempts taken a permanent and organized form. In forty state capitals during three months in the year, and in Washington during every session of Congress, the lobby is in full force. In other words, during about a quarter of the entire year an active and powerful, though indeterminate, body devotes itself to watching, furthering, or opposing the work the legislature is called into existence to do, and which it is supposed to do without supervision of any kind. Such a phenomenon as this is witnessed nowhere else in the civilized world, and must be due to social or political causes well worth examination. If we may argue, however, from the remedy usually proposed for the evil (for the lobby is always spoken of as an evil), it has been as yet very superficially examined. It is generally insisted that the true way to make the lobby disappear is for the lobbyists to stop lobbying, to leave Congress and the legislatures and their committees alone, and to go home and mind their own business. The suggestion that such a thing is practicable is very much akin to the suggestion that the evils of municipal government may be cured by the "good citizens" going to the "pri-

maries," and so controlling them. It is no doubt the duty of good citizens to attend to their political duties; and legislative bodies ought to be of such a high character as to be able to dispose of all business that comes before them without submitting to any influence from the outside, of such a kind as is usually supposed to be brought to bear by the lobby. But the truth is that good citizens will not go to primaries in large cities habitually, while the "bad citizen" will devote his whole time and all his energies to the work; and so the lobbyist will not go home and attend to his own business, and the legislative body will go on being influenced by him. The existence of the lobby is a political fact; and before we can get rid of it, or even understand how far it is desirable to get rid of it, we must acquaint ourselves with its causes.

The first thing to be ascertained with regard to the lobby is the cause of its existence. Fortunately, this is not remote or difficult to get at. The lobby is produced by private claims on the government. Without claims there would, no doubt, still be matters in which private interests would cause active pressure upon legislation: so long as we have a protective tariff, each protected furnace or factory will clamor for its proper share of government patronage; so long as we have subsidized railroads and steamships, railroads and steam-

ships will demand subsidies. But were civic protection and subsidies at an end, there would still be a powerful lobby, for there would still be multitudinous "claims" of all sorts, meritorious and sham, upon the government, representing thousands of millions of dollars, and pressed by claimants and the attorneys and the agents of claimants. It is the lobby so far as it is brought into existence by demands of this nature—and so far as it is related to legislation at Washington—that it is proposed to consider here. A great deal that is true of Washington is true of the state capitals; but it is more convenient to confine our attention to a single branch of the subject.

There are now before Congress, and there are always before Congress, private claims to the amount of many thousands of millions of dollars; it would be idle to attempt to estimate the exact amount. These have grown out of every imaginable transaction in which a government can take part: some arise from the receipt of money by the treasury; some under foreign treaties; some out of wrongful acts by government officials; others out of the mere fact that the government has money to distribute. Now, all these claims have to go through a process of the most cumbrous kind before they can be admitted or rejected by the government. They must, on the one hand, all be introduced into the house or senate (or both) by some member; they must all be referred to the proper committee; they must all be examined by the committee; a favorable report must be followed by favorable legislation in both houses, and the approval of the president. On the other hand, there is no certainty of their going through this process at all; the committee may not consider the matter at all, they may not report, the two houses may not agree, the president may not sign; years may go on, and they may still be before Congress without any conclusion having been reached.

So far as claims are concerned, Congress is a court whose jurisdiction is the most extensive and whose methods

of procedure are the most cumbrous in the world.

In an ordinary court, in which suits are tried between private individuals, the objects chiefly kept in view in establishing the method of procedure are simplicity and rapidity. The plaintiff or claimant states his case; the defendant replies, denying or admitting his statements; an issue of law or fact is reached, and this issue is tried on oral or written testimony. The case once begun goes on as fast as the pressure of business permits, until a decision one way or the other is reached.

Nothing of this sort takes place in Congress. If the congressional system of adjudicating matters in dispute between the government and private persons had been designed to insure slowness and complexity, it could not have been better contrived. Here the claimant must prove his case, not simply to a judge or jury, but to a huge court composed of numerous members, chosen not for their judicial characteristics, but for political reasons; not to determine claims as such, but to legislate upon matters of general interest. His immediate relations are with a committee of this body, selected, possibly, with a more direct view to the adjudication of private demands, but which may try his case in any way they see fit. They are governed by no rules. They sit both as a court and as a jury. They may follow the law in adjudicating matters which come before them, or amend it, or pervert it. They may send for as many witnesses, or as few, as they please. They may listen, or they may not listen to argument. They may insist on written arguments, or may leave it to the choice of claimants. A committee of Congress has a jurisdiction more comprehensive than that of any judicial tribunal, possessing powers as arbitrary as those of an Eastern *cadi*, using them at its pleasure, subject to no restraint but its own sense of decency and justice.

At Washington, every claim must go through two bodies of this sort, and through two houses of which these bodies are the selected representatives, be-

fore any legislation, or, in other words, before any judicial decision, can be obtained; and even after this, the president still sits as a higher court, to sign or to veto.

This is no fancy picture. In fact, the case is understated, because, in many cases, the same claim may be referred to more than one committee of each house; but taking the matter in its simplest form, it will be seen that Congress, regarded as a court, presents an unparalleled spectacle of judicial confusion and uncertainty. To take a simple instance, let us imagine a claimant attempting to recover money from the government under a treaty with some foreign nation. The United States has received from Mexico a sum of money which this claimant is entitled to have, and which he cannot obtain without legislation. Were the government a private individual, he would immediately bring a suit in some court, have the matter tried and determined, and judgment would issue for the amount he should recover. But his dealings are not with a private person, but with his own government. He finds, therefore, that he has first to proceed to Washington and make the acquaintance of some member of Congress, through whom he may introduce a bill recognizing the justice of the demand. This bill must be drawn either by the claimant himself or by some one skilled in such matters. As a rule, he finds that the member of Congress representing his district will gladly introduce his bill; but here his difficulties have only just begun. His bill is referred to the judiciary committee of the house, — a body composed of some dozen lawyers, selected by the speaker, from different parts of the Union, who hold their sittings at their own pleasure; none of whom the claimant knows, but about some of whom he may have heard scandalous reports, which incline him to be somewhat skeptical as to their entire impartiality. He applies for a hearing before the committee, and is assigned a day for it. When the day arrives, he finds that only a few members of the committee are present; perhaps those

of the least consequence and weight. In the mean time he understands that the bill of a rival claimant has been introduced in the senate and referred to the judiciary committee of that body. Knowing that the passage of this bill would be fatal to his own, he immediately goes through the same process in the senate which he has just been through in the house. He, too, has a bill introduced there, and there referred to the judiciary committee; and there, too, he applies for a hearing. This committee, however, he finds never grants an oral hearing, but he is permitted to file a brief if he pleases. Here we have already two committees of this high court at work on the same subject, each belonging to a different body, each governed by different rules, neither having the slightest communication with the other, and neither chosen for their fitness to decide the question or familiarity with it. If the claimant has not by this time come to the conclusion that he must acquire the politico-legal art of which he has heard so much, — the art of lobbying, — he does shortly afterwards, when one of his bills is reported favorably in the house, and the other adversely in the senate. He now begins to understand that the business of procuring legislation in Congress, even in the case of a just demand, is one of considerable difficulty, and if he is a wise man he sees that he must meet the difficulty in the usual way. In other words, he begins at once to lobby.

When we say that he begins to lobby, we do not mean that he begins to bribe or to corrupt members of Congress, but that instead of simply presenting facts and arguments to the court which is to try his case, he begins to use every means that ingenuity can suggest, that his position in the world will command, and that his conscience will admit, to secure favorable action. If he is a scrupulous man he will confine him to scrupulous means; if he is unscrupulous, he will not. To lobby is to do this; a lobbyist is one who does this; the lobby is the body, the members of which are continually engaged in this sort of work.

To make this clearer, let us suppose that the claim is an unjust one; that the claimant knows very well that it is so. Thoroughly familiar with the facts with regard to the constitution of the court before which he is to present it, he begins his operations at the earliest possible moment. Before the appointment of the judiciary committee, he brings influence to bear upon the speaker for the purpose of inducing him to appoint on it some person or persons whom he knows to be favorable to it; that is to say, he tries to pack his court. This may be done, without actual corruption, through political influence or personal favor. If he can in this way secure in advance a favorable decision, he has obviously an enormous advantage over the holder of a just claim who uses no such means. Knowing that his claim is unjust, but knowing also that his friends on the committee will be able by a specious argument to advocate its passage, he gives himself no further anxiety about the result, but allows the committee to do its own work. Now the longer a person who has a just claim is before Congress, the more he is tempted and forced to adopt the method of procedure naturally adapted to the case of unjust claims. If he does not, he is at a great disadvantage. If he neglects to use all the influence at his command, political or personal, he lags behind those claimants who use this influence. He soon finds that instead of evidence and argument, as in ordinary cases, being most important, one very useful means of advancing his case is that sort of influence which reputable lawyers avoid even the appearance of bringing to bear upon judges.

But in what position is the government placed in all this? At first it may seem as if it were amply protected from unjust claims, because the petition is addressed to itself, and it is itself the judge. If this were true, it would be an argument against the continuance of the present system rather than in its favor. If a committee of Congress really combines the functions of judge and attorney for the government, it is a body or-

ganized in violation of two fundamental maxims of justice: that judge and counsel shall not be united in the same person, and that no one shall be judge in his own case. No doubt, in many instances, committees do protect the government in a certain sense. It may be stated as a general proposition that legislative bodies and their committees are governed by one of two opposite passions, — a passion for economy, and a passion for lavish expenditure. In this they reflect usually the general temper of the people, as it from time to time changes. From the end of the war to the panic of 1873, for instance, Congress was under the influence of the latter passion. Everything that was asked for was given. Railroads were presented with vast tracts of land; steamships were subsidized; claims paid with a free hand. But since 1873 a tide of economy has swept over the country and Congress, and has produced in the minds of committees a general disinclination to pay any claim, however just. For the last two or three years, hundreds of deserving persons have suffered as serious damage through the spirit of economy which has seized upon Congress as hundreds of other deserving persons did by its passion for waste before. It should be observed, too, that the moment this spirit of economy takes possession of the people, congressmen have a direct personal interest in yielding to it, even at the expense of great injustice. They know that their constituents are opposed to the expenditure of public money, and that much cheap political capital can be made by a simple refusal to pay all claims. It is easy to "point with pride" to a congressional record which does not contain a single vote requiring taxes to carry it into effect; and such a record, when the public is in an economical mood, needs no explanation. But to vote to pay even just claims under such circumstances, to vote to take money out of the treasury to give it to private persons merely because they have a right to demand it, — this requires no ordinary amount of political courage. The situation has been witnessed over and over again in the

Southern States since the close of the war. Large debts had been created by governments hated by the majority of the people of wealth and intelligence; and as soon as the carpet-bag governments were overturned, and the whites regained possession of affairs, great haste was made to get rid of the incubus. In many cases the claims against the States represented by these debts were no doubt fraudulent and void. The bonds had been issued without clear authority, or in violation of the constitution, and the holders had notice of the defect. In other cases the bonds were issued regularly, and came into the hands of innocent holders, as any other government security does. Which bonds were valid and which invalid were questions of fact and law requiring for their determination a full examination by some judicial tribunal. In one State millions of bonds were involved in a dispute of this kind. But the method adopted of dealing with this delicate question was so unsatisfactory that the matter is, in many instances, still unsettled. The method was exactly that resorted to at Washington in the case of claims, — that of investigation by a legislative committee. In one of these cases the legislature had just been elected, and it was a legislature pledged to do all in its power to lessen the burdens pressing upon its constituents, to lighten taxes, and to reduce the debt. All the members of the body who had any political ambition and looked forward to a reelection felt that their chance of continuance in office depended greatly on the success with which they could deal with the question of the public debt. The committees to which the matter was referred were of course swayed by these feelings, and entered upon their examination filled with prejudice and passion. The repudiation of a great part of the bonds was a foregone conclusion. The result was that no bondholder regarded the settlement of the question by the legislature as of the slightest weight. The State, knowing that the examination of the question in dispute had been conducted in a spirit which made the proceedings a burlesque,

immediately capped the climax by incorporating into its constitution a provision forbidding any recognition of the debt repudiated by the legislature. The bondholders, on the other hand, at once went to work to upset the decision. Instead of the act, incorporated into the constitution as it is, being regarded as a finality, a new constitutional convention, held last summer, witnessed a new attempt to reopen the whole subject; and some of the ablest men in the State insisted that the matter ought to be sent to the courts. The State in question is now, from month to month, the butt of public attacks on its credit. Here we see the system in full operation, — carpet-bag waste offset by anti-carpet-bag injustice, and the unfortunate creditor of the State ground between the two. Precisely the same sort of thing is frequently occurring at Washington. Only winter before last, a committee on appropriations earned some very convenient political capital by neglecting to include in its bill a judgment in favor of a claimant, actually rendered against the United States by a court of competent jurisdiction. Such cases as these show that whenever the tide of public feeling runs very strong in the direction of economy, it may, in a certain sense protect the government; but it does so at the expense of even-handed justice.

But in most cases, especially when the government most needs protection, — that is, when the tide of public feeling sets in the direction of liberality or lavish expenditure, — it is not protected at all. The direct interest which a committee of Congress, or even a house of Congress, have in the exact ascertainment and protection of the rights of the government is extremely small. Knowing that they share the responsibility of any legislation with a large body, and that no part of it can ever be traced definitely to them, their feeling that they will ever be held accountable for legislation contrary to the pecuniary interests of the government is reduced to a minimum; and hence the common spectacle of claims passing Congress and paid out of the treasury on the recom-

mentations of committees, when were the matter between private individuals no single member of the committee would recommend a settlement.

In ordinary suits in which public interests are involved, the government is protected, not by the judge, who under a sound system is unbiased, but by the presence of its own attorneys. In congressional claims, the court is supposed to perform both functions in itself,—an irregular and improper fusion of duties, and one, too, which practically either produces a partisan judge who will not listen to just claims, or leaves the government without any protection whatever.

A court of this character may naturally be expected to produce a bar of a peculiar sort. The lobby is this bar, composed of attorneys and claimants in person who are engaged in prosecuting demands of all sorts to a final hearing. All the mental and moral attributes of the lobby are closely connected with these facts. It is not a bar of a very high order. It has not the self-respect which characterizes a bar practicing before an ordinary judicial tribunal. It makes its way by persistence rather than by dignified argument, and gains its cases by means which will not always bear examination.

It will be seen, however, from what has gone before, that the lobby ought not to be regarded by any means as an unmixed evil. It is rather a rough remedy provided against the injustice of government. It is produced by that injustice, and with the end of it would itself come to an end. It is, no doubt, full of evil. Its common reputation, the denunciation of it in the press, the fact that its importunities frequently lead to its exclusion from the presence of Congress,—all these things go to show that it cannot be regarded as anything but an unfortunate and bad result of our system of government. But it is that system itself, and not the lobby, which is the cause of the evils. The government has chosen to provide, not a simple, but a most inconvenient way of adjudicating all claims against it. If the govern-

ment, instead of desiring to do justice, had for its object wrong and oppression, it could not have contrived a better means of effecting it than by the congressional method of adjudicating claims. In revenge for this defiance of the best settled principles of justice, it is besieged by a third house, which, in a rude manner, meets this injustice by importunate pressure, by chicane, intrigue, and even corruption.

The cause of the lobby, then, is to be found in claims against the government. But why are claims against the government prosecuted before Congress? It is because the maxim of the law which prevents the government being sued by private persons in its own courts makes Congress the only body which can dispose of them. Obviously, if all claims which are now presented to the house or senate were enforceable in the courts, all this business would cease.

When we come to consider what means may be taken to remedy this state of things, we are first struck with the fact that in other countries the evils do not exist, at any rate to the extent that they prevail here. What steps have been taken to prevent them? There are two reforms which have been introduced elsewhere, and we may rely upon it that they must be introduced here if we are to see any improvement. The first of these relates to the method of procedure. There may be said to be at present no method of procedure at all. A committee of Congress, as has been just pointed out, does what it pleases. It is entirely outside of and above the law. Of course the committees of both houses are to a great degree governed by the practice of former committees, but they are not bound by it in any way. They are not even bound by their own decisions. There are no fixed rules as to who may or may not be a witness, who may or may not make an argument, how testimony shall be taken, or how many hearings shall be given on one subject. In every new case all these points are decided *de novo*. They are, every lawyer knows, vital points. The absence of all laws and fixed regulations as to them leads to

the greatest confusion, and sometimes to worse. In a very important case, for instance, during the past winter, a gentleman was introduced at a hearing of a committee, and at the request of the member who introduced him proceeded to make a statement about the origin and legal aspect of certain claims before it. It was not stated by anybody, nor was he asked, whether he appeared as an unbiased witness or as a paid attorney, and yet of course it made the greatest possible difference whether he was retained or appeared voluntarily as a sort of *amicus curiæ*. The judiciary committee of the senate has what is supposed to be a rigid rule forbidding oral argument, but this is relaxed if the committee deem it advisable.

As many of the committees are frequently hearing claims, they sit as a legislative court during a great part of the time, and a bar springs up about them, composed of attorneys who make it a business to press claims. This bar is without rules of admission, or regulations of any kind. It comprises some very excellent lawyers, and some of the lowest of legal types. In fact, it is rather an abuse of language to call it a bar, for claimants may appear in person, and no proof of fitness of any kind is required for admission to it. But owing to the peculiar traits of the body before which it practices, it ought to be of a very high character, and admission to it ought to be carefully guarded. In ordinary courts of justice, a great many abuses are prevented by the professional training and sense of dignity of the judges; and the practices of attorneys are watched with care by them in order that the dignity and reputation of their court may not suffer. But a committee of Congress, with its brief term of office and slight sense of responsibility, pays little attention to such matters; hence unscrupulous attorneys have all sorts of license and opportunities which they would not have in any ordinary court.

Much of this may be remedied by legislation. In England what is known as parliamentary practice is regulated by law, like any other. Lawyers who desire

to practice before committees, or to promote legislation, must be regularly admitted, as they would have to be at Westminster Hall. Proceedings before committees are regulated by law, like those before court. Something of this sort will have to be introduced at Washington.

Of all classes who would be benefited by a change of the present system, none are more deeply interested than members of the bar; for no class suffers more than they from the want of system. There is a common impression that lawyers who practice before legislative committees are a poor set at the best, and that it makes little difference to the profession at large how they are treated. Nothing could be further from the truth. The amounts of money at stake are so great, and the interests involved so important, that lawyers of high standing and acknowledged ability are continually retained to make arguments before committees of the two houses. But it is also true that the absence of all tests of admission to practice enables lawyers of a very different sort to gain an equal footing, — lawyers who are neither educated nor scrupulous, and, worse than this, who are retained because their want of education and their unscrupulousness makes them useful.

That men of this sort should be given an equal standing with lawyers of conscience, learning, and a high sense of professional honor is an outrage. It tends, of course, to lower the whole grade of practice, for professional morality will as surely as water seek a general level. Such a state of affairs exists nowhere except in legislative practice. In the courts there is always some protection of the pure and enlightened administration of justice by rules of admission, — rules prescribed by the legislature and enforced by some regular tribunal. The code of professional training and capacity may not always be very high, but there is always some code. Besides this, the behavior of lawyers when engaged in practice is watched by the courts, and misdemeanor of any kind punished. Everywhere the necessity of a code is rec-

ognized except at Washington. There, in these important legislative courts, known as committees, no system exists.

But no mere reform of procedure would wholly remedy the evil. The fundamental requisite is to get the great body of the claims away from Congress altogether, and throw them into the courts where they can be decided precisely as disputes between private individuals are decided. For some reason, this proposition strikes the political mind in this country with horror; a bill for the purpose has, however, been introduced in the present Congress, and there is said to be some hope of its passage. Sooner or later we must come to this, if we desire to see the evils remedied which we deplore in the existence of the "lobby." The only objection to it arises from an idea that a government which lets itself be sued like a private person in the courts loses something of its dignity, and in some way endangers its power or prestige. That this should be urged in any country which has inherited English laws is a singular proof of the survival of prejudice; for there is no more ancient maxim of our system than that of the responsibility of all officers connected with the government for their wrongful acts, — a responsibility theoretically far more dangerous to prestige and dignity than a corporate responsibility in money demands. Any citizen may bring his suit against any one connected with the government for an injury, and recover damages; and yet when it is proposed to extend this responsibility to the government itself in its corporate capacity, and make the United States suable like a private corporation, the suggestion strikes most people as almost revolutionary.

So far from being revolutionary, it has, in principle, been already adopted in the constitution of the court of claims, — a court which even now adjudicates all matters of direct contract between the government and private persons. And no bad results have flowed from its establishment. Indeed, in a court, as has already been suggested, the interests of the government are far better protected than they are in Congress: in the for-

mer they have the services of a trained attorney; in the latter they have nothing but that extremely vague sense of duty which governs the acts of members of Congress, and which now inclines them to think they will serve the ends of justice most by keeping money in, and now by getting it out of the treasury, and whose real sense of obligation is far more close with their constituents (themselves generally claimants) than to the government as a whole.

Stump orators and demagogues have delighted, now for many years, in picturing the elevated sense of justice displayed by the United States in the establishment of this court. But the court of claims deals only with contracts, express or implied, and the statute establishing its jurisdiction has wholly failed to provide any remedy for the majority of cases which do not come under this head. Most of the relations into which the government enters with private individuals, out of which claims grow, are not those of direct contract. As a matter of fact this court is a mere step in the direction in which a long advance should be made; and, so far from placing the United States on a level with other civilized governments, its limited jurisdiction over claims is the best possible proof that we could have of the lag-gard sense of justice which still characterizes this government in its dealings with private persons. Instead of the remedies provided in this country being superior to those provided by other countries, in cases of government claims, the claimant has far less rights here than anywhere else in the civilized world.

In most of the European countries, a generation ago, the old principle that the government could not be sued was finally abandoned. Not only in nations which have inherited from Rome the principles of the civil law, but in England, and in the empire which is dependent upon her, the exemption of the state from suit is a matter of obsolete learning. Even in those states which we are accustomed to look upon as the home of arbitrary government, the humblest citizen has a surer and more com-

prehensive means of redress against the government than with us. These statements are not made at random; they rest upon a judicial decision of a court of the United States, — a curious case, and one well deserving study by anybody who desires to acquaint himself with the difference between the position of our government, under our system, and the position of governments which we are in the habit of looking upon as despotic.

Some years ago the court of claims, which, under the statute creating it, is from time to time authorized by Congress to assume jurisdiction of specially assigned cases, was directed to take jurisdiction of all cases coming under what is known as the Captured and Abandoned Property Act. During the war, the United States had acquired large amounts of captured and abandoned property found in the South; and this had been sold and the proceeds held by the United States for claimants who could prove their title. The proof of the right and title was remitted to the court of claims, and under the act establishing this jurisdiction one Brown brought a suit against the United States. The decision was in his favor. The secretary of the treasury, however, apparently impressed with the conviction that no claims against the government should be adjudicated by courts of justice, but that all such questions should be decided by government officials, re-examined the case; and after this peculiar rehearing, instead of paying the full amount of the judgment, decided that a sum must be deducted from it and withheld by the government. Brown, not satisfied with this settlement of his claim, brought a new suit in the court of claims, which may be found reported in the sixth volume of the reports of that court. The only questions presented to the court were, whether the secretary of the treasury should be compelled by *mandamus* to pay the original judgment, or whether the claimant could recover upon the original judgment as upon a new contract. The difference between the judges upon this point led

to an examination, by the majority of the court, of the whole system of remedies against governments in this and in foreign countries. And in the course of this the fact was referred to that in a previous case, under a statute authorizing aliens to sue the government in the court of claims when a similar right was given to citizens of the United States by foreign governments, the court had taken the testimony of experts. From which it appeared that the remedies provided in foreign states, both for their own and for foreign citizens, were far wider than those existing in the United States. In Prussia, for instance, the testimony showed that for suits of this nature the treasury or *fiscus* was regarded as a private corporation; that any one, whether residing in Prussia or anywhere else in the world, might bring a suit against it growing out of any state of facts; that it made no difference whether the foundation of his action was a breach of contract, or what it was; that his suit was heard as an ordinary suit, and judgment rendered for or against the government, as it might be for or against a private person. Further than this, in Prussia the matter does not end with the judgment, but an execution issues against the treasury or *fiscus*, and the government property can be levied upon to satisfy it. In England, under what is known as Bovill's Act, suits may be brought against the sovereign with almost an equal freedom from restriction. In the Netherlands, and in several of the German states, the same condition of affairs was found to exist. Even in France, during the empire, the remedy for citizens or aliens was much more full than in the United States. And this deserves to be especially noticed, because France is the country of all others to which we have been in the habit of pointing, to illustrate the superiority of our system. How can it be expected, we have often cried, that a country can develop republican or free institutions, when the officers of its government are exempt from suits for their trespasses? In Anglo-Saxon countries, where freedom prevails, no invasion of a man's private rights

can be justified on the ground that it is done under authority of the government. Sheriffs, mayors, governors, even presidents, may be proceeded against for any wrong they may do, and they cannot plead their office in defense of the injury. In France, how different it all is! There such suits are impossible. But it seems to have escaped our demagogues that the great principle of responsibility of government officers for their wrongs, however beautiful in theory, may amount, and in many cases does amount, to comparatively little in practice. It amounts really to less with us than it would in countries where officials hold office for a long time and are generally few in number and possessed of considerable means. The possibility of proceeding against our officials, with their short tenure of office and their frequent pecuniary irresponsibility, is, in most cases, of little value; so that we are confronted by the fact that while in the United States, with our boasted remedies against all government officers, the actual redress of the citizen has been reduced to a minimum; France, possessing no such palladium of liberty, has actually, so far as pecuniary remedy goes, made her citizens more secure in their rights than we have.

Looking over the whole field of modern law, the court was able to find only one country in which remedies against the government were less than those accorded in the United States. It cannot be said that the discovery of this country can afford us much cause for patriotic pride, inasmuch as it was Spain, the country which we are accustomed to look upon as the least enlightened and progressive of those contained in the European family of nations. The whole opinion of the court, to any one who has been brought up to believe the United States the freest of modern communities, is little less than startling.

The lobby, then, will continue to exist until the causes which have produced it are removed. Its clamor, its persistence, its intrigue, its chicane, its corruption, are the only means that now exist of tempering the injustice of our

system. The first thing to be done is the passage of an act remitting all claims against the government, growing out of whatever transactions, to the courts. It makes little difference whether they are referred in the first instance to the existing court of claims or to some other jurisdiction specially created for the purpose, provided an appeal be allowed to the supreme court. The interests at stake are frequently so vast, and the principles involved of so great interest, that such an appeal is a matter of necessity.

It is a foregone conclusion that the supreme court must be increased in numbers, or in some way enabled to deal with the enormous mass of business now thrown upon it; and therefore it is unnecessary to consider the difficulties in the way of the suggestion here made, growing out of its crowded calendar. It is at present unable to cope with its business; and in any case this disability must be removed. When its number is increased, or other means have been found to enable it to clear its crowded docket, the addition of the special class of cases arising from the claims against the government will make little difference one way or another. Besides this reform, it is eminently necessary that the present method of practice before committees of the two houses of Congress be reduced to some system by law. It is not proposed here to elaborate the details of such a system, but the general principles on which it should be effected have been already indicated. Some rules ought to be adopted as to persons appearing before committees, — some rules for the admission of attorneys and counselors before this congressional court. There should be some qualifications, some tests, some principle of exclusion and inclusion. The times of holding meetings and methods of procedure before the committees should be systematized to a greater extent than they have yet been. Rules similar to the rules of court are necessary. Otherwise claimants or their representatives are entirely, as now, at sea. They do not know what they may, and what they may not do. And under these circumstances claimants

are apt to take a very liberal view of their privileges.

The reforms here suggested would be not only greatly in the interest of claimants, but also a protection to members of Congress. There is probably no position in the world so disagreeable to a man of delicacy and sense of justice as that on a committee of Congress before which claims against the government are being actively pressed. He is a member of a court which is at once a legislative and a judicial body. It must adjudicate the claim in favor of the claimant, or against him, and it must report a bill providing the means for its settlement. It is a body of judges who are interested in the decision of the case. If he has

an acquaintance with the claimant, he is naturally afraid that a disposition to do him a kindness may interfere with a fair judgment. If he has a strong desire to reduce the outlay of the government, he is anxious lest this inclination, proper in itself, may lead him to do injustice to the claimant. His interests, prejudices, passions, all tend to interfere with a calm and dispassionate judgment; and he, if he is the man we have assumed him to be, is fully aware of this fact. Hence he is placed in a position in which settled rules of procedure are a godsend. Behind them he may take refuge against the importunity of claimants. To them he may point when his advice or vote is asked.

Arthur G. Sedgwick.

THE ADIRONDACKS VERIFIED.

IV.

A-HUNTING OF THE DEER.

If civilization owes a debt of gratitude to the self-sacrificing sportsmen who have cleared the Adirondack regions of catamounts and savage trout, what shall be said of the army which has so nobly relieved them of the terror of the deer? The deer-slayers have somewhat celebrated their exploits in print, but I think that justice has never been done them.

The American deer in the wilderness, left to himself, leads a comparatively harmless, but rather stupid life, with only such excitement as his own timid fancy raises. It was very seldom that one of his tribe was eaten by the North American tiger. For a wild animal, he is very domestic: simple in his tastes, regular in his habits, affectionate in his family. Unfortunately for his repose, his haunch is as tender as his heart. Of all wild creatures he is one of the most

graceful in action, and he poses with the skill of an experienced model. I have seen the goats on Mt. Pentelicus scatter at the approach of a stranger, climb to the sharp points of projecting rocks, and attitudinize in the most self-conscious manner, striking at once those picturesque postures against the sky with which Oriental pictures have made us and them familiar. But the whole proceeding was theatrical. Greece is the home of art, and it is rare to find anything there natural and unstudied. I presume that these goats have no nonsense about them when they are alone with the goat-herds, any more than the goat-herds have, except when they come to pose in the studio; but the long ages of culture, the presence always to the eye of the best models and the forms of immortal beauty, the heroic friezes of the Temple of Theseus, the marble processions of sacrificial animals, have had a steady molding, educating influence equal to a society of decorative art upon the people and the animals who have

dwelt in this artistic atmosphere. The Attic goat has become an artificially artistic being, though of course he is not now what he was, as a poser, in the days of Polycletus. There is opportunity for a very instructive essay by Mr. E. A. Freeman on the decadence of the Attic goat under the influence of the Ottoman Turk.

The American deer in the free atmosphere of our country, and as yet untouched by our decorative art, is without self-consciousness, and all his attitudes are free and unstudied. The favorite position of the deer—his forefeet in the shallow margin of the lake among the lily-pads, his antlers thrown back and his nose in the air at the moment he hears the stealthy breaking of a twig in the forest—is still spirited and graceful, and wholly unaffected by the pictures of him which the artists have put upon canvas.

Wherever you go in the Northern forest, you will find deer paths; so plainly marked and well trodden are they that it is easy to mistake them for trails made by hunters; but he who follows one of them is soon in difficulties; he may find himself climbing, through cedar thickets, an almost inaccessible cliff, or immersed in the intricacies of a marsh. The "run," in one direction, will lead to water; but in the other it climbs the highest hills, to which the deer retires for safety and repose in impenetrable thickets. The hunters, in winter, find them congregated in "yards," where they can be surrounded and shot as easily as our troops shoot Comanche women and children in their winter villages. These little paths are full of pitfalls among the roots and stones, and, nimble as the deer is, he sometimes breaks one of his slender legs in them. Yet he knows how to treat himself without a surgeon. I knew of a tame deer in a settlement in the edge of the forest who had the misfortune to break her leg. She immediately disappeared, with a delicacy rare in an invalid, and was not seen for two weeks. Her friends had given her up, supposing that she had dragged herself away into the depths of

the woods and died of starvation; when one day she returned, cured of lameness, but thin as a virgin shadow. She had the sense to shun the doctor, to lie down in some safe place, and patiently wait for her leg to heal. I have observed in many of the more refined animals this sort of shyness and reluctance to give trouble which excite our admiration when noticed in mankind.

The deer is called a timid animal, and taunted with possessing courage only when he is "at bay;" the stag will fight when he can no longer flee, and the doe will defend her young in the face of murderous enemies. The deer gets little credit for this eleventh-hour bravery. But I think that in any truly Christian condition of society the deer would not be conspicuous for cowardice. I suppose that if the American girl, even as she is described in foreign romances, were pursued by bull-dogs and fired at from behind fences every time she ventured out-doors, she would become timid and reluctant to go abroad. When that golden era comes which the poets think is behind us and the prophets declare is about to be ushered in by the opening of the "vials" and the killing of everybody who does not believe as those nations believe which have the most cannon; when we all live in real concord, perhaps the gentle-hearted deer will be respected, and will find that men are not more savage to the weak than are the cougars and panthers. If the little spotted fawn can think, it must seem to her a queer world, in which the advent of innocence is hailed by the baying of fierce hounds and the "ping" of the rifle.

Hunting the deer in the Adirondacks is conducted in the most manly fashion. There are several methods, and in none of them is a fair chance to the deer considered. A favorite method with the natives is practiced in winter, and is called by them "still hunting." My idea of still hunting is for one man to go alone into the forest, look about for a deer, put his wits fairly against the wits of the keen-scented animal, and kill his deer or get lost in the attempt. There

seems to be a sort of fairness about this. It is private assassination, tempered with a little uncertainty about finding your man. The still hunting of the natives has all the romance and danger attending the slaughter of sheep in an *abattoir*. As the snow gets deep, many deer congregate together in the depths of the forest, and keep a place trodden down, which grows larger as they tramp down the snow in search of food. In time this refuge becomes a sort of "yard," surrounded by unbroken snowbanks. The hunters then make their way to this retreat on snow-shoes, and from the top of the banks pick off the deer at leisure with their rifles, and haul them away to market, until the inclosure is pretty much emptied. This is one of the surest methods of exterminating the deer. It is also one of the most merciful; and being the plan adopted by our government for civilizing the Indian, it ought to be popular. The only people who object to it are the summer sportsmen. They naturally want some pleasure out of the death of the deer.

Some of our best sportsmen, who desire to protract the pleasure of slaying deer through as many seasons as possible, object to the practice of the hunters, who make it their chief business to slaughter as many deer in a camping season as they can. Their own rule, they say, is to kill a deer only when they need venison to eat. Their excuse is specious. What right have these sophists to put themselves into a desert place, out of the reach of provisions, and then ground a right to slay deer on their own improvidence? If it is necessary for these people to have anything to eat, which I doubt, it is not necessary that they should have the luxury of venison.

One of the most picturesque methods of hunting the poor deer is called "floating." The person, with murder in his heart, chooses a cloudy night, seats himself, rifle in hand, in a canoe, which is noiselessly paddled by the guide, and explores the shore of the lake or the dark inlet. In the bow of the boat is a light in a "jack," the rays of which

are shielded from the boat and its occupants. A deer comes down to feed upon the lily-pads. The boat approaches him. He looks up, and stands a moment terrified or fascinated by the bright flames. In that moment the sportsman is supposed to shoot the deer. As an historical fact, his hand usually shakes so that he misses the animal, or only wounds him, and the stag limps away to die after days of suffering. Usually, however, the hunters remain out all night, get stiff from cold and the cramped position in the boat, and, when they return in the morning to camp, cloud their future existence by the assertion that they "heard a big buck" moving along the shore, but the people in camp made so much noise that he was frightened off.

By all odds, the favorite and prevalent mode is hunting with dogs. The dogs do the hunting, the men the killing. The hounds are sent into the forest to rouse the deer and drive him from his cover; they climb the mountains, strike the trails, and go baying and yelping on the track of the poor beast. The deer have their established runways, as I said, and when they are disturbed in their retreat they are certain to attempt to escape by following one which invariably leads to some lake or stream. All that the hunter has to do is to seat himself by one of these runways, or sit in a boat on the lake, and wait the coming of the pursued deer. The frightened beast, fleeing from the unreasoning brutality of the hounds, will often seek the open country, with a mistaken confidence in the humanity of man. To kill a deer when he suddenly passes one on a run-way demands presence of mind and quickness of aim; to shoot him from the boat, after he has plunged panting into the lake, requires the rare ability to hit a moving object the size of a deer's head a few rods distant. Either exploit is sufficient to make a hero of a common man. To paddle up to the swimming deer and cut his throat is a sure means of getting venison, and has its charms for some. Even women and doctors of divinity

have enjoyed this exquisite pleasure. It cannot be denied that we are so constituted, by a wise Creator, as to feel a delight in killing a wild animal which we do not experience in killing a tame one.

The pleasurable excitement of a deer hunt has never, I believe, been regarded from the deer's point of view. I happen to be in a position, by reason of a lucky Adirondack experience, to present it in that light. I am sorry if this introduction to my little story has seemed long to the reader; it is too late now to stop it, but he can "recoup" himself by omitting the story.

Early on the morning of the 23d of August, 1877, a doe was feeding on Basin Mountain. The night had been warm and showery, and the morning opened in an undecided way. The wind was southerly; it is what the deer call a dog wind, having come to know quite well the meaning of "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky." The sole companion of the doe was her only child, a charming little fawn, whose brown coat was just beginning to be mottled with the beautiful spots which make this young creature as lovely as the gazelle. The buck, its father, had been that night on a long tramp across the mountain to Clear Pond, and had not yet returned; he went ostensibly to feed on the succulent lily-pads there. "He feedeth among the lilies until the day break and the shadows flee away, and he should be here by this hour; but he cometh not," she said, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. Clear Pond was too far off for the young mother to go with her fawn, for a night's pleasure. It was a fashionable watering-place at this season among the deer; and the doe may have remembered, not without uneasiness, the moonlight meetings of a frivolous society there. But the buck did not come; he was very likely sleeping under one of the ledges on Tight Nippin. Was he alone? "I charge you, by the roes and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not nor awake my love, till he please."

The doe was feeding, daintily cropping the tender leaves of the young

shoots, and turning from time to time to regard her offspring. The fawn had taken his morning meal, and now lay curled up on a bed of moss, watching contentedly, with his large, soft, brown eyes, every movement of his mother. The great eyes followed her with an alert entreaty, and if the mother stepped a pace or two further away in feeding, the fawn made a half movement as if to rise and follow her. You see, she was his sole dependence in all the world. But he was quickly reassured when she turned her gaze on him; and if, in alarm, he uttered a plaintive cry, she bounded to him at once, and, with every demonstration of affection, licked his mottled skin till it shone again.

It was a pretty picture, — maternal love on the one part, and happy trust on the other. The doe was a beauty, and would have been so considered anywhere; as graceful and winning a creature as the sun that day shone on. Slender limbs, not too heavy flanks, round body, and aristocratic head, with small ears and luminous, intelligent, affectionate eyes. How alert, supple, free, she was! What untaught grace in every movement! What a charming pose, when she lifted her head and turned it to regard her child! You would have had a companion picture if you had seen, as I saw, that morning, a baby kicking about among the dry pine needles on a ledge above the Ausable, in the valley below, while its young mother sat near, with an easel before her, touching in the color of a reluctant landscape, giving a quick look at the sky and the outline of the Twin Mountains, and bestowing every third glance upon the laughing boy. Art in its infancy.

The doe lifted her head a little, with a quick motion, and turned her ear to the south. Had she heard something? Probably it was only the south wind in the balsams. There was silence all about in the forest. If the doe had heard anything, it was one of the distant noises of the world. There are in the woods occasional moanings, premonitions of change, which are inaudible to the dull ears of men, but which I have no doubt

the forest folk hear and understand. If the doe's suspicions were excited for an instant, they were gone as soon. With an affectionate glance at her fawn, she continued picking up her breakfast.

But suddenly she started; head erect, eyes dilated, a tremor in her limbs. She took a step; she turned her head to the south; she listened intently. There was a sound, — a distant, prolonged note, bell-toned, pervading the air, shaking the air in smooth vibrations. It was repeated. The doe had no doubt now. She shook like the sensitive mimosa when a foot-step approaches. It was the baying of a hound! It was far off, at the foot of the mountain. Time enough to fly. Time enough to put miles between her and the hound, before he should come upon her fresh trail. Time enough to escape away through the dense forest, and hide in the recesses of Pantler Gorge. Yes, time enough. But there was the fawn! The cry of the hound was repeated, more distinct this time. The mother instinctively bounded away a few paces; the fawn started up, with an anxious bleat; the doe turned; she came back; she could n't leave it. She bent over it and licked it, and seemed to say, Come, my child, we are pursued; we must go. She walked away towards the west, and the little thing skipped after her. It was slow going for the slender legs, over the fallen logs and through the rasping bushes. The doe bounded in advance, and waited; the fawn scrambled after her, slipping and tumbling along, very groggy yet on its legs, and whining a good deal because its mother kept always moving away from it. The fawn evidently did not hear the hound; the little innocent would even have looked sweetly at the dog and tried to make friends with it, if the brute had been rushing upon him. By all the means at her command the doe urged her young one on, but it was slow work. She might have been a mile away while they were making a few rods. Whenever the fawn caught up, he was quite content to frisk about; he wanted more breakfast, for one thing, and his mother would n't stand still; she moved on continually, and his weak legs

were tangled in the roots of the narrow deer path.

Shortly came a sound that threw the doe into a panic of terror, — a short, sharp yelp followed by a prolonged howl, caught up and reëchoed by other bayings along the mountain side. The doe knew what that meant. One hound had caught her trail, and the whole pack responded to the "view-halloo." The danger was certain now; it was near. She could not crawl on in this way; the dogs would soon be upon them. She turned again for flight; the fawn, scrambling after her, tumbled over and bleated, piteously. The baying, emphasized now by the yelp of certainty, came nearer. Flight with the fawn was impossible. The doe returned and stood by it, head erect and nostrils distended. She stood perfectly still, but trembling. Perhaps she was thinking. The fawn took advantage of the situation, and began to draw his luncheon ration. The doe seemed to have made up her mind. She let him finish. The fawn, having taken all he wanted, lay down contentedly, and the doe licked him for a moment. Then, with the swiftness of a bird, she dashed away, and in a moment was lost in the forest. She went in the direction of the hounds!

According to all human calculations she was going into the jaws of death. So she was; all human calculations are selfish. She kept straight on, hearing the baying every moment more distinctly; she descended the slope of the mountain until she reached the more open forest of hard wood; it was freer going here, and the cry of the pack echoed more resoundingly in the great spaces. She was going due east, when, judging by the sound the hounds were not far off, though they were still hidden by a ridge, she turned short away to the north, and kept on at a good pace. In five minutes more she heard the sharp, exultant yelp of discovery, and then the deep-mouthed howl of pursuit. The hounds had struck her trail where she turned, and the fawn was safe.

The doe was in good running condition, the ground was not bad, and she felt

the exhilaration of the chase. For the moment fear left her, and she bounded on with the exaltation of triumph. For a quarter of an hour she went on at a slapping pace, clearing the moose bushes with bound after bound, flying over the fallen logs, pausing neither for brook nor ravine. The baying of the hounds grew fainter behind her. But she struck a bad piece of going, a dead-wood slash. It was marvelous to see her skim over it, leaping among its intricacies and not breaking her slender legs; no other living animal could do it. But it was killing work; she began to pant fearfully; she lost ground; the baying of the hounds was nearer. She climbed the hard-wood hill at a slower gait; but once on more level, free ground, her breath came back to her, and she stretched away with new courage, and may be a sort of contempt of her heavy pursuers.

After running at high speed perhaps half a mile further, it occurred to her that it would be safe now to turn to the west, and by a wide circuit seek her fawn. But at the moment she heard a sound that chilled her heart. It was the cry of a hound to the west of her. The crafty brute had made the circuit of the slash, and cut off her retreat. There was nothing to do but to keep on; and on she went, still to the north, with the noise of the pack behind her. In five minutes more she had passed into a hill-side clearing; cows and young steers were grazing there; she heard a tinkle of bells. Below her, down the mountain slope, were other clearings, broken by patches of woods; fences intervened, and a mile or two down lay the valley, the shining Ausable, and the peaceful farm-houses. That way also her hereditary enemies were. Not a merciful heart in all that lovely valley. She hesitated; it was only for an instant; she must cross the Slide Brook Valley, if possible, and gain the mountain opposite. She bounded on; she stopped. What was that? From the valley ahead came the cry of a searching hound! All the devils were loose this morning. Every way was closed but one, and that led straight down the mountain to the cluster of houses.

Conspicuous among them was a slender white wooden spire. The doe did not know that it was the spire of a Christian chapel. But perhaps she thought that human pity dwelt there, and would be more merciful than the teeth of the hounds.

"The hounds are baying on my track,
O white man, will you send me back?"

In a panic frightened animals will always flee to human kind from the danger of more savage foes. They always make a mistake in doing so; perhaps the trait is the survival of an era of peace on earth; perhaps it is a prophecy of the golden age of the future. The business of this age is murder; the slaughter of animals, the slaughter of fellow-men, by the wholesale. Hilarious poets who have never fired a gun write hunting songs, — *Ti ra la*; the good bishops write war songs, — *Ave the Czar*.

The hunted doe went down the "open," clearing the fences splendidly, flying along the stony path. It was a beautiful sight. But consider what a shot it was! If the deer, now, could only have been caught. No doubt there were tender-hearted people in the valley who would have spared her life, shut her up in a stable, and petted her. Was there one who would have let her go back to her waiting fawn? It is the business of civilization to tame or kill.

The doe went on; she left the saw-mill on John's Brook to her right; she turned into a wood path; as she approached Slide Brook she saw a boy standing by a tree, with a raised rifle. The dogs were not in sight, but she could hear them coming down the hill; there was no time for hesitation; with a tremendous burst of speed she cleared the stream, and as she touched the bank heard the "ping" of a rifle bullet in the air above her. The cruel sound gave wings to the poor thing. In a moment more she was in the opening; she leaped into the traveled road. Which way? Below her in the wood was a load of hay; a man and a boy with pitchforks in their hands were running towards her. She turned south, and flew along the street. The town was up; women and children ran to the doors

and windows; men snatched their rifles; shots were fired; at the big boarding-houses the summer boarders, who never have anything to do, came out and cheered; a camp-stool was thrown from a veranda; some young fellows, shooting at a mark in the meadow, saw the flying deer, and popped away at her; but they were accustomed to a mark that stood still. It was all so sudden; there were twenty people who were just going to shoot her, when the doe leaped the road fence and went away across a marsh toward the foot-hills. It was a fearful gauntlet to run. But nobody except the deer considered it in that light. Everybody told what he was just going to do; everybody who had seen the performance was a kind of hero,—everybody except the deer. For days and days it was the subject of conversation; and the summer boarders kept their guns at hand, expecting another deer would come to be shot at.

The doe went away to the foot-hills, going now slower, and evidently fatigued if not frightened half to death. Nothing is so appalling to a recluse as half a mile of summer boarders. As the deer entered the thin woods she saw a rabble of people start across the meadow in pursuit; by this time the dogs, panting and lolling out their tongues, came swinging along, keeping the trail, like stupids, and consequently losing ground when the deer doubled. But when the doe had got into the timber, she heard the savage brutes howling across the meadow. (It is well enough, perhaps, to say that nobody offered to shoot the dogs.)

The courage of the panting fugitive was not gone; she was game to the tip of her high-bred ears; but the fearful pace at which she had just been going told on her. Her legs trembled, and her heart beat like a trip hammer. She slowed her speed perforce, but still fled industriously up the right bank of the stream. When she had gone a couple of miles and the dogs were evidently gaining again, she crossed the broad, deep brook, climbed the steep left bank, and fled on in the direction of the Mt. Marcy trail. The fording of the river threw the hounds

off for a time; she knew by their uncertain yelping, up and down the opposite bank, that she had a little respite; she used it, however, to push on until the baying was faint in her ears, and then she dropped exhausted upon the ground.

This rest, brief as it was, saved her life. Roused again by the baying pack, she leaped forward with better speed, though without that keen feeling of exhilarating flight that she had in the morning. It was still a race for life, but the odds were in her favor, she thought. She did not appreciate the dogged persistence of the hound, nor had any inspiration told her that the race is not to the swift. She was a little confused in her mind where to go, but an instinct kept her course to the left, and consequently further away from her fawn. Going now slower and now faster, as the pursuit seemed more distant or nearer, she kept to the southwest, crossed the stream again, left Panther Gorge on her right, and ran on by Haystack and Skylight in the direction of the Upper Ausable Pond. I do not know her exact course through this maze of mountains, swamps, ravines, and frightful wildernesses. I only know that the poor thing worked her way along painfully, with sinking heart and unsteady limbs; lying down "dead beat" at intervals, and then spurred on by the cry of the remorseless dogs, until late in the afternoon she staggered down the shoulder of Bartlett, and stood upon the shore of the lake. If she could put that piece of water between her and her pursuers, she would be safe. Had she strength to swim it?

At her first step into the water she saw a sight that sent her back with a bound. There was a boat mid-lake; two men were in it; one was rowing, the other had a gun in his hand; they were looking towards her; they had seen her. (She did not know that they had heard the baying of hounds on the mountains, and had been lying in wait for her an hour.) What should she do? The hounds were drawing near. No escape that way, even if she could still run. With only a moment's hesitation she plunged into the lake, and struck obliquely across. Her

tired legs could not propel the tired body rapidly. She saw the boat headed for her. She turned toward the centre of the lake. The boat turned. She could hear the rattle of the oar-locks. It was gaining on her. Then there was a silence. Then there was a splash of the water just ahead of her, followed by a roar round the lake, the words "Confound it all," and a rattle of the oars again. The doe saw the boat nearing her; she turned irresolutely to the shore whence she came; the dogs were lapping the water and howling there; she turned again to the centre of the lake.

The brave, pretty creature was quite exhausted now. In a moment more, with a rush of water, the boat was on her, and the man at the oars had leaned over and caught her by the tail.

"Knock her on the head with that paddle!" he shouted to the gentleman in the stern.

The gentleman *was* a gentleman, with a kind, smooth-shaven face, and might have been a minister of some sort of everlasting gospel. He took the paddle in his hand. Just then the doe turned her head and looked at him with her great, appealing eyes.

"I can't do it. My soul, I can't do it," and he dropped the paddle. "Oh, let her go!"

"Let H. go!" was the only response of the guide, as he slung the deer round, whipped out his hunting knife, and made a pass that severed her jugular.

And the gentleman ate that night of the venison.

The buck returned about the middle of the afternoon. The fawn was bleating piteously, hungry and lonesome. The buck was surprised. He looked about in the forest. He took a circuit and came back. His doe was nowhere to be seen. He looked down at the fawn in a helpless sort of way. The fawn appealed for his supper. The buck had nothing whatever to give his child, nothing but his sympathy. If he said anything, this is what he said: "I'm the head of this family; but really, this is a novel case. I've nothing whatever for you. I don't know what to do. I've the feelings of a father; but you can't live on *them*. Let us travel."

The buck walked away; the little one toddled after him; they disappeared in the forest.

Charles Dudley Warner.

OPEN LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

IV.

IF you choose to go up the staircase with me to the eleventh annual exhibition of the Water-Color Society at the National Academy of Design, you will mount with a person who cannot tell you the justness of the prices in the catalogue; who is scarcely so sure of every name on the instant as to know whether it is that of one whose works are to be darted at with rapture, or passed by with self-respecting contempt; who has not a fund of reminiscences from every

previous exhibition in the world; and who has even had the ill luck to miss by absence more than one of this very series. But what then? All the world cannot be connoisseurs, and the regular critics have had their say in the regular channels. We can still respect each other. We can still deposit our umbrellas, if we have a taste for this kind of recreation, — I confess for myself I find it hard to keep out of a picture-gallery if there be any way of getting in, — and go up and look about us, in some lull of the courts, the coal stocks, or

Extra C sugars, and make note of our impressions, too, I suppose, if we like. If we impute to some designers meanings they never dreamed of, and pass by in others what they thought they had put most obviously on the surface; if we mistake our gradations of merit, and even expend part of our time watching the people as they move about in the broad, strong light, standing and giving place with a hitching motion like the figures in a puppet-show, why, there is a myriad of us, and what are they going to do about it?

I have even found it amusing at times to go through in the reverse order, looking for the worst things instead of the best. What in the world do they want to be artists for? I ask these observers of nature only in its tritest aspects, these draggers-about of muddy and frigid carmine and Indian yellow, these depictees of clumsy, inane figures with less anatomy to them than boneless sardines. And what can they mean by hanging them up with modest demands for sixty, seventy-five, and as high as two hundred dollars, when chromos can be had at every Cheap-John stall for the silver quarter of our fathers? But you return in a few days and find the magic placard "Sold" affixed to the corners of some of the most hopeless of the lot. Then you become reflective, and surmise family connections of unlimited wealth who have bought upon the basis of dotting fondness and pride in the achievements of their ambitious scions. Or you suspect darkly the stratagem of a purchase by the artist himself, — for all the worst are by no means amateurs, — for the moral effect.

The staircase itself is one of the attractive features of an Academy exhibition. With its oaken solidity, its easy rise, its generous width, and the flowering plants upon its platforms, it has a palatial effect and is a hospitable preface to the entertainment above. It should afford subjects. Let some observing draughtsman note the groups upon it, our expressions of expectancy and exaltation as we rise into the more ethereal atmosphere at the top, and the

shadow of returning cynicism as we come down, with the hundred rainbow impressions telescoped together, and the dissatisfied reflection that the fairest form of human achievement can after all do so little for permanent human content. If so much as this be not expressed upon our faces, it ought not to be a matter of insuperable difficulty to put it there. Mr. T. W. Wood, with the *Progressive Drawing Book*, can supply a formula. Expression is a matter of lifting or pulling down an angle of the mouth and the inner extreme of an eyebrow or so. You are referred for expression to Mr. Wood because I have seen his *Circus is Coming* at Mr. Edward Brown's sale, and his *Not a Drop too Much* at the monthly Union League exhibition, within a few days, besides his *Crossing the Ferry* here, and I note that he makes a specialty of it. It is the stark skeleton of expression. In the apparent fear that his meaning will be mistaken he caricatures it. Dilution is badly needed. To one part of intelligible meaning, Mr. Wood, add five parts of delicate handling; and there are indications (in the *Sick Negro* at the Union League, particularly) that the future may bring forth results not unworthy of acceptance. The ferry picture has a fixed-up air, as of a tableau. There is little pictorial in it, furthermore; nothing that could not have been made sufficiently intelligible in words. We have a right, in a time when print is so easy of resort, to demand of the language of art — and the demand defines a little the province of art — that it shall accomplish something that ordinary language cannot. This view of an every-day circumstance could be wholly embraced in a description: "I was crossing to Brooklyn," one might say, "when one of those little rascals of Italians came into the cabin. He fiddled execrably for a moment, and passed around his cap to the people opposite. An old lady from the country seemed to want to give him an apple from some she had in a carpet-bag. On one side of her was a business man in a fur-cap and eyeglasses, with a newspaper. He looked at him with a

whimsical, half-benevolent air, as if he were thinking, 'If I should give you a nickel, you young beggar, I wonder what you would do with it.' There was a gaunt, wild-looking man on the other side of her, with spiky hair. He might have been the prophet of a new religion. 'Society was in a pretty state,' he seemed to say, 'that could have that sort of thing going on.' Then there was a young woman who just stared and nothing else, and a negro woman with her baby, who stood by looking on. The negro woman had a striped shawl, the old lady a florid carpet-bag, and the prophet a red necktie. If there were only more color, — the floors and white wood-work of the ferry-boats are so insufferably cold, you recollect, — and art in grouping were used, such a scene might be worked up into quite a nice little picture."

That is positively all there is of it. Every picture can, of course, be roughly described, just as it can be roughly engraved, as in the catalogue illustrations; but there are no subtleties in Mr. Wood's, nothing I have not conveyed to you. I do not wish to be understood as finding fault with it because it is an every-day subject, for I have a distinct idea that it is the business of artists to hunt out for us the beauty and impressiveness there is in every-day subjects, that they may gradually put us in the way of doing it for ourselves. We are rather slow observers out of our own line of occupation, but when our attention is called we see readily enough. The prevailing school of humorists have scarcely any other claim to an original basis than this. They draw attention to sayings and doings as old as the hills: the talk of the Smiths coming home from church or from a funeral; the horror of Mrs. Cobleigh at hearing of a suicide she thought was Augustus Kinman, and her sudden loss of interest when she learns it is George Kinman, with whom she had no acquaintance; showing that it is an excitement of the sensational order, and not a profound commiseration for the woes of humanity. "Is this funny?" we ask; "we have

heard it no end of times. Why, so it is, exquisitely funny," and we are presently put in the way of looking out for more such things. Something parallel to this process might take place in our art. There is plenty of room for it.

Now that we are up the staircase, is there anything to be gathered from a general preliminary glance? As the eye runs down the bright rooms it catches along, from frame to frame, on bits of blue sky, as a row of small gas jets is touched off by an electric current. Blue is the key-note. It indicates landscapes in full supply, and also the more coquettish and smiling composition of the water-color branch. In the oil exhibitions it is rather red. Oil-painting is like philosophy, water-color like wit; the latter loses by laborious effort more than any exertion can impart to the former. I read this in a book of Kotzebue's, who wrote *The Stranger*, and was shot, — not for that, though there are localities where they do it for less. Every water-colorist should cut out the motto, and, if the practical suggestion may be delicately hazarded, paste it in his hat. It looks like a pleasant, social, informal sort of art, but it calls for rigid accuracy and a trenchant keenness. The blots of color must be laid on with definite purpose, and once laid must be let alone. It is no time for experimenting. Dragged about, the purity of the color is destroyed, and all is over. It is a lesson that all of these exhibitors have not learned. A heavy manner, often in work of considerable merit in other respects, bears witness to attempts to repair the effects of indecision, to make the journey after the train has gone. It is too late; the most that can be done is to come down by ox-cart instead of by the through express. As might have been expected, the strongest men in the regular department have the best command of means and dexterity of hand to enable them to succeed in this. Samuel Colman, Kruseman van Elten, Wyant, R. Swain Gifford, display a notable familiarity with the resources of the art, — the slight spongings and scratchings, the use of papers of varied tints and grains by

which, in addition to the usual washes and stippings, the transparency and crisp effects of this material are arrived at. The body colorists, W. T. Richards, Bricher, Tiffany at their head, have to be put in a separate category. I am not going to lay this "body color" at any one's door as a *corpus delicti*. It is simply the expedient of mixing white with the pigments, and painting in solid substance upon the paper instead of a transparent film. There are charming things in both styles. One need not decide the question of legitimacy from the present exhibition, as if it contained the sum of all capabilities in either. There is only this remark to be made, and I will make no more: that whatever can be done in body color can be done as well or better in oil, while the other has certain felicities of its own, possibilities in the way of atmosphere, a greater air of naturalness, which constitute a peculiar province. An artificiality attaches to the body-color pictures. They never quite escape a suggestion of scene-painting.

The subjects do not contradict greatly the amiable promise of the first general glance. The minor keys are liberally touched. There is little sentiment of a profound sort, no appearance of prophets enunciating strange sayings from the retirement of their caves, no tragic figures flung wild abroad. There is mainly apparent a taste for cheerful color and the imitation of things in their pretty, ordinary aspects.

La Farge breaks the routine in one of the small things of the exhibition, unique of its kind. It is something to respect and admire, and also to wonder at, to find a man of our commonplace selves exhibiting an angel instead of a fashion plate or a butcher boy. Americans have as good a right as anybody in the upper domain of imagination, but we are so few there that the surroundings all seem to look askance at us, and we walk in it with misgivings. La Farge is not satisfied to be trivial. You can see him stretching out his neck, as it were, after the vanishing glories of a great art. But it is far distant now,

and not too distinct. He reproduces ghostly fragments which are perhaps not too well understood even by himself. His angel is a mere sketch, little white and flesh tones scattered thinly over a burnt-sienna colored paper, and framed up in a gold mat. The wings are variegated like those of a butterfly, and some original refinement is attempted in the color, which seems to have minute bits of something like mother-of-pearl inlaid in it.

The only other attempt at the fancifully imaginative is J. C. Beard's *A Child's Dream of Fairy-Land*. A hydrocephalous infant is represented as drawn through a dismal swamp, in a shell, by two vicious-looking swans. No human infant would ever trust himself in such circumstances in the wildest dream. It is worth mentioning only to show the plentiful lack of such things, and for the oddity of its coming from the Beard family, whose province is mainly the parodying of humanity by means of costumed monkeys and terriers.

Perhaps it has a snobbish sound to make so much of them, and I am sure I would not say a word in their favor if I could help it, but here are the foreigners, though few in numbers, in force sufficient to show those of us who need to learn what the standard of excellence is how to generalize and use gracefully a fund of information when we have it. A small figure of a cavalier trying his rapier, by Thomasi, emerges from the rich splashes of crimson lake, siennas, and grays in which it is formed, and with all the local tones upon the flesh and garments that belong to them laid with small, free touches, as if we saw it mistily taking shape in the creative act of the author's mind. Thomas Windt has a more finished picture of the sympathetic German type: a neat old woman in an humble interior, with a blue crockery plate softly suggested on a dresser. Degas has a spirited group of ballet-dancers behind the scenes, with the strange shadows of that chaotic region cast over their airy attire; but its pasty finish is left incomplete, and there is nothing to be learned from it about color.

The Ring, by the English artist Killingworth Johnson, and The Reverie, by a Frenchman, Tofano, are naturally contrasted as examples of treatment of nearly the same subject, — a single figure of a young woman in two diametrically opposite styles. The style of Tofano, the broad, free, ornamental manner, the theory that delight in the physical aspects of nature is the legitimate object of art, is the one most defensible; but, thank Heaven, I am not *doctrinaire* enough to quarrel with such an exquisite piece of character drawing as that elaborated by the other. Tofano's young woman is disposed diagonally across the paper in a flowered robe, in a boudoir with bouquets, a tiger skin, and flowered wall-paper. It is very pretty, but she is a surface, and that is all. What do you know about her? It may be a simpering, shallow nature, or one of that kind hard as steel, that inhere not rarely in just as dainty bodies. The other has been pronounced not a picture. It might have been made so, I doubt not, by scattering some repetitions of the central features about the parallelogram; but for the present it is simply a figure in a plain room, standing facing us, in front of a mirror in which she is reflected. She holds up to the light her left hand, foreshortened towards you, contemplating the glitter of a new ring, — let us suppose, since the tender expression is by no means that of mere delight in finery, an engagement ring. Here is the subtlety we have missed in our friend Wood. It could not be put in print; no, not if Open Letters from New York were an encyclopædia long. You divine, and yet by an imperceptible influence, the whole nature of this gentle girl, her refinement, innate and of surroundings, her trusting and affectionate disposition, her mind of moderate compass, her playfulness and sedateness. From the slender figure, not too well fitted for rugged circumstances, a keen practitioner could gather its constitutional story as well as the family physician. I recollect this Killingworth Johnson. In my catalogue of the London water-color exhibition of '74, which I had the good fortune to see,

I find I had marked his two contributions with a triple star of enthusiasm. He was an artist there. If he be not here, let this be one of the places where we kick over the traces. I have sometimes thought, narrowed down as our subjects are by the smoothing out process of civilization, that the art of the future might consist more of this sort of individualism, an intenser insight into character and rendition of it, as mere externals become less available.

Magrath, to give the foreigners no more attention, is a close finisher too. He is a devoted expositor of the charms of robust, barefooted Irish maidens. Sometimes he locates them among the ragged picturesqueness of the Central Park shanties, but not this time, Shelton being the only one who makes use of this very available material, in his nice Winter Twilight; at other times, in the white stone cottages of their own country, of which we have a charming view in his No. 202. His *On the Threshold* is one of these maidens leaning in a pensive attitude half in and half out of a flood of daylight coming through the open door, through which also a graceful small landscape is seen. The figure is finished to the last degree, yet without the sacrifice of breadth. It detaches itself with perfect relief and brilliancy. It is a piece which leaves little to desire, and would do us no discredit anywhere. His larger *Kelp Gatherer*, out-of-doors, has not the same opportunity for an ingenious play of light, and has only its intrinsic attractiveness as a character to depend upon, which I do not find great. Though the figure stands against a bright sky the coloring is not more sombre than usual. Jules Breton and Millet, who treat such figures, or gleaners coming home with bundles of grain on their shoulders, project them darkly against the sky, as the case would be, and put something strange and melancholy into the faces.

Miss Jacobs's girl looking for her cows has at a distance an air like a figure of Magrath's, but when you come closer it is a Yankee girl, and a work of less though sufficient finish. She is coming down the hill from the farm-house with

a milk-pail, and shading her eyes with her hand. You would wager that her name is Almira, and that she expects a young man along before a great while, if this milking business can ever be got through with, to take her to singing-school. It constitutes a pleasing whole, and is a kind of thing we need as much as possible of, — bold, large figures uniting well with their surroundings, not too large to be able to dispense with accessories, and not too small to be mere accessories themselves. Symington has a number of commendable attempts in this direction, but still crude. He is on the way, but has not yet arrived. The pretty child in blue swinging in a hammock and gazing out at you with blue eyes that match the ribbon in her blonde hair is the best of his five figures. The Sewing-Girl, with a pensive but not the traditional miserable air, is good; and the senile chuckle of the well-cared-for old gentleman engaged in paring apples, in his *Not too Old to be of some Use*, is capitally managed. The point to note is the feeling for a bold, impressive mass. It is, on its side, the same characteristic exhibited in the best marines and landscapes of the exhibition.

Pranishnikoff is a naturalized Russian, who studied in Italy and is perfecting his powers in the training-school of the Harpers' illustrated paper. He ministers to a fancy stronger in its devotees than that of mere beauty or sentiment, namely, intense action. His *Birthday* is a wagon-load of drunken peasants lashing a jaded horse over the steppe with maudlin shouts. Another piece is a pair of smugglers furiously urging their three horses, harnessed abreast, to escape the pursuit of revenue officers galloping up from the distance. They are an epitome of the most brutal chapters of Tourguéneff. They give Tiffany's Algerian Cobblers, a row of dark, savage men mending shoes in front of a tent in the desert, quite a human air by contrast. It is not an easy matter to judge of the accuracy of such action as this. These plunging legs in actual practice do not wait to be counted. The effect is seemingly natural, however, and there is a

thoroughness of elaboration in the whole that rivals the usage of Detaille. A want of sympathy in the encompassing circumstances with the flying groups may be noted. In the pictures of Schreyer, to take a large example, and the woodcuts of Kelley, in the "black and white" room, to take a small one, everything goes with the travelers, — dust, clouds of flying snow, or whatever it may be; the entire view is put in motion. I should think with works of this kind in full view upon a wall continuously the sense of motion would cease after a while, as if the headlong rush were stopped by some Merlin's incantation. They ought rather to be hung a little aside, where they could be happened on when one was tired of the ordinary tameness of things, and enjoyed as a refreshment.

Eakins is commended for his action, though I think his quiet old lady knitting has more of the qualities of a picture. He shows us a couple of adult negroes, one perhaps the grandfather, the other, with a banjo, the father, educating a small scion of the house to dance the break-down. It is a serious business, and by no means mere levity. The boy has a perfunctory air, as much as if it were an arithmetic lesson. The aged instructor looks on, and doubtless recalls certain classic traditions of the art and laments the degeneracy of times which can of course never equal the old. Still, such as his limited capacity is, the pupil must be taught to do credit to his family and his bringing up. The banjo player's head is too large for his attenuated limbs, but he plays away gayly all the same, and the action is not vitiated. Mr. Eakins is one of our delegates to foreign schools. He has come home from abroad, and is commendably looking for subjects in the line I have indicated.

Abbey's *Rose in October*, a still blooming elderly young lady standing by a country gate, supplements his revolutionary New Year's callers in the black and white room as evidence of a painstaking intelligence not quite ready yet for a dashing short-hand.

This black and white room is a charming department. It is hard not to over-

estimate its comparative importance, with its pleasing sketches in charcoal, crayon, and India ink, its etchings by Haden, Whittier, Farrar, Gifford, P. Moran, and Miller, its proof engraving by Marsh, and the simplicity and seeming completeness of its means. It has all those broader aspects we understand as distinctively artistic, and which are such a perpetual miracle to the uninitiated. The useful influence of the publishers of our best illustrated literature, the Scribners and Harpers, appears here. There is a reassurance in witnessing the good imaginative work, and such good *genre* as that of Reinhart, for instance, done here to fill hasty orders. It ought to result at the proper time in striking and original works in a more important field.

Here is a group of animals and figures by Darley, in his recognizable *bourgeois* style, recalling the drawing book. P. Moran's painted horses in the stable, and cows and sheep, are of the same academic, Dusseldorfish sort. One longs for some of the sharp angles of a streak of lightning to run crinkling through them.

But let us leave the figures. From this door-way we can see at once the effect of the two principal architectural subjects at the bottom of different rooms. Colman's is a transparent, bright picture, a view down a Brittany street of irregular open-timber-framed houses, terminated by a cathedral bathed in the atmosphere of distance. Tiffany's is a Brittany church also, — nearer at hand, its dark tower threatening against a disturbed sky, — at the top of a flight of steps on which market people offer their wares. Its semblance of the texture and heaviness of stone is an argument for the advantage of the solid method in this kind of subject. The white caps of Colman's peasant figures in front are got by scratching off the surface of the paper instead of by blots of paint. It is a trick of the trade, but to be satisfactory you ought not to know it. One wants to think that a picture is a mysterious work perfected by means altogether beyond him: if it is to be reduced to a matter of penknives, he feels as if he could do something in

that line himself. Sartain's Street in Venice is a simple rendering of a pleasant effect of shadows and perspective with common buildings. I see plenty of as good opportunities, and better, in my walks every day. I wonder they are not taken advantage of. Silva's small houses and Moran's Stable Door, with the calcimining on the wall imitated by the body color, which is indeed itself of the same substance, are suggestions to amateurs and will bear much more treatment by professionals. Arthur Quattley's Old Fishing Town of New England shows a row of weather-beaten gray and red clapboarded houses. There is a very nice feeling in the run of the lines, the curve of the railing, echoed by its own shadow on the ground, which runs around the edge of the wall where it abuts on the beach with its sea-weeds and rocks. Walter Paris's Lenox Iron Mill shows how a good subject can be spoiled by a commonplace way of looking at it. You are perfectly certain that by climbing around a little, something imposing could have been got out of this irregular collection of stacks, sheds, and gables. As it is, it is only the kind of a view the foreman would like to frame and hang up in the foundry.

Bricher goes much beyond the point of cleverness. It seems as if he could go very much farther yet, but for an over-conscientiousness which leads him to finish everything too completely and destroy the quality of mystery. There must remain something unknown to engage our permanent interest. He delights in silvery reflections, the mirroring of dark objects, the greenish light through the crest of a coming wave. His foregrounds show accurately stratified rocks, and beaches of sand with all their *débris* of sea-weeds, pebbles, and bleached clam shells, each with its particle of water and sand left in the bottom by the departing tide. They are admirable. But the whole is too distinct. It is a fault of too much, not of too little knowledge, and should be easily remedied if it be recognized as in need of remedy.

R. Swain Gifford's contributions are slighter, sketchy works. There comes

from them—this is the merit of the transparent washes in part—a stronger breath of real nature. Let us compare him a little with his equal, Wyant. The quality of mystery, the quality illustrating Emerson's definition of art as "nature distilled through the alembic of man," is better exemplified in Wyant than any other contributor. His attractiveness is of an entirely different kind from Gifford's. The latter is a more cosmopolitan artist in his susceptibility to impressions from many climes and seasons, but not so sentimental in a limited branch. The impressiveness of Gifford as represented here is in his forms. He likes large boulders, and cedar-trees with a distinct outline. His best piece is some salt vats. They are simple, grayish planes of light and shadow, thrown out from a clump of brownish trees which are filled up solid against the sky. The sky line is important with him, and you could draw out separate pleasing details. From Wyant you can take out nothing but the whole. Neither foreground, middle distance, nor background is especially important. An atmosphere of melting, unobtrusive colors in small intermingled patches drifts through and suffuses the whole. The craving for texture is satisfied. Have you ever stopped to analyze it? Do you note how we cannot get along without it? how nothing is so dreary as large, unoccupied, smooth spaces? The human brain seems irresistibly driven to put upon everything it originates an uneasy and endless congeries of grain and surface decoration corresponding to the convolution in which it is itself twisted up. The plan of all of Wyant's pieces is pretty much the same. There is a spot of blue in the centre of the sky surrounded by whirling grays. Below is a delicious intermingling of soft blues, grays, and green, with a few dashes of red, and in the midst perhaps a spot of warm white. Then a thin tree or two standing up towards the front, darkened to throw the distance off. The scene itself is not of importance, as it is not in so many charming landscapes of the French school, whose effect is obtained by casting some sort of tender sentiment

over agreeish marshes where one would not think of lingering in person. It is the way of our own artists, for the most part, to make a physical appeal to us; to make us say, like Bellows in his elm-shaded village street, and Robbins with his farm-house embowered in lilac bushes, "How I wish I were there this very minute!"

Newell has a pair of good figures that recall Birket Foster; Hopkinson Smith, numerous landscapes in which the neat draughtsmanship is much to be admired. Some sketches by Stacquet and Ciceri show the best kind of water-color shorthand, and some by Marny the heartless conventional kind. The studios of Vibert and Berne-Bellecour, by Bourgoïn, are an interesting exhibition of the luxurious influences by which these strong colorists surround themselves. They suggest the speculation why it is that our own interiors are not turned to artistic account in this era of decorative furnishing. In an age when more startling ideas are in abeyance, the domestic idea is worthy of homage. Nothing offers a more legitimate field than these apartments newly revised in accordance with correct principles. There should be family groups of small size, disposed about them like genre figures, in the style in which Guy and Wilmarth have sometimes succeeded; except that these latter have never shown any appreciation of the kind of glowing richness I have in mind, but of a puritanical inharmoniousness instead.

I reserve a paragraph for the vestiges of the once powerful and aggressive pre-Raphaelites. "Pre-Raphaelitism," I say, "thy name is frailty," as I arrive before a frame of T. C. Farrar's, who went away long since and settled in London. He used to draw every leaf in the heart of a sun-lit, tremulous forest. Where now are the quivering aspen-leaves, the arrow-headed water-plants, the long grasses, the lichens, and the geological strata of the rocks? What little appearance of them there is is scratched out white with a penknife on a brown, muddy ground. Scratch, scratch, the water comes down the rocks,

from step to step, like the marks of matches on sand-paper. He has elsewhere a Rochester castle. The Turnerian lines of composition of the castle and the bridge, the repetition of the battlements by windmills on the distant hill, and the run of the ground, are pleasing, but the color is phenomenal. Where it is not it is of an insuperable heaviness. The castle, which rises out of a clump of red-roofed buildings, is of a cold pink, and the ivy of a pure yellow, both unlike anything else in the picture, and unlike any light that ever was on sea or land. That would not make so much difference if it were a decorative passage in itself, but it is the antipodes of it. Still, Farrar never was a colorist. John Henry Hill was more of a colorist. He retains the faculty. His Sunnyside is as cheerful a picture of a blue sky and green grass and a white house, with the sunlight touching it in patches, as you would wish to see. But it is hardly pre-Raphaelitish, and his view of the Natural Bridge of Virginia not at all so. There is hardly more stratification than in a pile of building sand. Some figures he has put in to give the scale are so far distant as to be scarcely perceptible, and of course do not accomplish it. These are the only two representatives of the original band, and it will be seen they no longer bear its banners aloft. Occupied in detail, to the neglect of more general qualities, it seems that when they come forth into a broader field they totter with weakness. The conventional people they used to abuse have kept along in the old ruts, and may not have improved much, but now, at the end of ten years, appear quite favorably in the comparison. Yet this is not a just tone of comment. The prospectus of the movement distinctly stated that the truth to nature at which it aimed would "with sympathy and reverence make happy and useful artists of those to whom imagination and inventive power are denied." We ought rather to conclude, not that the principle was not valid, but only that we have happened upon examples from the non-inventive category, whom it would be desirable to see back

at their honest vocation at once. The history of this enthusiastic movement for "truth in art," and the tracing of its permanent influence upon the community, would be an interesting theme. I am sure it would be found to be a powerful influence, although there are those of its disciples who talk lightly of the Ruskin they once believed to be a prophet raised up to enlighten the nations that walk in darkness; and others of them, who have forgotten their strenuous asseverations that the only hope for the future was in the domination of Gothic architecture, are designing buildings in the Queen Anne style. Enthusiasm and really definite ideas are so rare that when once aroused they do not easily subside. There was something very fine about this movement, and the ardent publishing and painting, for principle and not for pay, by which at its height it was characterized, and you may be sure the participants in it were persons of calibre.

There are reminiscences of the movement in Henry Farrar, Mrs. Stillman, and Miss Bridges, if not in its actually affiliated members. The latter was a pupil of W. T. Richards, who, though not, I believe, distinctly known as a pre-Raphaelite himself, was always treated by them with genuine respect as nearly akin in practice. Miss Bridges has a series of exquisite studies in the old manner. I can only mention the subjects: a kingbird swinging on a mullein stalk, a young robin just out of the nest on a dewy morning-glory, swallows in the air, field birds in a tangle of meadow grass and daisies, a flock of bluebirds hopping among the dead leaves on an autumn hillside. If you take them for birds or flowers of the namby-pamby kind you will be mistaken. They are as free and charming as the fresh air of nature in which they revel. Mrs. Stillman's flat figure of a child looking through branches of apple blossoms shows something of the mediæval side of it. The work of Henry Farrar, a younger brother of T. C. Farrar, is among the best in the galleries. It is somewhat plodding, — he does not take easily to color, — and the

serpent-like road he is fond of running into his scenes needs a masculine straightening out. On the other hand, it is sincere, marked by a deep feeling, and evidently that of a progressive man. The low-toned autumn piece, *A Quiet Pool*, something in the poetic manner of Mc-

Entee, could hardly be better. This, and his etchings, full of the impressiveness of twilight, of long perspective lines, of the catching of light on objects in confined interiors, are the things I am most sorry to go away from, now that our ramble is ended.

Raymond Westbrook.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I DOUBT if it is generally known that a Historical Manuscript Commission in England was organized by act of Parliament in 1869. Her majesty's commission appointed a board of commissioners to inquire where papers and manuscripts, deeds and other instruments, are deposited, to visit those places, the muniment rooms in old castles and manors, the town-halls, libraries, etc., and to make abstracts and catalogues of the more important material that might be found. This board began its labors by issuing numerous invitations to persons in the kingdom who would be most likely to subserve the plan. They were asked for coöperation and for permission to search their collections. One hundred and eighty prominent men, earls, lords, and commoners, replied and gave cordial permission. Since that time many more, observing the interesting success of this commission, must have responded.

The first report of its labors was published in 1870. Since that time the reports have annually increased in bulk. The material thus brought to light depends for its value upon the specialty of the reader: the historian, lawyer, antiquarian, man of science and of letters, will find his separate satisfaction; but it is safe to say that the whole matter is surprisingly attractive. Here are a few specimens, taken at random during a careful search for new traces of Shakespeare.

In the second report there is a letter of Pope to Jacob Tonson, Jr., written in 1731. Pope hopes that in Theobald's proposed edition of Shakespeare the editor will not publish any impertinent remarks on him. And on November 14, 1731, Pope writes to old Tonson: "I am almost ready to be angry with your nephew for being the publisher of Theobald's Shakespeare, who, according to the laudable custom of commentators, first served himself of my pains, and then abused me for 'em." This Tonson was the famous publisher and founder of the Kit-Cat Club. Whatever Theobald did to make Pope touchy, it is certain that some of his readings, like that famous one, "babbled of green fields," throw clear lights on Shakespeare's text.

In a large wooden case containing many hundreds of ancient deeds relating to Warwickshire property, there was found a paper indorsed "John Weale's note of the grant to me of Shakespeare's house by Goodwife Sharpe." The date stands thus incomplete, "Mar. 4, 97." In another paper we read that John Weale of Hatters had given, granted, and assigned to Job Throckmorton of Huseley, in the county of Warwick, all his right, etc., in a certain cottage or tenement, with the appurtenances in Huseley aforesaid, wherein one William Shakespeare now dwelleth; and the date of this is 1697. The name was frequent in England. There is a bond, dated November 27, 1606, of Thomas Shake-

speare of Lutterworth, County Leicester, to James Whitelocke, for 26s. 8d.

In Richard Orlebar's collection at Hinwick House, in a quarto volume of letters, there is one from Mrs. Orlebar to a friend, dated April 22, 1742: "Last Monday I saw a monument to Shakespeare made with many hundred of flower buds and grapes, opposite the Sign of the Castle in Fleet Street." Ap-ropos of what? In that month of April, Garrick, who had hardly been upon the stage more than a year, was playing *Lear* to the astonishment of the town. We venture to surmise a meeting of Garrick and his friends at the Castle.

We find John Florio, compiler of the celebrated Italian dictionary, contemporary with Shakespeare, and the original of Holofernes, praying hard to the lord treasurer for his arrears on work done for the crown. An account-book of the executors of Robert Nowell of Gray's Inn, brother of Alexander Nowell who was dean at St. Paul's 1560-1601, would rather startlingly make it out that the poet was a "free scholar" at the Merchant Taylor's School, and passed thence to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.

Among the MS. of the Rt. Hon. Earl de la Warr is a petition from Sara Shakespeare to help her get the amount of executions recovered by her agent, Henry Leigh, and one Smith, his brother-in-law. Query, Was she the widow of a brother of the poet?

But in another report we come upon definite traces. In 1603, the bounty of the city of Aberdeen was bestowed on "the kings servandis presentlie in this burght, quho playes comedies and stage-playes, be reason they are recom-mendit be his Majesties speciall letter, and hes played sum of thair comedies in this burght;" and "Laurence Fletcher, comediane to his Majestie," was admitted a burgess. This is probably the same Laurence Fletcher who was associated with Shakespeare in the patent granted to them and others by James I., in 1603. From the above the commission surmise that Shakespeare was in Scotland with that company of players. In which case he might have visited the

sites which he afterwards peopled with the characters of Macbeth; and that mooted point would be settled.

There is a letter from a Robert Haynes, sending somebody swans, a pair of which cost twelve shillings. But at the top of this letter is written "Immanuel." Now turn up 2 Henry VI. iv. 2, and read: "*Cade*. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee; what is thy name? *Clerk*. Emmanuel. *Dick*. They use to write it on the top of letters."

A duodecimo volume of poems, by Sir P. Leycester, is very noticeable as containing an "Epilogue to Taming of the Shrew, acted at Nether Tabley, by the servants and neighbors there at Christmas, 1671." Nether Tabley is a township in Chester, and Lower Tabley Hall, where the play was acted, is just south of the little village.

During the reign of Elizabeth there was a play called *Bastard's Libel*. (Query, Was it played at Oxford?) Prologue begins as follows:—

"Fye brethren, scholars, fye for shame;
Such yonker tricks among you still!
Hath not learning learned to tame
The wanton wyts of wanton Will?"

Among the MSS. of Earl de la Warr (Baron Buckhurst), at Knole Park, Kent County, are letters of Bacon, Tobie Matthew, etc. Also, notes of a conversation between William Lambarde and Queen Elizabeth, in which Lambarde mentions the play of Richard II. having been many times performed in public at the instigation of the Earl of Essex, with a view to bring Elizabeth into disfavor with the people. Lambarde referred to an attempt by an unkind gentleman (Essex), "the most adorned creature that ever your Majestie made." The queen said this tragedy was played forty times in open streets and houses. This conversation is dated August 4, 1601.

The above notes of a conversation with the queen render much fuller the hint in Judge Holmes's *Authorship of Shakespeare*, page 249.

We come upon a fine trail in this letter from Sir Walter Cope to Viscount Cranborne: "Sir, I have sent and bene all thys morning huntynge for players

Juglers and such kinde of Creaturs, but fynde them hard to fynde. Burbage ys come, and sayes there is no new playe that the Queen hath not scene, but they have revyved an olde one, cawled Loves Labore Lost, which for wytt and mirthe he sayes will please her exceedingly. And thys is appointed to be played to morowe night at my Lord of Southampton's, unless you sende a wrytt to remove the Corpus cum causa to your howse in Strande. Burbage ys my messenger ready attending your pleasure. Yours most humbly, Walter Cope. Dated from your library. Addressed: to the right honorable the Lorde Viscount Cranborne at the Courte." Indorsed, 1604 (?), "Sir Walter Cope to my Lord." That indorsement was made by a highly unchronological letter-filer, for the queen had been dead a year. But it is curious to notice the mistakes which used to be made in this matter. For instance, the Aberdeen record (if the commissioners did not transcribe wrongly, is dated 1601; but James did not reach the English throne till 1603. Plainly, it was in that year that he commended his players to the good people of the Scotch city. There is an entry of the playing of Love's Labor Lost before James in 1605, between New Year's Day and Twelfth Night.

Sir Walter Cope was in the confidential employ of the Earl of Salisbury, a member of Parliament, and one of the three knights, gentlemen of the earl, sent to represent him at Lord Bacon's wedding dinner, May 10, 1606. Viscount Cranborne was Sir Robert Cecil, but at this time Lord Cecil, Viscount Cranborne, and Earl of Salisbury. Hepworth Dixon says that the three knights who attended the wedding feast were hard drinkers and men about town.

No doubt Burbage — probably Shakespeare's favorite, and not the other actor of that name — was instructed to set up Love's Labor Lost at Southampton House the following night.

— Perhaps some of your readers who are wont to regale themselves with a taste of the night's treat at the playhouse by gazing at the posters may have observed

on the dead walls in New York, this winter, a large wood-cut of Mr. Wallack on horseback, as Elliott Grey in Rose-dale. Those who saw the performance itself found the admirable lancer afoot, and no sign of the steed of the bill-board. Again, freshly pasted on the fences, and hung in the druggist's window, can now be seen the well-known figure of Mr. Boucicault as the Shaugbraun, with uplifted finger, as in Rogers's statuette, teaching tricks to his dog Tatters; whereas on the stage we find the matchless Con, to be sure, but neither hide nor hair of the dog — the actor talks Tatters, but uses none.

So, it appears, to the topmost round of the actor's calling mounts the curious tradition of putting spectacular effects on the placard that are not realized in the play. We all know the splendid fence pageantry of the circus and the moral menagerie — those poetic dreams of the artist in which elephants play at leap-frog and four lions at once spring upon the devoted skull of Herr Daniels, while Ramon yonder leaps fifteen feet into the air to turn a somersault as he rides. Aloft at the entrance of the side-show are full-length portraits of the Fat Boy, weighing obviously 1347 lbs.; of the Kentucky Giant, who must look into third story windows as he walks the street; of the Living Skeleton, too lean to cast a shadow. But while it is true that the giant and the fat boy dwindle, on sight, and the starveling becomes no lankier than a letter-carrier, in the plays just mentioned there is not so much as a set of horse-shoes, nor the bark of Tatters.

Of course the spectator is content to miss the quadrupeds. Trained horses and dogs, though good in the ring, are not apt to shine, I fancy, in the comedy or melodrama; the disposition of the dog to bolt, and the humiliating way in which the charger has to be led about, are trying to the feelings of the audience. Still, accounting for the absence of the animals from the stage does not account for their presence on the poster. Are we, perhaps, to forecast from these incidents new reaches in the bill-board art, whereby the unseen will triumph over

the seen? Dryden tells us that Zeuxis and Polygnotus handled their pictures as Homer did his poetry, feigning such things as they found not in the dark recesses of antiquity, for the pure sake of embellishment. It is quite certain that modern colorists have made vast strides, of late, in labels for pickle-jars and placards of yeast mixtures — enforcing, for example, on the popular mind, by a dance of airy sprites, some faint conception of the gossamer lightness that is lent to pie-crust by Jones's baking powders; and even as these floating Ariels are not literally to be germinated from the yeast, I suppose that the Poster of the Future may expect us simply to enjoy its art and its moral, without seeking to drag down its poetic license to prosaic fact.

— In the much vexed question as to who wrote the Saxe Holm stories, one thing seems to relieve Mrs. Jackson from the soft impeachment: and that is the utter ignorance the author betrays concerning the times and seasons of flowering plants, although she speaks of them with such apparent knowledge. In the very first, Draxy Miller's Dowry, she has her heroine's hair adorned for her wedding, — in September, — with blossoms of the low cornel, which is a spring flower. Also in Hetty's Strange Story, the church in Canada where the pair are remarried is dressed with dog-wood blossoms, Ayrshire roses, and carnations, flowers respectively of May, June, and July; and unless Canada has conditions of climate quite peculiar to itself, flowers impossible to combine in out-door culture. Mrs. Jackson is too acute an observer of nature to have made these mistakes, unless they were done purposely to mislead the public; besides I cannot think, with her wide knowledge of books, she would have taken the plot of the One-Legged Dancers bodily from a little story of Mary Howitt's called Strive and Thrive, and not expected discovery. I myself believe her to be so far responsible for the Saxe Holm mystery that, with a coadjutor, she has written parts of them in an Ereckman-Chartrian fashion, but I never will believe she herself wrote such stuff as "My snowy

eupatorium came to-day," — eupatorium being only boneset, a fluffy, dirty-white blossom, like no snow but that which is long trodden under foot, and neither graceful nor beautiful. If one is allowed to "drop into botany" as well as into poetry, it furnishes a wide field for celebrating plants of humble repute under stately aliases showing what's in a name.

Just "hear to" this, "after" Mercy Philbrick: —

My verdant symplocarpus came to-day
In rich luxuriance through the swampy grass,
The little insects in the sky at play
All seem inclined those glorious folds to pass,
As if an alien odor stirred the air:
Yet are they fresh and fair.

And here cimicifuga 'gainst the fence,
Leans gracefully, and even seems to say,
"I am great Nature's green benevolence:
The pangs of mortal anguish I allay;
Oh, osseous structures! racked with pain and ache,
Steep: drink! and healing take!"

And leontodon to the inner man
In spring appeals, when sense and soul are faint,
Go pluck those dentate leaflets in a pan,
And boil them well, when fresh as recent paint,
'Twill give thee peace and "sad satiety,"
All bitter though it be!

I forbear to interpret; let botanists do that.

— Here is a story which I consider too *piquante* to be lost. I'll "put it where it will do the most good" and send it to Boston. It is a short one, but I could easily make it long if I were to describe its main figure as fully as it deserves, for he is a character the like of which Dickens would have founded a fortune upon and made forever famous. He dwells in a little shop and lives by his trade, that of cabinet maker, and I doubt if a sweeter-natured, better-hearted old creature ever made a five o'clock tea-table, or painted and upholstered a work-stand. My heart melts with gratitude when I recall the tools, the varnish brushes, and the glue-pots he is willing to lend, and not only is he willing to lend them, but willing to forgive you when you borrow them for "two minutes" and forget to return them for two days. After this need I say that he enjoys the widest scope of feminine confidence and respect?

He makes lovely frames for screens, and is always glad and proud to uncover

and display them to you, even though they be draped in the lace and mystery appropriate for wedding gifts. He knows when all the weddings are to take place, and very few brides begin housekeeping in this small Canadian city without receiving some proof of his skill.

I can easily take his shop in upon my walks, so I frequently call there to look at the new things and hear him talk. He works as he talks, pausing in the latter occupation at times the more conscientiously to fasten a screw or varnish a board; then he resumes the gentle chat upon such society matters as have a bearing upon his trade. But not long since my national pride received a blow, most unconsciously dealt by this irreproachable old man, for I hasten to assure you that it has never dawned upon him that I am an American. He was telling me how busy he had been kept with holiday work, and said plaintively: "Mrs. — was quite vexed that I could not do more work for her, but I *could* not, you know, *really* I could not, — I" — here he fastened on a piece of gilding, "I was too busy, you know. *She* wants her tables gilded and I am very sorry for it, as gilded tables are quite out of fashion in our best houses, you know. It's a great pity, a *great* pity. But then" — stopping to polish for a moment, — "but then she is from that United States — from Boston, where they do everything for show; I'm very sorry that she wants gilt tables, for people of good taste do not use them any more — though I dare say they are still fashionable in Boston, you know."

Oh, Boston, Boston, in the future get what consolation you can from your "earnest" carpets, and "sincere" chairs!

— Until within a few days past I was the woman who had not read Helen's Babies. Now I have lost my distinction, and I have not received anything in the way of pleasure as compensation. I am not going to break this butterfly or rather grub upon a wheel, and tell how and why I found it the silliest, shallowest, and vulgarest book I ever read. What I have to say about the book is this, — and I speak as a mother, — that

the baby talk is poor. It is not natural, but on the contrary affected, an incongruous mess, the result of insufficient and inapprehensive observation and a perverted fancy. These children do exactly what children don't do. They don't fail in speech, with stammering lips, but they utter all the letters that they should, and more too. For example: "I want to shee yours watch." Now to pronounce those words in that succession requires a power of articulation which no toddling child possesses, unless it is an infant phenomenon in the way of speech. A little child instead of saying *yours*, thus adding *s* to the difficult *r*, leaves off the latter and for *your* says *you*. Nor does he pronounce the *w* under such circumstances. I leave it to any intelligent and observant mother whether such a little child as 'Toddie does not always say "see you 'atch" rather than "shee yours watch." For although children have personal peculiarities in their speech, the peculiarities are generally of misapprehension, and they all of them in their talk conform, with very few exceptions, to certain rules of inability in articulation. So with regard to "I shed my blessin two timesh." That a little child should say "two timesh" instead of "two *time*" is so improbable as to make the speech not characteristic, even if it were a copy from nature. But it is not; for it will be seen plainly that a child that could say not "said" but *shed* would and must say not "blessin" but *blessish*. The baby talk of the book is full of such blunders as this, which is the more remarkable as some of the perversions are very characteristic. Toddie's *Bliaff* for Goliath is highly satisfactory; and so is his *lyned* for "learned." But I must protest against some of the phrases, the thoughts, which these baby boys are made to use. Budge asks, "Don't you think the Lord loved my papa awful much for doin' that *sweet* thing, Uncle Harry?" Now boys of five years old don't talk about "that sweet thing" unless they have some kind of candy in mind. They leave that phrase to their sisters between twelve years of age and — Well, I shall

not assign the other limit. Again, Budge tells Toddie that his uncle will "comfort" him, and prays for the lady that "comforted" him after the goat "was bad" to him, and that she may "comfort" him "lots of times." I am sure that all the mothers will agree with me that little children don't talk about comfort or being comforted. They have a lively appreciation of comfort, the thing, but the apprehension of the idea comes much later in life. A heart must have ached many times before it prays to be comforted. Perhaps this is trifling; but when more than one hundred thousand copies of a book have been sold, and we find that its only claim upon the attention of even the reading public of the nursery is unsound, it may not be amiss to say so.

— I have heard a good many pleasant things said about Mr. Moody religiously, but I remember no special encomium on his use of English. But after hearing him day after day, largely as an admirer of his use of our language, it seems to me that our people of "culture" who have sneered at him as illiterate have lost a point. We may either look at his terse, clear, Saxon sentences by themselves, and see in them "the well of English undefiled;" or we may compare him with Bunyan and De Foe, and in either case he bears inspection. Turn from the complex, involved modern style, to his nervous, terse, and crystal-line sentences, and you are conscious of a refreshing change. Macaulay has devoted one of his best essays to the praise of Bunyan, and there is something to be said for the style of the man whom Gladstone has called the Bunyan of the nineteenth century. And even his defects are those which now seem to make the very raciness of Sam Lawsen's speech and other heroes of Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Whitney. That what we love to hear in the stories of Rose Terry Cooke should repel us in the speech of Mr. Moody is due to the unpopularity of the views he holds, rather than to anything naturally boorish in the man.

— Before the last scientific invention becomes as familiar as a humming-top,

let me, in these pages which are so often devoted to the instruction of authors, make a suggestion to languishing playwrights. It is that they turn their back on the modern French drama and try some means of bringing the phonograph upon the stage. The other day it was the telephone that was filling every one with amazement, but that promises soon to be forgotten, or at least to lose its novelty, by the side of the greater wonders of the phonograph. This instrument consists of a diaphragm — this is of as much importance to these recent scientific inventions as it is to the inventors — bearing a little pin which is moved by the action of the voice against a thin plate of tin foil which is fastened upon a revolving shaft, so that the waves of sound, according to the different modulations and inflections of the voice, are converted into visible form. This is strange enough; but it is only part of the wonder. This tin-foil can be removed and placed in a mysterious apparatus, which in some inexplicable way by the turning of a crank will give back the sounds that produced the marks on the tin-foil. The description of the instrument that I have read says that this is accomplished by certain well known laws of acoustics. I do not know the laws of this system of bottling an echo, but they are doubtless familiar to my readers.

Now, the dramatic capabilities of this little machine are evident at a glance. In its present rude condition it is necessary that the words to be recorded should be spoken through a mouth-piece, but doubtless time will obviate this formality, and all that will be required will be to place the instrument in a room when it will receive and record the sounds uttered within it, the whispered plottings of conspirators, for instance, the soliloquies of villains, the frivolous conversation of young lovers, etc. A fertile imagination will grow dizzy with the whirl of startling possibilities. For example, it is only necessary for a "live" playwright to introduce two men agreeing to steal a will, to burn the church, to forge the check, who talk together in the fa-

miliar way; one of them sees the phonograph on the table, but he naturally takes it for a fly-trap, and thinks no more of it until Act V., Scene 3, when, all the *dramatis personæ* being present, it is brought forward, the handle is turned, their conversation is repeated, and their wickedness exposed. This hint can be worked up by others, and doubtless it will be done. A fortune awaits, not the humble maker of the suggestions, but the energetic writer who will put together a play in which the instrument shall perform. Fastidious critics have grown tired of the omniscient detective; they would be the loudest to applaud the phonograph.

But there is a dark side to the cloud with the silver lining. We already foresee adventurers from remote regions who, with the phonograph under their arm, will enter the Music Hall and when the golden-mouthed orator begins his inimitable lecture will gently turn the crank so that every word, every inflection shall be registered by infallible science. No longer shall the once popular expounder of literature or photographs be called upon to travel from home. The sheets of tin-foil will be sent by express to Alaska, if need be; they will be introduced by the selectmen of some border town, who will again wind the crank, and the lecture will be repeated by machinery. This can go on indefinitely, because before the tin-foil wears out it can be replaced by new impressions from imperishable plaster.

But even before the mouthpiece is improved away, the phonograph can be put to use. Our great men who are, almost without exception, so bland, so affable to the reporter, would surely have no objection to uttering some of their remarks through the mouthpiece. At first, doubtless, their thoughts would move but sluggishly on account of the strangeness of the medium. A rational conversation is seldom held through a speaking-trumpet, but in time genius would overcome this, as it has greater difficulties. They might imagine it the mouth of an ear-trumpet, as it would indeed be, only reaching to unborn

hearers. For, these sheets of tin-foil could be kept in a fire-proof museum so that instead of nursing our reverence for the past by gazing at our grandfathers' old coats and snuff-boxes, we could hear for a trifling sum their own voices uttering words of wisdom. A hundred years hence the eminent humorist could be heard telling over his famous funny story; in her own life-time a prima-donna's voice would no longer be a subject of our indisputable boast, it could be taken from the shelf and be put in comparison with that of some later favorite.

These are all outside of the serious uses, and yet they closely join them. Foreign sounds could be brought to the ears of learned societies; the finest French accent could be bought on as much tin-foil as would go round a bunch of cigars; depositions, dying-speeches, could be preserved; but this is enough. Certainly it is fancy nowadays that is becoming prosaic, and science outdoes fairy-tales.

— One of the evils of this age of railroads and telegraphs is that we are forced to know people as they are. Journeying, not like Bunyan, afoot, through the wilderness of this world, but in cars and steam-boats, I am every year reminded more frequently of that story from the Deccan, of the donkey who went on his travels with a Rakshaz. Being in a town, they came to a street of palaces; the donkey brayed in admiration. "Look inside," said the Rakshaz; and behold, nothing but offal and dung! They passed by a crumbling old hut; the donkey sniffed with contempt, but the Rakshaz saw within a comfortable house and people sitting down to supper. Presently appeared a pen for unclean beasts in the field, but, peeping through the windows, they saw a temple lighted and the priests singing psalms. The Rakshaz, no doubt, being a monster of culture, found a fine æsthetic significance in these surprises; but the donkey, we are told, declared that they made his head ache, and that he would go with the crowd in future, and stare at the palaces and sniff at the pig-pens, without asking

what lay behind the door. It must be very comfortable to be wholly a donkey.

It is the people whom we pass every day, and not the houses, who show an incessant diabolical perverseness in proving that they are not at all what we think them. You may make up your mind, once for all, that the popular idea of any class of men, when you come to the individual Tom and John of the class, will turn out to be a gross libel. Just here, as we said before, our grandfathers had the advantage of us. They had the nations labeled and divided off: there was the stage Yankee, frog-eating Johnny Crapeau, scratching, praying Sandy, with the dim, vast Ultima Thule of the heathens behind, for whom nothing was to be done but to dribble out missionary pennies on a Sunday, and to consign them wholesale to perdition. Geese were geese, in those days, and swans swans. But the American to-day is a long, crooked thing that asks a question. A young fellow leaves college with these fixed ideas of his ancestors, but he knocks around a few years in Cunarders and Pullman cars—and where are they? The so-called prying, garrulous Westerner, he has proved to be the most reticent and grave of men; he finds that the ardent Southerner usually has really a keen eye for the pennies. Some of the gentlest gentlemen he knows are pagans. He goes to the house of a reformer whose name shines like a good deed all over the naughty world, and he turns out to be a niggardly little man nagging his wife because the tea is out; he seeks a great poet whose song has made his soul burn within him, and he finds him a monomaniac on beet-sugar; the artist whose weird fancies have risen like a nightmare before the public is a tipling, stout little Irishman. In a murderer in a condemned cell, I once found an honest, agreeable fellow, a tender father and loyal friend. It is no wonder the donkey's head ached.

These Rakshaz eyes of the present generation are no acquisition to it, I assure you. My grandfather Thompson was always right, and he knew he was right, and he knew that you knew he

was right, simply because he was a Thompson. I am a Thompson, too; but when I walked through the Centennial Main Building, in 1876, and found Turk and Chinaman and Jew from Tunis and Greenlander hoisting their umbrellas and carrying photographs of their babies and praying to the Man higher than themselves at night, just as I did, the shock to my conceit was mortal; and I protest that a man without conceit is as useless and wretched as a shivering pulpy crab when it has cast its skin. This Rakshaz view gives us, no doubt, a realizing sense of the universal brotherhood of man. But the sense of the brotherhood of man is bringing things to a dead level, very fast. There are no downright sinners or saints any longer, it appears; and what religious energy can I put into my contribution to foreign missions when John Chinaman is teaching me half a dozen of the Christian virtues? As for literature, it will soon make an end of that. What picturesque effects can you get out of a world peopled with Thompsons?

No; the donkey was in the right of it when he brayed with the crowd and refused to look in at the back doors.

—Here is a fact which might be worked by a skillful hand into a new psychological study. I give it to anybody who has a mind to write a melodrama with Soul and Body as leading parts; only let them remember what Hawthorne would have made of it, or even George Sand, in her own way. A certain American physician, a specialist in nerve diseases, has lately discovered a cure for Vampire Women, as Doctor Holmes somewhere calls them; women, that is, in whom all healthy bodily functions have given way, and only the nerves are left, to torture the souls of their owner and, what is much more important, the souls of her unfortunate family. You will find one of these gentle, selfish victims preying upon the life of many a poor New England household. She drains its vitality and its purse in true vampire fashion; her only tie to the world is through neuralgia, anæmia, or other intangible ailment; her almost freed soul

is apt to revel in spiritualism, devout mysticism, or some other trade or profession belonging to the dim border land between us and the world beyond.

To one doctor comes one of these emancipated souls, caged but in the frailest possible cobweb of the flesh. Her religious raptures were full and ecstatic; her spiritual insight abnormal; her stomach, liver, and all the rest of the viscera had given up working long ago, and lay torpid; she did not sleep; she did not drink; she did not eat even the olive per day which Zeno allowed; talk of Hayes' election, or the Russian war, or even of pottery passed her insensate ear as far winds on the hill-tops; she had dropped and forgotten all her old affections as she had the dolls of her childhood. In short, she was as far out of this world as Mickey Free's father was from purgatory when he cleared the door, barring one foot and shoe. She shook her plumes hourly, on tiptoe for Paradise.

The doctor puts her raptures, plumes, visions, and all to bed. Her body, which she had been used to inveigh against as a dead weight, is treated actually as dead weight, which gives her a shock of surprise; she is not permitted to move a muscle. Then he proceeds to feed it, to knead it, to batter it, to vivify it with electricity. Imagine this winged soul, veritable offspring of Margaret Fuller and radical clubs, pausing in its upward flight to linger curiously among its bars of muscles and nerves to see what this common-sensed body-cobbler will do to its old companion. Presently, he begins to stuff it with five solid meals per day, precisely as pigs are fattened in Pennsylvania, or geese at Strasburg. Think of the

shudders, the horror of this soul as it is forced back into the body, — made to sleep, to take a pleasure in growing fat, to eat terrapin, and smack its intangible lips! But I leave the playwright to explain the terrors of the courtship by which the soul was remarried to its carnal flesh. The curious facts are that when the woman rose from bed, fat and rosy, the saint and poet had vanished; she was a housekeeper, a zealous cook; she took an eager part in village politics; and finally, she is the mother of a stout boy, and, you may be sure, is wedded to this world and the things thereof as long as he is in it.

— I was greatly surprised and interested to find in the Contributors' Club of Atlantic Monthly the story of the Dalmatian dog and Mr. Beach. I can vouch for the truth of the story, and I have to-day seen Mr. Beach and his canine friend walking past my house. There are only two mistakes in the story, as far as I can see, and that is the dog lives in Worthing, not Newhaven; and Mr. Beach lives at Findon, four miles from here, and is not a doctor, but a veterinary surgeon.

We have so few of the human species in this little town of ours who have a world-wide celebrity that we are naturally anxious to have what credit we deserve for grateful dogs. Thinking you might be interested to know that your article has been read in the town where the incidents you relate occurred, I take the liberty of addressing you thus, and trust you will pardon me the presumption. — (32 South Street, Worthing, Sussex County, England, December 4, 1877.)

RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. BROOKS'S *Lectures on Preaching*¹ are likely to be read by a good many besides the special class of students to whom they are addressed. He is a preacher of repute, and it is hardly to be supposed that he would give eight lectures upon the subject of his profession without betraying something of the sources of his power. The careful reader of this book is not likely to find the explanation in any merely superficial qualities. Mr. Brooks gives a humorous illustration of how a mere imitator may miss the genuine use of a great model. "I remember going, years ago, with an intelligent friend to hear a great orator lecture. The discourse was rich, thoughtful, glowing, and delightful. As we came away my companion seemed meditative. By and by he said: 'Did you see where his power lay?' I felt unable to analyze and epitomize in an instant such a complex result, and meekly said, 'No, did you?' 'Yes,' he replied, briskly, 'I watched him, and it is in the double motion of his hand. When he wanted to solemnize and calm and subdue us he turned the palm of his hand down; when he wanted to elevate and inspire us he turned the palm of his hand up. That was it.' And that was all the man had seen in an eloquent speech. He was no fool, but he was an imitator. He was looking for a single secret for a multifarious effect. I suppose he has gone on, from that day to this, turning his hand upside down and downside up, and wondering that nobody is either solemnized or inspired." It is entirely possible for one in like manner to account to himself for Mr. Brooks's power as a preacher by some subordinate characteristic, but no one can read these lectures without discovering the ideal which the lecturer exalts. It is this which makes the book worth reading by those who have no professional interest in the subject. A petty curiosity which is concerned about trivial details of method will not be gratified, but the student who wishes to know what an eager preacher thinks about his work, its opportunities and its limitations, will find here an admirable disclosure. What is it which any one of generous nature wishes to know of his fel-

low's work? Not the mere mechanism by which he economizes his strength, the exact number of hours which he gives to this or that section of it, whether or not he takes a cup of coffee when he gets up, or has a horseback ride before breakfast; it is the ideal which the worker holds, the aspect which it bears, looking in the various directions of a common human interest.

We suspect that these lectures have acted as a test for those who heard them, and will serve the same purpose for readers. With some they will be inspiration; from others will come the self-condemnatory criticism, an ideal is set forth which it is folly for any but exceptional preachers to realize. No doubt any preacher will state in words a higher ideal than he himself attains; but the sign of a true preacher, as of every honest man, is that he has an ideal and does not suffer that to be dulled. The enthusiasm for the profession which this book displays has contagion in it, because it is not expended on that which separates the profession from other occupations, but on that which it shares with them. Throughout the book runs a single thought never lost sight of,—the greater the man the greater the preacher; and again and again, when discoursing of practical methods, the lecturer returns in some form to his golden text, that it is the man behind the sermon which makes the sermon a power. The statement in so blunt a form few would be found to deny; yet there is a practical skepticism of this truth which overtakes all ministers at some time, and some ministers always. It is because the lecturer, holding this truth firmly, addresses himself to the living facts of a preacher's profession rather than to the mechanism or elaborate organization in which he works that his words will be life to the living and glittering generalities to the moribund.

The glow of the orator, the earnestness of the sincere minister, make the current of the book rapid and forcible. Scorn for what is mean and a quiet humor are characteristics which will carry along many readers who would be indifferent to some of the details of which he necessarily treats. The

Rector of Trinity Church, Boston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1877.

¹ *Lectures on Preaching*. Delivered before the Divinity School of Yale College, in January and February, 1877. By the REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS,

book, in a word, is a large and fruitful treatment of a subject which may easily be taken up in a petty or purely professional manner. It is all the better for being personal and direct rather than literary. The voice of the preacher sounds clearly through it all; the person of the minister, hopeful, eager, passionate and sympathetic, is almost as visible to the reader as it was to the hearer.

—Mr. Tyerman's *Life of George Whitefield*¹ was written, we are told, because the writer "possessed a large amount of biographical material which previous biographers had not employed, and much of which seems to have been unknown to them." The reason is a good one, assuming that the subject of the biography is a man whom his fellow-men still care to read about. As Whitefield could count Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Hume, and Garrick among his admirers, extorted a half-reluctant tribute of respect from Dr. Johnson, and enjoyed the hearty friendship of Benjamin Franklin, he cannot have grown uninteresting in a single century. On other and higher grounds he is likely to be interesting to very many for centuries longer.

Mr. Tyerman's wealth of material there can be no doubt about; he displays it rather too freely. He informs us, it is true, that as a rule Whitefield's letters are used only to illustrate the narrative, but the perpetual iteration of the same thoughts in the same words illustrates little save the narrowness of the writer's range. This fact ought to appear, and it helps to explain the effects which Whitefield produced; nevertheless we would cheerfully credit it on slighter evidence. On the other hand, we doubt whether the biographer's belief that his book contains all the accessible information of importance about its subject is quite justified. Besides certain other omissions, to which we shall refer presently, these volumes scarcely give us an adequate impression of Whitefield as he appeared in the ordinary intercourse of life. His contemporaries seem, indeed, to have preserved comparatively few specimens of his "table-talk," while a man who in the very act of asking for a wife could profess himself "free from that foolish passion which the world calls *love*," and who could attempt to keep little children out of the devil's hands by forbidding them to play, ought to have succeeded in making himself repulsive. He failed, however, for

he is described as an agreeable companion; he had even "a vast vein of pleasantry," and the vein comes to the surface here and there in Mr. Tyerman's twelve hundred pages. But less pretensions and less valuable Lives give us additional illustrations of this trait, and our author, in justice to his subject not less than in mercy to his readers, ought to have given us all that he could find.

The good results of Whitefield's preaching in America may not be overrated, but due account is not made of the harm which came of it. There was undoubtedly room for improvement in the Christianity of the colonists, though it was of decidedly better quality than that of their brethren across the Atlantic. Reasonably orthodox heads were everywhere to be found in unnatural fellowship with heretical consciences and infidel hearts. The evangelists of the last century did much towards making men wholly loyal to their creed, and thereby did a service to humanity. But in some parts of America, at any rate, perhaps most of all in Connecticut, the change was attended by such disorders that its best results were lost for nearly two generations. These disorders were largely due to Whitefield's unwise and frequently unjust attacks upon the ministers. He himself perceived and tried to correct this mistake along with others, and his biographer might well have gone farther and acknowledged that the mistake was mischievous. With this amendment in him, and the gradual adoption of the leading opinions which he advocated, Whitefield's relations to the colonial clergy became pleasant, and his influence more purely beneficent. Our author has overlooked one noteworthy illustration of this altered state of things; he seems not to know that the president of Yale College who received Whitefield so cordially in 1764 was the Rector Clap who denounced him in 1745.

Mr. Tyerman undoubtedly means to do everybody justice, but towards the Moravians he is positively spiteful. Those who now speak for the *Unitas Fratrum* do not deny that there were mistakes and absurdities in Zinzendorf's time, but it hardly becomes a disciple of John Wesley to treat as credible, if not as proved, charges against Wesley's greatest spiritual benefactors which from that day to this have been pronounced slanderous. Mr. Tyerman is particularly displeased with Count Zinzendorf

¹ *The Life of the Rev. George Whitefield, B. A., of Pembroke College, Oxford.* By REV. L. TYER-

MAN. In two volumes. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 1877

for securing an act of Parliament, in 1749, by which his co-religionists were protected against interference, apparently thinking it a mere vainglorious freak. In fact, the act was asked for chiefly because Moravian missionaries had suffered much ill-usage in the colonies, and had even been expelled from two of them, on suspicion of corrupting the Indians in politics and theology. Whitefield's rupture with the Brethren at Philadelphia, in 1740, is very imperfectly described. The great preacher, who was then but five and twenty, behaved like a petulant boy, dismissing Peter Boehler, the religious guide of both the Wesleys, with, "Sic jubeo; stet voluntas pro ratione." (Memorials of the Moravian Church, i. 165.) Boehler's name, by the way, is regularly misspelled, both in this work and in the author's *Life of Wesley*, and the fact suggests a certain carelessness in the use of authorities. With regard to American affairs, moreover, authorities have been used too sparingly.

Mr. Tyerman's narrative has the merits of clearness and vivacity, though his style is deformed by stock-phrases, and falls somewhat below the standard of the best English writers. But the work is among the most valuable of its class, and is likely to be for a long time the principal store-house of information about Whitefield.

— Captain Telfer's two large volumes,¹ describing his travels in the Crimea and among the races of Transcaucasia who hold slack and irregular allegiance to the Russians, will be found instructive reading. The author passed through a part of the world which has not been written about to any very great extent, and so he enjoys the advantage of having a fresh subject; and even if the general interest of the reader in that out-of-the-way region is but slight, the present condition of affairs in Europe makes what he has to say timely and valuable. A good part of the bulk of the book is made up of historical information, collected, evidently, with considerable pains, from the earliest known dates down to the present day. This is of the kind that is generally found in guide-books, and doubtless saves the painstaking reader much toil, even if it fails to fascinate one looking about for mere amusement. But this plan was of course adopted with deliberation, and there is much to be said in fa-

vor of such exhaustive treatment, when it is as well done as it is here. Take the author's remarks about the Crimea, for instance, and it is easy to see how hard it would be to collect from the authorities all that is here given. And the remoter the spot he visits, the truer is this statement.

The author's line of travel led him, at two different times, which are welded together in the single account, through a good part of the Crimea. He visited Sebastopol, finding the town rising slowly from its ruins, and saw also the neighboring battle-field and fortifications. Nor was this all, for Cyclopean remains and dolmens are likewise mentioned side by side with Tartar villages and early Christian churches.

More interesting still than the account of the Crimea is that which treats of the author's journey in Transcaucasia. He reached Poti by sea from Kertch, and then he made his way through Gouria, Mingrelia, and Imeritia to Tiflis, and southward, beyond Erivan, to Mt. Ararat, visiting also Ossety and Swannety. Tiflis, in Georgia, he describes as a charming place, where the civilizations of the East and West meet. In some of the wilderspots he came across very untamed tribes, with all the men living in perpetual feud with one another, — such as the independent Swanny, who are refractory subjects of the Czar. Some of the incidents of the cases brought before the chief for adjudication show what stubborn material the Russians have to deal with in this semi-civilized country. The Ossets, again, have a faint veneer of devotion to Christianity thrown over their heathen ways and customs, and many are avowedly pagans. "At the burial of their dead, the pagan Ossets place by the side of the corpse three loaves of bread and a bottle of spirits, as refreshments on the journey to heaven. A horse is then led to the grave, and the bridle is placed for an instant in the dead man's hand, that he may claim the animal in the next world; but the same horse is never employed again for a similar purpose, that no dispute may arise hereafter as to the right ownership." The author has collected various facts like this, which add greatly to the value of the book.

The account of Mt. Ararat is fine. Of the stories told the following is the most amusing: one criminal whom the author saw had

¹ *The Crimea and Transcaucasia*. Being the Narrative of a Journey in the Kouban, in Gouria, Georgia, Armenia, Ossety, Imeritia, Swannety, and Mingrelia, and in the Tauric Range. By COM-

MANDER J. BUCHAN TELFER, R. N., F. R. G. S. With two Maps and numerous Illustrations. In two volumes. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

escaped three times from Siberia, and had been convicted of seventeen murders. He was a man over seventy years of age, and when asked, once, why he had so cruelly shed so much blood, he piously turned up his eyes, and folding his hand said, "I thank God, I have never shed any person's blood; I only strangled people!" The Book is well illustrated, in good part from the author's designs.

—The variety and volume of travels coming every year from the press would be things impossible, we suppose, if it were not that outside of the fundamental and exhaustive books of this class the value depends chiefly on personal characteristics of the author. This being so, it follows that when the author's personality is even, agreeable, and sustained without effort, his work is already largely a success. This is true of the one before us.¹ "A book now has not the seriousness it once had," says Mr. Appleton, by way of apology for his latest informal contribution to the library of Eastern voyaging. But, without perverting his remark, we may explain that precisely one of the most agreeable things about *Syrian Sunshine* is the presence of serious reflection, here and there, in the easy, half-artistic, and pleasantly indolent mood so fortunately transferred to its pages. There is a more changeful and comprehensive strain struck in these chapters than in the author's *Nile Journal* which we had occasion to commend last year. Otherwise the attractions of the book are much like those of its predecessor. Mr. Appleton infuses into his narrative and his description the suavity and urbaneness of a mellow culture; he gives it the best coloring derivable from conventional life, yet preserves always the agreeable reaction of a mind which knows how many things have a value denied to the conventional. The chapter on the Mount of Olives develops a passage of noticeable solemnity touched with eloquence, and frequently one is struck by admirable bits of combination in the writer's use of descriptive words. Newspaper critics have destroyed the value of the word "readable;" but in the best sense of what it once honestly meant, *Syrian Sunshine* will require a day of entire leisure given to it.

—Mr. Waring, well known to all the

readers of these pages, has rare gifts and rare qualifications for a traveler. It is not often the good fortune of so easy and agreeable a writer as he is to be able to look at strange life and scenery with so many regards,—to see them at once with the soldier's, the farmer's, the engineer's eye. What gives his book its charm is that the artistic sense is uppermost in him, and he is first of all a delightful observer,—as delightful as if he were merely artistic. His *Bride of the Rhine*¹ is the loitering and leisurely story of a voyage in a row-boat on the river which we know and like better as the Moselle than the Mosel,—down all its intoxicating zigzags from Trier to Coblenz. He was himself, for the most part, the motive power of this craft, which he stopped at will along shores everywhere rich in historic associations and the interest of a life singularly simple and unvisited. The voyage was made in 1875, when the Franco-Prussian war was more recent than it now is; but we have not had from later travelers so good an insight as he gives into the feelings of the conquered French of those provinces towards their new masters, whom they regard with a sentimental dislike, but whom they respect for their justice and liberality. The author's liking for the Prussians is evident, and it seems indeed hard to find fault with their behavior as conquerors. There is great value in the glimpses he gives of the working of their military system,—so thoroughly democratic in some of its features, and so contradictory of their civil life. But the pleasant little book is not overburdened with political observation. It turns easily aside to note the facts quite as valuable, of a sunset on the beautiful river; or of the quaint architecture of a mediæval Moselle village, oversleeping itself far into our century; or of the peculiar agriculture and the strange social conditions. One receives the impression from it of a general prosperity as great as our own, of comfort often as great, and of content far greater among the wine-growers of the Moselle than among our farmers, and to read it is a good corrective of national vanity. These people are as educated as ours; they are well clad and well fed; they live in the midst of a cheap abundance; it is hard to see how they could better their state by

¹ *Town and Country Series. Syrian Sunshine.* By T. G. APPLETON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

¹ *The Bride of the Rhine. Two Hundred Miles in a Mosel Row-Boat.* By GEORGE E. WARING, JR.

To which is added a Paper on the Latin Poet Ausonius and his Poem Mosella. By CHARLES T. BROOKS. Reprinted (with additions) from *Scribner's Monthly*. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

coming to any part of America; and according to Mr. Waring's testimony there is an abiding sense among them that they are well off at home. Their picturesqueness and quaintness is not therefore at their expense in better things.

We heartily commend Mr. Waring's charmingly illustrated little volume as so uncommon in many qualities as to be quite unique among recent books of travel.

—Mr. Van Laun's *History of French Literature*¹ by no means improves as it goes on. The reader could endure in the earlier volumes a certain vagueness of reference to those writers whose position has long been settled by the universal consent of mankind, and it was easy to judge gently a hasty description of their lives. But in proportion as he comes nearer to our times, more is naturally demanded of the writer, but it is demanded in vain, for anything less exact than this last volume it would be hard to find. He has collected his facts and dates in a satisfactory way, he has chosen the most important men to write about,—though Benjamin Constant should not have been omitted, and there are other less prominent names that deserved at least mention,—and in general everything he says about the writers will meet with universal assent. But it is this very patness of his descriptions and criticisms which wearies the soul of the reader. Who, for instance, can contradict this summing up of Béranger's merits? "His verses resemble nobody else's, his wit is of a peculiar kind, his satire keen, and his heart full of kindness. There was only one Béranger; and conspicuous as was his individuality, it is in no wise intruded into that of others." And what sort of a notion is given of the lyric poet's charm, of his good-natured craftiness, and his mixture of epicureanism and political zeal that is found in his verses?

On almost every page are to be found similar cases of the author's good intentions and of his incompetence for his task. His book gives no notion of the magnitude of the work that lay before him; it was his duty to afford English readers some knowledge of the greatness of French literature and of the qualities that went to make it what it is; but instead of doing this he has written a dull compendium, which is too in-

complete to be of use as a hand-book, and too vague and mediocre to direct any one's literary taste. The work remains to be done over again, and it is to be hoped that it will be undertaken by a more original thinker than the author of this unsatisfactory history.

—This little novel,² although it lacks the divine spark, is yet agreeable and entertaining, and should by no means be overlooked by those who are casting about for something worth reading. The story is a quiet one, describing a number of not uneventful lives, but doing what it has to do soberly and intelligently. The characters are clearly distinguished, and the way in which a few chapters of English life are set before us is deserving of praise. The heroine is an attractive girl; there is something touching in her mistaken judgment of her uncles, and there is plenty of quiet romance in the book, with quite the proper amount of misunderstanding to cause unhappiness in the breast of the young. It is strange that a novel that is so good is not yet much better, but, if the truth be told, it is not much above the average in interest, although it has a decided merit of its own in respect of carefulness. Those who take it up, thus warned, will be pretty sure to like it, but those who expect more will be disappointed.

—The success of the series of *Ancient Classics for English Readers* has been so great that a new series³ has been devised, which shall give the public a similar exposition of certain modern classics, and enable those who are ignorant of foreign languages or have but a superficial mastery of them to form some adequate notion of those authors whose names, at least, are familiar to every one. The opening volume is Mrs. Oliphant's *Dante*. It cannot be denied that the book is interesting enough, so far as that goes, but it is not easy to commend the thoroughness with which the task has been done.

Fully to understand this great poet requires very profound study and satisfactory knowledge of the history, theology, and politics of Dante's time; but Mrs. Oliphant has slurred over these important matters in a very hasty way. Guelf and Ghibelline, White and Black, are all mentioned, but without the slightest attempt to explain

¹ *History of French Literature*. By HENRY VAN LAUN. Vol. III. From the End of the Reign of Louis XIV. till the End of the Reign of Louis Philippe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

² *Olivia Raleigh*. By W. W. FOLLETT SYNGE. The

Star Series. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1877.

³ *Foreign Classics for English Readers. Dante*. By MRS. OLIPHANT. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1877.

their relative position to one another, or the way in which Dante was connected with the existing events of his own time. It is impossible to praise all that Mrs. Oliphant says concerning the *Vita Nuova*, although, of course, the comparative simplicity of this earlier book receives fairer treatment. But there would seem to be no reason why one who cared to know anything about this work should not read it, at least, in translation rather than in this scarcely shorter abridgment. Little is said about Dante's prose writings, but enough, probably, to please the general reader in his most indolent moments. Only ten pages are devoted to the life of Dante, and these, as has been said, throw no satisfactory light on his relation to his times.

— In his latest work¹ Principal Shairp displays the same characteristics as a writer which won him a hearing when he first appeared to American readers in *Culture and Religion* in some of their *Relations*. It is not often that a religious writer shows so keen an instinct for the finest side of literature, or that a critic discloses so hearty and unaffected a religious spirit. From certain passages in Mr. Shairp's former paper on Keble we infer that he has had a singularly broad education, and that the influence of an English university life at a time when the religious world of Oxford was profoundly stirred, superimposed upon Scottish birth and early training, has resulted in a large and human interest in the prevailing currents of literary and religious life. In his previous work he applied himself to the task of showing the true coincidence of culture and religion, in opposition to certain tendencies of modern thought which would antagonize them. In this he meets the silent or polemic interpretation of modern

science, which claims that the new knowledge and methods are to dominate or essentially modify the sphere of poetry. Mr. Shairp is no fighter, but he has the better art of disarming an opponent by his perfect courtesy and fairness. He sees in modern science a leaning toward a mechanical theory of nature, and he meets this by a counter assertion, copiously illustrated, of a long line of poetic interpreters, whose tendency has been towards a view which regards nature as a living organism directly ordered by a living God. By a perfectly open yet ingenious line of argument he makes poetry the shield bearer of religion in its contest with science, and appeals to the common poetic sense, as represented by the masters of poetry, for an answer to materialism and nihilism.

The special illustrations of his views are found by a hasty but felicitous examination of the treatment of nature by the Hebrew poets, by Homer, Lucretius, Virgil, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Allan Ramsay, Thompson, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, and finally Wordsworth. Always he takes the simplest and not the most recondite view, for he will not lose sight of his main purpose in the book, to remind readers of truisms which are in danger of being slighted. His style is not invariably clear or forcible, and the reader may find some difficulty in keeping his interest during the first pages; but Mr. Shairp is so generous and persuasive in his argument that one parts with him at the end of the book with genuine respect for his honesty and for the purity of his literary taste. The book was meant for the young, and it will surely bring many suggestions to those who are forming opinions in literature and science.

¹ *On Poetic Interpretation of Nature*. By J. C. SHAIRP, LL. D. Principal of the United College of

St. Salvador and St. Leonard, St. Andrews. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1877.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.

VOL. XLI.—MAY, 1878.—No. CCXLVII.

DETMOLD: A ROMANCE.

PART VI.

XIII.

THE WATER FARM.

ON the following morning Hyson repaired, as soon as he had taken breakfast, to the lodgings of Detmold, to consult with him about the morrow's expedition to the farm of Signor Niccolo. There was now to be a general breaking up of the company. The pleasant associations in the strange old city were at an end. The Starfields were to leave for Venice a day later, and he himself, after adding to his stock of information what Signor Niccolo might have to impart, felt that there was little requiring his presence in this locality, and hoped to meet them soon in Switzerland. He knew nothing of the painful events of the night before except the breaking of the mirror, and to that, if his thoughts for an instant recalled it, he attached no more importance than if it had been the breaking of a camp-stool or a dining-table.

As he passed through the bureau of his hotel, a message from Antonio was handed him. It was to notify him thus in advance that Antonio could not join in the excursion to Signor Niccolo's, on account of an indisposition. It assured

him that everything would be done for his entertainment just as if he himself were present, and desired him a happy journey.

This was a disappointment, because he had wished to have the advantage of Castelbarco's graphic explanations both there and by the way. At the lodgings of Detmold another awaited him. The servant assured him that Detmold had suddenly gone away.

"When?"

"Early this morning, by the train to the eastward."

"Where has he gone, and when is he coming back—to-day? Did he not leave any message?"

"He did not leave any message, Signore. He took some clothing with him."

"That does not look as if he were intending to come back to-day. It is uncivil, to say the least," he muttered, and turned away.

It occurred to him to call upon Castelbarco personally, to see if his illness were serious, and also to learn whether he knew anything of the cause of Detmold's sudden departure.

Castelbarco came down with heavy circles about his eyes and a sallow and disordered complexion.

"I see, I see," said his visitor; "late

hours and overfatigue. You have not had enough sleep."

"No, I was restless. I slept very little."

"I thought you were an older hand at a little dissipation than that. Still you can sleep enough to-day to make up for it, and you will be all right in the morning. I must insist upon taking you with me to Signor Niccolo's. The fresh air and the sunlight will do you good. It will make another man of you. Detmold has suddenly gone away and left me in the lurch, and I am entirely alone. If you abandon me too, I shall not get on with the farmers at all, and might as well give it up."

"Detmold has gone!" exclaimed the Italian, with sharp surprise. "Whither?"

"He left no message with his servant. I hoped that perhaps you might know something about it. Most likely he had a telegram to meet somebody somewhere, but if so, or in any case, I do not understand why he could not leave word."

"I know nothing of it," said Castelbarco.

An expression compounded of many emotions passed over his features: there seemed to be in it pain, remorse, fear, and even a trace of triumph.

"I have passed a bad night," said he, "and am now suffering; but perhaps you are right; it may revive me to see the open country. I will go with you."

His countenance continued troubled during the interview. He pressed his hands together nervously, and his eyes, instead of looking at his interlocutor, gazed absently beyond him.

"I will call for you, then, with my *fiacre*, at the appointed hour," said Hyson, at parting, "and we two will make the expedition."

"No, permit me," said the Italian. "We will go in one of my conveyances. I have a driver who knows the road well; he was once a farm hand with Niccolo. It was my intention that we should go in this way."

They were to drive instead of going by rail, as they might have done, to Vicenza, at least, in order to see the

country more thoroughly, and to diverge, if they saw fit, here and there from the main road, which follows the line of the railway.

Hyson made no doubt that the depression of Castelbarco was due to some superstitious dread connected with the breaking of the mirror. It was a confirmation of the prediction of Signor Benotti the night before. It was now his turn to indulge a slight feeling of contempt. In the evening he took his leave of the Starfields, whom he should not find upon his return. There were mutual wishes that they might soon meet again. He told them of the unexplained departure of Detmold. All joined in thinking it strange except Alice, who was more reticent on the subject than the rest, but was secretly much troubled.

She recalled the expression of his face in the mirror, the forlorn sadness of his voice. Had he gone away with some desperate intent, through the loss of her esteem or shame at the exposure that had been made? This frightful charge of Castelbarco's,—it could not be true. Why had not Hyson known it? Why, indeed, had it never interfered with the apparent friendliness of Castelbarco himself? Was it possible that one so delicate, so high-minded, so devoted to all that was beautiful and noble as Detmold, was involved in shameful connections,—was perhaps himself a criminal? She would never believe it. But then—his emotion—his own admission?

She was possessed by no absorbing affection ready to go to any lengths for its object, to share with him not only adversity but disgrace, if disgrace there were. Yet her interest in Detmold had grown with every moment of their pleasant intercourse at Verona, and she had been touched by his foolish verses. If it had been necessary to define her feeling towards him in these last days, it could have taken no other name than love. This was not forgotten nor abandoned, but if this that was told were true—of course—she was hopelessly puzzled. What could she think? There was something to be explained. He would write to her. There must be some

favorable explanation. Yes, undoubtedly he would at once write to her, and the mystery would be dispelled. She looked impatiently for letters. The first mail brought none, nor the second; day after day and week after week went by, as she pursued her journeys, and no letters came.

In the morning, at the hour of starting, Castelbarco was much as usual, and showed little trace of his indisposition of the previous day.

The white post-road to Vicenza skirts the lower spurs of the Tyrolean Alps. It stretches between rows of fig and mulberry trees garlanded with vines, as if for a perpetual festival. The terraced hill-sides climb to ruddy Scaligerian castles. There are blue mountain planes always in sight. The vegetation here is not as dense as farther to the west and south, where Lombardy is a jungle of maize, vines, and fig-trees. The great canals are replaced by others smaller and less complete. The water in them runs more rapidly, and, though full of silt, has not the marshy aspect noticeable elsewhere. In an endless net-work of subsidiary canals and ditches it percolates merrily about the roots of the flax and Indian corn, crosses the *marcite* meadows in thin sheets, and collects in the stagnant pools of the rice marshes. Stalwart *acquaiuoli*, or water bailiffs, are seen striding away in the fields to see that all is secure.

The travelers passed through many a pretty village with its campanile, its red roofs, and its bold saint poised upon the dome of the church. Here and there small valleys, stretching into the hills horizontal to their course, reminded Hyson of his own distant territory. Castelbarco spoke to him of the country to the northeast, towards Bassano, as even more pleasing, and he promised himself to see it. They made a diversion to the battle-field of Arcola, over the narrow causeway which leads to it through marshes in which the Little Corporal, in the morning of his fame, floundered to his waist under the fire of Austrian grenadiers.

When in sight of the square castles of

Montecchio upon the slopes of the Monti Berici, they turned off by a less traveled road, crossed the swift Bacchiglione below Vicenza, and towards night-fall arrived at the domain of Signor Niccolo.

During the day Castelbarco was of strangely variable humor. His mood swung like a pendulum; it was always dangerously beyond the point of equilibrium; he was gay to excess, then gloomy. He indulged in boisterous merriment, then sat abstracted, drew heavy sighs, and once Hyson thought he saw a tear steal down his cheek. He endeavored to rally him, but the effort was poorly received. He enlarged upon the capabilities of the Paradise Valley; drew comparisons; found here a mountain, there a gully or a stream, that recalled some of its features; and avowed his purpose of incorporating in it, at no distant day, all the attractive circumstances they saw about them, and more. At last Hyson begged to know if it might not be a relief — unless it were of a character that ought not to be disclosed — to state what it was that so troubled him.

"It is nothing that could be explained," said Castelbarco. "I am dissatisfied with myself a little."

"So are all the rest of us," said Hyson, reassuringly, "but it does not pay to feel so. One must get in the habit of considering that although he is not altogether what he would like to be, he is a very fine fellow compared with a great many others. But has it not something to do with the breaking of the mirror?"

"Partly that. I have apprehensions, almost a presentiment, of evil. But you must understand I am a skeptic, — I do not believe in trivial signs. Our ancestor who made such an inscription knew nothing about the destiny of his race, nor could it be in any way connected with the integrity of a material object. He must have been a superstitious man, strangely imposed upon by others."

"You reason as clearly as clock-work. I was quite certain that a straight-up, handsome fellow like you was not to be annoyed by a *picayune*, old woman's tradition. As to presentiments, I have had scores of them. They never come

true. Once, when I had a presentiment that I was going to meet with a railroad accident, I traveled to California and back in perfect safety. Another time, when I had none at all, I was smashed up on the Harlem road, and had to go on crutches for six months."

Signor Niccolo greeted the son of his wealthy customer and his friend with effusion. "Welcome," said he; "come in. Ah, you are in season; the wheat has stalks like pipe-stems. It is a poor place, this of ours, but you shall have the best there is in it. I have been ill, but Heaven be praised! — Come with me. You are tired. Run, Giacomo, — lazy-bones, — some cool water from the spring! and you, Taddea, a flask of the Breganze wine! You shall dine, and then Emilia shall sing you some of her pretty songs."

The house of Signor Niccolo was of rubble-stone covered with coarse stucco, tinted, and here and there painted with a madonna or a view of souls toasting in purgatory, in faded fresco. It was preceded by a court-yard and a wall, on the gate-posts of which were grotesque plaster figures. The rooms were floored with brick, except the best one, which had tiling of blue and white china. The ground rose in the rear, and then descended. At the top was a little terrace and an arbor of vines resting on piers of whitewashed brick. It was a prosperous-looking farm, with full barns and numerous cattle.

The Signora Niccolo, dark, buxom, and bright-eyed, was twenty years her husband's junior. A blooming child played about the room with chairs and strings, pretending to run a train of cars to Venice. Hyson took passage, and was soon upon such intimate terms with the engineer that he could have had a free pass upon the road indefinitely.

When the family assembled at the hospitable supper board, there joined them a young lady of eighteen, who had lightish-brown hair, a slight figure of medium height, and demure manners. It was the pretty Emilia, a niece and adopted daughter, engaged in musical studies at Milan, but now spending a va-

cation at home. She had American and English fellow students, and had learned a good deal of the language, which she spoke with a quick, soft pronunciation. Taddea, a servant in a half-contadina costume, waited at table.

"If you do not all eat a great deal," said Niccolo, "you will have Emilia to settle with. She has attended to the preparation of the dishes herself."

When the cloth was removed, the old gentleman, after adjusting to his eyes a more accurate pair of spectacles, and making a great show of clearing for action, spread upon the table his maps, his plans, his parchments, his authorities upon the water rights, — a system of jurisprudence which is the growth of nearly a thousand years. At the basis is the principle that the water is indissolubly joined to the land, and can by no means be transferred separately.

"This preliminary survey we must take," said Niccolo, "to understand the design of the whole. To-morrow we shall see how the theory is perfectly put in practice."

He showed the location of his different crops, and the method of treating those to which the water is applied. He talked learnedly of the carbonates of lime, the salts of iron, the gypsum, held in suspension by the water in its course from the mountains, and brought down to be infiltrated about the roots of the vegetation. He explained the methods of payment of rent by the peasants who sub-let from the farmers, — the *affitto a mezzadria*, or payment in miscellaneous crops, the *affitto a grano*, or payment in wheat alone.

"And here is my lease," said he, spreading out a roll, "which I receive from my landlord. It runs for nineteen years. At its commencement there was made an inventory of everything on the place, down to the last mulberry-tree. When the time expires we must make another inventory, showing how everything stands then. If something is lacking, very well; I pay for it. If, on the other hand, I have added something of value, a proper allowance is made to me for it. Here," he went on, "is the plan

of my windmill. Do you see how it works in cleaning the rice? The wheels raise by cogs the heavy beam A, which at the height C is let loose and falls forty-five times a minute into a granite mortar below. There are some things I shall change; I am applying my mind to it now. I have also other attachments, by which I make it grind and do various work. Do you notice how it is located? It is but a few steps down the lane from my barns, and at my time of life every step counts, I can tell you."

Whether it was the good Breganze wine or only a return oscillation of the pendulum, Castelbarco was for the moment as cheerful as the rest. He interpreted the rapid talk of the farmer, marred by a *patois* which was mainly unintelligible to Hyson. Emilia sat by, and took a lively interest in the proceedings. She helped the *padrone* arrange his papers, or read a name or a letter for him which his old eyes were not sharp enough to pick out. Her frilled sleeves fell back, as she rested both elbows upon the table, and showed a pair of round, shapely arms. At them and into her bright eyes the student of irrigation looked, and asked her questions about music and Milan, to the detriment of the weighty matters spread out for his inspection. She said to him, in an undertone, smiling, "I fear you are not paying sufficient attention to the *padrone*."

"It is true," he replied; "but we have a saying that blood runs thicker than water."

The family retired at a good hour. Before they went Emilia sang for them some of her songs in a very sweet and flexible voice.

"When you are a great *prima donna* you must come to America, and we will give you an immense ovation," said Hyson. "I will see to it myself. You will grow very wealthy, besides."

"When I do," said she, "I shall buy an immense farm, ever so much larger than this, and have orchards and vineyards and flowers, — especially all kinds of animals. I like animals so much."

"She might be a customer for the Paradise Valley," thought Hyson.

He tossed about uncomfortably for some time, prevented from sleeping by a warm atmosphere. He heard Castelbarco, whose apartment adjoined his own, pacing the floor. He slept, and dreamed of the pretty ways of Emilia. He awoke late in the night, and heard Castelbarco still pacing. He arose and went to expostulate with him. His candle had burnt out, but it could be seen that he had not undressed. Hyson rested lightly upon the side of the bed.

"I hope you are not keeping up those disagreeable feelings still, — presentiments and so on," said he.

"I cannot free myself from them," said the other, throwing himself down also.

"This comes of belonging to an old family. In our country, where it makes no difference what family you belong to, as long as you are presentable and have money in your pocket, such a thing could never happen. It is only one more argument for our free institutions."

"It is not that alone, but its coincidence with other circumstances. Would that I dared to tell you. If one had failed in a dearly cherished project, and not only failed but incurred hatred where he most wished esteem, that would justify such a feeling, would it not?"

"It was not my intention to intrude upon your confidence," said Hyson; "but if there is any way in which I can be of the least service, I hope you will do me the favor to command me."

"Well, I will tell you all," said the miserable young man, commencing again to walk. "You shall be the judge; you shall see that I did not act with deliberation, that it was not my purpose to say the words I did. But no, — what do I promise? To speak of it is to extend the injury. You can do nothing. What is done is done."

Hyson was of a sympathetic nature, and would gladly have done anything in his power to alleviate the trouble of his friend. But this is one of the mysterious things of life, that pain constitutes a vast loneliness. No matter how close the proximity and warm the compassion of anxious hearts, the sufferer must

writhe and twist alone, while they can only marvel at what is so near yet so impervious to help.

He essayed a word or two further of cheer, and then left him, hoping sleep would produce a beneficial change. A light breeze stirred the heavy air. He looked from his window and saw the arms of the Signor Niccolo's windmill, rising from behind a row of pollarded trees, barred against the sky like a great cross.

XIV.

THE BLOW OF A SHADOW.

In his brick-floored chamber, with its bedstead tipped with brass, its porcelain stove, and its vine-shaded windows, down in the heart of the Italian country, Hyson heard all night long slight purling noises, like the whistle of birds, as the water rippled over obstructions in its onward course. Of all sizes, down to the miniature channels that run in a plowed furrow, the canals are woven throughout the plain of Lombardy like threads of silver in a rich tissue. They give it an almost cloying fertility. They pass over, under, and through each other by sluices, bridges, and siphons without end. The smallest differences of level are taken advantage of in drawing off the water and returning it to its channels. Over and under a single canal are counted three hundred and forty bridges and passages, five of which are aqueducts across mountain torrents.

The young man dreamed of Emilia; of the Paradise Valley, which now seemed to be teeming with people and running with streams like this; of Castelbarco stalking up and down interminably in the midst of it; of Detmold, and of the dark windmill. He was awakened at day-break by the hoarse cooing of pigeons.

The coming heats of the day were presaged by a perfect hush, in which one could fancy he detected the hum of the illimitable mechanism of growth, — the opening of petals, the spreading of roots, the movement of sap, and the as-

similation of chlorophyl. The unfamiliar objects outside had an exaggerated strangeness in the gray light. He arose, made copious ablutions, and looking in at the apartment of Castelbarco found it vacant. The bed had been occupied, however. Doubtless he had gone out to stroll and refresh himself in the coolness of the morning. Unable to sleep longer, he thought he could do no better than to follow the example.

He passed quietly down the stairs and out at the rear door, which stood ajar, to the terrace. The air was soft and grateful. Fine cobwebs strung with beads of dew were spun among the grass blades. He watched from the arbor the gradual bloom of the morning. Peasants came out of the buildings and began to busy themselves about the work of the day; the clinking milk-cans were filled; the stock was driven to pasture; the fowls cackled lustily in the barnyard. Everything was astir early, to accomplish as much as possible before the lassitude of the afternoon heats. Castelbarco was seen at a long distance, disappearing behind some shrubbery.

Hyson followed and sauntered at ease in the plantations. His meditations were mainly cheerful. If he had any preoccupation, it was with the singular conduct of Castelbarco, and perhaps for an instant a puzzled speculation about Detmold. Of a bright, airy nature, the world had gone well with him, yet not so well as to stagnate an active mind, or to destroy his sense of the value of the good things he enjoyed. He seized not only the day, but the hour and the minute. He was enabled by his own excellent temper to extract whatever contentment there was from the most adverse surroundings. If he had his periods of depression also, they were brief, like overcloudings in April, and left no permanent trace.

He noticed everything in his walk amongst the vegetation of the Italian farm, drew comparisons, and sanguinely forecast the greatness of his American valley when it should have blossomed into a garden like this. The sun was high in a heaven of unclouded blue when

he overtook Castelbarco. The latter was walking slowly, with his hands behind him, and crossed by a path at right angles to his own. It led by the rice marshes at the end of the estate.

"Well met!" said Hyson, cheerily. "I shall not ask after your state of mind. No one could be melancholy on such a morning, if he tried. We do right — you and I — to come out and enjoy it while the rest are sleeping. I have to attribute my pleasant walk to you. I did not think of it until I discovered your absence."

"I was oppressed almost to suffocation," said Castelbarco, "and came forth for relief."

"Oh, come, come, my boy! you must not mope again to-day. Trouble is nothing only in thinking of it. Try to turn your thoughts away, and then it no longer exists. It is your liver that is out of order, or perhaps you are overworked."

"Call it what you will, never have I been so weighed upon by uneasiness and foreboding. Perhaps — how suddenly he" —

"You must keep quiet and rest to-day instead of joining in the lively tramp of exploration I intend to lead our friendly host. The pretty Emilia will entertain you while we are gone. We shall see what effect that will have. It will be melancholy indeed if she does not dissipate it with her music."

They followed the path by the rice marshes in single file. Low mud walls, from fifteen to eighteen inches high, with outlets, surrounded the growing crop. The thick, needle-like blades, kept most of the time flooded, showed just above the surface of the water. These fields, from which every vestige of shade is removed as hurtful to the crop, lie festering in the sun, and breed malarial poison. Too wet to plow, they must be broken up with the spade, and at the proper season the sower wades in the soft mud to scatter the seed.

"I will have no rice culture in the Paradise Valley," said Hyson. "Perhaps I could not if I would. Labor is too dear in our country to let us mix

lives freely with our products, as you Europeans, who have so large a surplus of them, can afford to."

"Yes, it seems that there is a flavor of calamity and death even in the innocent vegetables," said Castelbarco, with a sigh.

But now they were met by a domestic, who had come to find them, with a pair of excellent saddle-horses. The Signor Niccolo had observed them from his lookout point, and desired that they would mount, in order to have them try the horses, which he had lately bought, that they might not be too fatigued for the further rambles of the day, and also that they might not be late for the good breakfast which was awaiting them. This exercise and the company of Hyson exerted a beneficial effect upon the spirits of Castelbarco. Another of his sudden changes of demeanor — in which, however, after the experience of the preceding day, Hyson put no confidence as a permanent recovery — ensued. He sat erect in his saddle and his eye brightened over the surrounding landscape, as they rode side by side up the hill. He apologized for his past moroseness, which, he said, was a reminiscence of an unhappy disposition too much indulged in his youth. He had exaggerated certain circumstances. He hoped that any words he might have inadvertently let fall would not be misconstrued. Then, in a flow of volubility, he talked of current light topics at Verona and elsewhere, referred to his life in America, and made plans for further expeditions and pleasures, in which Hyson was to engage with him. His hilarity, contrasted with his recent gloom, had a dash of wildness in it, and jarred a little upon Hyson's nerves. He even made clumsily humorous suggestions as to what Hyson should do in his Paradise Valley. "You Americans are fond of doing things on a great scale," said he. "Now, you must get your government to import the Monti Berici, and set them up in your valley bodily. The proceeds will help us pay our national debt. We need it badly. Taxes are very heavy, and we will do anything for money."

"We do not lack mountains," said Hyson. "The little Monti Berici are very well, but I can show you my Sierra Nevada peaks, eight and nine thousand feet high. What I *would* like, if it were practicable, would be a sprinkling of your antiquities, — ruins, and so on. You are ahead of us in your old *bric-à-brac*, — that is all. No matter how well we are provided in other respects, I do not see how we are ever going to be very picturesque. There seems to be no purpose now, as formerly, that requires becoming structures to be set up on all the crags and inaccessible lookout points, to accent them and show the domination of the human race. We have no faith to make us build mountain convents and rock-cut chapels, and castles we shall have no need of if we live a hundred thousand years. Since we are secure and no longer fear sudden raids by unscrupulous neighbors with arms in their hands, and since gas and water connections are of so much importance, life has come down into the low places where commercial business can be transacted with neatness and dispatch."

The horses ambled easily up the incline, which was scored with the wheel-tracks of the wains used in harvesting the crops. The domestic buildings were near at hand. Signor Niccolo could be seen waving a salutation from his terrace. Emilia, in a wide hat and long gloves with gauntlets, was coming over the edge of the hill with the robust child to meet them. The manner of Castelbarco was now blithe and open, and his countenance was free from a trace of trouble.

His gayety had supervened, apparently, only to make the contrast of a dreadful termination the more appalling. He was to be destroyed by a shadow out of that beautiful bright morning, hardly more startling and fatal than that which by his agency had stricken down Detmold in the perfumed brightness of the fête. As the riders paced along by the row of dark trees which Hyson had seen from his window, the arms of the great windmill were suddenly loosed, and began with a sharp creak their first rev-

olutions for the day. The broad, deep bars of their whirling shadows swept out from an opening, and diagonally down upon them across the road. The new horses, not yet sufficiently broken, as it appeared, to the strange appearances, winced and quivered a moment as if under an actual blow. That upon which Hyson was mounted bore him away in an uncontrollable gallop, nearly riding down Emilia, who clung to the hedge for safety. The young Italian's animal, the more spirited of the two, bolted furiously into the air, and threw the rider from his seat with a wrench that seemed to dislocate every joint.

When Hyson could control his movements and return, Castelbarco lay in the road with his head unnaturally bent forward under his breast. A stream of blood from his mouth mingled with the dust. His neck was broken.

Signor Niccolo was seen running from the terrace, and peasants from the mill. Emilia was standing by, her face white with awe. The child, who held her hand, was regarding the limp body curiously.

XV.

DETMOLD AT TRASIMENE.

Where, in the mean time, was Detmold? Had he indeed sought refuge in the dreadful resource of suicide, as vividly imagined by the unfortunate Antonio, and even vaguely dreaded by Alice? No; his mind at the last rested upon too solid a basis of moderation and sterling common sense. He had a conception of a sturdy courage which endures the slings and arrows of adversity to the end, and esteems the attempt to escape by self-destruction cowardly and degrading. He had been schooled in unhappiness, too, and lapsed not unnatural into a condition of which he knew well most of the dolorous phases. Yet what misery was ever so sharp as this? All that he had known of seemed trivial in comparison. To have been cast down so utterly from the very pinnacle of success! The white-sailed bark of rescue had

passed him by, as he tossed upon his spar, and left him to perish.

But short of the final point of suicide, on that night Detmold trod all the successive steps of despair. He wandered about the city, sometimes walking rapidly, then slowly, with his eyes fixed as if in a stupor. He might have been seen at Santa Anastasia, at the Castel Vecchio, or haunting the Amphitheatre like an uneasy ghost. He went out upon the Ponte Navi, and, planting his elbows on the parapet, remained gazing down into the stream. It twisted under the arches in snake-like eddies. The reflection of a red lantern, somewhere down in the obscurity of the margins, surged upon the surface as if it were a liquid flame bubbling up from below. From under this rugged bridge which she had brightened with her presence, that should be forever dissociated from darkness and suffering, should he now be taken out swollen, half-decomposed, drowned at night? He dallied sullenly with the thought. The gloom and the swift water were full of oblivion and fatal sweetness. They called to him, and the tugging at his heart was hard to resist.

The first gray of daylight found him still there. He turned away homeward cold and dazed, and almost forgetting what had happened. But the implements of his labor, the accessories of his daily life, about his chamber, all permeated with memories of her, renewed his pain intolerably. His disappointment was all-pervading and absolute, like that of a child which has longed with a desire that admits of no alternative. He rested his head against the wall for a moment. "Oh, why," he cried, "could it not be?"

He tore to pieces the sketches that came in his way. The picture which he had fancied to make of her upon a golden background, over which he had struggled so valiantly with his ignorance of the painter's technicalities, he dashed savagely down, and stamped upon it. Then, in a sudden exhaustion, he threw himself upon the bed, and slept dreamlessly for a time. His heart was heavier than lead in his bosom even before he awoke.

He resolved, the moment he opened his eyes, to go away. It was still time for the early train to the eastward. He threw a few things into a satchel, notified the servant, and was gone. At Padua he bought a ticket for the south, and plunged into the interminable tunnels of the Apennines that debouch finally above the smiling prospect of Florence. Their roaring seemed to try to out-Herod his grief. He would have liked to go on endlessly in these resounding caverns. From Florence he sped, without intermission, towards Rome, finding in the whirling succession of objects a stupefying distraction. Half-way down, in the heart of ancient Etruria, the fancy took him to alight at one of the small walled cities near the shore of lake Trasimene. A shabby conveyance took him across the plain and up the height, and he rested at the poor inn in the small, unevenly paved square.

Without, and from a distance, the castellated hill city was as fair to see as those that figure in the backgrounds of the pictures of the early masters. Within it was rough and sordid, but everywhere picturesque. Thick-walled gray houses, with windows that were scarcely more than loop-holes, grew out of the gray rock, and the misty green of olive orchards softened its rugged slopes.

Here Detmold drank the red wine of the country, — perhaps something too much of it, — and wandered aimlessly about. He saw in his walks the contadinas, with their white bodices and blue and scarlet aprons, in the tawny grain, or holding mild heifers by the horns; or the brown, red-capped men plowing with the sacred white oxen of the classics. He poked out bits of broken antiquities with his stick. He traced the course of the conqueror Hannibal, and followed down to its junction with the lake the brook Sanguinetto, which ran fuller of blood than ever of water the day it sluiced the shambles of the butchered consul Flaminius and his Romans.

Amid these classic surroundings, as time went on, reminiscences of his school days, long forgotten, came back, a sense of the quaint incongruity between the

pictures presented of them in the dry and plodding discourse of pedagogues and the glowing charm of the originals. The low hills and neighboring mountains were of crude browns, greens, and purples, as the changing hours of the day went over their bold lines, softened by little of the atmospheric subtlety of the north. The sky above them was as opaque as the ungradated blues of the mosaics in the churches.

Detmold saw the trains sweep by to Rome, or heard them rattling afar when distant among the hills. They were full of travelers from the ends of the earth; among them, perhaps, acquaintances of his own. He had but to stretch out his hand to touch this full artery of the world's life; yet how remote did he seem from it, and from all the interests of the vast circulation of force and purpose of which it formed a part.

In the evening, at times, he took the skiff of some half-savage fisherman on the shore and pulled out upon the water. Adrift in the dusk, in the strange country, upon the lonely lake, he listened to the cry of the bittern. He could almost persuade himself that he had passed into another state, for the moment painless, like that devised by the old theologians for infants dead without baptism. He made by degrees such acquaintances as enabled him to inspect at ease numbers of blackened old pictures of ancestors, saints, and mythological personages, which constituted part of the treasures of the place. He found himself drawn to them by the sympathy of a certain analogy. They had once been beautiful, and the light had gone out of them as it had out of his own life. He, like them, was to go on henceforth into an ever-deepening gloom.

At last, one day, a notion that was often in his head, and as often rejected as idle and worse than useless, since it could not result in putting a better face upon the matter than it already had, and might bear an appearance of pusillanimity, was allowed to have its way. It was the idea of writing to Alice. There was even a gleam of hope in it, — a gleam as pale as that of the daylight which catches

upon the damp wall of a tunnel at a little distance from its mouth. He had believed her noble and generous. He had endowed her with all conceivable perfections, without having seen in her the exercise of any except those lighter ones that play upon the surface of an untroubled life. Might it not be that she would display them now? Perhaps, perhaps — wild and far-off supposition — she would cleave to him even in disgrace. But why should *she* make sacrifices? Was he worthy of sacrifices, indeed? On his side, he would have gloried in them for her, and believed himself none the more meritorious. But she was a lovely creation, not to be theorized about on equal terms. Even in the view that she was incapable of self-abnegation for such an object, he had scarcely a shade of disparagement for her. Weakened by the consciousness of what he knew, and what she now knew as well, it was a faint heart truly that had pursued this fair lady from the first.

He set himself to present to her the details of the story as it was, to bid her a final farewell, and to extend his wishes for her future welfare. It caused from time to time the renewal of his pain in its first violence. To pluck forth the baneful secret and lay it before the eyes of her from whom it should have been forever hidden, oh, cruel task!

Days were spent in preparing statements full of qualifications, of fine analyses, of rhetoric, to palliate or throw the most favorable light upon his own conduct and that of his father, in order to retain a shadow of a hold upon her sympathies. One after another he tore them up and wrote anew. The letter as it reached Alice at last was as follows: —

"A month has passed since the hope of happiness I had had the temerity to cherish was shattered. I do not know with what mysterious infamy I have been credited in the mean time. The effect of the disclosure was sufficiently pictured upon your face, and my admissions and my flight gave color to the worst surmises. In the bitterness of the moment, and in recognition of it as a fitting payment for my duplicity, I conceded everything. I

saw only the one consequence, the loss of your esteem and the ruin of my hopes. For any trifling offsets I cared nothing. But now, in a frame of mind which is calmer, I desire to make you a brief communication. If it overstep the bounds of conventional propriety, I beg for it the indulgence of the last that will probably ever pass between us.

"The story was told to you in a bald and malignant form by an enemy. I hid it from you, and would always have done so, because I loved you. But since concealment is no longer possible, I wish myself to lay before you the miserable circumstances in the existence of which our separation is involved. There is no other who could present to you, even if disposed, the few redeeming features of the case. I do not hope to change the judgment you have already arrived at, nor is your sympathy demanded. Only the history may, at some unoccupied moment, be the occasion of a passing reflection upon the strange inequality with which happiness is meted out, and serve to enhance by its contrast the untroubled serenity of your own lot.

"It was said to you that my father was a convict, and that I first saw the light within prison walls. With a slight modification this is true. My father was a convict. I was born to a heritage of shame, not within the prison walls, but close under their heavy shadow, which has scarcely ever for a moment lifted.

"My father was a prosperous trader in one of the smaller cities of Illinois in the early days of its settlement. Associated with him was a partner, James Belford. They were both young men of good Eastern families, and educated in the best Eastern counting-rooms. They went to the West separately, in quest of more favorable opportunities than were afforded at home. After various experiments they met and formed a copartnership. The locality was favored with a rapid growth, and they reaped the benefit of it. They became the foremost merchants of the place. The society about them was not rude, but bold and unencumbered with many of the conventionalisms of the older sections from which

it had been gathered. All was dash and activity. The partners thrived so well that they were shortly enabled to return to the East and bring back young wives, who had been their sweethearts before they started out into the world.

"Both weddings were celebrated in the season of reckless profusion preceding the panic of 1847. This crash found the store of Belford & Detmold almost bare of goods. Everything was sold upon credit in the period of extravagance immediately preceding. Debts due them on all sides were worthless, and their own obligations were maturing. There was no means of replenishing their stock. They saw themselves upon the verge of bankruptcy. Their young wives, the sweeping away of the accumulations of their years of labor, the dissipation of the fair hopes they had entertained, made the idea unbearable.

"They were met by a terrible temptation, and yielded to it. They endeavored to save themselves by the shameful expedient of a robbery. It was so foreign to the record and characters of both, and planned, besides, with so little judgment, that they seem to have been stricken with sudden madness. The burdens of the most abject poverty would have been infinitely lighter than the consequences which they brought upon themselves.

"It happened that there stood on a side track of the railway passing through the place, very near to their warehouse, two car-loads of goods from the East which had by some means strayed from their destination, and awaited an owner. It afterwards appeared in evidence that the merchant of a neighboring city, who had purchased and forwarded them, had died at the East during the transaction of his business. The markings were improperly made, his heirs knew little of his affairs, communications were slow, and it was a considerable time before the property was traced and looked for. The station agent at Marburg had shown the goods to them among others, and speculation was rife as to their ownership.

"It was not by my father, as I have

learned from him, that the desperate idea of retrieving their fortunes by the seizure of these goods was first broached,—though that makes little difference. Nor was it adopted without long hesitation and argument. It was resolved upon one dark night when the partners sat late over their books, casting about in vain for some means of escape, and it was put in execution at once. They persuaded themselves that it was but a species of informal loan,—of a piece with the dash and enterprise of the driving community. The property as it lay benefited no one, but it could do them an incalculable service. They were to seek out the owner afterwards,—this was the method in which they reconciled themselves to it,—and restore the full value of everything. The goods were a general assortment selected for an establishment similar to their own, and could be sold without detection. They were transferred, partly to the shelves of the store, and partly to receptacles planned in the walls of their warehouse. The cars, externally made good, showed no evidence of the robbery. A considerable time passed before it was discovered. There was no clue to the depredators. It was not until the arrival of proper inventories and descriptions from the East that the goods could have been identified even if discovered. Then the country was scoured for common malefactors. Belford & Detmold were as far above suspicion as the officers of justice themselves.

“But a detective who came from a great city to work up the case, with a full experience of the darker aspects of human character, omitted nothing from his search. The criminals were unskilled. They construed the first semblance of investigation as discovery. They abandoned the specious theory by which they had defended the act and in a complete breaking down of self-possession confessed all. It was at first deemed incredible by the community; then the industrious young merchants, who had enjoyed so fair a repute, sank to the lowest depths of infamy.

“By the connivance of officials who

were softened at the spectacle of such a devastation, one of the firm was allowed to assume in court the burden of the crime, and declare the innocence of the other. The latter was to remain at large to provide for the support of the families of both. The choice between themselves was to be determined by lot. The lot to bear the penalty for both fell upon my father. He stood forth, and obtained a momentary shade of sympathy in proclaiming, ‘I alone am guilty.’

“My mother would not receive the aid of Belford. Indeed he was too broken to be capable of rendering aid. He removed to the East, and never afterwards returned. It was said that he had changed his name and succeeded well in the world; again, that he had sunk to a mere wreck and died by his own hand. We never knew which, if either, of these accounts was true, or if indeed he be not still living. My mother would have gone any lengths rather than acquaint her family with what had befallen her. She removed to the prison town, and eked out a subsistence during the three long years of the sentence, extending to my father what scanty comfort she could. It was here and thus that I was born into the world,—I who have aspired to mingle the dark strand of my life with the pleasant brightness of yours.

“But the story is not yet finished. The future of its principal actor was not that of an ordinary criminal. You will never see my father, and any opinion you may entertain of him can have no effect upon his well-being; but I would have you know something of—as it seems to me—his bravery, his effort at reparation. And yet, in every word in which I praise him I convict myself of selfishness and cowardice.

“I should have stood with him against a censorious world, and aided him to bear his heavy burdens. Instead of doing so I have sought refuge in flight and concealment. Alas, that such a course has no longer any motive!

“My father was broken down by his prison life and his acute sense of disgrace. At its close he was ill, and lay at the point of death; but he recovered,

and his character, as I have heard, was changed. He had been impetuous, exacting, self-indulgent. He became patient, self-denying, and, above all, conscientious to the last degree. He returned to his home, and added to the completed sentence of the law a lifetime of voluntary expiation. He was once more successful. Commencing at the lowest round of the ladder, he rose to prominence; but it is a prominence clouded by a stigma which the lapse of time has not effaced. For years his life was a martyrdom. He endured scoffs and insults, but with unflinching resolution, and lived them down. He has relieved much suffering and caused none, and his honesty is a proverb. He won back his commercial standing, but never that which opened freely to us the avenues of social life. Such is my story.

"Now you know all. You know the lie my life has been to avoid the shame of the disclosure which I have at last been forced to make to you. I said to myself, 'The guilt was not mine, and I will not bear its punishment.' I tried to escape the decree of an inevitable destiny. Never was I so wholly impressed with the necessity of concealment as when I first knew you and began to cherish my illusive hopes. I knew that so proud a family as yours could not stoop, not merely to one of less station and fortune, but to one on a lower than any social plane, — that of crime.

I tried to persuade myself at times that the importance of this secret was created by a morbid imagination; that the world, if it knew, would not visit ignominy upon me who was innocent. I feared I had lost the faculty of judging. But how well I judged appeared in your remorseless words upon the hill-side of Torri. Fate seemed on that day to bring the currents of our lives to the point of contact, only to sweep them forever apart.

"I bid you with this a final farewell. In doing so, in spite of the humiliation and disappointment in which I am involved, I cannot bring myself to say that if our relations were to be lived over again I should act differently. The hours I spent with you were almost the only happy hours of my life. Had I not deceived you I should not have known them. The prospect of your love seemed to me something subtle and exquisite beyond words. I will not say that I could ever have let the dictates of duty weigh for a moment against it.

"I beg that you will not suffer yourself to be annoyed at this. It is a presumption that is wholly of the past. Henceforth I can occupy no place in your thoughts, nor do I deserve to do so. As for me, I can never forget you. I shall live in the hope that, though unseen and unheard of, it may be my fortune to be able to add some fragment of happiness to the full share which I trust is always in store for you."

W. H. Bishop.

EVOLUTION.

I.

BROAD were the bases of all being laid,
On pillars sunk in the unfathomed deep
Of universal void and primal sleep.
Some mighty will, in sooth, there was that swayed
The misty atoms which inhabited
The barren, unilluminated fields of space;

A breath, perchance, that whirled the mists apace,
 And shook the heavy indolence that weighed
 Upon the moveless vapors. Oh, what vast,
 Resounding undulations of effect
 Awoke that breath! What dizzying æons passed
 Ere yet a lichen patch the bare rock flecked!
 Thus rolls with boom of elemental strife
 The ancestry e'en of the meanest life.

II.

I am the child of earth and air and sea!
 My lullaby by hoarse Silurian storms
 Was chanted; and, through endless changing forms
 Of plant and bird and beast, unceasingly
 The toiling ages wrought to fashion me.
 Lo, these large ancestors have left a breath
 Of their strong souls in mine, defying death
 And change. I grow and blossom as the tree,
 And ever feel deep-delving, earthy roots
 Binding me daily to the common clay.
 But with its airy impulse upward shoots
 My life into the realms of light and day;
 And thou, O Sea, stern mother of my soul,
 Thy tempests sing in me, thy billows roll!

III.

A sacred kinship I would not forego
 Binds me to all that breathes; through endless strife
 The calm and deathless dignity of life
 Unites each bleeding victim to its foe.
 What life is in its essence, who doth know?
 The iron chain that all creation girds,
 Encompassing myself and beasts and birds,
 Forges its bond unceasing from below, —
 From water, stones, and plants, e'en unto man.
 Within the rose a pulse that answered mine
 (Though hushed and silently its life-tide ran)
 I oft have felt; but when with joy divine
 I hear the song-thrush warbling in my brain,
 I glory in this vast creation's chain.

IV.

I stood and gazed in wonder blent with awe
 Upon the giant foot-prints Nature left
 Of her large march in yonder rocky cleft:
 A fern-leaf's airy woof, a reptile's claw,
 In their eternal slumber there I saw,
 In deftly-wrought sarcophagi of stone.
 What humid tempests from rank forests blown
 Whirled from its parent stem yon slender straw?
 What scaly creature of a monstrous breed
 Bore yonder web-foot through the tepid tide?

Oh, what wide vistas, thronged with mighty deed
 And mightier thought, have here mine eyes descried!
 Come, a fraternal grasp, thou hand of stone!
 The flesh that once was thine is now mine own.

V.

Sublime is life, though in beginnings base
 At first enkindled! In this clod of mold
 Beats with faint spirit pulse the heart of gold
 That warms the lily's cheek; its silent grace
 Dwells unborn 'neath this sod. Fain would I trace
 The potent mystery which, like Midas' hand,
 Thrills the mean clay into refulgence grand;
 For, gazing down the misty aisles of space
 And time, upon my sight vast visions throng
 Of the imperial destiny of man.
 The life that throbbed in plant and beast erelong
 Will break still wider orbits in its van, —
 A race of peace-robed conquerors and kings,
 Achieving evermore diviner things.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

MAY DAYS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF HENRY D. THOREAU.

MAY 1, 1841. Life in gardens and parlors is unpalatable to me. It wants rudeness and necessity to give it relish. I would at least strike my spade into the earth with as good-will as the woodpecker his bill into a tree.

MAY 1, 1851. Khaled would have his weary soldiers vigilant still. Apprehending a midnight sally from the enemy, "Let no man sleep," said he; "we shall have rest enough after death."

MAY 1, 1852. Five A. M. To Cliffs. A smart frost in the night. The plowed ground and platforms white with it. I hear the little forked-tailed chipping-sparrow (*Fringilla socialis*) shaking out his rapid "tehi-tehi-tehi-tehi-tehi," — a little jingle from the oak behind the depot. I hear the note of that plump bird with a dark streaked breast, that runs and hides in the grass, whose note sounds so like a cricket's in the grass. I used

to hear it when I walked by moonlight last summer. I hear it now from deep in the sod, for there is hardly grass yet. The bird keeps so low you do not see it. You do not suspect how many there are till their heads appear. The word *seringo* reminds me of its note, as if it were produced by some kind of fine metallic spring. It is an earth sound.

It is a moist, lowering morning for the Mayers. The sun now shines under a cloud in the horizon, and his still yellow light falls on the western fields as sometimes on the eastern after a shower in a summer afternoon. Nuttall says the note of the chipping-sparrow is "given from time to time in the night, like the reverie of a dream." Have I not heard it when spearing? Found the first violet which would open to day, *V. sagittata* var. *ovata*, — or *cucullata*? for the leaves are not toothed at base nor arrow-shaped

as in the first, yet they are hairy, and, I should say, petiole-margined; still, like the latter, they are rolled in at base, and the scape is four-angled. . . . The woods have a damp smell this morning. I hear a robin amid them. Yet there are fewer singers to be heard than on a very pleasant morning some weeks ago. The low early blueberry (June berry) is well budded. The grass ground — low ground, at least — wears a good green tinge; there are no leaves on the woods; the river is high over the meadows. There is a thin, gauze-like veil over the village (I am on Fairhaven Hill), probably formed of the smokes. As yet we have had no morning fogs, to my knowledge. I hear the first to-wee finch; he says, "to-wee-to-wee;" and another, much farther off than I supposed when I went in search of him, says, "whip your chr-r-r-r-r," with a metallic ring. I hear the first cat-bird, also, mewing, and the wood-thrush, which still thrills me, — a sound to be heard in a new country from one side of a clearing. I heard a black and white creeper just now, "wicher-wicher-wicher-wich." I am on the Cliff. It is about six. The flicker cackles. I hear a woodpecker tapping. The tinkle of the huckleberry bird comes up from the shrub-oak plain. He commonly lives away from the habitations of men, in retired bushy fields and sprout lands. We have thus flowers and the song of birds before the woods leave out, like poetry. When leaving the woods I heard the hooting of an owl, which sounded very much like a clown calling to his team. Saw two large woodpeckers on an oak. I am tempted to say that they were other and larger than the flicker; but I have been deceived in him before. . . .

The little peeping frogs which I got last night resemble the description of the *Hylodes Pickeringii*, and in some respects the peeping hyla; but they are probably the former, though every way considerably smaller. Mine are about three fourths of an inch long as they sit, seven eighths if stretched; four-fingered and five-toed, with small tubercles on the ends of them. Some difference in their color. One is like a pale oak leaf at

this season, streaked with brown. Two others more ashy. Two have crosses on back, of dark brown, with transverse bands on the legs. I keep them in a tumbler. They peep at twilight and evening; occasionally at other times. One that got out in the evening on to the carpet was found soon after, by his peeping, on the piano. They easily ascend the glass of the window. Jump eighteen inches or more. When they peep, the loose, wrinkled skin of the throat is swelled up into a globular bubble, very large and transparent, and quite round, except on the throat side, behind which their little heads are lost, mere protuberances on the side of this sphere. The peeping wholly absorbs them, their mouths being shut, or apparently so. Will sit half a day on the side of a smooth tumbler. Made that trilling note in the house. Remain many hours at the bottom of the water in the tumbler, or sit as long on the leaves above. A pulse in the throat always, except in one for an hour or two, apparently asleep. They change their color to a darker or lighter shade, chameleon-like.

May 1, 1853. To Cliffs. The oak leaves on the plain are fallen. The colors are now light blue above (where is my cyanometer? Saussure invented one, and Humboldt used it in his travels); the landscape russet and greenish, spotted with fawn-colored plowed lands, with green pine and gray or reddish oak woods intermixed, and dark-blue or slate-colored water here and there. It is greenest in the meadows and where water has lately stood, and a strong, invigorating scent comes up from the fresh meadows. It is like the greenness of an apple faintly or dimly appearing through the russet.

May 1, 1854. Early starlight by river-side. The water smooth and broad. I hear the loud and incessant cackling of probably the pigeon woodpecker, what some time since I thought to be a different kind. Thousands of robins are filling the air with their trills, mingling with the peeping of hylodes and ringing of frogs; and now the snipes have just begun their winnowing sounds and squeaks.

May 1, 1855. P. M. By boat with S—— to Conantum a-maying.

The myrtle bird is one of the commonest and tamest birds now. It catches insects like a pewee, darting off from its perch and returning to it, and sings something like "a-chill chill, chill chill, chill chill, a-twear, twill twill twee," or it may be all *tw* (not loud, a little like the *Fringilla hiemalis*, or more like the pine warbler), rapid, and more and more intense as it advances. There is an unaccountable sweetness as of flowers in the air. A true May day,—raw and drizzling in the morning. The grackle still. What various brilliant and evanescent colors on the surface of this agitated water,—now, as we are crossing Willow Bay, looking toward the half-concealed sun over the foam-spotted flood! It reminds me of the sea. . . .

Went to G——'s for the hawk of yesterday. It was nailed to the barn in *terrorem*, and as a trophy. He gave it to me, with an egg. He called it the female, and probably was right, it was so large. He tried in vain to shoot the male, which I saw circling about just out of gunshot, and screaming, while he robbed the nest. He climbed the tree when I was there yesterday P. M., and found two young, which he thought not more than a fortnight old, with only down, at least no feathers, and one ad-dled egg; also three or four white-bellied or deer mice (*Mus leucopus*), a perch and a sucker, and a gray rabbit's skin. I think they must have found the fish dead. They were now stale. I found the remains of a partridge under the tree. G—— had seen squirrels, etc., in other nests.

May 1, 1857. Two P. M. First notice the ring of the toad as I am crossing the common in front of the meeting-house. There is a cool and breezy south wind, and the ring of the first toad leaks into the general stream of sound unnoticed by most, as the mill brook empties into the river, and the voyager cannot tell if he is above or below its mouth. The bell was ringing for town meeting, and every one heard it, but none heard this older and more universal bell, rung by

more native Americans all the land over. It is a sound from amid the waves of the aerial sea, that breaks on our ears with the surf of the air,—a sound that is almost breathed with the wind, taken into the lungs instead of being heard by the ears. It comes from far over and through the troughs of the aerial sea, like a petrel; and who can guess by what pool the singer sits?—whether behind the meeting-house sheds, or over the burying-ground hill, or by the river-side. A new reign has commenced. Bufo the first has ascended his throne, the surface of the earth, marshaled into office by the south wind. Bufo, the double-chinned, inflates his throat. Attend to his message. Take off your great coats, swains, and prepare for the summer campaign. Hop a few paces farther toward your goals. The measures which I shall advocate are warmth, moisture, and low-flying insects. . . .

It is foolish for a man to accumulate material wealth chiefly, houses and lands. Our stock in life, our real estate, is that amount of thought which we have had, which we have thought out. The ground we have thus created is forever pasture for our thoughts. I fall back on to visions which I have had. What else adds to my possessions, and makes me rich in all lands? If you have ever done any work with those finest tools, the Imagination and Fancy and Reason, it is a new creation, independent of the world, and a possession forever. You have laid up something against a rainy day. You have, to that extent, cleared the wilderness.

May 1, 1859. We accuse savages of worshipping only the bad spirit or devil. Though they may distinguish both a good and a bad, they regard only that one which they fear, worship the devil only. We too are savages in this, doing precisely the same thing. This occurred to me yesterday, as I sat in the woods admiring the beauty of the blue butterfly. We are not chiefly interested in birds and insects, for example, as they are ornamental to the earth and cheering to man, but we spare the lives of the former only on condition that they eat more

grubs than they do cherries, and the only account of the insects which the State encourages is of the insects injurious to vegetation. We too admit both a good and bad spirit, but we worship chiefly the bad spirit whom we fear. We do not think first of the good, but of the harm things will do us. The catechism says that the chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever, which of course is applicable mainly to God as seen in his works. Yet the only account of the beautiful insects, butterflies, etc., which God has made and set before us, which the State ever thinks of spending any money on is the account of those which are injurious to vegetation! This is the way we glorify God and enjoy him forever. . . .

We have attended to the evil, and said nothing about the good. This is looking a gift horse in the mouth, with a vengeance. Children are attracted by the beauty of butterflies, but their parents and legislators deem it an idle pursuit. The parents remind one of the devil, but the children of God. Though God may have pronounced his work good, we ask, Is it not poisonous?

Science is *inhuman*. Things seen with a microscope begin to be insignificant. So described, they are monstrous, as if they should be magnified a thousand diameters. Suppose I should see and describe men and horses and trees and birds as if they were a thousand times larger than they are. With our prying instruments we disturb the harmony and balance of nature.

May 2, 1852. Reptiles must not be omitted, especially frogs. Their croaking is the most earthy sound now, a rustling of the surf of the earth, not to be overlooked in the awakening of the year. . . .

The commonplaces of one age or nation make the poetry of another. . . .

The handsome, blood-red, lacquered marks on the edge and under the edge of the painted tortoise's shell, like the marks on a waiter, concentric. Few colors like it in nature. This tortoise, too, like the guttata, painted on thin

parts of the shell, and on legs and tail in this style, but on throat bright yellow stripes. Sternum dull yellowish or buff. It hisses like the spotted tortoise. Is the male the larger and flatter, with depressed sternum? There is *some* regularity in the guttata's spots, generally a straight row on back. Some of the spots are orange sometimes on the head. . . .

If you would obtain insight, avoid anatomy. . . .

May 2, 1855. The anemone is well named, for see now the nemorosa amid the fallen brush and leaves, trembling in the wind, so fragile.

May 2, 1859. A peewee and its mate. The river seems really inhabited when the peewee is back. This bird does not return to our stream until the weather is decidedly pleasant and warm. He is perched on the accustoming rock. His note peoples the river like the prattle of children once more in the yard of a house that has stood empty. . . .

I am surprised by the tender yellowish green of the aspen leaves, just expanded suddenly, even like a fire, seen in the sun against the dark brown twigs of the wood, though these leaflets are yet but thinly dispersed. It is very enlivening.

I feel no desire to go to California or Pike's Peak, but I often think at night, with inexpressible satisfaction and yearning, of the arrow-headiferous sands of Concord. I have often spent whole afternoons, especially in the spring, pacing back and forth over a sandy field, looking for these relics of a race. This is the gold which our sands yield. The soil of that rocky spot of Simon Brown's land is quite ash-colored (now that the sod is turned up) from Indian fires, with numerous pieces of coal in it. There is a great deal of this ash-colored soil in the country. We do literally plow up the hearths of a people, and plant in their ashes. The ashes of their fires color much of our soil.

May 2, 1860. I observed on the 29th that the clams had not only been moving much, furrowing the sandy bottom near the shore, but generally, or almost

invariably, had moved toward the middle of the river. Perhaps it had something to do with the low stage of the water. I saw one making his way,—or perhaps it had rested since morning,—over that sawdust bar just below Turtle Bar, toward the river, the surface of the bar being an inch or two higher than the water. Probably the water falling left it thus on moist land.

A crowd of men seems to generate vermin even of the human kind. In great towns there is degradation undreamed of elsewhere, gamblers, dog-killers, rag-pickers. Some live by robbing or by luck. There was the Concord muster of last September. I see still a well-dressed man carefully and methodically searching for money on the muster field far off across the river. I turn my glass upon him and notice how he proceeds. (I saw them searching in the fall till the snow came.) He walks, regularly and slowly, back and forth over the ground where the soldiers had their tents, still marked by the straw, with his head prone, and picking in the straw with a stick, now and then turning back or aside to examine something more closely. He is dressed, methinks, better than the average man whom you meet in the streets. How can he pay for his board thus? He dreams of finding a few coppers, or perchance half a dime, which have fallen from the soldiers' pockets, and no doubt he will find something of the kind, having dreamed of it. Having knocked, this door will be opened to him.

May 3, 1841. We are all pilots of the most intricate Bahama channels. Beauty may be the sky overhead, but duty is the water underneath. When I see a man with serene countenance in garden or parlor, it looks like a great inward leisure that he enjoys, but in reality he sails on no summer's sea. This steady sailing comes of a heavy hand on the tiller. We do not attend to larks and bluebirds so leisurely but that conscience is as erect as the attitude of the listener. The man of principle gets never a holiday. Our true character underlies all our words and actions, as

the granite underlies the other strata. Its steady pulse does not cease for any deed of ours, as the sap is still ascending in the stalk of the fairest flower.

May 3, 1852. Five A. M. To Cliffs. A great brassy moon going down in the west. . . . Looking from the Cliff, now about six A. M., the landscape is as if seen in a mirage, the Cliff being in shadow, and that in the cool sunlight. The earth and water smell fresh and new, and the latter is marked by a few smooth streaks. The atmosphere suits the grayish-brown landscape, the still, ashy maple swamps, and now nearly bare shrub oaks. The white pine, left here and there over the sprout land, is never more beautiful than with the morning light, before the water is rippled and the morning song of the birds is quenched.

Hear the first brown thrasher, two of them. They drown all the rest. He says, "cherruwit, cherruwit, go ahead, go ahead, give it to him, give it to him," etc. Plenty of birds in the woods this morning. The huckleberry birds and the chickadees are as numerous, if not as loud, as any. The flicker taps a dead tree somewhat as one uses a knocker on a door in the village street. In his note he begins low, rising higher and higher.

Anurnsnack looks green three miles off. This is an important epoch, when the distant bare hills begin to show green or verdurous to the eye. The earth wears a new aspect. Not tawny or russet now, but green are such bare hills. Some of the notes, the trills of the lark sitting amid the tussucks and stubble, are like the notes of my seringo bird. May these birds that live so low in the grass be called the cricket birds? and does their song resemble that of the cricket, an earth song?

Evening. The moon is full. The air is filled with a certain luminous, liquid white light. You can see the moonlight, as it were reflected from the atmosphere, which some might mistake for a haze,—a glow of mellow light, somewhat like the light I saw in the afternoon sky some weeks ago, as if the air were a very thin but transparent liquid, not dry as in winter, nor gross as in

summer. The sky has depth and not merely distance. Going through the depot field, I hear the dream frog at a distance. The little peeping frogs make a background of sound in the horizon, which you do not hear unless you attend. The former is a trembling note, some higher, some lower, along the edge of the earth, — an all-pervading sound. Nearer, it is a blubbling or rather bubbling sound, such as children, who stand nearer to nature, can and do often make. . . . The little peeper prefers a pool on the edge of a wood, which mostly dries up at midsummer, whose shore is covered with leaves, and where there are twigs in the water, as where chop-pers have worked. Theirs is a clear, sharp, ear-piercing peep, not shrill, sometimes a squeak from one whose pipe is out of order. . . . They have much the greatest apparatus for peeping of any frogs that I know. . . . I go along the side of Fairhaven Hill. The clock strikes distinctly, showing the wind is easterly. There is a grand, rich, musical echo trembling in the air long after the clock has ceased to strike, like a vast organ, filling the air with a trembling music, like a flower of sound. Nature adopts it. The water is so calm, the woods and single trees are doubled by the reflection, and in this light you cannot divide them as you walk along the river. See the spearer's lights, one northeast, one southwest, toward Sudbury, beyond Lee's Bridge, — scarlet-colored fires. From the hill, the river is a broad blue stream exactly the color of the heavens which it reflects. Sit on the Cliff with comfort in great-coat. All the tawny and russet earth (for no green is seen upon the ground at this hour) sending only this faint, multitudinous sound (of frogs) to heaven. The vast, wild earth. The first whip-poor-will startles me; I hear three. Summer is coming apace. Within three or four days the birds have come so fast I can hardly keep the run of them, — much faster than the flowers.

Sunday, May 3, 1857. A remarkably warm and pleasant morning. A. M. To battle ground by river. I heard the

ring of toads at six A. M. The flood on the meadows, still high, is quite smooth, and many are out this still and suddenly very warm morning, pushing about in boats. Now, thinks many a one, is the time to paddle or push gently far up or down the river, along the still, warm meadow's edge, and perhaps we may see some large turtles, or musk-rats, or otter, or rare fish or fowl. It will be a grand forenoon for a cruise, to explore these meadow shores and inundated maple swamps which we have never explored. Now we shall be recompensed for the week's confinement in shop or garden. We will spend our Sabbath exploring these smooth, warm vernal waters. Up or down shall we go, — to Fairhaven Bay and the Sudbury meadows, or to Ball's Hill and Carlisle Bridge? Along the meadow's edge, lined with willows and alders and maples; underneath the catkins of the early willow, and brushing those of the sweet-gale with our prow; where the sloping pasture and the plowed ground submerged are fast drinking up the flood, what fair isles, what remote coast, shall we explore? what San Salvador or Bay of All Saints arrive at? All are tempted forth, like flies into the sun. All isles seem Fortunate and blessed to-day, all capes are of Good Hope. The same sun and calm that tempt the turtles out tempt the voyagers. It is an opportunity to explore their own natures, to float along their own shores. The woodpecker cackles and the crow blackbird titters his jarring chatter from the oaks and maples. All well men and women who are not restrained by superstitious custom come abroad this morning, by land or water, and such as have boats launch them and put forth in search of adventure. Others, less free or it may be less fortunate, take their station on bridges, watching the rush of waters through them and the motions of the departing voyagers, and listening to the note of blackbirds from over the smooth water. Perhaps they see a swimming snake or a musk-rat dive, — airing and sunning themselves there till the first bell rings. Up and down the town men and boys

that are under subjection are polishing their shoes and brushing their go-to-meeting clothes.

I sympathize not to-day with those who go to church in newest clothes, and sit quietly in straight-backed pews. I sympathize rather with the boy who has none to look after him, who borrows a boat and paddle, and in common clothes sets out to explore these temporary vernal lakes. I meet one paddling along under a sunny bank, with bare feet and his pants rolled up above his knees, ready to leap into the water at a moment's warning. Better for him to read Robinson Crusoe than Baxter's Saint's Rest. . . .

The pine-warbler is perhaps the commonest bird heard now from the wood sides. It seems left to it almost alone to fill the empty aisles.

May 4, 1852. This excitement about Kossuth is not interesting to me, it is so superficial. . . . Men are making speeches to him all over the country, but each expresses only the thought or the want of thought of the multitude. No man stands on truth. They are merely banded together as usual, one leaning on another, and all together on nothing, as the Hindoos made the world rest on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise, and had nothing to put under the tortoise. You can pass your hand under the largest mob, a nation in revolution even, and however solid a bulk they may make, like a hail cloud in the atmosphere, you may not meet so much as a cobweb of support. They may not rest, even by a point, on eternal foundations. But an individual standing on truth you cannot pass your hand under, for his foundations reach to the centre of the universe. So superficial these men and their doings. It is life on a leaf, or a chip, which has nothing but air or water beneath. I love to see a man with a tap-root, though it make him difficult to transplant. It is unimportant what these men do. Let them try forever, they can effect nothing. Of what significance are the things you can forget?

May 4, 1853. Cattle are going up country. Hear the "tull-lull" of the white-throated sparrow.

Eight A. M. To Walden and Cliffs. The sound of the oven-bird. . . . The woods and fields next the Cliffs now ring with the silver jingle of the field sparrow, the medley of the brown thrasher, the honest *qui vive* of the chewink, or his jingle from the top of a low copse tree, while his mate scratches in the dry leaves beneath. The black and white creeper is hopping along the oak boughs, head downward, pausing from time to time to utter its note, like a fine, delicate saw sharpening, and ever and anon rises, clear over all, the smooth rich melody of the wood-thrush. Could that have been a jay? I think it was some large, uncommon woodpecker that uttered that very loud, strange, cackling note. The dry woods have the smell of fragrant everlasting. I am surprised by the cool drops which now at ten o'clock fall from the flowers of the amelanchier, while other plants are dry, as if these had attracted more moisture. The white pines have started. The indigo bird and its mate, dark throat, light beneath, white spot on wings which is not described, a hoarse note and rapid, the first two or three syllables "twe, twe, twee," the last being dwelt upon, or "twe, twe, twee," or as if there were an *r* in it, "tre," etc., not musical. . . .

It is stated in the Life of Humboldt that he proved "that the expression, 'The ocean reflects the sky,' was a purely poetical, not a scientifically correct one, as the sea is often blue when the sky is almost totally covered with light, white clouds." He used Saussure's cyanometer even to measure the color of the sea. This might probably be used to measure the intensity of blue flowers, like lupines, at a distance.

May 4, 1855. A robin sings, when I in the house cannot distinguish the earliest dawning from the full moonlight. His song first advertises me of the day-break when I thought it was night, as I lay looking out into the full moonlight. I heard a robin begin his strain, and yielded the point to him, believing that

he was better acquainted with the signs of day than I.

May 4, 1858. P. M. By boat to Holden swamp. To go among the willows now and hear the 'bees hum is equal to going some hundreds of miles southward toward summer.

Go into Holden swamp to hear warblers. See a little blue butterfly (or moth) (saw one yesterday) fluttering about on the dry brown leaves in a warm place by the swamp side, making a pleasant contrast. From time to time have seen the large *Vanessa antiopa* resting on the black willows, like a leaf still adhering. As I sit by the swamp side this warm summery afternoon I hear the crows cawing hoarsely, and from time to time see one flying toward the top of a tall white pine. At length I distinguish a hen-hawk perched on the top. The crow repeatedly stoops toward him, now from this side, now from that, passing near his head each time, but he pays not the least attention to it.

I hear the "veer-e, ver-e, ver-e" of the creeper continually in the swamp. It is the prevailing note there, and methought I heard a redstart's note, but oftener than the last the tweezer or screeper note of the party-colored warbler, bluish above, throat and breast yellow or orange, white on wings, and neck above yellowish, going restlessly over the trees (maples, etc.) by the swamp, in creeper fashion; and as you may hear at the same time the true creeper's note without seeing it, you might think this bird uttered the creeper's note also.

The redwings, though here and there in flocks, are apparently beginning to build. I infer this from their shyness and alarm in the bushes along the river, and their richer solitary warbling.

May 4, 1859. P. M. To Lee's Cliff on foot. . . . Crossing the first Conan-tum field I perceive a peculiar fragrance in the air (not the meadow fragrance), like that of vernal flowers or of expanding buds. The ground is covered with the mouse-ear in full bloom, and it may be that in part. It is a temperate southwest breeze, and this is a scent of willows (flowers and leaflets), bluets,

violets, shad-bush, mouse-ear, etc., combined, or perhaps the last chiefly. At any rate, it is very perceptible. The air is more genial, laden with the fragrance of spring flowers. I, sailing on the spring ocean, getting in from my winter voyage, begin to smell the land. Such a scent perceived by a mariner would be very exciting. I not only smell the land breeze, but I perceive in it the fragrance of spring flowers. I come out expecting to see the redstart or the party-colored warbler, and as soon as I get within a dozen rods of the Holden wood I hear the screeper note of the tweezer bird, that is, the party-colored warbler, which also I see, but not distinctly. Two or three are flitting from tree-top to tree-top about the swamp there, and you have only to sit still on one side and wait for them to come round. The water has what you may call a summer ripple and sparkle on it; that is, the ripple does not suggest coldness in the breeze that raises it. It is a hazy day; the air is made hazy, you might fancy, with a myriad expanding buds. After crossing the arrow-head fields, we see a woodchuck run along and climb to the top of a wall and sit erect there,—our first. It is almost exactly the color of the ground, the wall, and the bare brown twigs altogether. When in the Miles swamp field we see two, one chasing the other, coming very fast down the lilac-field hill, straight toward us, while we squat still in the middle of the field. The foremost is a small gray or slaty-colored one; the other, two or three times as heavy, and a warm tawny, decidedly yellowish in the sun, a very large and fat one, pursuing the first. . . . Suddenly the foremost, when thirty or forty rods off, perceives us, and tries, as it were, to sink into the earth, and finally gets behind a low tuft of grass and peeps out. Also the other (which at first appears to fondle the earth, inclining his cheek to it and dragging his body a little along it) tries to hide himself, and at length gets behind an apple-tree and peeps out on one side in an amusing manner. This makes three that we see. They are clumsy runners, with their short legs and heavy bodies,—run with an un-

dulating or wabbling motion, jerking up their hind quarters. They can run pretty fast, however. Their tails were dark-tipped. They are low when the animal is running.

Looking up through this soft and warm southwest wind I notice the conspicuous shadow of mid-Conantum Cliff, now at three P. M., and elsewhere the shade of a few apple-trees, trunks and boughs. Through this warm and hazy air the sheeny surface of the hill, now considerably greened, looks soft as velvet, and June is suggested to my mind. It is remarkable that shadow should only be noticed now when decidedly warm weather comes, though before the leaves have expanded, that is, when it begins to be grateful to our senses. The shadow of the Cliff is like a dark pupil on the side of the hill. The first shadow is as noticeable and memorable as a flower. I observe annually the first shadow of this cliff, when we begin to pass from sunshine into shade for our refreshment; when we look on shade with yearning, as on a friend. That cliff and its shade suggest dark eyes and eyelashes, and overhanging brows. Few things are more suggestive of heat than this first shade, though now we see only the tracery of tree boughs on the greening grass and the sandy street. This I notice at the same time with the first humble-bee; when the *Rana palustris* purrs in the meadow generally; when the white willow and the aspen display their tender green, full of yellow light; when the party-colored warbler is first heard over the swamp; the woodchuck, who loves warmth, is out on the hill-sides in numbers; the jingle of the chipbird and the song of the thrasher are heard incessantly; the first cricket is heard in a warm, rocky place; and that scent of vernal flowers is in the air. This is an intenser expression of that same influence or aspect of nature which I began to perceive ten days ago, the same *Lieferung*.

These days we begin to think in earnest of bathing in the river and to sit at an open window. Life out-of-doors begins.

It would require a good deal of time

and patience to study the habits of woodchucks, they are so shy and watchful. They hear the least sound of a footstep on the ground, and are quick to see also. One should go clad in a suit somewhat like their own, the warp of tawny and the woof of green, and then with painted or well-tanned face he might lie out on a sunny bank till they appeared.

We hear a thrasher sing for half an hour steadily, a very rich singer, and heard one fourth of a mile off very distinctly. This is first heard commonly at planting time. He sings as if conscious of his power.

May 4, 1860. P. M. To Great Meadows by boat. . . . Walking over the river meadows to examine the pools and see how much dried up they are, I notice, as usual, the track of the musquash, some five inches wide always, and always exactly in the lowest part of the muddy hollows connecting one pool with another, winding as they wind, as if loath to raise itself above the lowest mud. At first he swam there, and now as the water goes down he follows it steadily, and at length travels on the bare mud, but as low and close to the water as he can get. Thus he first traces the channel of the future brook and river, and deepens it by dragging his belly along it. He lays out and engineers its road. As our roads are said to follow the track of the cow, so rivers in another period follow the trail of the musquash. They are perfect rats to look at, and swim fast against the stream. When I am talking on a high bank, I often see one swimming along within half a dozen rods, and land openly, as if regardless of us. Probably, being under water at first, he did not notice us.

Looking across the peninsula toward Ball's Hill, I am struck by the bright blue of the river (a deeper blue than the sky) contrasting with the fresh yellow-green of the meadow (that is, of coarse sedges just starting), and between them a darker or greener green, next the edge of the river, especially where that small sand-bar island is, the green of that early rank river-grass. This is the first painting or coloring in the meadows. These

several colors are, as it were, daubed on, as on china-ware, or as distinct and simple as in a child's painting. I was struck by the amount and variety of color after so much brown.

As I stood there I heard a thumping sound, which I referred to P——, three fourths of a mile off over the meadow.

But it was a pigeon woodpecker excavating its nest inside a maple within a rod of me. Though I had just landed and made a noise with my boat, he was too busy to hear me, but now he hears my tread, and I see him put out his head and then withdraw it warily, and keep still while I stay there.

THE DANCIN' PARTY AT HARRISON'S COVE.

"FUR you see, Mis' Darley, them Harrison folks over yander to the Cove hev determined on a dancin' party."

The drawling tones fell unheeded on old Mr. Kenyon's ear, as he sat on the broad hotel piazza of the New Helvetia Springs, and gazed with meditative eyes at the fair August sky. An early moon was riding, clear and full, over this wild spur of the Alleghanies; the stars were few and very faint; even the great Scorpio lurked, vaguely outlined, above the wooded ranges; and the white mist, that filled the long, deep, narrow valley between the parallel lines of mountains, shimmered with opalescent gleams.

All the world of the watering-place had converged to that focus, the ball-room, and the cool, moon-lit piazzas were nearly deserted. The fell determination of the "Harrison folks" to give a dancing party made no impression on the preoccupied old gentleman. Another voice broke his reverie, — a soft, clear, well-modulated voice, — and he started and turned his head as his own name was called, and his niece, Mrs. Darley, came to the window.

"Uncle Ambrose, — are you there? So glad! I was afraid you were down at the summer-house, where I hear the children singing. Do come here a moment, please. This is Mrs. Johns, who brings the Indian peaches to sell, — you know the Indian peaches?"

Mr. Kenyon knew the Indian peaches, the dark crimson fruit streaked with still

darker lines, and full of blood-red juice, which he had meditatively munched that very afternoon. Mr. Kenyon knew the Indian peaches right well. He wondered, however, what had brought Mrs. Johns back in so short a time, for although the principal industry of the mountain people about the New Helvetia Springs is selling fruit to the summer sojourners, it is not customary to come twice on the same day, nor to appear at all after night-fall.

Mrs. Darley proceeded to explain. "Mrs. John's husband is ill and wants us to send him some medicine."

Mr. Kenyon rose, threw away the stump of his cigar, and entered the room. "How long has he been ill, Mrs. Johns?" he asked, dismally.

Mr. Kenyon always spoke lugubriously, and he was a dismal-looking old man. Not more cheerful was Mrs. Johns; she was tall and lank, and with such a face as one never sees except in these mountains, — elongated, sallow, thin, with pathetic, deeply sunken eyes, and high cheek-bones, and so settled an expression of hopeless melancholy that it must be that naught but care and suffering had fallen to her lot; holding out wasted hands to the years as they pass, holding them out always and always empty. She wore a shabby, faded calico, and spoke with the peculiar expressionless drawl of the mountaineer. She was a wonderful contrast to Mrs. Darley, all furbelows and flounces, with her fresh,

smooth face and soft hair, and plump, round arms half-revealed by the flowing sleeves of her thin, black dress. Mrs. Darley was in mourning, and therefore did not affect the ball-room. At this moment, on benevolent thoughts intent, she was engaged in uncorking sundry small phials, gazing inquiringly at their labels, and shaking their contents.

In reply to Mr. Kenyon's question, Mrs. Johns, sitting on the extreme edge of a chair and fanning herself with a pink calico sun-bonnet, talked about her husband, and a misery in his side and in his back, and how he felt it "a-comin' on nigh on ter a week ago." Mr. Kenyon expressed his sympathy, and was surprised by the announcement that Mrs. Johns considered her husband's illness "a blessin', 'kase ef he war able ter git out 'n his bed, he 'lowed ter go down ter Harrison's Cove ter the dancin'-party, 'kase Rick Pearson war a-goin' ter be thar, an' hed said as how none o' the Johnses should come."

"What, Rick Pearson, that terrible outlaw!" exclaimed Mrs. Darley, with wide open blue eyes. She had read in the newspapers sundry thrilling accounts of a noted horse thief and outlaw, who with a gang of kindred spirits defied justice and roamed certain sparsely-populated mountainous counties at his own wild will, and she was not altogether without a feeling of fear as she heard of his proximity to the New Helvetia Springs, — not fear for life or limb, because she was practical-minded enough to reflect that the sojourners and employés of the watering-place would far outnumber the outlaw's troop, but fear that a pair of shiny bay ponies, Castor and Pollux, would inevitably fall victims to the crafty wiles of the expert horse thief.

"I think I have heard something of a difficulty between your people and Rick Pearson," said old Mr. Kenyon. "Has a peace never been patched up between them?"

"No-o," drawled Mrs. Johns; "same as it always war. My old man 'll never believe but what Rick Pearson stole that thar bay filly we lost 'bout five year

ago. But I don't believe he done it; plenty other folks around is as mean as Rick — leastways mos' as mean; plenty mean enough ter steal a horse, ennyhow. Rick say he never tuk the filly; say he war a-goin' ter shoot off the nex' man's head as say so. Rick say he 'd rather give two bay fillies than hev a man say he tuk a horse as he never tuk. Rick say as how he kin stand up ter what he does do, but it 's these hyar lies on him what kills him out. But you know, Mis' Darley, you know yerself, he never give nobody two bay fillies in this world, an' what 's more he 's never goin' ter. My old man an' my boy Kossute talks on 'bout that thar bay filly like she war stole yestiddy, an' 't war five year ago an' better; an' when they hearn as how Rick Pearson had showed that red head o' his'n on this hyar mounting las' week, they war fightin' mad, an' would hev lit out fur the gang sure, 'ceptin' they hed been gone down the mounting fur two days. An' my son Kossute, he sent Rick word that he had better keep out 'n gun-shot o' these hyar woods; that he did n't want no better mark than that red head o' his'n, an' he could hit it two mile off. An' Rick Pearson, he sent Kossute word that he would kill him fur 'his sass the very nex' time he see him, an' ef he don't want a bullet in that pumpkin head o' his 'n he had better keep away from that dancin' party what the Harrisons hev laid off ter give, 'kase Rick say he's a-goin' to it hisself, an' is a-goin' ter dance too; he ain't been invited, Mis' Darley, but Rick don't keer fur that. He is a-goin' ennyhow, an' he say as how he ain't a-goin' ter let Kossute come, 'count o' Kossute's sass an' the fuss they 've all made 'bout that bay filly that war stole five year ago, — 't war five year an' better. But Rick say as how he is goin', fur all he ain't got no invite, an' is a-goin' ter dance too, 'kase you know, Mis' Darley, it 's a-goin' ter be a dancin' party; the Harrisons hev determined on that. Them gals of theirn air mos' crazed 'bout a dancin' party. They ain't been a bit of account sence they went down ter Cheatham's Cross-Roads

ter see their gran'mother, an' picked up all them queer new notions. So the Harrisons hev determined on a dancin' party; an' Rick say as how he is goin' ter dance too; but Jule, *she* say as how she know thar ain't a gal on the mounting as would dance with him; but I ain't so sure 'bout that, Mis' Darley; gals is cur'ous critters, you know yerself; there 's no sort o' countin' on 'em; they 'll do one thing one time, and another thing nex' time; you can't put no dependence in 'em. But Jule say of he kin git Mandy Tyler ter dance with him, it 's the mos' he kin do, an' the gang 'll be nowhar. Mebbe he kin git Mandy ter dance with him, 'kase the other boys say as how none o' them is a-goin' ter ask her ter dance, 'count of the trick she played on 'em down ter the Wilkins settlement — las' month, war it? — no, 't war two month ago, and better; but the boys ain't forgot how scandalous she done 'em, an' none of 'em is a-goin' ter ask her ter dance."

"Why, what did she do?" exclaimed Mrs. Darley, surprised. "She came here to sell peaches one day, and I thought her such a nice, pretty, well-behaved girl."

"Waal, she hev got mighty quiet say-nothin' sort 'n ways, Mis' Darley, but that thar gal do behave *rediculous*. Down thar ter the Wilkins settlement, — you know it 's 'bout two mile or two mile 'n a half from hyar, — waal, all the gals walked down thar ter the party an hour by sun, but when the boys went down they tuk their horses, ter give the gals a ride home behind 'em. Waal, every boy asked his gal ter ride while the party war goin' on, an' when 't war all over they all set out fur ter come home. Waal, this hyar Mandy Tyler is a mighty favorite 'mongst the boys, — they ain't got no sense, you know, Mis' Darley, — an' stiddier one of 'em askin' her ter ride home, thar war five of 'em asked her ter ride, ef you 'll believe me, an' what do you think she done, Mis' Darley? She tole all five of 'em yes; an' when the party war over, she war the last ter go, an' when she started out 'n the door, thar war all five of them

boys a-standin' thar waitin' fur her, an' every one a-holdin' his horse by the bridle, an' none of 'em knowed who the others war a-waitin' fur. An' this hyar Mandy Tyler, when she got ter the door an' seen 'em all a-standin' thar, never said one word, jest walked right through 'mongst 'em, an' set out fur the mounting on foot with all them five boys a-followin' an' a-leadin' their horses an' a-quarrelin' enough ter take off each others' heads 'bout which one war a-goin' ter ride with her; which none of 'em did, Mis' Darley, fur I hearn as how the whole lay-out footed it all the way ter New Helveshy. An' there would hev been a fight 'mongst 'em, 'ceptin' her brother, Jacob Tyler, went along with 'em, an' tried ter keep the peace atwixt 'em. An' Mis' Darley, all them married folks down thar at the party — them folks in the Wilkins settlement is the biggest fools sure — when all them married folks come out ter the door, an' see the way Mandy Tyler hed treated them boys, they jest hollered and laughed an' thought it war mighty smart an' funny in Mandy; but she never say a word till she come up the mounting, an' I never hearn as how she say ennything then. An' now the boys all say none of 'em is a-goin' ter ask her ter dance, ter pay her back fur them fool airs of hern. But Kossute say he 'll dance with her ef none the rest will. Kossute he thought 't war all mighty funny too, — he 's sech a fool 'bout gals, Kossute is, — but Jule, she thought as how 't war scandalous."

Mrs. Darley listened in amused surprise; that these Alleghany wilds could sustain a first-class coquette was an idea that had not hitherto entered her mind; however, "that thar Mandy" seemed, in Mrs. Johns' opinion at least, to merit the unenviable distinction, and the party at Wilkins settlement and the prospective gayety of Harrison's Cove awakened the same sentiments in her heart and mind as do the more ambitious Germans and kettledrums of the lowland cities in the heart and mind of Mrs. Grundy. Human nature is the same everywhere, and the Wilkins settlement is a microcosm. The metropoli-

tan centres, stripped of the civilization of wealth, fashion, and culture, would present only the bare skeleton of humanity outlined in Mrs. Johns' talk of Harrison's Cove, the Wilkins settlement, the enmities and scandals and sorrows and misfortunes of the mountain ridge. As the absurd resemblance developed, Mrs. Darley could not forbear a smile. Mrs. Johns looked up with a momentary expression of surprise; the story presented no humorous phase to her perceptions, but she too smiled a little as she repeated, "Scandalous, ain't it?" and proceeded in the same lack-lustre tone as before.

"Yes, — Kossute say as how he'll dance with her ef none the rest will, fur Kossute say as how he hev laid off ter dance, Mis' Darley; an' when I ask him what he thinks will become of his soul ef he dances, he say the devil may crack away at it, an' ef he kin hit it he's welcome. Fur soul or no soul he's a-goin' ter dance. Kossute is a-fixin' of hisself this very minute ter go; bnt I am verily afeerd the boy'll be slaughtered, Mis' Darley, 'kase thar is goin' ter be a fight, an' you never in all your life hearn sech sass as Kossute and Rick Pearson done sent word ter each other."

Mr. Kenyon expressed some surprise that she should fear for so young a fellow as Kossute. "Surely," he said, "the man is not brute enough to injure a mere boy; your son is a mere child." "That's so," Mrs. Johns drawled; "Kossute ain't more'n twenty year old, an' Rick Pearson is double that ef he is a day; but you see it's the fire-arms as makes Kossute more'n a match fur him, 'kase Kossute is the best shot on the mounting, an' Rick knows that in a shootin' fight Kossute's better able ter take keer of hisself an' hurt somebody else nor ennybody. Kossute's more likely ter hurt Rick nor Rick is ter hurt him in a shootin' fight; but ef Rick did n't hurt him, an' he war ter shoot Rick, the gang would tear him ter pieces in a minit; and 'mongst 'em I'm actually afeerd they'll slaughter the boy."

Mr. Kenyon looked even graver than was his wont upon receiving this infor-

mation, but said no more; and after giving Mrs. Johns the febrifuge she wished for her husband, he returned to his seat on the piazza.

Mrs. Darley watched him with some little indignation as he proceeded to light a fresh cigar. "How cold and unsympathetic uncle Ambrose is," she said to herself. And after condoling effusively with Mrs. Johns on her apprehensions for her son's safety, she returned to the gossips in the hotel parlor, and Mrs. Johns, with her pink calico sun-bonnet on her head, went her way in the brilliant summer moonlight.

The clear lustre shone white upon all the dark woods and chasms and flashing waters that lay between the New Helvetia Springs and the wide, deep ravine called Harrison's Cove, where from a rude log hut the vibrations of a violin, and the quick throb of dancing feet, already mingled with the impetuous rush of a mountain stream close by and the weird night-sounds of the hills, — the cry of birds among the tall trees, the stir of the wind, the monotonous chanting of frogs at the water-side, the long, drowsy drone of the nocturnal insects, the sudden faint blast of a distant hunter's horn, and the far baying of hounds.

Mr. Harrison had four marriageable daughters, and had arrived at the conclusion that something must be done for the girls; for, strange as it may seem, the prudent father exists even among the "mounting folks." Men there realize the importance of providing suitable homes for their daughters as men do elsewhere, and the eligible youth is as highly esteemed in those wilds as is the much scarcer animal at a fashionable watering-place. Thus it was that Mr. Harrison had "determined on a dancin' party." True, he stood in bodily fear of the judgment day and the circuit-rider; but the dancing party was a rarity eminently calculated to please the young hunters of the settlements round about, so he swallowed his qualms, to be indulged at a more convenient season, and threw himself into the vortex of preparation with an ardor very gratifying to the four young ladies, who had

become imbued with sophistication at Cheatham's Cross-Roads.

Not so Mrs. Harrison; she almost expected the house to fall and crush them, as a judgment on the wickedness of a dancing party; for so heinous a sin, in the estimation of the greater part of the mountain people, had not been committed among them for many a day. Such trifles as killing a man in a quarrel, or on suspicion of stealing a horse, or wash-tub, or anything that came handy, of course, does not count; but a dancing party! Mrs. Harrison could only hold her idle hands, and dread the heavy penalty that must surely follow so terrible a crime.

It certainly had not the gay and light-some aspect supposed to be characteristic of such a scene of sin: the awkward young mountaineers clogged heavily about in their uncoutly clothes and rough shoes, with the stolid-looking, lack-lustre maids of the hill, to the violin's monotonous iteration of *The Chicken in the Bread-Trough*, or *The Rabbit in the Pea-Patch*, — all their grave faces as grave as ever. The music now and then changed suddenly to one of those wild, melancholy strains sometimes heard in old-fashioned dancing tunes, and the strange pathetic cadences seemed more attuned to the rhythmical dash of the waters rushing over their stone barricades out in the moonlight yonder, or to the plaintive sighs of the winds among the great dark arches of the primeval forests, than to the movement of the heavy, coarse feet dancing a solemn measure in the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. The elders, sitting in rush-bottomed chairs close to the walls, and looking on at the merriment, well-pleased despite their religious doubts, were somewhat more lively; every now and then a guffaw mingled with the violin's resonant strains and the dancers' well-marked pace; the women talked to each other with somewhat more animation than was their wont, under the stress of the unusual excitement of a dancing party, and from out the shed-room adjoining came an anticipative odor of more substantial sin than the fiddle or

the grave jiggling up and down the rough floor. A little more cider too, and a very bad article of illegally-distilled whisky, was ever and anon circulated among the pious abstainers from the dance; but the sinful votaries of Terpsichore could brook no pause nor delay, and jogged up and down quite intoxicated with the mirthfulness of the plaintive old airs and the pleasure of other motion than following the plow or hoeing the corn.

And the moon smiled right royally on her dominion: on the long, dark ranges of mountains and mist-filled valleys between; on the woods and streams, and on all the half-dormant creatures either amongst the shadow-flecked foliage or under the crystal waters; on the long, white, dusty road winding in and out through the forest; on the frowning crags of the wild ravine; on the little bridge at the entrance of the gorge, across which a party of eight men, heavily armed and gallantly mounted, rode swiftly and disappeared amid the gloom of the shadows.

The sound of the galloping of horses broke suddenly on the music and the noise of the dancing; a moment's interval, and the door gently opened and the gigantic form of Rick Pearson appeared in the aperture. He was dressed, like the other mountaineers, in a coarse suit of brown jeans somewhat the worse for wear, the trowsers stuffed in the legs of his thick-soled boots; he wore an old soft felt hat, which he did not remove immediately on entering, and a pair of formidable pistols at his belt conspicuously challenged attention. He had auburn hair, and a long full beard of a lighter tint reaching almost to his waist; his complexion was much tanned by the sun, and roughened by exposure to the inclement mountain weather; his eyes were brown, deep-set, and from under his heavy brows they looked out with quick, sharp glances, and occasionally with a roguish mischievous twinkle; the expression of his countenance was rather good-humored, — a sort of imperious good-humor, however, — the expression of a man accustomed to have his own

way and not to be trifled with, but able to afford some amiability since his power is undisputed.

He stepped slowly into the apartment, placed his gun against the wall, turned, and solemnly gazed at the dancing, while his followers trooped in and obeyed his example. As the eight guns, one by one, rattled against the wall, there was a startled silence among the pious elders of the assemblage, and a sudden disappearance of the animation that had characterized their intercourse during the evening. Mrs. Harrison, who by reason of flurry and a housewifely pride in the still unrevealed treasures of the shed-room had well-nigh forgotten her fears, felt that the anticipated judgment had even now descended, and in what terrible and unexpected guise! The men turned the quids of tobacco in their cheeks and looked at each other in uncertainty; but the dancers bestowed not a glance upon the new-comers, and the musician in the corner, with his eyes half-closed, his head bent low upon the instrument, his hard, horny hand moving the bow back and forth over the strings of the crazy old fiddle, was utterly rapt by his own melody. At the supreme moment when the great red beard had appeared portentously in the doorway and fear had frozen the heart of Mrs. Harrison within her at the ill-omened apparition, the host was in the shed-room filling a broken-nosed pitcher from the cider barrel. When he re-entered, and caught sight of the grave sun-burned face with its long red beard and sharp brown eyes, he too was dismayed for an instant, and stood silent at the opposite door with the pitcher in his hand. The pleasure and the possible profit of the dancing party, for which he had expended so much of his scanty store of this world's goods and risked the eternal treasures laid up in heaven, were a mere phantasm; for, with Rick Pearson come among them, in an ill frame of mind and at odds with half the men in the room, there would certainly be a fight, and in all probability some one would be killed; and the dancing party at Harrison's Cove would be a

text for the bloody-minded sermons of the circuit-rider for all time to come. However, the father of four marriageable daughters is apt to become crafty and worldly-wise; only for a moment did he stand in indecision; then, catching suddenly the small brown eyes, he held up the pitcher with a grin of invitation. "Rick!" he called out above the scraping of the violin and the clatter of the dancing feet, "slip round hyar ef yer kin, I've got somethin' fur ye;" and he shook the pitcher significantly.

Not that Mr. Harrison would for a moment have thought of Rick Pearson in a matrimonial point of view, for even the sophistication of the Cross-Roads had not yet brought him to the state of mind to consider such a half loaf as this better than no bread, but he felt it imperative from every point of view to keep that set of young mountaineers dancing in peace and quiet, and their guns idle and out of mischief against the wall. The great red beard disappeared and reappeared at intervals, as Rick Pearson slipped along the gun-lined wall to join his host and the cider-pitcher, and after he had disposed of the refreshment, in which the gang joined, he relapsed into silently watching the dancing and meditating a participation in that festivity.

Now, it so happened that the only young girl unprovided with a partner was "that thar Mandy Tyler," of Wilkins settlement renown; the young men had rigidly adhered to their resolution to ignore her in their invitations to dance, and she had been sitting since the beginning of the festivities quite neglected among the married people, looking on at the amusement which she had been debarred sharing by that unpopular bit of coquetry at Wilkins settlement. Nothing of disappointment or mortification was expressed in her countenance; she felt the slight of course, — even a "mounting" woman is susceptible of the sting of wounded pride; all her long-anticipated enjoyment had come to naught by this infliction of penance for her ill-timed jest at the expense of those five young fellows dancing with their triumphant partners and bestowing upon

her not even a glance; but she looked the express image of immobility as she sat in her clean pink calico, so carefully gotten up for the occasion, her short black hair curling about her ears, and watched the unending reel with slow, dark eyes. Rick's glance fell upon her, and without further hesitation he strode over to where she was sitting and proffered his hand for the dance. She did not reply immediately, but looked timidly about her at the shocked pious ones on either side, who were ready but for mortal fear to aver that "dancin' ennyhow war bad enough, the Lord knew, but dancin' with a horse thief war jest scandalous!" Then, for there is something of defiance to established law and prejudice in the born flirt everywhere, with a sudden daring spirit shining in her brightening eyes, she responded, "Don't keer ef I do," with a dimpling half-laugh; and the next minute the two outlaws were flying down the middle together.

While Rick was according grave attention to the intricacies of the mazy dance and keeping punctilious time to the scraping of the old fiddle, finding it all a much more difficult feat than galloping from Minersville to the "Snake's Mouth" on some other man's horse with the sheriff hard at his heels, the solitary figure of a tall gaunt man had traversed the long winding path leading deep into the woods, and now began the steep descent to Harrison's Cove. Of what was old Mr. Kenyon thinking, as he walked on in the mingled shadow and sheen? Of St. Augustine and his Forty Monks, probably, and what they found in Britain. The young men of his acquaintance would gladly have laid you any odds that he could think of nothing but his antique hobby, the ancient church. Mr. Kenyon was the most prominent man in St. Martin's church in the city of B——, not excepting the rector. He was a lay-reader, and officiated upon occasions of "clerical sore-throat," as we profane denominate the ministerial summer exodus from heated cities. This summer, however, Mr. Kenyon's own health had succumbed, and

he was having a little "sore-throat" in the Alleghanies on his own account. Very devout was Mr. Kenyon. Many people wondered that he had never taken orders. Many people warmly congratulated themselves that he never had; for drier sermons than those he selected were surely never heard, and a shuddering imagination shrinks appalled from the problematic mental drought of his ideal original discourse. But he was an integral part of St. Martin's; much of his piety, materialized into contributions, was built up in its walls and shone before men in the costliness of its decorations. Indeed, the ancient name had been conferred upon the building as a sort of tribute to Mr. Kenyon's well-known idiosyncrasy concerning apostolic succession and kindred doctrines.

Dull and dismal was Mr. Kenyon, and therefore it may be considered a little strange that he should be a notable favorite with men. They were of many different types, but with one invariable bond of union: they had all at one time served as soldiers; for the war, now ten years passed by, its bitterness almost forgotten, had left some traces that time can never obliterate. What a friend was the droning old churchman in those days of battle and bloodshed and suffering and death! Not a man sat within the walls of St. Martin's who had not received some signal benefit from the hand stretched forth to impress the claims of certain ante-Augustine British clergy to consideration and credibility; not a man who did not remember stricken fields where a good Samaritan went about under shot and shell, binding up the wounded and comforting the dying; not a man who did not applaud the indomitable spirit and courage that cut his way from surrender and safety, through solid barriers of enemies, with the dispatches on which the fate of an army depended; not a man whose memory did not harbor fatiguing recollections of long, dull sermons read for the souls' health of the soldiery. And through it all, — by the camp-fires at night, on the long white country-roads in the sunshiny mornings; in the mountains

and the morasses; in hilarious advance and in cheerless retreat; in the heats of summer and by the side of frozen rivers, the ancient British clergy went through it all. And, whether the old churchman's premises and reasoning were false, whether his tracings of the succession were faulty, whether he dropped a link here or took in one there, he had caught the spirit of those staunch old martyrs, if not their falling churchly mantle.

The mountaineers about the New Helvetia Springs supposed that Mr. Kenyon was a regularly ordained preacher, and that the sermons which they had heard him read were, to use the vernacular, out of his own head. For many of them were accustomed on Sunday mornings to occupy humble back benches in the ball-room, where on week-day evenings the butterflies sojourning at New Helvetia danced, and on the Sabbath metaphorically beat their breasts, and literally avowed that they were "miserable sinners," following Mr. Kenyon's lugubrious lead.

The conclusion of the mountaineers was not unnatural, therefore, and when the door of Mr. Harrison's house opened and another uninvited guest entered, the music suddenly ceased. The half-closed eyes of the fiddler had fallen upon Mr. Kenyon at the threshold, and, supposing him a clergyman, he immediately imagined that the man of God had come all the way from the New Helvetia Springs to stop the dancing and snatch the revelers from the jaws of hell. The rapturous bow paused shuddering on the string, the dancing feet were palsied, the pious about the walls were racking their slow brains to excuse their apparent conniving at sin and bargaining with Satan, and Mr. Harrison felt that this was indeed an unlucky party and would undoubtedly be dispersed by the direct interposition of Providence before the shed-room was opened and the supper eaten. As to his soul — poor man! these constantly recurring social anxieties were making him callous to immortality; this life was about to prove too much for him, for the fortitude and tact even of a father of four marriageable

young ladies has a limit. Mr. Kenyon, too, seemed dumb as he hesitated in the door-way, but as the host, partially recovering himself, came forward and offered a chair, he said with one of his dismal smiles that he hoped Mr. Harrison had no objection to his coming in and looking at the dancing for a while. "Don't let me interrupt the young people, I beg," he added, as he seated himself. The astounded silence was unbroken for a few moments. To be sure he was not a circuit-rider, but even the sophistication of Cheatham's Cross-Roads had never heard of a preacher who did not object to dancing. Mr. Harrison could not believe his ears, and asked for a more explicit expression of opinion.

"Yer say yer don't keer ef the boys and gals dance?" he inquired. "Yer don't think it's sinful?"

And after Mr. Kenyon's reply, in which the astonished "mounting folks" caught only the surprising statement that dancing if properly conducted was an innocent, cheerful, and healthful amusement, supplemented by something about dancing in the fear of the Lord, and that in all charity he was disposed to consider objections to such harmless recreations a titling of mint and anise and cummin, whereby might ensue a neglect of weightier matters of the law; that clean hands and clean hearts — hands clean of blood and ill-gotten goods, and hearts free from falsehood and cruel intention — these were the things well-pleasing to God, — after his somewhat prolix reply, the gayety recommenced. The fiddle quavered tremulously at first, but soon resounded with its former vigorous tones, and the joy of the dance was again exemplified in the grave joggling back and forth.

Meanwhile Mr. Harrison sat beside this strange new guest and asked him questions concerning his church, being instantly, it is needless to say, informed of its great antiquity, of the journeying of St. Augustine and his Forty Monks to Britain, of the church they found already planted there, of its retreat to the hills of Wales under its oppressors' tyr-

anny, of many cognate themes, side issues of the main branch of the subject, into which the talk naturally drifted, the like of which Mr. Harrison had never heard in all his days. And as he watched the figures dancing to the violin's strains, and beheld as in a mental vision the solemn gyrations of those renowned Forty Monks to the monotone of old Mr. Kenyon's voice, he abstractedly hoped that the double dance would continue without interference till a peaceable dawn.

His hopes were vain. It so chanced that Kossuth Johns, who had by no means relinquished all idea of dancing at Harrison's Cove and defying Rick Pearson, had hitherto been detained by his mother's persistent entreaties, some necessary attentions to his father, and the many trials which beset a man dressing for a party who has very few clothes, and those very old and worn. Jule, his sister-in-law, had been most kind and complaisant, putting on a button here, sewing up a slit there, darning a refractory elbow, and lending him the one bright ribbon she possessed as a necktie. But all these things take time, and the moon did not light Kossuth down the gorge until she was shining almost vertically from the sky and the Harrison Cove people and the Forty Monks were dancing together in high feather. The ecclesiastic dance halted suddenly, and a watchful light gleamed in old Mr. Kenyon's eyes as he became silent and the boy stepped into the room. The moonlight and the lamp-light fell mingled on the calm, inexpressive features and tall, slender form of the young mountaineer. "Hy're, Kossute!" A cheerful greeting from many voices met him. The next moment the music ceased once again, and the dancing came to a stand-still, for as the name fell on Pearson's ear he turned, glanced sharply toward the door, and drawing one of his long pistols from his belt advanced to the middle of the room. The men fell back; so did the frightened women, without screaming, however, for that indication of feminine sensibility had not yet penetrated to Cheatham's Cross-Roads, to say nothing of the mountains.

"I told you that you warn't ter come hyar," said Rick Pearson imperiously, "and you've got ter go home ter your mammy, right off, or you'll never git thar no more, youngster."

"I've come hyar ter put *you* out, yer cussed red-headed horse thief!" retorted Kossuth, angrily; "yer hed better tell me whar that thar bay filly is, or put out, one."

It is not the habit in the mountains to parley long on these occasions. Kossuth had raised his gun to his shoulder as Rick, with his pistol at full cock, advanced a step nearer. The outlaw's weapon was struck upward by a quick, strong hand, the little log cabin was filled with flash, roar, and smoke, and the stars looked in through a hole in the roof from which Rick's bullet had sent the shingles flying. He turned in mortal terror and caught the hand that had struck his pistol, — in mortal terror, for Kossuth was the crack shot of the mountains and he felt he was a dead man. The room was somewhat obscured by smoke, but as he turned upon the man who had disarmed him, for the force of the blow had thrown the pistol to the floor, he saw that the other hand was over the muzzle of young Johns' gun, and Kossuth was swearing loudly that by the Lord A'mighty ef he did n't take it off he would shoot it off.

"My young friend," Mr. Kenyon began, with the calmness appropriate to a devout member of the one catholic and apostolic church; but then, the old Adam suddenly getting the upper-hand, he shouted out in irate tones, "If you don't stop that noise, I'll break your head! Well, Mr. Pearson," he continued, as he stood between the combatants, one hand still over the muzzle of young Johns' gun, the other, long, lean, and sinewy, holding Pearson's powerful right arm with a vise-like grip, "well, Mr. Pearson, you are not as good a soldier as you used to be; you did n't fight boys in the old times."

Rick Pearson's enraged expression suddenly gave way to a surprised recognition. "You may drag me through hell and beat me with a soot-bag ef hyar

ain't the old fightin' preacher agin!" he cried.

"I have only one thing to say to you," said Mr. Kenyon. "You must go. I will not have you here shooting boys and breaking up a party."

Rick demurred. "See hyar, now," he said, "you've got no business meddlin'."

"You must go," Mr. Kenyon reiterated.

"Preachin' s your business," Rick continued; "'pears like you don't 'tend to it, though."

"You must go."

"S'pose I say I won't," said Rick, good-humoredly; "I s'pose you'd say you'd make me."

"You must go," repeated Mr. Kenyon. "I am going to take the boy home with me, but I intend to see you off first."

Mr. Kenyon had prevented the hot-headed Kossuth from firing by keeping his hand persistently over the muzzle of the gun; and young Johns had feared to try to wrench it away lest it should discharge in the effort. Had it done so, Mr. Kenyon would have been in sweet converse with the Forty Monks in about a minute and a quarter. Kossuth had finally let go the gun, and made frantic attempts to borrow a weapon from some of his friends, but the stern authoritative mandate of the belligerent peace-maker had prevented them from gratifying him, and he now stood empty-handed beside Mr. Kenyon, who had shouldered the old rifle in a matter-of-fact, much-at-home sort of manner, implying long habitude in carrying a similar weapon in a similar soldierly style.

"Waal, Mr. Kinyon," said Rick at length, "I'll go, jest ter pleasure you. You see, I ain't forgot Shiloh."

"I am not talking about Shiloh now," said the old man. "You must get off at once,—all of you," indicating the gang, who had been so whelmed in astonishment that they had not lifted a finger to aid their chief.

"You say you'll take that—that"—Rick looked hard at Kossuth while he racked his brains for an injurious epi-

thet—"that sassy child home ter his mammy?"

"Come, I am tired of this talk," said Mr. Kenyon; "you must go."

Rick walked heavily to the door and out into the moonlight. "Them was good old times," he said to Mr. Kenyon, with a regretful cadence in his peculiar drawl; "good old times, them war days. I wish they was back agin,—I wish they was back agin. I ain't forgot Shiloh yit, though, and I ain't a-goin' ter. But I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Kinyon," he added, his mind reverting from ten years ago to the scene just past, as he untied his horse and carefully examined the saddle-girth and stirrups, "you're a mighty queer preacher, you air, a-sittin' up and lookin' at sinners dance and then gittin' in a fight that don't consarn you,—you're a mighty queer preacher! You ought ter be in my gang, that's whar *you* ought to be," he exclaimed with a guffaw, as he put his foot in the stirrup; "you've got a damned deal too much grit fur a preacher. But I ain't forgot Shiloh yit, and I don't mean ter, nuther."

A shout of laughter from the gang, an oath or two, the quick tread of horses' hoofs pressing into a gallop, and the outlaw's troop were speeding along the narrow paths that led deep into the vistas of the moonlit summer woods.

As the old churchman, with the boy at his side and the gun still on his shoulder, ascended the rocky, precipitous slope on the opposite side of the ravine above the foaming waters of the wild mountain stream, he said but little of admonition to his companion; with the disappearance of the flame and smoke and the dangerous ruffian his martial spirit had cooled; the last words of the outlaw, the highest praise Rick Pearson could accord to the highest qualities Rick Pearson could imagine—he had grit enough to belong to the gang—had smitten a tender conscience. He, at his age, using none of the means rightfully at his command, the gentle suasion of religion, must needs rush between armed men, wrench their weapons from their hands, threatening with such violence

that an outlaw and desperado, recognizing a reflex of his own belligerent and lawless spirit, should say that he ought to belong to the gang! And the heaviest scourge of the sin-laden conscience was the perception that, so far as the unsubdued old Adam went, he ought indeed.

He was not so tortured, though, that he did not think of others. He paused when they had reached the summit of the ascent, and looked back at the little house nestling in the ravine, the lamp-light streaming through its open doors and windows across the path among the laurel bushes, where Rick's gang had tied their horses.

"I wonder," said the old man, "if they are quiet and peaceable again; can you hear the music and dancing?"

"Not now," said Kossuth. Then, after a moment, "Now, I kin," he added, as the wind brought to their ears the

oft-told tale of the rabbit's gallopade in the pea-patch. "They're a-dancin' now, and all right agin."

As they walked along, Mr. Kenyon's racked conscience might have been in a slight degree comforted had he known that he was in some sort a revelation to the impressible lad at his side, that Kossuth had begun dimly to comprehend that a Christian may be a man of spirit also, and that bravado does not constitute bravery. Now that the heat of anger was over, the young fellow was glad that the fearless interposition of the warlike peace-maker had prevented any killing, "kase of the old man had n't hung on ter my gun like he done, I'd have been a murderer like he said, an' Rick would hev been dead. An' the bay filly ain't sech a killin' matter no-how; ef it war the roan three-year-old now, 't would be different."

Charles Egbert Craddock.

RECENT FLORENCE.

I HAVE never known Florence more charming than I found her for a week in this brilliant October. She sat in the sunshine beside her yellow river like the little treasure-city that she has always seemed, without commerce, without other industry than the manufacture of mosaic paper-weights and alabaster Cupids, without actuality, or energy, or earnestness, or any of those rugged virtues which in most cases are deemed indispensable for civic robustness; with nothing but the little unaugmented stock of her mediæval memories, her tender-colored mountains, her churches and palaces, pictures and statues. There were very few strangers; one's detested fellow sight-seer was infrequent; the native population itself seemed scanty; the sound of wheels in the streets was but occasional; by eight o'clock at night, apparently, every one had gone to bed,

and the wandering tourist, still wandering, had the place to himself, — had the thick shadow-masses of the great palaces, and the shafts of moonlight striking the polygonal paving-stones, and the empty bridges, and the silvered yellow of the Arno, and the stillness broken only by a homeward step, accompanied by a snatch of song from a warm Italian voice. My room at the inn looked out on the river, and was flooded all day with sunshine. There was an absurd orange-colored paper on the walls; the Arno, of a hue not altogether different, flowed beneath, and on the other side of it rose a line of sallow-fronted houses, of extreme antiquity, crumbling and moldering, bulging and protruding over the stream. (I talk of their fronts; but what I saw was their shabby backs, which were exposed to the cheerful flicker of the river, while the fronts stood forever

in the deep, damp shadow of a narrow mediæval street.) All this brightness and yellowness was a perpetual delight; it was a part of that indefinably charming color which Florence always seems to wear as you look up and down at it from the river, from the bridges and quays. This is a kind of grave brilliancy — a harmony of high tints — which I am at a loss to describe. There are yellow walls and green blinds and red roofs, and intervals of brilliant brown and natural-looking blue; but the picture is not spotty or gaudy, thanks to the colors being distributed in large and comfortable masses, and to its being washed over, as it were, by I cannot say what happy softness of sunshine. The river-front of Florence is, in short, a delightful composition. Part of its charm comes, of course, from the generous aspect of those high-based old Tuscan palaces which a renewal of acquaintance with them has again commended to me as the most dignified dwellings in the world. Nothing can be finer than that look of giving up the whole immense area and elevation of the ground-floor to simple purposes of vestibule and staircase, of court and high-arched entrance; as if this were all but a massive pedestal for the real habitation, and people were not properly housed unless, to begin with, they should be lifted fifty feet above the pavement. The great blocks of the basement, the great intervals, horizontally and vertically, from window to window (telling of the height and breadth of the rooms within); the armorial shield hung forward at one of the angles; the wide-brimmed roof, overshadowing the narrow street; the rich old browns and yellows of the walls, — these simple elements are put together with admirable art.

Take one of these noble structures out of its oblique situation in town; call it no longer a palace, but a villa; set it down upon a terrace, on one of the hills that encircle Florence, with a row of high-waisted cypresses beside it, a grassy court-yard, and a view of the Florentine towers and the valley of the Arno, and you will think it perhaps

even more impressive and picturesque. It was a Sunday noon, and brilliantly warm, when I arrived in Florence; and after I had looked from my windows awhile at that quietly-basking river-front I have spoken of, I took my way across one of the bridges and then out of one of the gates, — that immensely tall old Roman Gate, whereof the space from the top of the arch to the cornice (except that there is scarcely a cornice, it is all a plain, massive piece of wall) is as great (or seems to be) as that from the ground to the former point. Then I climbed a steep and winding way — much of it a little dull, if one likes, being bounded by mottled, mossy garden walls — to a villa on a hill-top, where I found various things that seemed to resolve my journey into a sort of pilgrimage of admiration and envy. Seeing them again, often, for a week, both by sunlight and moonshine, I never quite learned not to covet them; not to feel that not being a part of them was somehow to miss a particular little chance of felicity. What a tranquil, contented life it seemed, with exquisite beauty as a part of its daily texture! — the sunny terrace, with its tangled *podere* beneath it; the bright gray olives against the bright blue sky; the long, serene, horizontal lines of other villas, flanked by their upward cypresses, disposed upon the neighboring hills; the richest little city in the world in a softly-scooped hollow at one's feet, and beyond it the most beautiful of views, changing color, shifting shadows, and through all its changes remaining grandly familiar. Within the villa was a great love of art and a painting-room full of successful work, so that if human life there seemed very tranquil, the tranquillity meant simply contentment and devoted occupation. A beautiful occupation in that beautiful position, what could possibly be better? That is what I spoke just now of envying, a way of life that is not afraid of a little isolation and tolerably quiet days. When such a life presents itself in a dull or an ugly place, we esteem it, we admire it, but we do not feel it to be the ideal of good fortune. When, however,

the people who lead it move as figures in an ancient, noble landscape, and their walks and contemplations are like a turning of the leaves of history, we seem to be witnessing an admirable case of virtue made easy; meaning here by virtue, contentment and concentration, the love of privacy and of study. One need not be exacting if one lives among local conditions that are of themselves constantly suggestive. "It is true, indeed, that I might, after a certain time, grow weary of a regular afternoon stroll among the Florentine lanes; of the sitting on low parapets, in intervals of flower-topped wall, and looking across at Fiesole, or down the rich-hued valley of the Arno towards Pisa and the sea; of pausing at the open gates of villas and wondering at the height of cypresses and the depth of loggias; of walking home in the fading light and noting on a dozen westward-looking surfaces the glow of the opposite sunset. But for a week or so all this was a charming entertainment. The villas are innumerable, and, if one is a stranger, half the talk is about villas. This one has a story; that one has another; they all look as if they had stories. Most of them are offered to rent (many of them for sale) at prices unnaturally low; you may have a tower and a garden, a chapel and a stretch of thirty windows, for three or four hundred dollars a year. In imagination, you hire three or four; you take possession, and settle, and live there. About the finest there is something very grave and stately; about two or three of the best there is something even solemn and tragic. From what does this latter impression come? You gather it as you stand there in the early dusk, looking at the long, pale-brown façade, the enormous windows, the iron cages fastened upon the lower ones. Part of the sadness of aspect of these great houses comes, even when they have not fallen into decay, from their look of having outlived their original use. Their extraordinary largeness and massiveness are a satire upon their present fate. They were not built with such a thickness of wall and depth of embrasure,

such a solidity of staircase and superfluity of stone, simply to afford an economical winter residence to English and American families. I don't know whether it was the appearance of these strong old villas, which seemed so dumbly conscious of a change of manners, that threw a tinge of melancholy over the general prospect; certain it is that, having always found this plaintive note in the beautiful harmony of the view, it seemed to me now particularly distinct. "Lovely, lovely, but oh, how sad!" the fanciful stranger could not but murmur to himself as, in the late afternoon, he looked at the view from over one of the low parapets, and then, with his hands in his pockets, turned away indoors to candles and dinner.

Below, in the city, in wandering about in the streets and churches and museums, it was impossible not to have a good deal of the same feeling; but here the impression was more easy to analyze. It came from a sense of the perfect separateness of all the artistic beauty that formed the shrine of one's pilgrimage from the present and the future of the place, from the actual life and manners, the native ideal. I have already spoken of the way in which the great aggregation of beautiful works of art in the Italian cities strikes the visitor nowadays (so far as present Italy is concerned) as the mere stock in trade of an impecunious but thrifty people. It is this metaphysical desertedness and loneliness of the great works of architecture and sculpture that deposits a certain weight upon the heart; when we see a great tradition broken we feel something of the pain with which we hear a stifled cry. But feeling sad is one thing and feeling angry is another. Seeing one morning, in a shop-window, the series of *Mornings in Florence* published a few years since by Mr. Ruskin, I made haste to enter and purchase these amusing little books, some passages of which I remembered formerly to have read. I could not turn over many of their pages without observing that that "separateness" of the new and old which I just mentioned had produced in their author

the liveliest irritation. With the more acute phases of this sentiment it was difficult to sympathize, for the simple reason, it seems to me, that it savors of arrogance to demand of any people, as a right, that they shall be artistic. "Be artistic yourselves!" is the very natural reply that young Italy has at hand for English critics and censors. When a people produces beautiful statues and pictures it gives us something more than is set down in the bond, and we must thank it for its generosity; and when it stops producing them or caring for them we may cease thanking, but we hardly have a right to begin and abuse it. The wreck of Florence, says Mr. Ruskin, "is now too ghastly and heart-breaking to any human soul that remembers the days of old;" and these desperate words are an allusion to the fact that the little square in front of the cathedral, at the foot of Giotto's Tower, with the grand Baptistery on the other side, is now the resort of a number of hackney-coaches and omnibuses. This fact is doubtless regrettable, and it would be a hundred times more agreeable to see among people who have been made the heirs of so priceless a work of art as that sublime campanile some such feeling about it as would keep it free from even the shadow of defilement. A cab-stand is a very ugly and dirty place, and Giotto's Tower should have nothing in common with such conveniences. But there is more than one way of taking such things, and a quiet traveler, who has been walking about for a week with his mind full of the sweetness and suggestiveness of a hundred Florentine places, may feel at last, in looking into Mr. Ruskin's little tracts that, discord for discord, there is not much to choose between the importance of the author's personal ill-humor and the incongruity of horse-pails and bundles of hay. And one may say this without being at all a partisan of the doctrine of the *inevitableness* of modern desecration and injury. For my own part, I believe there are few things in this line that the new Italian spirit is not capable of, and not many, indeed, that we are not destined to see. Pictures

and buildings will not be completely destroyed, because in that case foreigners with full pockets would cease to visit the country, and the turn-stiles at the doors of the old palaces and convents, with the little patented slit for absorbing your half franc, would grow quite rusty, and creak with disuse. But it is safe to say that the new Italy, growing into an old Italy again, will continue to take her elbow-room wherever she finds it.

I am almost ashamed to say what I did with Mr. Ruskin's little books. I put them into my pocket and betook myself to Santa Maria Novella. There I sat down, and after I had looked about for a while at the beautiful church (in which I had often sat before), I drew them forth, one by one, and read the greater part of them. Occupying one's self with light literature in a great religious edifice is perhaps as bad a piece of profanation as any of those rude dealings which Mr. Ruskin justly deplures; but a traveler has to make the most of odd moments, and I was waiting for a friend in whose company I was to go and look at Giotto's beautiful frescoes in the cloister of the church. My friend was a long time coming, so that I had an hour with Mr. Ruskin, whom I called just now a light *littérateur* because in these little Mornings in Florence he is forever making his readers laugh. I remembered, of course, where I was; and, in spite of my smiles, I felt that I had rarely got such a snubbing. I had really been enjoying the good old city of Florence; but I now learned from Mr. Ruskin that this was a scandalous waste of good humor. I should have gone about with an imprecation on my lips, clad in a voluminous suit of sackcloth and ashes. I had taken great pleasure in certain frescoes by Ghirlandaio, in the choir of that very church; but it appeared from one of the little books that these frescoes were but a narrow escape from being rubbish. I had greatly admired Santa Croce, and I had thought the Duomo a very noble affair; but I had now the most positive assurance I was all wrong. After a while, if it was only ill-humor that was needed for doing honor to the

city of the Medici, I felt that I had risen to a proper level, only now it was Mr. Ruskin himself I had lost patience with, and not the stupid Brunelleschi or the flimsy Ghirlandaio. Indeed, I lost patience altogether, and asked myself by what right this garrulous cynic pretended to run riot through a quiet traveler's relish for the noblest of pleasures, — his wholesome enjoyment of the loveliest of cities. The little books seemed invidious and insane, and it was only when I remembered that I had been under no obligation to buy them that I checked myself in repenting of having done so. Then, at last, my friend arrived, and we passed together out of the church, and through the first cloister beside it into a smaller inclosure, where we stood a while to look at the tomb of the Marchesa Strozzi-Ridolfi, upon which the great Giotto has painted four superb little pictures. It was easy to see the pictures were superb; but I drew forth one of my little books again, for I had observed that Mr. Ruskin spoke of them. Hereupon I was all smiles again; for what could be better, in this case, I asked myself, than Mr. Ruskin's remarks? They are, in fact, excellent and charming, and full of appreciation of the deep and simple beauty of the great painter's work. I read them aloud to my companion; but my companion was rather, as the phrase is, "put off" by them. One of the frescoes (it is a picture of the birth of the Virgin) contains a figure coming through a door. "Of ornament," I quote, "there is only the entirely simple outline of the vase which the servant carries; of color two or three masses of sober red and pure white, with brown and gray. That is all," Mr. Ruskin continues. "And if you are pleased with this you can see Florence. But if not, by all means amuse yourself there, if you find it amusing, as long as you like; you can never see it." *You can never see it.* This seemed to my friend insufferable, and I had to shuffle away the book again, so that we might look at the fresco with the unruffled geniality it deserves. We agreed afterwards, when in a more convenient

place I read aloud a good many more passages from Mr. Ruskin's tracts, that there are a great many ways of seeing Florence, as there are of seeing most beautiful and interesting things, and that it is very dry and pedantic to say that the happy vision depends upon our squaring our toes with a certain particular chalk-mark. We see Florence wherever and whenever we enjoy it, and for enjoying it we find a great many more pretexts than Mr. Ruskin seems inclined to allow. My friend and I agreed also, however, that the little books were an excellent purchase, on account of the great charm and felicity of much of their incidental criticism; to say nothing, as I hinted just now, of their being extremely amusing. Nothing, in fact, is more comical than the familiar asperity of the author's style and the pedagogic fashion in which he pushes and pulls about his unhappy pupils; jerking their heads toward this, rapping their knuckles for that, sending them to stand in corners, and giving them Latin verses to copy. But it is not either the felicities or the aberrations of detail, in Mr. Ruskin's writings, that are the main affair for most readers; it is the general tone that, as I have said, puts them off or draws them on. For many persons he will never bear the test of being read in this rich old Italy, where art, so long as it really lived at all, was spontaneous, joyous, irresponsible. If the reader is in daily contact with those beautiful Florentine works which do still, in a way, force themselves into notice through the vulgarity and cruelty of modern profanation, it will seem to him that Mr. Ruskin's little books are pitched in the strangest falsetto key. "One may read a hundred pages of this sort of thing," said my friend, "without ever dreaming that he is talking about art. You can say nothing worse about it than that." And that is very true. Art is the one corner of human life in which we may absolutely take our ease. To justify our presence there the only thing that is demanded of us is that we shall have a great deal of vivacity. In other places our vivacity is conditioned and embarrassed; we are

allowed to have only so much as is consistent with that of our neighbors; with their convenience and well-being, with their convictions and prejudices, their rules and regulations. Art means an escape from all this. Wherever her brilliant standard floats the need for apologies and justifications is suspended; there it is enough simply that we please or that we are pleased. There the tree is judged only by its fruits. If these are sweet, one is welcome to shake them down.

One may read a great many pages of Mr. Ruskin without getting a hint of this delightful truth; a hint of the not unimportant fact that art, after all, is made for us, and not we for art. This idea of the value of a work of art being the amount of entertainment it yields is conspicuous by its absence. And as for Mr. Ruskin's world of art being a place where we may take life easily, woe to the luckless mortal who enters it with any such disposition. Instead of a garden of delight, he finds a sort of assize court, in perpetual session. Instead of a place in which human responsibilities are lightened and suspended, he finds a region governed by a kind of Draconic legislation. His responsibilities, indeed, are tenfold increased; the gulf between truth and error is forever yawning at his feet; the pains and penalties of this same error are advertised, in scriptural terminology, upon a thousand sign-posts; and the poor wanderer soon begins to look back with infinite longing to the kindlier aspect of common duty. There can be no greater want of tact in dealing with those things with which men attempt to ornament life than to be perpetually talking about "error." A truce to all rigidities is the law of the place; the only thing that is absolute there is sensible charm. The grim old bearer of the scales begs off; she feels that this is not her province. Differences here are not iniquity and righteousness; they are simply notes in the scale of inventiveness. We are not under theological government.

It was very charming, in the bright, warm days, to wander from one corner

of Florence to another, paying one's respects again to remembered masterpieces. It was pleasant also to find that memory had played no tricks, and that the beautiful things of an earlier year were as beautiful as ever. To enumerate these beautiful things would take a great deal of space; for I never had been more struck with the mere quantity of brilliant Florentine work. Even giving up the Duomo and Santa Croce to Mr. Ruskin as very ill-arranged edifices, — though it is surprising what an amount of incidental pleasure an ill-arranged edifice, of a great fashion, can bestow, — the list of the Florentine treasures is well-nigh inexhaustible. Those long outer galleries of the Uffizi had never seemed to me more picturesque; sometimes there were not more than two or three figures standing there, Baedeker in hand, to break the charming perspective. One side of this gallery, it will be remembered, is entirely composed of glass; a continuity of old-fashioned windows, draped with white curtains of rather primitive fashion, which hang there till they grow picturesquely yellow. The light, passing through them, is softly filtered and diffused; it rests mildly upon the old marbles — chiefly antique Roman busts — which stand in the narrow intervals of the casements. It is projected upon the numerous pictures that cover the opposite wall, and that are not by any means, as a general thing, the gems of the great collection; it imparts a faded brightness to the old ornamental arabesques upon the painted wooden ceiling, and it makes a great, soft shining upon the marble floor, in which, as you look up and down, you see the strolling tourists and the motionless copyists almost reflected. I don't know why I should find an extreme entertainment in so humble a *mise en scène*; but, in fact, I have seldom gone into the Uffizi without walking the length of this third-story cloister, between the (for the most part) third-rate pictures and the faded cotton window curtains. Why is it that in Italy we see a charm in things which in other countries we should consign to the populous limbo of the vul-

garities? If, in the city of New York, a great museum of the arts were to be provided, by way of decoration, with a species of veranda inclosed on one side by a series of small-paned casements, draped in dirty linen, and furnished on the other with an array of pictorial feebleness, the place being surmounted by a thinly-painted wooden roof, strongly suggestive of summer heat, of winter cold, of frequent leakage, those amateurs who had had the advantage of foreign travel would be at small pains to conceal their contempt. Contemptible or respectable, to the judicial mind, this quaint old loggia of the Uffizi admitted me into twenty chambers where I found as great a number of ancient favorites. I do not know that I had a warmer greeting for any old friend than for Andrea del Sarto, that most beautiful of painters who is not one of the first. But it was on the other side of the Arno that I found him in force, in those great dusky drawing-rooms of the Pitti Palace, to which you take your way along the aerial tunnel that wanders through the houses of Florence and is supported by the little goldsmith's booths on the Ponte Vecchio. In the rich, insufficient light of these beautiful rooms, where, to look at the pictures, you sit in damask chairs and rest your elbows on tables of malachite, Andrea del Sarto becomes peculiarly effective. Before long you find yourself loving him as a brother. But the great pleasure, after all, was to revisit the earlier geniuses, in those specimens of them especially that bloom so tenderly upon the big, plain walls of the Academy. Fra Angelico and Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, and Lorenzo di Credi are the sweetest and best of all painters; as I sat for an hour in their company, in the cold, great hall of the institution I have mentioned, — there are shabby rafters above and an immense expanse of brick tiles below, and many bad pictures as well as good ones, — it seemed to me more than ever that, if one really had to choose, one could not do better than choose here. You may sit very quietly and comfortably at the Academy, in this big first room, — at the upper end, espe-

cially, on the left, — because, more than many other places, it savors of old Florence. More for instance, in reality, than the Bargello, though the Bargello makes great pretensions. Beautiful and picturesque as the Bargello is, it smells too strongly of "restoration," and, much of old Italy as still lurks in its furnished and renovated chambers, it speaks even more distinctly of the ill-mannered young kingdom that has (as unavoidably as you please) lifted down a hundred delicate works of sculpture from the convent walls where their pious authors placed them. If the early Tuscan painters are exquisite, I can think of no praise positive enough for the sculptors of the same period, Donatello and Luca della Robbia, Matteo Civitate and Mino da Fiesole, who, as I refreshed my memory of them, seemed to me to leave absolutely nothing to be desired in the way of purity of inspiration and grace of invention. The Bargello is full of early Tuscan sculpture, most of the pieces of which have come from suppressed convents; and even if the visitor is an ardent liberal, he is uncomfortably conscious of the rather brutal process by which it has been collected. One can hardly envy young Italy the number of disagreeable things she has had to do.

The railway journey from Florence to Rome has been altered both for the better and for the worse: for the better, in that it has been shortened for a couple of hours; for the worse, inasmuch as, when about half the distance has been traversed, the train deflects to the westward and leaves the beautiful old cities of Assisi and Perugia, Terni and Narni, unvisited. Of old, it was possible to visit these places, in a manner, from the window of the train; even if you did not stop, as you probably could not, every time you passed, the picturesque fashion in which, like a loosened belt on an aged and shrunken person, their old red walls held them easily together was something well worth noting. Now, however, by way of compensation, the express train to Rome stops at Orvieto, and in consequence . . . In consequence what? What is the consequence

of an express train stopping at Orvieto? As I glibly wrote the above sentence I suddenly paused, with a sense of the queer stuff I was uttering. That an express train would graze the base of the horrid purple mountain from the apex of which this dark old Catholic city uplifts the glittering front of its cathedral—that might have been foretold by a keen observer of our manners. But that it would really have the grossness to stop there, this is a fact over which, as he records it, a sentimental chronicler may well make what is vulgarly called an ado. The train does stop at Orvieto, not very long, it is true, but long enough to let you get out. The same phenomenon takes place on the following day, when, having visited the city, you get in again. I availed myself of both of these occasions, having formerly neglected the more harmonious opportunities of the posting method. And really, the railway station being in the plain, and the town on the summit of an extraordinary hill, you have time to forget all about the triumphs of steam while you wind upwards to the city gate. The position of Orvieto is superb; it is worthy of the "middle-distance" of a last century landscape. But, as every one knows, the beautiful cathedral is the proper attraction of the place, which, indeed, save for this fine monument, and

for its craggy and crumbling ramparts, is a meanly arranged and, as Italian cities go, ~~not~~ particularly impressive little town. I spent a beautiful Sunday there, and I looked at the charming church. I looked at it a great deal,—a great deal considering that on the whole I found it inferior to its fame. Intensely brilliant, however, is the densely carved front; densely covered with the freshest looking mosaics. The old white marble of the sculptured portions is as softly yellow as ancient ivory; the large, exceedingly bright pictures above them flashed and twinkled in the splendid weather. Very beautiful and interesting are the theological frescoes of Luca Signorelli within; though I have seen pictures I can imagine myself growing fonder of. Very enchanting, finally, are the clear-faced saints and seraphs, in robes of pink and azure, whom Fra Angelico has painted upon the ceiling of the great chapel, along with a noble sitting figure—more expressive of movement than most of the creations of this pictorial peace-maker—of Christ in judgment. But the interest of the cathedral of Orvieto is mainly not the visible result, but the historical process that lies behind it; those three hundred years of devoted popular labor of which an American scholar has written an admirable account.¹

Henry James, Jr.

THE CAPTAIN'S DRUM.

ENFIELD, CONNECTICUT, APRIL, 1775.

IN Pilgrim land, one Sabbath-day,
 The winter lay like sheep about
 The ragged pastures mullein gray;
 The April sun shone in and out,
 The showers swept by in fitful flocks,
 And eaves ticked fast like mantel clocks;

¹ Charles Eliot Norton: *Study and Travel in Italy.*

And now and then a wealthy cloud
Would wear a ribbon broad and bright,
And now and then a winged crowd
Of shivering azure flash in sight.
So rainbows bend and bluebirds fly
And violets show their bits of sky.

To Enfield church throng all the town,
In quilted hood and bombazine,
In beaver hat with flaring crown,
And quaint vandyke and victorine;
And buttoned boys in roundabout
From calyx collars blossom out;

Bandanas wave their feeble fire,
And foot-stoves tinkle up the aisle;
A gray-haired elder leads the choir,
And girls in linsey-woolsey smile.
So back to life the beings glide
Whose very graves have ebbed and died.

One hundred years have waned, and yet
We call the roll, and not in vain,
For one whose flint-lock musket set
The echoes wild round Fort Duquesne,
And smelled the battle's powder smoke
Ere Revolution's thunders woke.

Lo, Thomas Abbe answers, "Here!"
Within the dull long-metre place.
That day, upon the parson's ear,
And trampling down his words of grace,
A horseman's gallop rudely beat
Along the splashed and empty street.

The rider drew his dripping rein,
And then a letter, wasp-nest gray,
That ran: "The Concord minute-men
And red-coats had a fight to-day!
To Captain Abbe this with speed."
Twelve little words to tell the dead.

The captain read, struck out for home
The old quickstep of battle born,
Slung on once more a battered drum
That bore a painted unicorn,
Then right-about, as whirls a torch,
He stood before the sacred porch.

And then a murmuring of bees
Broke in upon the house of prayer;
And then a wind-song swept the trees,
And then a snarl from wolfish lair;

And then a charge of grenadiers,
And then a flight of drum-beat cheers.

So drum and doctrine rudely blent,
The casements rattled strange accord;
No mortal knew what either meant;
'T was double-drag and Holy Word,
Thus saith the drum, and thus the Lord.
The captain raised so wild a rout
He drummed the congregation out.

The people gathered round amazed;
The soldier bared his head and spoke,
And every sentence burned and blazed,
As trenchant as a sabre stroke:
" 'T is time to pick the flint to-day,
To sling the knapsack, and away!

" The green of Lexington is red
With British red-coats, brothers' blood!
In rightful cause the earliest dead
Are always best beloved of God.
Mark time! Now let the march begin!
All bound for Boston fall right in!"

Then rub-a-dub the drum jarred on,
The throbbing roll of battle beat;
" Fall in, my men!" and one by one
They rhymed the tune with heart and feet.
And so they made a Sabbath march
To glory 'neath the elm-tree arch.

The Continental line unwound
Along the church-yard's breathless sod,
And holier grew the hallowed ground
Where Virtue slept and Valor trod.
Two hundred strong that April day
They rallied out and marched away.

Brigaded there at Bunker Hill,
Their names are writ on Glory's page.
The brave old captain's Sunday drill
Has drummed its way across the age.

Benjamin F. Taylor.

FROM PONKAPOG TO PESTH.

I.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

IN a previous paper¹ belonging to this series, I landed the reader on the shores of the Old World without giving him the slightest intimation as to how he got there. It is the purpose of the present chapter briefly to atone for that discourtesy.

On every steamer plowing its way across the Atlantic there are always several passengers who never miss a single one of the five meals served each day. In the interim between breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper, they smoke heavy black cigars — *cabañas*, I think — on the upper deck. They throw seafaring glances aloft, — for these folks are nothing if not nautical; they indulge in bets on how many knots an hour; it is never twelve o'clock or six o'clock with them, but so many bells. They even know the binnacle by sight. At night, in the grand saloon, they laugh and talk and play cards with a sort of unholy glee. If one of them chances to pass your open state-room door just before breakfast, you are immediately conscious of a penetrating aromatic odor in the air. You vaguely recognize it as the odor of a morning beverage which you knew in happier days, but do not greatly care for now.

I did not make the personal acquaintance of any of these abnormal beings on board her majesty's Cunard steamship *Abyssinia*, for, though I had been used to the sea all my life, — had, in fact, barely escaped being born on it, — I lay deathly sick in my berth from the time we left Sandy Hook Light until we sighted the Irish coast. Let me hope that in the mean while the reader was happy on deck and had suffered no sea change.

A conversation which I happened to

overhear one night in the state-room adjoining mine is the only detail I can give of that voyage across the Atlantic; but it is a detail not without significance. Indeed, it presents the whole situation in a nutshell.

For the first three days out the sea had been remarkably smooth, — “as smooth as glass,” Captain Haines observed. With the exception of an occasional impromptu plunge into a brother passenger, you could pace the deck quite comfortably, — provided you could pace it at all. Out of politeness to the pleasant weather the sky-light of the main saloon had not been closed. Taking advantage of this circumstance, a heavy sea broke over the stern-rail one midnight and deposited about fifty gallons of ocean wave in the cabin. The hurried shuffling of feet on deck and the shrieks from the undated berths on the port side awakened everybody. Presently I heard a feeble voice uplifted in the state-room next to mine, — evidently the voice of a Briton: —

“Fwedwick — aw — I say — what's up?”

“Nothing at all, my boy. We only shipped a sea.”

“What a beastly ideah!”

“Go to sleep.”

“Aw — yes — but I carn't, you know.”

“Carn't you take a bit of sherry, then?”

Silence. The wind had sensibly freshened, and the ship began pitching in a most disagreeable fashion, now and then giving a roll to leeward to show what it could do in that line. In one of those careenings the ponderous screw, missing its grip on the water, quivered convulsively through all its length, and for an instant the great iron-plated hulk seemed to be seized by a death spasm. The sudden calm which followed, as the bronze fins were again submerged, was almost oppressive.

¹ Atlantic Monthly, vol. xxxix., page 19.

Once more the feeble voice lifted its head, so to speak:—

“Fwedwick—aw—I say—are we sinking?”

“Sinking? No! What blarsted rubbish!”

“Aw—I’m devilish sorry!”

II.

ON A BALCONY.

I hate—if it is not using too strong language—to say that one hates—a balcony. A balcony is a humiliating architectural link between in-doors and out-of-doors. To be on a balcony is to be nowhere in particular: you are not exactly at home, and yet cannot be described as out; your privacy and your freedom are alike sacrificed. The approaching bore can draw a bead on you with his rifled eye, and wing you at a thousand paces. You may gaze abstractedly at a cloud, or turn your back, but you cannot escape him,—though the chance is always open to you to drop a bureau on him as he lifts his hand to the bell-knob. One could fill a volume with a condensed catalogue of the inconveniences of an average balcony. But when the balcony hangs from the third-story window of an Old World palace, and when the façade of that Old World palace looks upon the Bay of Naples, you had better think twice before you speak disparagingly of balconies. With that sheet of mysteriously blue water in front of you; with Mount Vesuvius moodily smoking his perpetual calumet on your left; with the indented shore sweeping towards Pozzuoli and Baiæ on your right; with Capri and Ischia notching the ashen gray line of the horizon; with the tender heaven of May bending over all,—with these accessories, I say, it must be conceded that one might be very much worse off in this world than on a balcony.

I know that I came to regard the narrow iron-grilled shelf suspended from my bed-room window in the hotel on the Strada Chiatamone as the choicest

spot in all Naples. After a ramble through the unsavory streets it was always a pleasure to get back to it, and I think I never in my life did a more sensible thing in the department of pure idleness than when I resolved to spend an entire day on that balcony. One morning, after an early breakfast, I established myself there in an arm-chair placed beside a small table holding a couple of books, a paper of cigarettes, and a field-glass. My companions had gone to explore the picture-galleries; but I had my picture-gallery *chez moi*,—in the busy *strada* below, in the villa-fringed bay, in the cluster of yellow-roofed little towns clinging to the purple slopes of Mount Vesuvius and patiently awaiting annihilation. The beauty of Naples lies along its water-front, and from my coigne of vantage I had nothing to desire.

If the Bay of Naples had not been described a million times during the present century, I should still not attempt to describe it: I have made a discovery which no other traveler seems to have made,—that its loveliness is untranslatable. Moreover, enthusiasm is not permitted to the modern tourist. He may be æsthetic, or historic, or scientific, or analytic, or didactic, or any kind of ic, except enthusiastic. He may be Meissonier-like in his detail; he may give you the very tint and texture of a honey-combed frieze over a Byzantine gate-way, or lay bare the yet faintly palpitating heart of some old-time tragedy, but he must do it in a nonchalant, pulseless manner, with a semi-supercilious elevation of nostril. He would lose his self-respect if he were to be deeply moved by anything, or really interested in anything.

“All that he sees in Bagdad
Is the Tigris to float him away.”

He is the very antipode of his elder brother of fifty years syne, who used to go about filling his note-book with Thoughts on Standing at the Tomb of Marcus Antoninus, Emotions on Finding a Flea on my Shirt Collar in the Val d’Arno. The latter-day tourist is a great deal less innocent, but is he more

amusing than those old-fashioned sentimental travelers who had at least freshness of sympathies and never dreamed of trying to pass themselves off as cynics? Dear, ingenuous, impressible souls, — peace to your books of travel! May they line none but trunks destined to prolonged foreign tours, or those thrice happy trunks which go on bridal journeys!

At the risk of being relegated to the footing of those emotional ancients, I am going to confess to an unrequited passion for Mount Vesuvius. Never was passion less regarded by its object. I did not aspire to be received with the warmth of manner that characterized its reception of the elder Pliny in the year 79, but I did want Mount Vesuvius to pay me a little attention, which it might easily have done, — without putting itself out. On arriving in town I had called on Mount Vesuvius. The acquaintance rested there. Every night after my candle was extinguished I stood a while at the open window and glanced half-expectantly across the bay; but the sullen monster made no sign. That slender spiral column of smoke, spreading out like a toad-stool on attaining a certain height, but neither increasing nor diminishing in volume, lifted itself into the starlight. Sometimes I fancied that the smoke had taken a deeper lurid tinge; but it was only fancy. How I longed for a sudden burst of flame and scoræ from those yawning jaws! — for one awful instant's illumination of the bay and the shipping and the picturesque villages asleep at the foot of the mountain! I did not care to have the spectacle last more than four or five heart-beats at the longest; but it was a thing worth wishing for.

I do not believe that even the most hardened traveler is able wholly to throw off the grim fascination of Mount Vesuvius so long as he is near it; and I quite understand the potency of the spell which has led the poor people of Resina to set up their Lares and Penates on cinder-buried Herculaneum. Bide your time, O Resina, and Portici, and Torre del Greco! The doom of Pom-

peii and Herculaneum shall yet be yours. "If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it *will* come."

Indeed, these villages have suffered repeatedly in ancient and modern times. In the eruption of 1631 seven torrents of lava swept down the mountain, taking in their course Bosco, Torre dell' Annunziata, Torre del Greco, Resina, and Portici, and destroying three thousand lives. That calamity and later though not so terrible catastrophes have not prevented the people from rebuilding on the old sites. The singular fertility of the soil around the base of the volcanic pile lures them back, — or is it that they are under the influence of that nameless glamour I have hinted at? Perhaps those half-indistinguishable shapes of petrified gnome and satyr and glyptodon which lie tumbled in heaps all about this region have something to do with it. It would be easy to believe that some of the nightmare figures and landscapes in Doré's illustrations of *The Wandering Jew* were suggested to the artist by the fantastic forms in which the lava streams have cooled along the flanks of Vesuvius.

A man might spend a busy life in studying the phenomena of this terrible mountain. It is undergoing constant changes. The paths to the crater have to be varied from month to month, so it is never safe to make the ascent without a guide. There is a notable sympathy existing between the volcanoes of Vesuvius and *Ætna*, although seventy miles apart; when one is in a period of unusual activity, the other, as a rule, remains quiescent. May be the imprisoned giant Enceladus works both forges. I never think of either mountain without recalling Longfellow's poem: —

"Under Mount *Ætna* he lies,
It is slumber, it is not death;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

"The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half suppressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead.

" And the nations far away
Are watching with eager eyes;
They talk together and say,
' To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
Enceladus will arise ! '

" And the old gods, the austere
Oppressors in their strength,
Stand aghast and white with fear
At the ominous sounds they hear,
And tremble, and mutter, ' At length ! '

" Ah me ! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair !
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air.

" Where ashes are heaped in drifts
Over vineyard and field and town,
Whenever he starts and lifts
His head through the blackened rifts
Of the crags that keep him down.

" See, see ! the red light shines !
' Tis the glare of his awful eyes !
And the storm-wind shouts through the pines,
Of Alps and of Apennines,
' Enceladus, arise ! ' "

For the first half hour after I had stationed myself on the balcony, that morning, I kept my glass turned pretty constantly in the direction of Mount Vesuvius, trying to make out the *osteria* at the Hermitage, where we had halted one noon to drink some doubtful *Lachryma Christi* and eat a mysterious sort of ragout, composed — as one of our party suggested — of missing link. Whether or not the small inn had shifted its position over night, I was unable to get a focus upon it. In the mean while I myself, in my oriole nest overhanging the strada, had become an object of burning interest to sundry persons congregated below. I was suddenly aware that three human beings were standing in the middle of the carriage-way with their faces turned up to the balcony. The first was a slender, hileous girl, with large eyes and little clothing, who held out a tambourine, the rattlesnake-like clatter of which had attracted my attention; next to her stood a fellow with canes and palm-leaf fans; then came a youth loaded down with diminutive osier baskets of Naples strawberries, which look, and as for that matter taste, like tufts of red worsted. This select trio was speedily turned into a quartette by the appearance of a sea-faring gentleman, who bore

on his head a tray of boiled crabs, sea-urchins, and small fried fish, — *frutti di mare*. As a fifth personage approached, with possibly the arithmetical intention of adding himself to the line, I sent the whole party off with a wave of the hand; that is to say, I waved to them to go, but they merely retired to the curb-stone opposite the hotel, and sat down.

The last comer, perhaps disdaining to associate himself too closely with vulgar persons engaged in trade, leaned indolently against the sea-wall behind them, and stared at me in a vacant, dreamy fashion. He was a handsome wretch, physically. Praxiteles might have carved him. I have no doubt that his red Phrygian cap concealed a pair of pointed furry ears; but his tattered habiliments and the strips of gay cloth wound, brigand-like, about his calves were not able to hide the ungyved grace of his limbs. The upturned face was for the moment as empty of expression as a cipher, but I felt that it was capable, on occasion, of expressing almost any depth of cunning and dare-devil ferocity. I dismissed the idea of the Dancing Faun. It was Masaniello, — Masaniello ruined by good government and the dearth of despots.

The girl with the tambourine was not in business by herself; she was the familiar of a dark-browed organ-man, who now made his advent, holding in one hand a long fishing-line baited with monkey. On observing that this line was too short to reach me, the glance of despair and reproach which the pirate cast up at the balcony was comical. Nevertheless he proceeded to turn the crank of his music-mill, while the girl — whose age I estimated at anywhere between sixteen and sixty — executed the tarantella in a disinterested manner on the sidewalk. I had always wished to see the tarantella danced, and now I had seen it I wished never to see it more. I was so well satisfied that I hastened to drop a few *soldi* into the outstretched tambourine; one of the coins rebounded and fell into the girl's parchment bosom, which would not have made a bad tambourine itself.

My gratuity had the anticipated effect; the musician took himself off instantly. But he was only the *avant courier* of his detestable tribe. To dispose at once of this feature of Neapolitan street life, I will state that in the course of that morning and afternoon one hundred and seven organ-men and *zambognari* (bagpipe players) paid their respects to me. It is odd, or not, as you choose to look at it, that the city which has the eminence of being the first school of music in the world should be a city of hand-organs. I think it explains the constant irritability and the occasional outbreaks of wrath on the part of Mount Vesuvius.

The youth with strawberries, and his two companions, the fan-man and the seller of sea fruit, remained on the curb-stone for an hour or more, waiting for me to relent. In most lands, when you inform a trafficker in nicknacks of your indisposition to purchase his wares, he departs with more or less philosophy; but in Naples he sometimes attaches himself to you for the day. One morning our friend J——, who is almost morbidly diffident, returned to the hotel attended by an individual with a guitar, two vendors of lava carvings, a leper in the final stages of decomposition, and a young lady costumed *en négligé* with a bunch of violets. J—— had picked up these charming acquaintances in one of the principal streets at the remote end of the town. The perspiration stood nearly an inch deep on J——'s forehead. He had vainly done everything to get rid of them: he had heaped gifts of money on the leper, bought wildly of cameos and violets, and even offered to purchase the guitar. But no; they clung to him. An American of this complexion was not caught every day on the Corso Vittorio Emanuele.

I was so secure from annoyance up there on my balcony that I did not allow the three merchants arranged on the curb-stone to disturb me. Occupied with the lively, many-colored life of the street and the shore, I failed even to notice when they went away. Glancing in their direction somewhat later, I saw

that they had gone. But Masaniello remained, resting the hollow of his back and his two elbows on the coping of the wall, and becoming a part of the gracious landscape. He remained there all day. Why, I shall never know. He made no demand on my purse, or any overture towards my acquaintance, but stood there, statuesque, hour after hour, scarcely changing his attitude, — *insouciant*, imperturbable, never for an instant relapsing from that indolent reserve which had marked him at first, except once, when he smiled (rather sarcastically, I thought) as I fell victim to an aged beggar whose bandaged legs gave me the fancy that they had died early and been embalmed, and were only waiting for the rest of the man to die in order to be buried. Then Masaniello smiled — at my softness? I shall never be able to explain that man.

Though the Chiatamone is a quiet street for Naples, it would be considered a bustling thoroughfare anywhere else. As the morning wore on, I found entertainment enough in the constantly increasing stream of foot-passengers, — soldiers, sailors, monks, peddlers, paupers, and donkeys. Now and then a couple of acrobats in soiled tights and tarnished spangles would spread out their square of carpet in front of the hotel, and go through some innocent feats; or it was a juggler who came along with a sword trick, or a man with *fantoccini*, among which Signor Punchinello was a prominent character, as he invariably is in Italian puppet-shows. This, with the soft Neapolitan laugh and chatter, the cry of orange-girls, the braying of donkeys, and the strident strain of the hand-organ, which interposed itself ever and anon, like a Greek chorus, was doing very well for a quiet little street of no pretensions whatever.

For a din to test the tympanum of your ear, and a restless swarming of life to turn you dizzy, you should go to the Strada Santa Lucia of a pleasant morning. The houses in this quarter of the city are narrow and tall, many of them seven or eight stories high, and packed like bee-hives, which they further re-

semble in point of gloominess and stickiness. Here the lower classes live, and if they live chiefly on the sidewalks it is not to be wondered at. In front of the dingy door-ways and arches the women make their soups and their toilets with equal *naïveté* of disregard to passing criticism. The baby is washed, dressed, nursed, and put to sleep, and all the domestic duties performed, *al fresco*. Glancing up the sunny street at some particularly fretful moment of the day, you may chance to catch an instantaneous glimpse of the whole neighborhood spanking its child.

In the Strada Santa Lucia the clattering donkey cart has solved the problem of perpetual motion. Not less noisy and crowded are those contiguous hill-side lanes and alleys (*gradoni*) where you go up and down stone steps, and can almost touch the buildings on both sides. No wheeled vehicle ever makes its way here, though sometimes a donkey, with panniers stuffed full of vegetables, may be seen gravely mounting or descending the slippery staircase, directed by the yells and ingenious blasphemies of his driver, who is always assisted in this matter by sympathetic compatriots standing in door-ways, or leaning perilously out of seventh story windows. Some of the streets in this section are entirely given over to the manufacture of macaroni. On interminable clothes-lines stretched along the sidewalks at the height of a man's head the flabby threads of paste are hung to dry, forming a continuous sheet which sways like heavy satin drapery and nearly trails on the ground; but the dogs run in and out through the dripping fringe without the least inconvenience to themselves. Now and then one will thoughtfully turn back and lap it. Macaroni was formerly a favorite dish of mine. Day and night the hum of human voices rises from these shabby streets. As to the smells which infest them, — "Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination." Here Squalor reigns, seated on his throne of mud. But it is happy squalor. In Naples misery laughs and sings, and plays the Pandean pipe, and enjoys

itself. Poverty gayly throws its bit of rag over the left shoulder, and does not seem to perceive the difference between that and a cloak of Genoese velvet. Neither the cruel past nor the fateful present has crushed the joyousness out of Naples. It is the very Mark Tapley of cities, — and that, perhaps, is what makes it the most pathetic. But to get back to our balcony.

I am told that the lower classes — always excepting the sixty or seventy thousand *lazzaroni*, who have ceased to exist as a body, but continue, as individuals, very effectively to prey upon the stranger — are remarkable for their frugal and industrious habits. I suppose this is so, though the visible results which elsewhere usually follow the thriftiness of a population are absent from Naples. However, my personal observation of the workingman was limited to watching some masons employed on a building in process of erection a little higher up on the opposite side of the strada. I was first attracted by the fact that the men were planing the blocks of fawn-colored stone, and readily shaping them with knives, as if the stone had been cheese or soap. It was, in effect, a kind of calcareous tufa, which is soft when newly quarried, and gradually hardens on exposure. It was not a difficult material to work in, but the masons set to the task with that deliberate care not to strain themselves which I had admired in the horny-handed laboring man in various parts of Italy. At intervals of two or three minutes the stone-cutters — there were seven of them — would suddenly suspend operations, and without any perceptible provocation fall into a violent dispute. It looked as if they were coming to blows; but they were only engaged in amicable gossip. Perhaps it was a question of the weather, or of the price of macaroni, or of that heartless trick which Cattarina played upon poor Giuseppe night before last. "*Cospetto!* but she was a saucy baggage, that Cattarina!" There was something very cheerful in their chatter, of which I caught only the eye flashes and the vivacious southern gestures that

accompanied it. It was pleasant to see them standing there with crossed legs, in the midst of their honorable toil, leisurely indulging in graceful banter at Heaven only knows how many francs per day. At about half past ten o'clock they abruptly knocked off work altogether (I knew it was coming to that), and, stretching themselves out comfortably under an adjacent shed, went to sleep. Presently a person — presumably the foreman — appeared on the scene, and proceeded energetically to kick the seven sleepers, who arose and returned to their tools. After straightening out this matter the foreman departed, and the masons, dropping saw, chisel, and fore-plane, crawled in under the shed again. I smiled, and a glow came over me as I reflected that perhaps I had discovered the identical branch of the Latin race from which the American plumber has descended to us.

There is one class, forming a very large portion of the seedy population of Naples, and the most estimable portion, to whose industry, integrity, and intelligence I can unreservedly testify. This class, which, so far as I saw, does all the hard work that is done and receives nothing but persecution in return, is to be met everywhere in Italy, but nowhere in so great force as in Naples. I mean those patient, wise little donkeys, which are as barbarously used by their masters as ever their masters were by the Bourbons. In witnessing the senseless cruelty with which a Neapolitan treats his inarticulate superior, one is almost disposed to condone the outrages of Spanish rule. I have frequently seen a fellow beat one of the poor animals with a club nearly as large round as the little creature's body. As a donkey is generally its owner's sole source of income, it seems a rather near-sighted policy to knock the breath out of it. But, mercifully, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and the donkey is pachydermatous. A blow that would kill a horse likely enough merely impresses a donkey with the idea that somebody is going to hit him. Under the old order of things in Naples his insensibility was

sometimes outflanked by removing a strip of his hide, thus laying bare a responsive spot for the whip-lash; but that stratagem is now prohibited by law, I believe. A donkey with a particularly sensitive place on him anywhere naturally fetches a high price at present.

The disproportionate burdens which are imposed upon and stoically accepted by the Neapolitan donkey constantly excite one's wonder and pity. As I sat there on the balcony a tiny cart went by so piled with furniture that the pigmy which drew it was entirely hidden from sight. The cumbersome mass had the appearance of being propelled by some piece of internal machinery. This was followed by another cart, containing the family, I suppose, — five or six stupid persons drawn by a creature no larger than a St. Bernard dog. I fell into a train of serious reflection on donkeys in general, chiefly suggested, I rather fancy, by Masaniello, who was still standing with his back against the sea-wall and his eyes fixed on my balcony as I went into lunch.

When I returned to my post of observation, half an hour later, I found the street nearly deserted. Naples was taking its siesta. A fierce, hot light quivered on the bay and beat down on the silent villas along shore, making the mel-low-tinted pilasters and porticoes gleam like snow against the dull green of the olive-trees. The two cones of Mount Vesuvius, now wrapped in a transparent violet haze, which brought them strangely near, had for background a fathomless sky of unclouded azure. Here and there, upon a hill-side in the distance, small white houses, with verandas and balconies

"Close latticed to the brooding heat," seemed scorching among their dusty vines. The reflection of the water was almost intolerable.

As I reached up to lower the awning overhead, I had a clairvoyant consciousness that some one was watching me from below. Whether Masaniello had brought his noonday meal of roasted chestnuts with him, or, during my ab-

sence, had stolen to some low *trattoria* in the vicinity to refresh himself, I could not tell; but there he was, in the act now of lighting one of those long pipe-stem cigars called Garibaldis.

Since he wanted neither my purse nor my person, what was his design in hanging about the hotel? Perhaps it was my person he wanted; perhaps he was an emissary of the police; but no, the lowest government official in Italy always wears enough gold-lace for a Yankee major-general. Besides, I was innocent; I had n't done it, whatever it was. Possibly Masaniello mistook me for somebody else, and was meditating a neat stiletto stroke or two if I ventured out after night-fall. Indeed, I intended to go to the theatre of San Carlo that night. A rush—a flash of steel in the moonlight—and all would be over before any one could explain anything. Masaniello was becoming monotonous.

I turned away from him to look at the Castel dell' Ovo, within rifle range at my left, on a small island connected by an arched breakwater with the main-land at the foot of the Pizzofalcone. I tried to take in the fact that this wrinkled pile was begun by William I. in 1154, and completed a century later by Frederick II.; that here, in the reign of Robert the Wise, came the witty Giotto to decorate the chapel with those frescoes of which only the tradition remains; that here Charles III. of Durazzo held Queen Joanna a prisoner, and was here besieged by Louis of Anjou; that, finally, in 1495, Charles VIII. of France knocked over the old castle, and Pedro de Toledo set it up on its legs again in 1532. I tried, but rather unsuccessfully, to take in all this, for though the castle boasts of bastions and outworks, it lacks the heroic aspect. In fact, it is now used as a prison, and has the right hang-dog look of prisons. However, I put my fancy to work restoring the castle to the strength and dignity it wore in chronicler Froissart's day, and was about to attack the place with the assistance of Ferdinand II., when the heavy tramp of feet and the measured tap of a drum chimed in very prettily with my hostile

mood. A regiment of infantry was coming down the strada.

If I do not describe this regiment as the very poorest regiment in the world, it is because it was precisely like every other body of Italian soldiery that I have seen. The men were small, spindle-legged, and slouchy. One might have taken them for raw recruits if their badly-fitting white-duck uniforms had not shown signs of veteran service. As they wheeled into the Chiatamone, each man trudging along at his own gait, they looked like a flock of sheep. The bobbing mass recalled to my mind—by that law of contraries which makes one thing suggest another totally different—the compact, grand swing of the New York Seventh Regiment as it swept up Broadway the morning it returned from Pennsylvania at the close of the draft riots in '63. If the National Guard had shuffled by in the loose Garibaldian fashion, New York would not have slept with so keen a sense of security as it did that July night.

The room directly under mine was occupied by a young English lady, who, attracted by the roll of the drums, stepped out on her balcony just as the head of the column reached the hotel. In her innocent desire to witness a military display she probably had no anticipation of the tender fusillade she would have to undergo. That the colonel should give the fair stranger a half-furtive salute, in which he cut nothing in two with his sabre, was well enough; but that was no reason why every mother's son in each platoon should look up at the balcony as he passed, and then turn and glance back at her over his shoulder. Yet this singular military evolution, which I cannot find set down anywhere in Hardee's Tactics, was performed by every man in the regiment. That these ten or twelve hundred warriors refrained from kissing their hands to the blonde lady shows the severe discipline which prevails in the Italian army. Possibly there was not a man of them, from the colonel's *valet* down to the colonel himself, who did not march off with the conviction that he had pierced that blue muslin wrap-

per somewhere in the region of the left breast. I must say that the modest young Englishwoman stood this enfolding fire admirably, though it made white and red roses of her complexion.

The rear of the column was brought up, and emphasized, if I may say it, by an exclamation point in the shape of a personage so richly gilded and of such gorgeous plumage that I should instantly have accepted him as the king of Italy if I had not long ago discovered that fine feathers do not always make fine birds. It was only the regimental physician. Of course he tossed up a couple of pill-like eyes to the balcony as he straggled by, with his plume standing out horizontally, — like that thin line of black smoke which just then caught my attention in the offing.

This was the smoke from the pipe of the funny little steamer which runs from Naples to Sorrento, and thence to Capri, where it drops anchor for so brief a space that you are obliged to choose between a climb up the rocks to the villa of Tiberius and a visit in a small boat to the Blue Grotto. The steamer is supposed to leave the Chiaia at Naples every morning at a stated hour; but you need not set your heart on going to Capri by that steamer on any particular day. It goes or not just as the captain happens to feel about it when the time comes. A cinder in his eye, a cold in his head, a conjugal tiff over his *polenta*, — in fine, any insignificant thing is apparently sufficient to cause him to give up the trip. It is only moderate satisfaction you get out of him on these occasions. He throws his arms despairingly in the air, and making forked lightning with his fingers cries, "Ah, mercy of God! no, — we sail not this day!" Then wildly beating his forehead with his knuckles, "To-morrow, yes!" There is ever a pleasing repose of manner in an excited Italian.

I suspect the truth is that some of the directors of the steamboat company are mediæval saints, and that the anniversaries of their birthdays interfere with business. The captain is an excellent fellow of his sort, and extremely devout,

though that does not prevent him from now and then playing a very scurvy trick upon his passengers. One's main object in going to Capri is to see the Blue Grotto, the entrance to which is through a small arch scarcely three feet high in the face of the rock. With the sea perfectly tranquil, you are obliged to bow your head or lie down in the wherry while passing in; but with a north or a west wind breathing, it is impossible to enter at all. When this chance is to be the case the captain is careful not to allude to the matter, but smilingly allows you to walk aboard, and pitilessly takes you out under a scorching sky to certain disappointment and a clam-bake, in which you perform the rôle of the clam.

Through my glass I could see the little egg-shell of a steamer, which for some reason had come to a stop in the middle of the bay, with a thread of smoke issuing from her funnel and embroidering itself in fanciful patterns on the sunny atmosphere. I knew how hot it was over there, and I knew that the light westerly breeze which crisped the water and became a suffocating breath before it reached shore had sealed up the grotto for that day. I pictured the pleasure-seekers scattered about the heated deck, each one dejectedly munching his Dead Sea apple of disappointment. The steamer was evidently getting under way again, for the thread of smoke had swollen into a black, knotted cable. Presently a faint whistle came across the water, — as if a ghost were whistling somewhere in the distance, — and the vessel went puffing away towards Castellamare. If the Emperor Tiberius Claudius Nero Cæsar could have looked down just then from the cloudy battlements of Capri, what would he have thought of that!

The great squares of shadow cast upon the street by the hotel and the adjoining buildings were deepening by degrees. Fitful puffs of air came up from the bay, — the early precursors of that refreshing breeze which the Mediterranean sends to make the summer twilights of Naples delicious. Now and then a

perfume was wafted to the balcony, as if the wind had stolen a handful of scents from some high-walled inclosure of orange-trees and acacias, and flung it at me. The white villas, set in their mosaic of vines on the distant hill-side, had a cooler look than they wore earlier in the day. The heat was now no longer oppressive, but it made one drowsy,—that and the sea air. An hour or more slipped away from me unawares. Meanwhile, the tide of existence had risen so imperceptibly at my feet that I was surprised, on looking down, suddenly to find the strada flooded with streams of carriages and horsemen and pedestrians. All the gay life of Naples, that had lain dormant through the heavy noon, had awakened, like the princess in the enchanted palace, to take up the laugh where it left off and order fresh ices at the cafés.

I had a feeling that Masaniello—he was still there—was somehow at the bottom of all this; that by some *diablerie* of his, may be with the narcotic fumes of that black cigar, he had thrown the city into the lethargy from which it was now recovering.

The crowd, which flowed in two opposing currents past the hotel, was a gayer and more smartly dressed throng than that of the morning. Certain shabby aspects, however, were not wanting, for donkey carts mingled themselves jauntily with the more haughty equipages on their way to the Riviera di Chiaia, the popular drive. There were beautiful brown women, with heavy-fringed eyes, in these carriages, and now and then a Neapolitan dandy—a creature *sui generis*—rode along-side on horseback. Every human thing that can scrape a vehicle together goes to the Riviera di Chiaia of a fine afternoon. It is a magnificent wide avenue, open on one side to the bay, and lined on the other with palaces and villas and hotels. The road leads to the Grotto of Posilippo, and to endless marvels beyond,—the tomb of Virgil, Lake Avernus, Baiæ, Cumæ, a Hellenic region among whose ruins wander the sorrowful shades of the gods. But the afternoon idler is not likely to

get so far; after a turn or two on the promenade, he is content to sit under the trees in the garden of the Villa Nazionale, sipping his sherbet dashed with snow, and listening to the band.

I saw more monks this day than I met in a week at Rome, their natural head-quarters; but in Naples, as in the Eternal City, they are generally not partial to busy thoroughfares. I think some religious festival must have been going on in a church near the Chiaia. A solemn, dark-robed figure gliding in and out among the merry crowd had a queer, pictorial effect, and gave me an incongruous twelfth-century sort of sensation. Once a file of monks—I do not remember ever seeing so many together outside a convent—passed swiftly under the balcony. I was near tumbling into the Middle Ages, when their tonsured heads reminded me of that row of venerable elderly gentlemen one always sees in the front orchestra chairs at the ballet, and I was thus happily dragged back into my own cycle.

It was a noisy, light-hearted, holiday people that streamed through the strada in the waning sunshine; they required no policeman, as a similar crowd in England or America would have done; their merriment was as harmless as that of so many birds, though no doubt there was in these laughing throngs plenty of the dangerous stuff out of which graceful brigands and picturesque assassins are made. But it was easier and pleasanter to discover here and there a face or a form such as the old masters loved to paint. I amused myself in selecting models for new pictures by Titian and Raphael and Carlo Dolce and Domenichino, to take the places of those madonnas and long-tressed mistresses of which nothing will remain in a few centuries. What will Italy be when she has lost her masterpieces, as she has lost the art that produced them? To-day she is the land of paintings, without any painters,—the empty cradle of poets.

I do not know that anything in the lively street entertained me more than the drivers of the public carriages. Like

all the common Neapolitans, the Jehus have a wonderful gift of telegraphing with their fingers. It is not a question of words laboriously spelled out, but of a detailed statement in a flash. They seem to be able to do half an hour's talking in a couple of seconds. A fillip of the finger-joint, and there's a sentence for you as long as one of Mr. Carlyle's. At least, that is my idea of it; it is merely conjecture on my part, for though I have frequently formed the topic of a conversation carried on in this style under my very nose, I never succeeded in overhearing anything. I have undoubtedly been anathematized, and, barely probable, been complimented; but in those instances, like Horatio, I took fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks. It is diverting to see two of these fellows meeting at a breakneck pace and exchanging verdicts on their respective passengers. May be one, with a gesture like lightning, says: "I've a rich English milord; he has n't asked for my tariff; I shall bleed him beautifully, *per Bacco!*" At the same instant the other possibly hurls back: "No such luck! A pair of foolish Americani, but they've a pig of a courier who pockets all the *buonamano* himself, the devil fly away with him!" Thus they meet, and indulge in their simple prattle, and are out of each other's sight, all in the twinkling of an eye.

The twilights in Southern Italy fall suddenly, and are of brief duration. While I was watching the darkening shadow of the hotel on the opposite seawall, the dusk closed in, and the street began rapidly to empty itself. A curtain of mist was stretched from headland to headland, shutting out the distant objects. Here and there on a jutting point a light blossomed, its duplicate glassed in the water, as if the fiery flower had dropped a petal. Presently there were a hundred lights, and then a thousand, fringing the crescented shore.

On our leaving Rome, the landlord had pathetically warned us of the fatal effects of the night air in Naples, just as our Neapolitan host, at a later date, let fall some disagreeable hints about the Roman malaria. They both were right. In this delicious land Death shrouds himself in the dew and lurks in all gentle things. The breeze from the bay had a sudden chill in it now; the dampness of the atmosphere was as heavy as a fine rain. I pushed back my chair on the balcony, and then I lingered a moment to see the moon rising over Capri. Then I saw how that bay, with its dreadful mountain, was lovelier than anything on earth. I turned from it reluctantly, and as I glanced into the silent street beneath, there was Masaniello, a black silhouette against the silvery moonlight.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

DAFFODILS.

THIS sunny day, so glad, so gay,
A song my blooming garden fills;
And she has come, the smiling May,
And strown her way with daffodils.

They nod to me, with glances free,
Till all my heart-complaining stills;
It is so good once more to see
My golden, golden daffodils.

A fairy ring, they sway, they swing,
 Where'er the wayward west wind wills;
 They time the melody of spring,
 Those golden, golden daffodils.

Fair stars of May, they light the way,
 Till I forget life's wintry ills,
 For, oh, I see my darling stray
 Adown among the daffodils.

Her hair is goldener than they,
 Her laughter all my pulses thrills;
 Ah, fleeting mirage of the May,
 She wakes not with the daffodils!

Laura U. Feuling.

WHO PAYS PROTECTIVE DUTIES?

THE subject of Protection, in one form or another, for three generations has agitated the American mind and occupied the attention of the American Congress. Conflicting theories have met, not as abstractions, but in the field of practical legislation.

The statesman providing revenue to meet national expenditures must determine whether duties should be fixed at the lowest or at the highest rate that will give the necessary amount. Shall he consider revenue or protection as the principal object of tariff duties? Which shall be the chief purpose, and which the incident? A half century ago this began, and for many years continued, to be the absorbing thought and theme in American politics. The Northern enthusiasm during the free-soil campaigns, and the passions of the later war issues, aroused hardly less political excitement than when Henry Clay, the ablest champion of protection, vainly stirred the hearts of the people in its advocacy and defense. For brief periods his views controlled national legislation, but were never permanently established as the national policy.

Prior to the late war, the protective system received legislative recognition in only thirteen out of seventy-three years. Except during the periods from 1824 to 1833, and from 1842 to 1846, revenue was the chief object and protection the incident. In the memorable tariff contest of 1844, protection was signally overthrown, and in its place the tariff of 1846 established a revenue system that was vainly assailed for fifteen years, was changed only to satisfy the necessities of the treasury, and was further augmented to meet the enormous expenditures of the civil war. Nor even now can protection claim to have become the national policy. Most of the present excessive and in some cases prohibitory duties were not, when imposed, above the revenue rate.

Congress is again addressing itself to the revision of the tariff; the old strife is renewed; resistance, as heretofore, is made to any reduction of duties. It is urged that a protective tariff imposes no real taxation upon consumers, because, first, the duty is paid by the foreign producer seeking our market to compete with the domestic manufacturer; and sec-

ond, because prices are ultimately cheapened thereby, and the consumer gets his goods at a lower instead of an enhanced cost. It is further alleged that no industry is benefited at the expense of another, for by the diversification and employment of labor a better home market is afforded and the consumption of all products increases.

On the other hand, it is contended that the burdens of tariff taxation and the benefits of protection are unequally distributed to different sections and different industries; that in so far as a duty is protective, the prices of imported and of protected articles of the same kind are enhanced; and thus on the imports a tax, and on the domestic article a bounty, is collected from the consumer, only the former of which accrues to the treasury, while the latter goes to the domestic producer. These questions are to be determined after a careful examination of all the facts and logical consequences that must arise from them. It will not do to take an isolated instance; the whole field must be explored, and, if possible, causes that may have produced the given result must be ascertained and their effect estimated. Minds free from bias or unaffected by interest, it would seem, should come to the same harmonious conclusion. In such spirit let us array some facts exhibiting the effects of tariff laws upon the industry of the country.

Who receives the benefits of protection? How large are the interests, and how many receive the special fostering care of the government? The advocates of high duties claim to be the champions of national industry. How does their system affect the workers of the country?

AMERICAN LABOR.

The examination must not be confined to any selected narrow fields of industrial employment. American labor is not limited to special pursuits; it comprehends all the vocations which utilize and require the brain or muscle, skill or toil, of our people.

All employments, considered in their relations to foreign competition, may be classified into three divisions: one of these encounters foreign competition in the domestic market, another in the foreign market, while the third is unaffected by it in either.

In the first division will be found the so-called protected industries, which meet foreign products similar to their own in the home markets.

In the second are the producers of exportable commodities exchanged abroad for foreign products.

The third includes those engaged in local trades and industries, inland transportation, personal service, and professions.

Foreign and domestic labor cannot come in competition unless engaged in producing similar articles capable of transportation. The great body of workers whose pursuits require personal or local service, such as builders of all kinds, teachers, merchants, shoemakers, tailors, blacksmiths, clerks, porters, and house servants, and the long list of occupations and professions necessary for the business and convenience of every community, can have no direct foreign competition. They neither require protection nor can be protected, unless against foreign immigration. Neither can those engaged in producing articles exported in whole or in part be protected against competition in foreign markets. The competition abroad determines the price of the exported surplus, and lessens the price at home. The serfs of Russia, the peasantry of France, the coolies of India, compete with the American laborer, farmer, and planter, at the cattle, corn, and cotton exchanges of Great Britain and Europe. The benefits of protection, therefore, directly accrue to none but those engaged in the few industries meeting foreign competition, while the burdens imposed upon consumers must fall upon all classes, though not in equal degree.

The inequality and favoritism of this discrimination are exhibited by the census returns. There are three leading manufacturing industries which are de-

manding and now receiving protection to a greater or less extent. They numbered in 1870, as shown by the census reports, —

Manufactures.	Number employed.
Cotton manufactures	135,369
Iron and steel	139,982
Woolens and carpets	105,071
Total	380,422

Contrast their number with these non-protected employments:—

Blacksmiths	141,774
Carpenters and joiners	344,596
Boot and shoe makers	171,127
Railroad employees	154,027
Draymen, hackmen, and teamsters	120,756
Clerks in stores	222,504
Teachers	126,822
Masons	89,710
Painters	85,123
Carriage and wagon makers	42,000
Total	1,448,434

Take the aggregate of the whole number engaged in metals and textile fabrics, and note how small a proportion of all occupations are employed in these industries. The census again gives us their relative numbers as follows:—

Occupation.	Number employed.	Percentage.
All occupations	12,505,923	
Total agriculture	5,922,471	0.47
Total cotton, iron, steel, woolen, and worsted manufactures	380,422	0.03

In every division of labor each consumer will, if possible, fully compensate himself

¹ John Quincy Adams, when a member of the house of representatives in 1832, in a report made by him as chairman of the committee on manufactures, discussed this question, and though himself a moderate protectionist said, —

“The doctrine that duties of import cheapen the price of the articles upon which they are levied seems to conflict with the first dictates of common sense. The duty constitutes a part of the price of the whole mass of the article in the market. It is substantially paid upon the article of domestic manufacture as well as upon that of foreign production. Upon one it is a bounty, upon the other a burden, and the repeal of the tax must operate as an equivalent reduction of the price of the article, whether foreign or domestic. We say, so long as the importation continues, the duty must be paid by the purchaser of the article. . . .

“The incidental effect of competition in the mar-

ket, excited, on the part of the domestic manufacturer, by the aggravation of duty upon the corresponding article imported from abroad, to reduce the price of the article, must be transient and momentary. The general and permanent effect must be to increase the price of the article to the extent of the additional duty, and it is then paid by the consumer. If it were not so, if the general effect of adding to a duty were to reduce the price of the article upon which it is levied, the converse of the proposition would also be true, and the operation for increasing the price of the domestic article would be to repeal the duty upon the same article imported, — an experiment which the friends of our internal industry will not be desirous of making. We cannot subscribe, therefore, to the doctrine that the duties of import protective of our own manufactures are paid by the foreign merchant or manufacturer.”

WHO PAYS PROTECTIVE TARIFF DUTIES?

In the early discussions it was admitted by intelligent and ingenuous protectionists that the effect and purpose of protective duties were to give the domestic manufacturer a better price, and that the consumer of dutiable imports paid the duty imposed by a protective tariff.¹ But the system was defended on the ground that manufacturers needed aid while establishing their business, and then would take care of themselves and defy competition. This defense and these assurances were repeated from generation to generation.

Of late, however, it has been claimed for protection that it is not a tax upon one industry for the benefit of another industry; for its design is to impose taxes upon foreign producers, that do-

ket, excited, on the part of the domestic manufacturer, by the aggravation of duty upon the corresponding article imported from abroad, to reduce the price of the article, must be transient and momentary. The general and permanent effect must be to increase the price of the article to the extent of the additional duty, and it is then paid by the consumer. If it were not so, if the general effect of adding to a duty were to reduce the price of the article upon which it is levied, the converse of the proposition would also be true, and the operation for increasing the price of the domestic article would be to repeal the duty upon the same article imported, — an experiment which the friends of our internal industry will not be desirous of making. We cannot subscribe, therefore, to the doctrine that the duties of import protective of our own manufactures are paid by the foreign merchant or manufacturer.”

mestic consumers may obtain cheaper commodities, and this is its effect.¹ If this is true, the disinterested philanthropy of manufacturers is most remarkable. Since foreign producers pay the tariff tax, the manufacturers can secure no better prices thereby and have no pecuniary interest in the maintenance of the duty. Indeed, as through the tariff tax domestic consumers obtain cheaper commodities, it must be to the manufacturers' advantage to have no duty, so that commodities will not thereby be cheapened and their profits lessened by the lower price. But, either too generous to consider their own good, or ignorant of this great truth, they rush to Congress, and protest that the duties shall not be lowered on products similar to their own, and that there shall be no increase of duty on the material which they must use.

MANUFACTURERS' PROFITS.

If high duties lower prices, they necessarily lower profits. Yet the tabulated returns of dividends upon capital engaged in manufactures show that compared by tariff periods they increase and diminish with the rise and fall of tariff duties. If the consumer pays an enhanced price upon the import, the manufacturer can get a higher price for the similar domestic product, and consequently greater profits and higher dividends. The latter is the actual and logical result of higher prices. Some years ago a table was published, and by annual appendices has been continued, showing the yearly dividends of New England manufacturing companies. Grouped by tariff periods, they show the following average annual dividends:—

Year.	Average per cent. duty on dutiable imports.	Average dividends for periods.	Remarks.
1832	33.8	13.	
1832 to 1834	32.8	11.40	
1835 to 1836	34.3	11.75	
1837 to 1838	31.6	7.25	Compromise tariff reduction one tenth biennially to 1841, thereafter 20 per cent.
1839 to 1840	30.2	6.87	
1841 to 1842	26.6	5.	
1843 to 1846	32.5	12.44	High tariff.
1847 to 1857	24.1	6.36	Low tariff.
1858 to 1861	19.	6.71	Low tariff, 24 per cent
1862 to 1872	44.27	12.10	High tariff.
1873 to 1875	39.20	8.80	10 per cent. reduction

With reduction of duties profits diminish, increasing with the return of higher rates. The slender store of wealth of the infant industries our fathers consented to aid has swollen to nearly five hundred million dollars of invested capital. The census of 1870 gave as the value of the gross capital in

Iron and iron manufactures . . .	\$198,356,116
Textiles	265,084,095

To the demand for an abatement of the high tariff duties, the consumer is answered: You do not pay them, and you have no grievance. If these industries have grown strong and rich, it is not from your contributions. It is the foreign producer who pays the duty. He keeps up the revenues and relieves you from taxation. The duty is a tax upon

him, and not upon you. He ought to pay for the privilege of selling his goods in our markets.

LOSS THE PRODUCER MUST SUFFER IF HE PAYS DUTY.

If this be true, if by reason of the tariff foreign producers lower prices to the extent of the duty, which averages sixty per cent. on wools and silks, forty per cent. on cottons, thirty-five per cent. on iron and steel, what enormous profits their business must have previously afforded to permit such reduction! The capital employed in manufacturing in this country is reported for 1870 at about one half the value of the annual product, and the dividends upon manufacturing capital have been annually from three

¹ Industrial Policies, page 59.

to fifteen per cent. in the New England States. In European countries, where the rate of interest is low, capitalists are satisfied with investments that return much lower dividends than here, and the dividends on manufacturing capital abroad probably do not average six per cent. The idea that to continue an unprofitable trade with a foreign country a manufacturer would not only forego all dividends, but actually sink from one fourth to one half of the capital employed in producing the exports to such country, is too preposterous for serious consideration. Out of \$2,000,000,000 of exports in 1874, France and Great Britain sent \$235,000,000 to the United States, upon which our tariff collected \$90,000,000 of duties. What sacrifices their manufacturers made! What losses they endured, if they paid the duty, to retain a footing in our markets! But the \$90,000,000 would be only a fraction of their loss. They have the world for a market and for customers. The concessions and decline in price to compete in our markets would compel a decline in price and entail a proportional loss upon all the exports and entire production of similar goods; for the competition of trade, and at the same time desire for profitable sales, would not long permit discrimination between purchasers, and a market price would be established for all customers.

FRENCH EXPORTS.

In 1872 France exported to the United States textile fabrics valued at \$45,042,959, upon which were paid in duties \$26,000,000. In the next year she exported to all countries goods of the same character, valued at \$193,078,859. Our tariff must, upon this theory, not only have exacted from her people \$26,000,000 in 1872, but have entailed upon them a loss in the succeeding year of nearly \$100,000,000.

BRITISH EXPORTS.

The total exports of Great Britain in 1874, to all countries, were valued at

\$1,098,702,180; to the United States, \$161,195,105. If the British manufacturers saved consumers here from paying the average forty per cent. duty by lowering their prices to that extent on all commodities, the annual loss would be over \$400,000,000. In 1873 the exports from the United Kingdom of manufactures of iron, steel, woollens and cottons to the United States and to all countries were valued as follows:—

	United States.	All countries.
Cottons . . .	\$26,093,731	\$383,318,060
Woollens . . .	48,016,959	153,716,855
Iron and steel	47,476,283	183,656,195
Total . . .	121,585,953	728,691,110

If, then, the British manufacturers reduce prices at home as much as the amount of the American duties on the cottons, woollens, and iron and steel exported to the United States, their loss would amount to more than twice the value of these exports sent to our market.

SCOTCH PIG-IRON.

The production and exportation of Scotch pig-iron will clearly exhibit the absurdity of this theory. According to the Bureau of Statistics, in 1870 there was produced 1,206,000 tons of pig-iron in Scotland.

	Tons.
The United States received of this . . .	97,170
Germany	87,101
Netherlands	68,606
France	40,000
All other foreign countries	132,232
England, Scotland, and Ireland . . .	232,891
Local consumption	506,000

Is it reasonable to suppose that the Scotch iron-masters were selling pig-iron nine dollars less per ton than they would have sold it but for the American duty of nine dollars per ton? Their total loss, then, to place eight per cent. of their product upon the American market for that one year, was not only the \$874,530 duty on the 97,170 tons shipped to the United States, but nine dollars per ton on their entire production, amounting to a loss of \$10,854,000. To have

thrown the pig-iron exported to the United States into the sea would have saved them nearly \$8,000,000!

COMPARISON OF PRICES.

Doubtless the most reliable and satisfactory test is to compare average prices of staple commodities during successive tariff periods. Articles of variable demand or cost of production, and seasons of depression or activity, and particular instances or exceptional cases, cheapened or enhanced through newly discovered patented processes, establish no law and furnish no conclusion. Selected years can prove increase or reduction of price from the same duty. A late table of prices of rolled iron in Philadelphia give price

In 1864	\$146.46
In 1876	52.09
Reduction of price	94.38

but other years would show price

In 1860	\$58.75
In 1872	97.63
Increase of price from same duty	38.88

Actual experience, the real test, is found in the average of prices during successive periods. But in this investigation it must be again borne in mind that most commodities, especially manufactures, by means of new processes and inventions and the employing of natural forces and machinery, have progressively cheapened for more than a century. Then, the purchasing power of money is not constant, but rises and falls from decade to decade. A new process, protected by patents, unskillfully worked, producing an article in large demand, secures at first a high price, but the price falls with more skillful methods, and as the expiration of the patents occurs. An article like Bessemer steel might be taken, and the price when first made, under a newly discovered patent process, and during great demand, be compared with the price in later years, when continued improvements and further experiments had reduced the cost of manufacture to a minimum. To claim that such reduction of price is the result of

tariff protection is the height of absurdity and impudent assertion. In all comparison of prices allowance must be made for the influence that great modern discoveries and inventions, easier transportation and abundant motive power, have had to cheapen prices from year to year.

Selecting articles of the largest general production and consumption, of quality and description nearly uniform from year to year, what do we find in regard to prices? The data from which to make the comparisons for more than fifty years past have been gathered and preserved in the treasury reports under impartial secretaries like Corwin, Walker, Chase, and Boutwell. Among the monthly quotations of staple commodities are the prices of salt, and of pig and bar iron. Quotations in currency have been reduced to gold value, and average sales and prices taken.

SALT.

The wholesale prices of salt for fifty years in New York city give the following averages under different duties:—

Years.	Duty per bushel.	Price.	
		Liver-pool.	Turk's Island.
	Cents.		Cents.
1825 to 1830	20	\$2.34	50½
1831	15	1.92	50½
1831 to 1842	10	1.77½	37½
1842 to 1846	8	1.39½	32½
1846 to 1857	6	1.24½	29½
1857 to 1861	3	.77	19
1861 ¹	3	.73	20
1861 to 1872 ¹	12	1.59	33
1872 to 1875	5½	1.20	27

As a rule the table shows that the higher the duty the higher price the consumer pays.

PIG AND BAR IRON.

Grouping prices by tariff periods, the averages are:—

¹ Duty per one hundred pounds reduced to average rate per bushel.

Years.	Pig-Iron:		Bar-Iron.	
	Duty.	Price.	Duty.	Price.
		Per ton.		Per ton.
1842	\$7.56 per ton.	\$25.00	\$21.40 per ton.	\$57.00
1843 to 1846	9.00 per ton.	33.25	25.00 per ton.	67.50
1847 to 1857	30 per cent.	28.50	30 per cent.	51.50
1858 to 1861	24 per cent.	23.50	24 per cent.	45.25
1862 to 1864	6.00 per ton.	25.65	18.96 per ton.	58.33
1865 to 1875	8.81 per ton.	33.72	21.79 per ton.	70.36

Note with the increase of duty the advance of the average price, and with reduction of duty the decline in price. Bar-iron is higher to-day, at this period of depressed prices, than the quotations in 1851, which averaged \$33 for September, and \$36.50 for the year.¹ Indeed, the average prices, reducing currency to gold, under the present rates compared with the prices under the tariffs of 1846 and 1857 have been:—

	1846.	1857.	1864.
Pig-iron . .	\$28.50	\$23.50	\$33.72
Bar-iron . .	51.50	45.25	70.36

Sound logic and, in the language of John Quincy Adams, common sense, as well as comparison of average profits and of average prices under different tariff periods, show that the consumers of imports pay the duties so far as they are protective.

It is not contended that the price of the imported or similar domestic article is in all cases enhanced to the extent of the duty, and the latter paid wholly by the consumer; the writer in 1870 asserted, and still maintains, that the duty sometimes falls wholly upon the home consumer, and sometimes is paid by the foreign producer; but usually its burden is shared, in a greater or less proportion, between them both. Whatever protection a duty secures must consist in permitting an enhancement of prices, or preventing foreign competition from lowering them. Where such protection, as is frequently the case, equals the duty, the tariff tax is borne by the home consum-

er. In answer to the demand that the present high rates of duties of sixty per cent. on woollens, forty per cent. on cottons, and thirty-five or more on iron must be maintained on account of the disparity of wages, taxation, and interest on capital here and in Europe, which it was alleged increased the cost of domestic manufactures to an amount proportioned to those rates, and necessitated an equal per cent. of protection to each, an exhibit of the enormous burden it would impose upon consumers and the contribution asked by manufacturers was prepared, showing the aggregate amount demanded by three leading industries. It was subsequently published in a contribution to this magazine, with a similar table, as an attempted answer, exhibiting the supposed burden occasioned by certain non-protective duties on articles which have no foreign competition in our markets, but are themselves largely exported.² The fallacy of such reply is evident on its face. It was not claimed that the protection—that is, the enhancement of price—equaled the duty; but were the protection then demanded for the difference in cost of production equal to the duty and extended in the same degree to all manufactures of those goods, it would be no overestimate of the burden of protection and the bounties it would give. It is not an answer to shift the ground of defense and allege that, because certain non-protective duties do not have such effect, therefore protective duties do not enhance prices and impose burdens upon and collect bounties from consumers. It is not contended that a duty neces-

¹ The range of prices, Finance Report, 1863-64, page 336.

² Atlantic Monthly, vol. xxxvi., page 308.

sarily enhances the price, but it is insisted that *a protective duty must sustain or advance prices to be protective*, and that when a duty ceases to have any effect upon the price paid by the consumer the duty ceases to be protective.

The plea for governmental aid is based upon the assumption that the industries benefited thereby could not exist without protection; that a reduction of the rates of duty will force their suspension and drive the persons employed therein to engage in other occupations.

The statistics of progress under the so-called free-trade tariffs of 1846 and 1857 do not sustain the assertion. The great industries claiming protection were neither abandoned nor prevented from attaining a healthy development. In the decennial period from 1850 to 1860 they increased faster than population. The value of manufactures was in 1850 \$1,019,106,616; and in 1860, \$1,885,861,676, a gain of eighty-seven per cent., while population for the same period gained but thirty-six per cent.

Compare the values of three of the leading industries at each of those periods, and note the progress recorded by the census.

VALUE OF THE MANUFACTURES SPECIFIED IN 1850
AND 1860.

Year.	Iron	Cotton.	Woolens.
1850	\$73,234,380	\$65,501,687	\$43,207,545
1860	114,915,674	115,681,774	61,894,986

Their growth was continuous, steady, and healthy, leading rather than lagging behind other industries. New manufactures were started, coal and ore beds uncovered, and new mills and furnaces erected. True, an augmented increase appears in the next decennial. The enormous profits that inflated prices and prohibitory duties secured attracted capital to new manufacturing enterprises, until capacity for production outran the power of consumption. Those near to markets for supplies and sale of products, with cheap power, capital, and labor, would have prospered without protective duties, and continued production

without regard to competition or falling prices.

But no tariff duties appear to be able to save the others from suspension and loss. Their smokeless chimneys, silent machinery, idle laborers, and sunken capital show how costly, ruinous, and futile is a system of high duties that through its bounties starts and maintains enterprises that flourish only during the reign of high prices.

The condition of these industries, in favorable localities still profitable, in others mistakenly undertaken, now abandoned, is no fanciful picture. The land is full of these monuments of the cost and folly of the system which originated them.

While the non-protected industries, which no bounties had stimulated into an unhealthy growth, have not been checked in their development, almost all others since 1872 complain of business stagnated and profitless, and their capacity is but half employed. The Annual Report of the Iron and Steel Association for 1877, page 12, says: "Of 714 completed furnaces at the close of 1876, 236 were in blast, 478 were out of blast; of 713 furnaces at the close of 1875, 293 were in blast, and 420 were out of blast. The productive capacity of the furnaces of the country is at least twice the actual yield of either of the last two years." In 1872 there were 109 new furnaces built, and 39 projected for 1873.

PROTECTION SHOULD NOT BE PERPETUAL.

The advocates of tariff reduction and revision to a revenue basis insist that the promises made when duties were raised, over sixty years ago, and incessantly repeated, should be fulfilled. Temporary, not permanent protection was asked and conceded to build up infant industries. Mr. Newton, the chairman of the committee on manufactures, advised the house in 1816 that "should the national government, pursuing an enlightened and liberal policy, sustain and foster the manufacturing establishments,

a few years would place them in a condition to bid defiance to foreign competition.”¹ Mr. Clay, who has been called the father of the protective system, pending the passage of the tariff bill of 1816, said, “The object of protecting manufactures is that we may eventually get articles of necessity made as cheap at home as they can be imported.” . . . He believed that three years would be sufficient to place our manufactures on the desirable footing.²

Mr. Webster at the same time declared that “he was not prepared to say that the government was bound to adopt a permanent protection.”³ Thirty years later the casting-vote of Vice-President Dallas passed the so-called free-trade tariff of 1846 in the senate. In explanation of his vote he said, “This exercise of the taxing power was originally intended to be temporary. The design was to foster feeble, ‘infant’ manufactures, especially such as were essential to the defense of the country in time of war. In this design the people have persevered, until these saplings have taken root, have become vigorous, expanded, and powerful, and are prepared to enter with confidence the field of fair, free, and universal competition.”⁴

Thus spoke, thirty-two years ago, a statesman of Pennsylvania who had been familiar with the whole tariff contest from 1816 to that time, and the grounds upon which protection had been asked, defended, and at times granted. Yet a new generation renews the demand for temporary aid, and repeats the broken promises of its predecessors. Reduction of duties was again opposed in 1870, with the assurance, “Keep your duty high enough to induce other men to build furnaces and rolling-mills, and before five years you will find American iron cheapened to the markets of the world.”

These five years have been prolonged to eight. The “saplings” that needed three years’ nurture in 1816, that Dallas beheld in their vigor in 1846, that though mighty oaks in 1870 still dreaded the winds of free competition, ought now to stand alone. Let revenue again be the object of taxation. For thirty years the requirements of the public debt will demand custom duties that, though imposed for revenue, unavoidably afford high protection. Let them now be adjusted upon a revenue basis, and their incidental protection will scarcely be disturbed in this century. Stability will be more beneficial than temporary excessive bounty.

Horatio C. Burchard.

ABOUT MAGNANIMOUS-INCIDENT LITERATURE.

ALL my life, from boyhood up, I have had the habit of reading a certain set of anecdotes, written in the quaint vein of The World’s ingenious Fabulist, for the lesson they taught me and the pleasure they gave me. They lay always convenient to my hand, and whenever I thought meanly of my kind I turned to them, and they banished that sentiment;

whenever I felt myself to be selfish, sordid, and ignoble I turned to them, and they told me what to do to win back my self-respect. Many times I wished that the charming anecdotes had not stopped with their happy climaxes, but had continued the pleasing history of the several benefactors and beneficiaries. This wish rose in my breast so persistently

¹ Annals of Congress, First Session, XIVth Congress, page 965.

² Annals of Congress, First Session, XIVth Congress, page 1272.

³ Annals of Congress, First Session, XIVth Congress, page 1271.

⁴ Congressional Globe, XXIXth Congress, First Session, page 1156.

that at last I determined to satisfy it by seeking out the sequels of those anecdotes myself. So I set about it, and after great labor and tedious research accomplished my task. I will lay the result before you, giving you each anecdote in its turn, and following it with its sequel as I gathered it through my investigations.

THE GRATEFUL POODLE.

One day a benevolent physician (who had read the books), having found a stray poodle suffering from a broken leg, conveyed the poor creature to his home, and after setting and bandaging the injured limb gave the little outcast its liberty again, and thought no more about the matter. But how great was his surprise, upon opening his door one morning, some days later, to find the grateful poodle patiently waiting there, and in its company another stray dog, one of whose legs, by some accident, had been broken. The kind physician at once relieved the distressed animal, nor did he forget to admire the inscrutable goodness and mercy of God, who had been willing to use so humble an instrument as the poor outcast poodle for the inculcating of, etc., etc., etc.

SEQUEL.

The next morning the benevolent physician found the two dogs, beaming with gratitude, waiting at his door, and with them two other dogs, — cripples. The cripples were speedily healed, and the four went their way, leaving the benevolent physician more overcome by pious wonder than ever. The day passed, the morning came. There at the door sat now the four reconstructed dogs, and with them four others requiring reconstruction. This day also passed, and another morning came; and now sixteen dogs, eight of them newly crippled, occupied the sidewalk, and the people were going around. By noon the broken legs were all set, but the pious wonder in the good physician's breast was beginning to get mixed with involuntary

profanity. The sun rose once more, and exhibited thirty-two dogs, sixteen of them with broken legs, occupying the sidewalk and half of the street; the human spectators took up the rest of the room. The cries of the wounded, the songs of the healed brutes, and the comments of the on-looking citizens made great and inspiring cheer, but traffic was interrupted in that street. The good physician hired a couple of assistant surgeons and got through his benevolent work before dark, first taking the precaution to cancel his church membership, so that he might express himself with the latitude which the case required.

But some things have their limits. When once more the morning dawned, and the good physician looked out upon a massed and far-reaching multitude of clamorous and beseeching dogs, he said, "I might as well acknowledge it, I have been fooled by the books; they only tell the pretty part of the story, and then stop. Fetch me the shot-gun; this thing has gone along far enough."

He issued forth with his weapon, and chanced to step upon the tail of the original poodle, who promptly bit him in the leg. Now the great and good work which this poodle had been engaged in had engendered in him such a mighty and augmenting enthusiasm as to turn his weak head at last and drive him mad. A month later, when the benevolent physician lay in the death throes of hydrophobia, he called his weeping friends about him, and said, —

"Beware of the books. They tell but half of the story. Whenever a poor wretch asks you for help, and you feel a doubt as to what result may flow from your benevolence, give yourself the benefit of the doubt and kill the applicant."

And so saying he turned his face to the wall and gave up the ghost.

THE BENEVOLENT AUTHOR.

A poor and young literary beginner had tried in vain to get his manuscripts accepted. At last, when the horrors of starvation were staring him in the face,

he laid his sad case before a celebrated author, beseeching his counsel and assistance. This generous man immediately put aside his own matters and proceeded to peruse one of the despised manuscripts. Having completed his kindly task, he shook the poor young man cordially by the hand, saying, "I perceive merit in this; come again to me on Monday." At the time specified, the celebrated author, with a sweet smile, but saying nothing, spread open a magazine which was damp from the press. What was the poor young man's astonishment to discover upon the printed page his own article. "How can I ever," said he, falling upon his knees and bursting into tears, "testify my-gratitude for this noble conduct!" The celebrated author was the renowned Snodgrass; the poor young beginner thus rescued from obscurity and starvation was the afterwards equally renowned Snagsby. Let this pleasing incident admonish us to turn a charitable ear to all beginners that need help.

SEQUEL.

The next week Snagsby was back with five rejected manuscripts. The celebrated author was a little surprised, because in the books the young struggler had needed but one lift, apparently. However, he plowed through these papers, removing unnecessary flowers and digging up some acres of adjective-stumps, and then succeeded in getting two of the articles accepted.

A week or so drifted by, and the grateful Snagsby arrived with another cargo. The celebrated author had felt a mighty glow of satisfaction within himself the first time he had successfully befriended the poor young struggler, and had compared himself with the generous people in the books with high gratification; but he was beginning to suspect now that he had struck upon something fresh in the noble-episode line. His enthusiasm took a chill. Still, he could not bear to repulse this struggling young author, who clung to him with such pretty simplicity and trustfulness.

Well, the upshot of it all was that the celebrated author presently found himself permanently freighted with the poor young beginner. All his mild efforts to unload his cargo went for nothing. He had to give daily counsel, daily encouragement; he had to keep on procuring magazine acceptances, and then revamping the manuscripts to make them presentable. When the young aspirant got a start at last, he rode into sudden fame by describing the celebrated author's private life with such a caustic humor and such minuteness of blistering detail that the book sold a prodigious edition, and broke the celebrated author's heart with mortification. With his latest gasp he said, "Alas, the books deceived me; they do not tell the whole story. Beware of the struggling young author, my friends. Whom God sees fit to starve, let not man presumptuously rescue to his own undoing."

THE GRATEFUL HUSBAND.

One day a lady was driving through the principal street of a great city with her little boy, when the horses took fright and dashed madly away, hurling the coachman from his box and leaving the occupants of the carriage paralyzed with terror. But a brave youth who was driving a grocery wagon threw himself before the plunging animals, and succeeded in arresting their flight at the peril of his own.¹ The grateful lady took his number, and upon arriving at her home she related the heroic act to her husband (who had read the books), who listened with streaming eyes to the moving recital, and who, after returning thanks, in conjunction with his restored loved ones, to him who suffereth not even a sparrow to fall to the ground unnoticed, sent for the brave young person, and, placing a check for five hundred dollars in his hand, said, "Take this as a reward for your noble act, William Ferguson, and if ever you shall need a friend, remember that Thompson McSpadden has a grateful heart." Let us learn from this that a good deed cannot fail to

¹ This is probably a misprint. — M. T.

benefit the poor, however humble he may be.

SEQUEL.

William Ferguson called the next week and asked Mr. McSpadden to use his influence to get him a higher employment, he feeling capable of better things than driving a grocer's wagon. Mr. McSpadden got him an under-clerkship at a good salary.

Presently William Ferguson's mother fell sick, and William — Well, to cut the story short, Mr. McSpadden consented to take her into his house. Before long she yearned for the society of her younger children; so Mary and Julia were admitted also, and little Jimmy, their brother. Jimmy had a pocket-knife, and he wandered into the drawing-room with it one day, alone, and reduced ten thousand dollars' worth of furniture to an indeterminable value in rather less than three quarters of an hour. A day or two later he fell down-stairs and broke his neck, and seventeen of his family's relatives came to the house to attend the funeral. This made them acquainted, and they kept the kitchen occupied after that, and likewise kept the McSpaddens busy hunting up situations of various sorts for them, and hunting up more when they wore these out. The old woman drank a good deal and swore a good deal; but the grateful McSpaddens knew it was their duty to reform her, considering what her son had done for them, so they claved nobly to their generous task. William came often and got decreasing sums of money, and asked for higher and more lucrative employments, — which the grateful McSpadden more or less promptly procured for him. McSpadden consented also after some demur, to fit William for college; but when the first vacation came and the hero requested to be sent to Europe for his health, the persecuted McSpadden rose against the tyrant and revolted. He plainly and squarely refused. William Ferguson's mother was so astounded that she let her gin bottle drop, and her profane lips refused to do their office. When she recovered she said in

a half-gasp, "Is this your gratitude? Where would your wife and boy be now, but for my son?"

William said, "Is this your gratitude? Did I save your wife's life or not? tell me that!"

Seven relations swarmed in from the kitchen and each said, "And this is his gratitude!"

William's sisters stared, bewildered, and said, "And this is his grat —" but were interrupted by their mother, who burst into tears and exclaimed, "To think that my sainted little Jimmy threw away his life in the service of such a reptile!"

Then the pluck of the revolutionary McSpadden rose to the occasion, and he replied with fervor, "Out of my house, the whole beggarly tribe of you! I was beguiled by the books, but shall never be beguiled again, — once is sufficient for me." And turning to William he shouted, "Yes, you did save my wife's life, and the next man that does it shall die in his tracks!"

Not being a clergyman, I place my text at the end of my sermon instead of at the beginning. Here it is, from Mr. Noah Brooks's *Recollections of President Lincoln*, in *Scribner's Monthly*: —

"J. H. Hackett, in his part of Falstaff, was an actor who gave Mr. Lincoln great delight. With his usual desire to signify to others his sense of obligation, Mr. Lincoln wrote a genial little note to the actor, expressing his pleasure at witnessing his performance. Mr. Hackett, in reply, sent a book of some sort; perhaps it was one of his own authorship. He also wrote several notes to the president. One night, quite late, when the episode had passed out of my mind, I went to the White House in answer to a message. Passing into the president's office, I noticed, to my surprise, Hackett sitting in the anteroom as if waiting for an audience. The president asked me if any one was outside. On being told, he said, half sadly, 'Oh, I can't see him, I can't see him; I was in hopes he had gone away.' Then he added, 'Now this just illustrates the dif-

faculty of having pleasant friends and acquaintances in this place. You know how I liked Hackett as an actor, and how I wrote to tell him so. He sent me that book, and there I thought the matter would end. He is a master of his place in the profession, I suppose, and well fixed in it; but just because we had a little friendly correspondence, such as any two men might have, he wants something. What do you suppose he wants?" I could not guess, and Mr. Lincoln added, 'Well, he wants to be consul to London. Oh, dear!'

I will observe, in conclusion, that the William Ferguson incident occurred, and within my personal knowledge,—though I have changed the nature of the details, to keep William from recognizing himself in it.

All the readers of this article have in some sweet and gushing hour of their lives played the rôle of Magnanimous-Incident hero. I wish I knew how many there are among them who are willing to talk about that episode and like to be reminded of the consequences that flowed from it.

Mark Twain.

THE "RANK AND FILE."

Oh, blow for the Hero a trumpet,
Let him lift up his head in the morn;
A glory of glories is battle,
It is well for the world he was born.
Let him joy in the sound of the trumpet,
And sun in the world's proud smile;
But what had become of the Hero,
Except for the "rank and file"?

Oh, grand is the Earth in her progress,
In her genius and art and affairs;
The glory of glories is progress,
Let the great find a joy in their cares.
Let the kings and the artists and statesmen
Look round them and proudly smile;
But what would become of the nation,
Except for the "rank and file"?

And when the brief days of this planet
Are all ended and numbered and told,
And the Lord shall appear in his glory,
And shall summon the young and the old,
For the Hero shall sound forth no trumpet,
For the great no welcoming smile;
Before the good Lord in his glory,
We are all "the rank and the file."

H. H.

THE SILVER QUESTION GEOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

MANY questions of a social nature can be fairly claimed by the geologist as coming within his domain, but of them all none are so bound up with his problems as those that concern the currency. Theoretically, at least, all civilized money is made from certain metals, or is supposed to be their shadow. These metals owe their value to the skill and labor necessary to extract them from their hiding-places in the earth. It is a well-accepted principle in political economy that the value or purchasing power of these precious metals depends upon the amount of labor required in their production; their advantage over the so-called base metals, iron, copper, etc., depends upon their power to demand labor for production. A pound of gold is worth several thousand times as much as a pound of iron, because it requires several thousand times as much labor to win it from the earth. A pound of diamonds brings in the market several thousand times as much as a pound of gold, because a proportionally greater amount of labor is requisite to acquire them. In the complicated equation that determines the value of the mass of gold and silver in the world, there enter, of course, a great variety of minor causes, — the amount of use of these metals in the arts, the wear of handling, the loss by buried and sunken treasure, etc.; but these are elements of relatively small value in comparison with the cost of production. It is from this that the geologist comes to have a right to raise his voice when all the rest of the world is making a babel. His art, in good part, owes its beginnings to the painstaking inquiries that men have been making for centuries into the question of getting the greatest amount of gold and silver at the least cost of labor; and he alone can pronounce an opinion as to the future sources of supply and the chance that the world has of receiving an even share of precious metals, decade by decade and century by cent-

ury, for the time to come. A moment's consideration will convince any one that the geologist's verdict, if he can give one on this point, has an importance that it is hard to overestimate. The history of the coin metals shows that their value has been subject to constant change: whenever gold has received a sudden access of production, it has fallen in purchasing power; and in its turn silver has had its variations, and whenever, by the devices of coinage, these variations have been hidden, the whole currency based upon them has been subject to fluctuations that have changed the money value of the day laborer's toil and all that depends thereon. These changes were at best troublesome and wrong-working in their effects, but they generally took place slowly, while debts in the old days were commonly matters of short reckoning. But among the many contrivances of modern civilization we must count the system of deferred indebtedness, by means of which each generation passes on to its successors a large share of the burden of its deeds. The expenses of the wars of Great Britain, which have given the little island its world-wide empire, were fairly laid, in the shape of a national debt, as a tax upon its people for all time. Now the weight of this burden upon the production of the kingdom will vary with the value of its coin standards. If the purchasing power of the ounce of gold doubles, this burden will be doubled; if it sinks to one half, the debt will be laid as a tax upon its holders. In the case of such an empire, it may be said that this is equalized among its people, and that the unfairness is no greater than in the average of human experience; but in the case of corporations, such as railway companies, cities, etc., where the debt is not held at home, the unfairness that time may work is purely evil, quite without compensation. It is evident that the weight of the loads we put upon posterity through

the system of bonded indebtedness will largely depend upon the yield of precious metals in the time to come. If the earth can give enough to replace the wear and tear of these metals and the needs of widening use, these debts may remain the same; if the supply shrinks, the burden on the debt payers is relatively enhanced; if it increases beyond the measure of growing needs, the debt holder is in part shorn of his due. The only chance of answering this question concerning the future supply of coinable metal is through the study of the sources whence flow the streams of precious metals into the field of commerce, and here the science of the earth must be our guide.

Before the geologist can answer the question as to the probable yield of gold and silver in future, he must make clear to the inquirer the general character of the laws that regulate the distribution of metals in the earth's crust, and their gathering into the lodes, veins, beds, and other places of deposit.

The older theories concerning the origin of metalliferous deposits are exceedingly curious and quaint, wrought with superstition and enkindled by the imagination that is naturally bred in the mystery of the mine. Into this tangle of guesses and traditions the methods of science have gradually crept, but as yet hardly any of its discoveries have become matters of popular information; a large part of the most important results of modern inquiries as to the genesis of mineral deposits has not yet found its way into many text-books. The popular view of the origin of gold and silver deposits is that these substances are derived from the deeper stores of the heated interior of the earth, and that they have been sublimated thence and borne up into the overlying rocks; recent observations have materially modified this view. It is now believed that all the metals are contained in sea-water, and have been present in such waters ever since the oceans came down upon the lands. It is furthermore believed that these substances come into the sea-water by the same processes which bring common salt into the sea, namely, by the

leaching of the land by the rain-water, which, armed with the carbonic acid gas given it by the decaying vegetable matter of the soil, is able to seize a part of almost all the substances it finds in the soil or in the rocks, through which it penetrates, and bear its waste away to the deep in the condition of complete solution, as sugar is dissolved in water. In this state gravitation has no hold upon the dissolved metals, and the particles of gold or silver washed away from the rocks of any district may be scattered by the ocean currents to the most remote waters of the globe. In the sea lives a vast variety of vegetable life; each of these species, after the law of its kind, takes from the sea-water a share of the various dissolved matters which it holds, just as the plants of the land take various substances from the decaying rocks that constitute the soil. Certain sea-weeds take up more of one substance, and others another; dying where they grow and succeeded by their kind, they gradually build a rock composed in the main of the substances which they have separated from the sea-water. Some weeds, as for instance the Sargassum, grow afloat in the water and sweep with the ocean stream into great eddies, such as the Sea of Sargasso, and then slowly rot and sink to the sea floor. Some animals, feeding on particular species of marine plants, take to themselves in this way peculiar substances, and when they possess particular parts of the sea floor they too help to build up rocks rich in certain substances.

In time these beds, laid down by particular animals and plants in the slow events of life and death, become buried beneath thousands of feet of subsequent deposits. We then come to the last stage of the processes of making a mineral vein. The rocks becoming heated by means of the internal fires of the earth, the beds above serve as a blanket to confine the heat that is always escaping from the earth. These heated rocks are now traversed by hot waters, whose movement is, in part, impelled by the heat itself; these waters creep through the closest knit rocks, bringing about

manifold changes in them. As they go downwards, the waters are continually taking more and more heat from the rocks; and each increase of heat makes it possible for the water to seize on more of the various substances contained in the rocks. When its course is turned upwards towards the surface of the earth, the water begins to cool; in its slow passage through the narrow avenues of the veins in the rocks, it begins to lay down the substances it has taken up in the lower parts of its course. Although heated water will take up a number of substances while it is at a given temperature, it will lay them down in a successive order as it cools, so that it tends to assort them as it leaves them in its course towards the surface. This brings the various materials into the grouped order in which we find them in veins and other deposits. With a brevity that leaves much that it would be desirable to say unsaid, this is an account of the way in which veins are now believed to be formed. It is easily seen that here, as in all other earthly successions, substances tread an eternal circle in the guidance of water and by the impulse of heat. Through water impelled by solar force the metal is worked out of the crumbling rocks and borne to the sea; by organic life, itself the creation of solar force, it is borne back to the rocks; thence, in time, it is to be taken once again upon its ceaseless journeys. To man as a hunter of precious metals, those forces which serve to concentrate the disseminated metal into the open fissures of the rocks are matters of first importance. Out of the abundant facts and theories that the literature of the subject affords, we may select the following points which have for our purpose the greatest significance: It is only among the rocks which have been greatly changed by heat and the agents that work therewith that we find veins containing ores of gold. These rocks are generally among the older beds of the earth's surface, for the newer rocks have rarely received the deep burial which is necessary in order to bring the heat and other agents of change to bear upon them. These ancient rocks exist

everywhere over the earth, but of those parts of them that lie under the land more than nine tenths are so deeply buried beneath the newer beds, that bear no gold veins, that all access to their gold-bearing veins is cut off. Of the accessible area, equal to about one tenth of the land surface which has undergone enough metamorphism to bring its gold into veins, much is barren, for owing to the small amount of the metal brought into its rocks while they were being deposited on the old sea floors, or to some other cause, the amount of gold they contain in their veins is exceedingly small, — too small for profitable working. Such is the character of most of the New England region. Throughout this area we find in its older rocks veins which are meagrely supplied with gold enough to beguile industry to failure, and no more. The same may be said of Scandinavia, Switzerland, Great Britain, the Dominion of Canada, and many other regions, where rocks in all other respects sufficiently like those of our Goleondas bear no rich stores of wealth in their veins, though they all show some traces of precious metals. So that of the auriferous districts, as we may call all the regions where the veins show perceptible quantities of gold, probably not one third of the area affords any deposits which will give a profitable return for the labor of extracting the ore from its matrix, taking labor at the cheapest and gold at the dearest rate that they ever have coincidentally had in the history of mining.

There are yet large parts of the surface of the earth about which we know too little to form any opinion as to their resources in the way of precious metals. Yet we may fairly claim that more than one half the areas likely to contain gold have been to a greater or less degree explored. Europe, which has a relatively small area of possible gold fields, is already well stripped of its stores. No important discoveries of gold-bearing deposits have been made within fifty years, and despite cheap labor and government aid, the supply from its fields is steadily running down. The same may be said of the known Asiatic fields; a

large part of that continent likely to bear gold has never been thoroughly explored by any people likely to have cunningly sought for precious metals, but its old sources of supply, as well as those of Europe, are steadily failing. With the downfall of the Turkish empire it seems probable that many of the ancient mines may be restored to production, especially as by the modern methods miners are now able to penetrate where the old untrained workers were balked by difficulties. But at present those localities of the Old World which supplied the gold of coinage and the arts for all the centuries up to the sixteenth of our era are essentially unproductive. The sixteenth century set the world again in search of the Golden Fleece, and the Argonauts brought great stores from the New World. These stores were at first of gold, for with the natives of the Spanish American countries silver, if not unknown, was but little valued; but soon the new continents began to yield silver as well, and both the precious metals came from the western world in abundance. At first it was Mexico and the west coast of South America that furnished the supply, but gradually the productive area widened. The Brazilian field soon began to furnish great quantities of gold, and has retained a fair productiveness for over a century. The first half of this century saw the beginning of gold mining within the United States: the Dahlonega district, including the western parts of Georgia and the Carolinas and Central Virginia, began a moderate production which has served as a spur to imprudent investment ever since; the second half of this century saw the beginning of the Californian gold industry, and that equally fruitful field that has been given by the Australian archipelago. With this last discovery the gold hunters fairly finished their voyage around the earth. For centuries they have driven the flags of a dozen states against the darkness of the farther seas. In Australia they came at last back to the great district in which lay the Ophir of Solomon. The search for gold had now led to the discovery of

it on every continent and upon the shores of many of the great islands of the seas; every continent had now paid its golden tribute to man. Henceforth he must extend his supplies by closer searching in the fields already known to him, by more skillful processes, or a greater share of toil.

The possibilities of a greater extension of gold mining in the regions where men have long delved is the most important question the student of bullion production has to inquire into. He will first notice that every European source has been gradually shrinking in its supply. The Ural Mountains, the Hungarian mines, the sands of the river Rhine, the Spanish mines, — among the largest worked of any in the world, — have all been more or less steadily decreasing their yield, despite the wonderful growth in resources of mining and metallurgical arts during the past two centuries. The possible devices of the chemical and mechanic arts in the extraction and treatment of ores are doubtless well-nigh at their best, so we cannot expect any improvement in production on the continent of Europe. The British gold mines are regarded as hopeless failures by those most competent to judge of their resources. The mines of Siberia show the same steady decline. Hindustan and the neighboring islands, except Borneo, perhaps the most permanently productive of all gold areas, have shown no inviting field to the explorers. Africa has been a steady though small producer of gold, but seems to forbid the access of the outer world by almost insuperable obstacles, though there can be no doubt, from the little we know of its geology, that it presents one of the fairest fields for gold production in the future, as it has perhaps a larger proportion of its area underlaid by rocks of a gold-bearing stamp than either of the other continents. There can be little doubt that the gold veins of North America have already given us the cream of their gold production, or that which can be won at small cost, and what is hereafter to be obtained must be had at the expenditure of a much greater proportion of labor

than hitherto. The South American localities show no gain of recent years; Brazil reached its climax in the eighteenth century, and has been steadily decreasing since that time, until at present it gives but a small fraction of its greatest yield. The islands of the South Pacific have attained their climax, and they too are descending in the scale of production. Wherever we turn, the experience of mining for gold seems to point to the conclusion that the yield is essentially unstable, and that of metals which have been greatly sought for by man it is the one which can be least expected to give a steady and uniform return for the expenditure of a given amount of labor.

The paroxysmal nature of the gold supply in any district has been in part brought about by the fact that in each gold district the accessible store exists in two quite dissimilar conditions: first, in the shape of disseminated gold, the waste from the wearing of the lodes of the district, which on account of its weight is not readily swept into the sea, but remains as lumps in the sands of the rivers and pockets in their beds; and, second, in the shape of lodes or veins which yield their gold either in a metallic state or in various compounds with other substances. When a country is discovered to contain gold it is almost always these deposits of the first class that afford the first supplies. By washing the sands and grubbing in the pockets of the rivers a vast supply of gold, the product of the erosive decay of centuries, is won. After a few years of search the cream of these supplies is taken away, and the gold hunter must prepare to assault the sources whence they were derived, and with gunpowder, pick, and stamps make a costly imitation of the processes by which nature prepared for him the other store. Though great successes may here and there attend these efforts, it may be fairly questioned whether, counting the failures as well as the successes, there has been any gain of gold through these processes above a fair return upon the capital and labor invested. It is a reasonable conclusion from past experiences that

each gold district where veins are steadily worked will yield gold for a much greater time than it would from placer washings alone, but will yield it in a gradually diminished ratio to the labor expended. There is a vulgar idea that the supply of precious metals grows greater with the depth of the mines. This is not the case, as every extension of the works downwards is attended by an increase of the cost of production. Moreover, as the stored-up force of the coal beds is almost always remote from the source of supply of gold, the cost of lifting ore and water from deep workings soon becomes very great.

The question of future supply of gold is made more complicated owing to the introduction of what is termed hydraulic mining. In a certain sense hydraulic mining is the aboriginal method of procuring gold. Almost as soon as a people rise above the lowest levels of barbarism they begin to wash the gold-bearing sands of their streams, or at least to turn them over for their gold. The pan and the sluice, in their many simple modifications, have long been in use all the world over. To California is due the credit for the ingenious extension of this process, whereby the water, gathered at a higher level, is made to discharge itself in a concentrated stream through a nozzle against the clay or gravel cliff from which the gold is to be obtained. Thrown with the pressure of some hundred and fifty feet or more of head through a tube contracted from a foot in diameter or more to an aperture of two or three inches, these streams can daily tear away thousands of cubic yards of the toughest clays and cemented gravels. The ruin which the flood of water bears away is passed through long sluices into which quicksilver is poured. The quicksilver catches the fine gold as it passes by, and cements it into an amalgam which lies in the "riffles" or pockets made in the bottom of the sluice. This method greatly reduces the amount of labor involved in washing a given body of gravel or clay. The old-fashioned way of working required many times as much gold in the gravel in order to pay as does this

new method. The old washing processes were limited to the neighborhood of the streams, where the sands, having been washed and reworked by the rains, were rich in gold, and where they were not buried beneath a thick cover of unprofitable beds. The hydraulic method enables the miner to attack with profit the gravels remote from the streams, where he may have to tear away a cubic yard of material in order to win five or six cents' worth of gold. It has at the same time made him a very destroying angel. In all his varied search for hidden stores of wealth in the present and past, his ravages have been limited to the soiling of streams and blackening of the land; this last device enables him to tear away the very surface of the earth, reducing fair plains to deserts, and filling the rivers to their brim with the waste of the fields they once made fertile.

There can be no doubt that through this disastrous invention vast areas will be made productive in gold that have hitherto yielded little of this metal. So far it has been used only in California, where the conditions are not as favorable for its use as in many other countries. It seems likely that with the extension of this process to regions far richer in water, we may enter upon a brief period of unparalleled gold production. A considerable part of Vermont, where even now a man may make by the old ways of working a small wage for his labor, seems fitted for this base use. In the western parts of the Carolinas and Georgia, the rocks containing gold are decayed to a considerable depth, and in the old gold fields of Brazil and other tropical districts, where we find the same rotten conditions of the rocks characteristic of all regions beyond the domain of the last glacial period, this method will in time be applied. It is also likely that some of the abandoned workings of the Ural and Siberian mines may be advantageously worked by it. There can be no doubt that it will for a short time very greatly increase the amount of gold thrown into active use, and that with its extension we may fairly expect two great evils: the sudden increase of the

gold supply, tending to a fall in the purchasing power of the metal, and the devastation of some of the beautiful valleys of the world. After this period of spasmodic production we may anticipate a return to a steadily diminishing yield arising from the gradual exhaustion of gold found in lodes.

Let us now examine the conditions of occurrence of silver, the twin metal of currency with gold for nearly the whole of the coin period of human history. It seems pretty clear that the general history of silver is much the same as that of gold; it is known to exist in the waters of the sea in pretty large quantities, — so large, indeed, that it has been suspected that the sea gives up silver to the copper covering of ships, it being claimed that it is profitable to rework the sheathing of ships that have sailed many voyages, to obtain the silver they have taken up from the passing water.

The process of change that brings the dissolved silver of the sea-water into the deposits of the rocks, where we find it, is without doubt essentially the same as in the case of gold. There is, however, this peculiarity about silver: it is very frequently associated in considerable quantities with lead and with copper; in its association with the former metal it is often found deposited in districts where the evidence goes to show that the deposits have not required the intervention of highly-heated waters. The conditions favoring its occurrence in forms suitable for the miner's needs came about much more often in the workings of our earth's laboratories than in the case of gold. The result is that the area over which silver may be profitably sought is much greater than that over which gold may be searched for to advantage. In Europe, Norway, Saxony, Bohemia, Austria, Hungary, and Spain have continued the production of silver for centuries with a steadiness not equaled in any other mining industries. In the Peruvian and Bolivian districts of South America the yield has had something of the paroxysmal character common to all gold districts, but this irregularity is apparently due as much to bad

government as to any irregularity in the supply. Chili, where the government has been reasonably good, maintains a steadily increasing outpour of silver. There can be no doubt that in the future production of this metal the mines of the Andean district will be among the largest contributors. Mexico and the extension of the Cordilleras to the north and within the United States partake in the abundance of silver which seems given to the Pacific coast of the Americas in a singularly great share. By far the larger part of the silver furnished to the markets of the world has been from this great mountain chain. In three centuries the Potosi mines alone yielded over twelve hundred millions of dollars' worth of silver; and in the same time the Mexican mines poured out about twice this quantity. The other mines in this Cordilleran chain have brought up the sum somewhere near five thousand millions of dollars. The American continents are, it would seem, proportionately more richly stored with the ores of silver than those of any other metal.

Besides the silver-bearing beds which are rich enough in silver to deserve the name of silver mines, there are many mines, which are mainly worked for other metals, that still furnish considerable amounts of silver: most lead-bearing ores yield a quantity of silver that pays for the additional labor required to win it from its combinations; the same may be said of copper ores. Although these sources of supply are but moderate, they are constant, and in so far act to secure that steady production of the metal which is of the first importance to its use as a standard of value.

The relatively ready oxidization of silver, its relative lightness, and its unfrequent occurrence in disseminated grains account for the important fact that it is never found in river deposits or other places where it can be readily won by the miner. Furthermore, only a small part of the deposits that can be drawn upon in case of need have yet contributed to the supply of the world. Silver mining in Asia, Africa, and Australia can hardly be said to exist. There are,

doubtless, very many sources of supply yet untouched, as before noted. Most gold districts are first explored for gold which is scattered through their river sands; it is only at a later state of the prospecting that miners seek the lodes whence, by the wear of the surface, the scattered gold has been obtained. There are no such natural guides to silver deposits as there are to those of gold. It is only by rare accidents or careful prospecting that deposits of this description are found. It follows from these diverse conditions of occurrence of gold and silver that the former metal must be produced with far less steadiness than the latter. In 1854, Professor J. D. Whitney, the distinguished author of the work entitled *The Metallic Wealth of the United States*, sums up the careful study which he gives there of the sources of supply of these two precious metals in the following words: "Silver is, in a geological point of view, the metal best adapted for a standard of value, since, possessing all the valuable qualities that make gold suitable for that purpose, it is not liable to those fluctuations in its production to which this latter is exposed." The experience of the quarter century that has elapsed since this important conclusion, gained through the most painstaking labor, was announced has shown nothing to disturb the grounds on which it rests. The rapid rise and rapid fall of the supply from the California and Australia fields, then but beginning to yield their harvests; the invention of the hydraulic process, which threatens an inundation of gold greater than any that has yet occurred, point to the same conclusion, namely, that gold, essential as it is to our currency, is too irregular in its supply to afford, used by itself alone, the very first condition of a commercial standard. A currency measured in gold alone would run the fatal risk of profound oscillations of value, arising from the very great differences in the yield of this metal. There is hardly a product of human industry representing anything like such large value, the cost in labor of which has varied more within the last half century,

or is likely to vary more in the century to come, than gold. It is true that the volume of gold now in currency is so great that very considerable changes in the rate of production can take place without manifesting themselves in the purchasing power of the mass; but the drain made upon gold in the economic and æsthetic arts, always large, and increasing with each advance in wealth and luxury, requires a steady contribution to the trade reservoir of the metal to keep it from dangerous shrinking.¹ With every existing source of supply of a permanent nature decreasing, and with the promise of a series of spasmodic variations in production, arising from the extension of the hydraulic process to new areas, it is evident to the geologist that gold cannot be looked forward to as an embodiment of unvarying value.

Silver, on the other hand, gives a promise of steady yield in the future which is not afforded by gold. The sudden acceleration of production during the last few years, due in the main to the marvelous and unexampled extension of mining industry to the vast metalliferous region of the Cordilleras of North America, great though it has been, is not, considering the volume of silver, proportionately as disturbing in its effects as the inundations of gold from California, Nevada, and Australia have been. The Comstock lode is the accident of a century. Except for it the silver production of the Americas has had a singular steadiness during the last fifty years. The yield of this lode has, moreover, been about as disturbing upon the gold supply as upon that of silver, for over forty per cent. of its product has been in gold. The recent alarm about the overproduction of silver has been to a great extent founded on the production of this mine. Prodigious as this has been in the past, there is no reason to anticipate anything like the same yield in the future, and in

the centuries of search for silver on these continents, there have been but three sudden movements of production,—those which have come from the Potosi, the Mexican, and the Nevada mines. There is no evident reason why within a few years the production of silver should not again fall to its average rate. Owing to the extensive demand for silver in Asia, its rapid wear and its great use in table furniture, a very few years will fast drain away the existing surplus when the Nevada supply is withdrawn. Over a hundred years passed between the culmination of the silver production at Potosi and the period of greatest production in Mexico, and over fifty years between the time when the latter began rapidly to decline and the beginning of the prosperous days of the Nevada and Colorado silver mines. Each year makes it less and less probable that the world is to see new discoveries leading to such sudden movements of production. All the indications point to the steady yield of silver and to the unsteady yield of gold in the century to come.

RATE OF PRODUCTION OF GOLD AND SILVER DURING THE FIRST THREE QUARTERS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY IN MILLIONS AND TENTHS OF MILLIONS STERLING.

	Gold. Million £.	Silver. Million £.	
1800	2.6	7.7	Humboldt.
1809-29	1.6	3.6	Jacob. (Doubtful, probably an underestimate.)
1845	2.3	6.2	Whitney.
1852	36.5	8.1	Compiled by Sir H. Hay
1853	31.0	8.1	
1854	25.4	8.1	
1855	27.1	8.1	
1856	29.5	8.1	
1857	26.6	8.1	
1858	24.9	8.1	
1859	24.9	8.1	
1860	23.8	8.2	
1861	22.7	8.5	
1862	21.5	9.0	
1863	21.3	10	
1864	22.6	10	
1865	24.0	10	
1866	24.2	10	
1867	22.8	10	
1868	21.9	10	
1869	21.2	9.5	
1870	21.3	10	
1871	21.4	12	
1872	19.9	13	
1873	19.2	14	
1874	18.1	14	
1875	19.5	16	

Thus it is seen that within the century

¹ Mr. Ernest Seyd estimates the gold and silver now in use in the world as money as follows:—

Gold, full value £750,000,000
 Silver, full value 505,000,000
 Silver as "change" 145,000,000
 or about \$3,700,000,000 gold, and about \$3,300,000,000 silver.

the production of gold has varied about eighteen fold, of silver about two fold.

A very little consideration of this table will show that the variations in the production of gold and silver have served to neutralize the disturbing effect of the one on the other; the outflow of silver rising while that of gold decreases, and *vice versa*. Besides the ordinary action of chance that serves to bring about this effect, there is an especial influence which arises from the diminished profit coming from the depreciated price of the overproduced metal. This is seen at the present moment, in that many silver mines are not paying which would pay at the value of silver in 1860, and many other possible mines will not be opened while the value of the metal is falling. The effect of these causes on the total volume of currency metals gives a compensating correction to our standards of value which would not exist in case a currency of only one metal were used.

If silver is abandoned as a circulating medium by the civilized world, it will doubtless in time be forced out of use among the silver-consuming peoples of Asia, who for centuries have taken this metal in enormous quantities, putting it into ornaments and into buried hoards. Owing to the reduced field of its use, gold will then, with the present rate of supply, become worth more labor than it is now; the result will be an added stimulus to hydraulic mining, or a premium on the destruction of river-valleys that may be so unfortunate as to contain gold.

The total quantities of gold and silver in use in 1871 as coin and bars, held by banks or dealers, excluding utensils, ornaments, or buried hoards, is estimated by Mr. Ernest Seyd to be, gold seven hundred and fifty, silver six hundred and fifty, millions sterling. It would probably require all the gold produced in thirty more years, at the present rate, to replace the silver in the world's currency.

¹ It is worth while to trace the curious history of platina as a coin metal. Soon after its discovery in the Ural, in 1824, the Russian government began to coin it in pieces with a value of about five and ten dollars each. Though platina has always held a value much above silver, being now about five to one, and although several million dollars of this coinage was made, it did not succeed, and was aban-

cy. At the average rate of production during the century it would require somewhere near the whole amount produced since 1800. The reader may imagine the disturbance to the value of gold that this would bring about. Probably it is easier to propose such changes than to effect them.

It is clear that there are no other metals which can ever be made to do satisfactory duty in a coinage as representatives of value.¹ The ancient choice of the world that, among all possible representatives of value, gold and silver should be money is fully warranted by the inquiries of those who have made the earth the subject of their special study. The geologist is naturally led, from his point of view, to doubt the policy of suppressing the old use of either of these metals. The peculiar convenience of gold lies in its capacity to pack a large amount of labor into a small bulk. Against this advantage must be set the irregular yield, and the destruction of rivers and their valley lands arising from the modern hydraulic process of extracting gold from aluminum. In favor of silver may be set the fact that it embodies much labor in a small mass, though in a less degree than gold. Its production in proportion to the amount in use is, in the long run, more steady than that of gold. It is produced by larger areas, and the mining industries it creates are more permanent. Furthermore, there is no risk of its search entailing the destruction of large tracts of tillable ground and the filling up of river beds.

The attentive student of the earth, seeing that only these two metals are fit for the peculiar uses of currency, may be permitted to doubt the policy of excluding either of them from the current use to which the common sense of our race has dedicated both from immemorial time. It is the especial task of the statesman to determine whether it is done after a quarter century of trial. The supply was deemed too unsteady and the public resistance too great to make the experiment worth continuance. After a quarter century of effort the scheme was abandoned. There can be no doubt that platina has more valuable qualities than either gold or silver. It is extensively disseminated, yet never likely to be found in permanent abundance.

possible to keep these two metals at work at the same time in making the exchanges of commerce. With this task the geologist, though he feels he has a right to meddle with many things, has clearly nothing to do. He may be at the most allowed to doubt whether the experience of the last decade has been sufficient to warrant the giving up of this effort at the adjustment of the diverse values of these metals, after thousands of years have shown that the world could manage to use them together. This question should not be connected with the remonetization of silver by the United States. The problem cannot be met by any individual state, especially in the way we have sought to meet it, without doing a bitter injustice to the rights of mankind, and sowing the seed of the very wrongs that it is the first object of all government to avoid. There is danger, however, that the present excitement concerning the silver question will commit the commercial states of the world to the sole use for currency of a metal of which the future is very doubtful; a metal liable to profound variations of value, — variations which would have already been much more damaging than they have been were it not for the fact

that the world has not been dependent on it alone for the actual volume and value of its currency. Commerce has had two good and faithful servants in these two precious metals. It does seem better to try to keep them both, despite the fact that they do not always pull together, rather than take the risks of putting all the work upon either one, especially when it is clear that either is liable to great variations in its power to perform its allotted functions. If they can be kept in use together, the variations in supply of the one are likely to counteract the variations of the other. These changes may require not infrequent changes in the relative value put upon these metals, and an accord thereon between the civilized states; but, perplexing as such matters of administration may be, it is better to face them than to run the risk of taking as the sole measure of exchange a metal which, from its tricky and uncertain ways, better deserves the name of mercury than its slippery companion. If steadiness in production over centuries of time is a necessary quality in the substance taken as a commercial standard, then gold is not to be trusted out of the company of its steadier-gaited companion.¹

N. S. Shaler.

SOME RECENT VOLUMES OF VERSE.

WE cannot see that the present time, when so few books of any sort are bought, is less abundant than the most prosperous season in books of verse. Possibly the publishers feel that one time is no worse than another for poetical ventures, and so launch themselves as fearlessly

¹ The literature having any distinct bearing on the problem proposed in this article is very limited, but the following titles may be found useful to the student: J. D. Whitney, *Metallic Wealth of the United States*, with brief accounts treating of the production of other countries; R. W. Raymond, *Reports on the Statistics of Mines and Mining in the States and Territories West of the Rocky Mountains*,

upon the flood-tide of adversity as if it led on to fortune. The poet's own part in the risk, if he is quite a new name, it is always pathetic to consider; though why it should be more pathetic to consider the loss of hopes than the loss of money we are not ready to say; and our

The Report from the Select Committee on the Depreciation of Silver to the Parliament of Great Britain, 1876 ("blue book") abounds in valuable matter. Also, for a discussion of the relations of organic life to the formation of ore deposits, see *Reports of Progress of the Kentucky Geological Survey*, vol. II. (new series), part viii.

sympathy for the new poets may flow from an impression that it is commonly at their cost that the publisher makes his bold experiments. These generalities cannot apply to writers so well known as Mr. Trowbridge,¹ Mrs. Moulton,² and Mrs. Piatt,³ whose books come first upon our list, nor do we know that the opening generalities of critical papers are ever intended to apply to anything in them. We notice that their authors cut loose from them at the earliest practicable moment, and are careful not to refer to them afterwards if they can help it.

Mr. Trowbridge's quality as a poet long since made itself felt, and he holds by virtue of several striking poems, or a certain striking kind of poem, a fairer place in literature than his prose would give him. He is so generally known as a writer for young people that the public does not always remember what good work he has done for their elders, though there are some short stories of his better for comic force, for observation of character, and for dramatic expression of character than the best on which greater reputations are based. In poetry his value is more fully recognized. He is known to do a sort of poem, like *The Vagabonds* (in which he first struck the key-note), *One Day Solitary*, and *Sheriff Thorne*, with an authoritative and unrivalled vigor; just as Mr. Stedman is known to do a New York kind of poem with exquisite feeling, and as Mr. Aldrich is known to do a kind of delicate, humor-touched love lyric with inapproachable grace. But we should lose a great deal that is very good in this world if we kept men strictly to their best, their second-best is often so admirable; and if we confined Mr. Trowbridge to the sort of poem in which he is most creative, we should be doing him an injustice and ourselves a useless displeasure. In a great variety of other poems he shows the poet's keen sympathy with nature, and the thinker's serious sense of life; in yet others he charms us with some of the finest strokes

of the story-teller's skill. In the five poems which go to make up *The Book of Gold* he is always a story-teller, though the range from the gravity of the first to the gayety of the last is very wide. In the first he has imagined a very touching phase of that old story of the helplessness of one man to profit by the very means which he has furnished to save another. The physician cannot heal himself; the comedian, dying of melancholy, despairs when advised to go and see himself play; in *The Book of Gold*, a poet is discovered on the death-bed to which his vices have brought him by the man whom his poem had enabled to resist temptation, and who repeats to him the lines which saved him. The immense pathos, the sorrowful consolation of the situation, speaks in the poet's cry:—

"Thank Heaven, if it has helped to save a single soul!

Enough, O friend! But you are here to gain
A deeper lesson than its leaves contain;
Since he whose words can save himself may be
Among the lost."

The story is very well told, and the conscientiously modern character of the setting is managed with interesting skillfulness. It is a poem which will go to many hearts, and will be all the more effective for its quite unaffected simplicity. The poet grapples in it with artistic difficulties which seem to have beset realistic narration in heroic verse almost from its first use in that way. There is no good reason why this vehicle should not lend itself as readily to such a purpose as the swinging ballad metre which Mr. Trowbridge employs in this volume in the touching story of *Aunt Hannah*; but it does not, as any one who reads the two pieces may see, and it never has done so. It is not so reluctant where the subject is humorous, but this epic verse will not go willingly with a serious theme, if the theme is modern and realistic. Almost any other verse will go better; the hexameter goes best of all. Good as Mr. Trowbridge's story is, we feel that it would have been better but for those loath decasyllables; yet that it

¹ *The Book of Gold, and other Poems.* By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878.

² *Poems.* By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

³ *Poems in Company with Children.* By MRS. S. M. B. PIATT. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

mated itself to them in the poet's mind is a great reason in favor of them. We think he touches a higher poetic level in the ballad (if we may call it so) of Aunt Hannah, which we find very pathetic, and told with a tender grace, which springs from sympathy with homely reality. It is fortunate, of course, in a strong and simple motive; so fortunate that one marvels, as one often must, that as life is full of such motives, literature should commonly go out of its way for artificial and feeble ones. It is not quite novel, — the girl forsaken on her wedding-day, and growing brave and good out of her despair, — but since we are so moved by it, we see that those old themes may be played again and again, and if the musician is himself sincere they will not weary. Tom's Come Home is a poem of still homelier material; it is nothing but the return of a young fellow to the farm homestead; what gives it hold upon the sympathies and imagination is the certainty with which the young fellow's good-heartedness, and the tenderness with which the love and pride in the old hearts that welcome him back, are felt. The old father, whom the children run to call from the field, is almost a farm-worn presence to the eye:

 . . . "lame and gaunt and gray,
Coat on arm, half in alarm,
Striding over the stony farm,
The good news clears his cloudy face,
And he cries, as he quickens his anxious pace,
 "Tom? Tom come home?"

There is a whole situation in a touch like this. But Mr. Trowbridge does not merely trust to touches. There is an honest equality in his work that comes from a firm grip of his subject, and a thorough knowledge of it and feeling for it. We will not contrast his poetry with that of Mrs. Moulton; what is to be found of good in her volume may be found by its own light. We like best *A Painted Fan, Question, and Annie's Daughter*, which the constant reader of Atlantic poetry may recall. These seem to us, in their several ways, to mark the highest point to which the poet's feeling and fancy have risen. The first is a pretty and tender regret, gracefully expressed: the second is a serious thought,

which makes its appeal to serious thought in the reader, to his serious hope and trust; the idea is not perhaps new, but it is newly felt: the last poem is a bit of love history, sweetly imagined and freshly said. As a whole, the little book is too full of the desolation that comes of reading other desolate little books of poetry: one cannot, for pity's sake, believe that all that regret, all those melodious laments for darkly intimated loss, are anything but the dramatization of certain literary preferences. It is well enough; it is not a thing to make criticism beat the breast; but we feel sure that the author might have done much better if she had consented to be somewhat lighter-hearted, — to indulge a gift we find in a few pieces here for that rarer kind of poetry in which the pensive mood is touched with archness. There is no lack of graceful and apt phrasing in the poems, though there is some awkwardness, too; the art is often brilliant, but we must blame what seems to us a want of real occasion in many of them. Besides those we have mentioned as the best, we think we must not close the book without speaking of another called *Through a Window*. Womanly feeling is the truth and life of the whole book, but there is a beautiful peacefulness and patience in this poem which is quite unmarred by the factitiousness that is apt to offend elsewhere.

We have already spoken several times of Mrs. Piatt's poetry, and always with a sense of the genius which inspires it. Sometimes we have felt also a certain want of taste, as we must call it, though that is not quite the word for fancy and observation that have overmuch to do with death and the grave. In these *Poems in Company with Children* this characteristic offends again. We shall not call it false to fact. Nothing is more noticeable in children than their propensity to play at funerals and grave-digging and dissolutions; but when they are caught at these dismal dramas, they are very properly and very promptly stopped, with more or less abhorrence on the part of the spectator; and it is not good art, however true, to celebrate in verse

for children the caprices and fancies of these infantile undertakers. In this volume, which is otherwise so wonderfully good, there are pieces which the author could doubtless excuse as reports of fact, but we think this would not be a valid excuse. In art, one must not only report fact, but must choose the right kind of fact to be reported. We have no other fault to find with the book, and we wish distinctly to assure the reader that this censure applies to but a very small proportion of the poems. The melancholy which tinges nearly all will not be felt by children, and will be felt by others as a lesson, a significance which is true to experience. In spite of much pretense to the contrary, it is but sad business talking with children. In their earnest, crucial questions; in their hopeless appeals to the artificiality in which the world has wrapped the hearts of their elders; in their perfect faith in the beautiful things which we have taught them, and which we only half or not at all believe; in their strange, deep replies to our shallow play with them, what is there for us but the pain, the reproach, the sorrowful self-search, that floats and hovers in all these poems, — so simple in one light, so subtle, so complex, in another? The dramatic power with which each little scene and situation is realized is of rare quality; the mental attitude of childhood is perfectly caught; and in reading the poems you hear the solemn voices, you see the wide, serious eyes, you feel the clinging, detaining little hands. The form of very many is like that of those now somewhat old-fashioned musical "variations:" the mother's answers stray off into comment and illustration, while the child's questions, as the origin and basis of the poem, drop constantly and persistently in like the notes of the original "variated" air. *Poems in Company with Children* is not, perhaps, a book for children; we doubt if they would understand it, or care for it; but all who care for them must feel what a beautiful and unique study of childhood it is, — of childhood unconscious and in its truest and most winged moods and poses.

The *Fantasy and Passion*¹ of Mr. Fawcett is better named as to the Fantasy than as to the Passion. He is, to our thinking, eminently the poet of Fancy. In that he is a master, and seems first among American poets; we do not know why we should stop short of saying among all the English-writing poets of our time. Possibly Leigh Hunt alone surpasses him in our literature; we shall not try to establish his place too definitely, for criticism must not leave time with nothing to do. He is fanciful in that high degree in which a poet, starting with some very slight and simple theme, carries it so far and develops it with such fine art that it stirs the imagination of his reader; and it would be difficult to say how he differs from the imaginative poet, except in his starting-point and his process, since the end achieved is so very nearly the same. At the most a poet can but move his reader, and whether he does this by one approach or by another does not much matter. It can happen that what we call fancy shall go as deep as what we call imagination; but this does not generally happen, and doubtless it is well enough to keep in our minds some hazy sense of a difference between the two qualities.

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of Grief."

says Constance; and this is the saddest flowering of fancy from a profoundly imagined sorrow. Possibly it is in fancies that the great passions always speak. At any rate, we believe that it need not lessen Mr. Fawcett in his own respect or that of any one else to be called a poet of fancy. We rather think we like him because he is so, and we forgive him his failures because he is eminently so.

This is his first book of verse, but he is by no means a new name in verse. Probably no poet of his generation has been more constantly before the public, in the magazines and newspapers. If

¹ *Fantasy and Passion*. By EDGAR FAWCETT
Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

you take up almost any publication of respectable character for any week or month of the past ten years, there is one chance to three that it contains a poem by Mr. Fawcett. The average is not so great? But it is very great, — great enough to suggest that Mr. Fawcett must have written a large amount of indifferent rhyme. We will frankly own that he has; we will go further and own that much of it is worse than indifferent, and that the present little book is not so uncandid as to represent him only at his best. Yet, when all this is said, his best is so good that the book which assembles it ought to be very welcome to lovers of poetry.

It is not in technical matters that Mr. Fawcett falls below himself, if we may so phrase it. His verse has a lovely, sinuous grace that is quite its own, and he has studied the stops that give sweetness or volume to its music till they obey his will without his apparent effort. There is real mastery in his management of verse. But at times his mastery degenerates into luxury, and the rich fullness of his flexible lines becomes a wanton redundancy. He knows so well how to give effect to a decasyllabic verse with a superabounding syllable that he cannot deny himself the pleasure of it, and it recurs line after line, till it becomes an offense. Yet this is a vice of willfulness, and not of helplessness, while his lapses in higher matters are not wilful, apparently, but helpless; and a man of fine nerves and keen appreciations sometimes shows himself obtuse and tasteless in strange degree. We are confident that there will come a time when Mr. Fawcett will himself correct these faults, and we would rather dwell now upon passages and traits of his that have given us pleasure, and pleasure of a fresh and singular kind. Our sense of his charm has already been many times tacitly shown in these pages, but that is only another reason why we should explicitly recognize it. What this charm is it is not of course easy to say. If it were quite definable, it would not be charm. But every sympathetic reader has felt it, and knows the pleas-

ant art by which the poet's fancy has touched this or that aspect or object of nature and left a light upon it which must hereafter be known for his. He sees outside things with a new eye for color and form, and with vivid instinct for their relations to the realities within; and he sees too what need be merely a picture and a delight. It is in the first poem of his ever printed in *The Atlantic* that he speaks of the sea-gulls: —

“Dim on their tireless plumes far-borne,
Till faint they gleam as a blossom's petals,
Blown through the spacious morn,” —

an image whose truth comes home with joyous sensation. His observations of nature abound in like appeals to the reader's mental and sensuous appreciation, as where he describes a late autumn day when the

“Fleet hawks are screaming in the light-blue sky,
And fleet airs rushing cold;”

and he can apply this exquisite perception of his to any sort of beauty with rich effect, as in this beautiful sonnet:

SATIN.

No moonlit pool is lovelier than the glow
Of this bright sensitive texture, nor the sheen
On sunny wings that wandering sea-birds preen;
And sweet, of all fair draperies that I know,
To mark the smooth tranquillity of its flow,
Where shades of tremulous dimness intervene,
Shine out with mutable splendors, mild, serene,
In some voluminous raiment, white as snow.

For then I feel impetuous fancy drawn
Forth at some faint and half-mysterious call,
Even like a bird that breaks from clasping bars;
And lighted vaguely by the Italian dawn,
I see rash Romeo scale the garden-wall,
While Juliet dreams below the dying stars!

What a delicate sense is this, and how vivid every impression upon it makes pictures, — pictures which breathe the freshness and sweet of nature!

A writer in the Contributors' Club last year, who expressed the hope that some publisher might give us such a little volume of Mr. Fawcett's verse as we now owe to the taste of Messrs. Roberts Brothers, praised very highly, but not more highly than it merited, Mr. Fawcett's remarkable instinct for the right word; luck he called it, but we think it something better than luck. It appeared first in his first Atlantic poems, but most strikingly in the group of Fancies

mentioned by that writer, which in the book here we are sorry to find broken up and scattered; the several pieces lose indefinitely in associated value by the separation, but their intrinsic beauty of course remains for the delight of those who did not see them in their first setting. There are many others of as great occasional felicity, but none so perfect, on the whole. What strikes one most in them is the pictorial sense; not the painter's technique, as in things of Mr. Rossetti's, but the painter's feeling, as in Keats. Here is a butterfly, and it seems to hover from the page:—

"The butterfly's quick-quivering wings
Wear each the blendings of such hues
As lurk in some old tapestry's
Dim turmoil of golds, crimsons, blues;
Wings where dull smoldering color lies,
Lit richly with two peacock-eyes!"

This picture is done with purely poetic art. There are other pictures in which there is the thrill of suggestion; which are beautiful pictures, but lovelier for what they hint and what they recall than for what they tell. Here is one:—

"I left the throng whose laughter made
That wide old woodland echo clear,
While forth they spread, in breezy shade,
Their plethoric hamperfuls of cheer.

"Along a dark moss-misted plank
My way in dreamy mood I took,
And crossed, from halmy bank to bank,
The impetuous silver of the brook.

"And wandering on, at last I found
A shadowy, tranquil, gladelike place,
Full of mellifluous leafy sound,
While midmost of its grassy space

"A lump of rugged granite gleamed,
A tawny-lichened ledge of gray,
And up among the boughs there beamed
One blue delicious glimpse of day!

"In fitful faintness on my ear
The picnic's lightsome laughter fell,
And softly while I lingered here,
Sweet fancy bound me with a spell!

"In some bland clime across the seas
Those merry tones I seem to mark,
While dame and gallant roamed at ease
The pathways of some stately park.

"And in that glimpse of amethyst air
I seemed to watch, with musing eye,
The rich blue fragment, fresh and fair,
Of some dead summer's morning sky!

"And that rough mass of granite, too,
From graceless outlines gently waned,

And took the sculptured shape and hue
Of dull old marble, deeply stained.

"And then (most beauteous change of all!)
Strown o'er its mottled slab lay low
A glove, a lute, a silken shawl,
A vellum-bound Boccaccio!"

He ought to have left the Boccaccio out,—it is too literary a touch; but it cannot spoil the charming whole, and it does not hurt it *very* much. The poem is one of many through which runs a kind of feeling new to descriptive verse. it is not always of this lightly sympathetic sort; it is sometimes very serious and even tragic, as one may see in the little poem called Waste:—

"Down the long orchard-aisles where I have
strolled,
On fragrant sward the slanted sunlight weaves,
Rich-flickering through the dusk of plenteous
leaves,
Its ever-tremulous arabesques of gold!

"In globes of glimmering color, sweet to see,
The apples greaten under halycon sky,
Green, russet, ruddy, or deep-red of dye,
Or yellow as the girdle of a bee!

"But o'er the verdure's blended shine and shade
Small blighted fruits lie strown in dull array,
Augmenting silently from day to day,
Gnarled and misshapen, worm-gnawed and decayed.

"And over them, as favoring sunbeams bless,
To fair perfection will those others grow,
In mellow hardihood maturing slow,—
While these will shrivel into viewlessness!

"Ah, me! what strange frustration of intent,
What dark elective secret, undescried,
Lives in this dreary failure, side by side
With opulence of full-orbed accomplishment!

"O seeming mockery! O strange doubt wherein
The baffled reason gropes and cannot see!
If made at all, why only made to be
In irony for that which might have been?

"Nay, vain alike to question or surmise! . .
There, plucking white moon-daisies, one by one,
Through yonder meadow comes my little son,
My pale-browed hunchback, with the wistful
eyes!

Is not this very touching? It shows a side of Mr. Fawcett's poetic nature without which he might be accused of being a mere sensuous intellectualist, but this tender pity saves him to something better than our admiration; it wins him our regard. To do full justice to this quality we will quote one other poem, which seems to us one of very unusual touch and penetration:—

FORGETFULNESS.

AFTER the long monotonous months, and after
Vague yearnings as of suppliant viewless hands,
The first full note of Spring's aerial laughter
Was wavering o'er the winter-wearied lands.

All earth seemed rich in sweet emancipations
For all that frost so bitterly enslaves,
And, tended as with unseen ministrations,
The sward grew fresh about the village graves !

And while I lingered in the halcyon weather
To watch the tranquil churchyard, brightening
fast,
My friend and his young wife rode by together, —
Rode by and gave me greeting as they past.

They seemed like lovers with the choicest graces
Of favoring fortune at their love's control,
Yet, as I looked upon their fleeting faces,
A chill of recollection touched my soul !

For only two short springtides had been numbered
Since here among these graves, it then befell,
A grave was wrought beneath whose slab now
slumbered
The woman whom my friend had loved so well !

A gloom across the brilliant day came stealing,
Whose darkness held the spirit from escape.
I saw my friend within a dim room, kneeling
In haggard anguish by a sheeted shape !

A chilly breeze across the chamber fluttered,
Making the timorous night-light wax and wane,
And wearily on the roof above were uttered
The low persistent requiems of the rain !

I thought of his great sobs and mien heart-broken,
His moans of agony and his wild-eyed stare,
And how the assuaging words I would have spoken
Died at my lips before his deep despair !

"And now," I thought, "what worth his protesta-
tions,
His tears, his pangs, and all the grief he gave,
When, tended as with unseen ministrations,
The sward grows green round her forgotten
grave ?"

And yet the brilliant day, divine for tidings
Of cheerful change in all its ample glow,
Touched me with tender, yet with potent chidings,
And softly murmured, "It is better so !"

"Ah, yes," I mused, "immeasurably better
To win suave healing from the fluctuant years ;
To snap the bond of grief's tyrannic fetter ;
To let new hopes arch rainbows among tears !"

And now it seemed that Spring, the elate new-comer,
Laughed out : "Oh, better all regret were brief,
Better the opulence of another summer
Than last year's empty nest and shriveled leaf !"

"Yes, better !" I made mute reiterations,
But turned sad eyes to one green turfy wave,

Where, tended as with unseen ministrations,
The sward grew fresh round that forgotten grave !

Oh, sweet it is when hope's white arms are wreath-
ing
Necks bowed with sorrow, as they droop forlorn !
But ah ! the imperishable pathos breathing
About those dead whom we no longer mourn !

How badly Mr. Fawcett can write in a more passionate strain we will spare the reader so far as not to show. It appears to us that he mistakes himself when he goes about to write of love, and the correlated and resulting glooms and despairs. It appears to us that he is a poet of singular — almost unique — pictorial power, and of valuable reflective moods; that he can be sensuous and that he can be serious, but that he cannot be passionate — to advantage. He is so good otherwise that we do not ask this of him, but we shall be glad at any time to make public confession and reparation when he proves us wrong. Even in matters where he is apt to excel he sometimes simply exceeds, and wreaks himself upon expression with a license painfully surprising in one who can hold himself so well in hand; and we note with regret that in some of his later poems he has pushed his exquisite gift of fancy, by which he clothes inanimate things with such charming associations, so far as to make these things speak and say of themselves what he thinks of them. This is bad; but in a poet whose promise is largely in the very fact that a good half of what he has written is bad, it is by no means a fault to make criticism hopelessly sad. We shall be very far from identifying ourselves with people whose censures Mr. Fawcett has happily satirized in a poem whose excellence signally avenges all the sufferers from unjust critics: —

"'Crude, pompous, turgid,' the reviewers said.
'Sham passion and sham power to turn one sick !
Pin-wheels of verse that sputtered as we read, —
Rockets of rhyme that showed the falling stick.'

"'Cold, classic, polished,' the reviewers said.
'A book you scarce can love, howe'er you praise.
We missed the old careless grandeur as we read, —
The power and passion of his younger days !'"

W. D. Howells.

THE ADIRONDACKS VERIFIED.

V.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

THERE has been a lively inquiry after the Primeval Man. Wanted, a man who would satisfy the conditions of the Miocene environment and yet would be good enough for an ancestor. We are not particular about our ancestors, if they are sufficiently remote, but we must have something. Failing to apprehend the Primeval Man, science has sought the Primitive Man where he exists as a survival in present savage races. He is at best only a mushroom growth of the Recent period, — came in probably with the general raft of mammalian fauna, — but he possesses yet some rudimentary traits that may be studied.

It is a good mental exercise to try to fix the mind on the Primitive Man divested of all the attributes he has acquired in his struggles with the other mammalian fauna. Fix the mind on an orange, — the ordinary occupation of the metaphysician; take from it (without eating it) odor, color, weight, form, substance, and peel. Then let the mind still dwell on it as an orange. The experiment is perfectly successful; only at the end of it you have n't any mind. Better still, consider the telephone. Take away from it the metallic disk and the magnetized iron and the connecting wire, and then let the mind run abroad on the telephone. The mind won't come back. I have tried by this sort of process to get a conception of the Primitive Man. I let the mind roam away back over the vast geologic spaces, and sometimes fancy I see a dim image of him stalking across the Terrace epoch of the Quaternary period.

But this is an unsatisfying pleasure. The best results are obtained by studying the Primitive Man as he is left here and there in our era, a witness of what has been. And I find him most to my

mind in the Adirondack system of what geologists call the Champlain epoch. I suppose the Primitive Man is one who owes more to nature than to the forces of civilization; what we seek in him are the primal and original traits, unmixed with the sophistications of society and unimpaired by the refinements of an artificial culture. He would retain the primitive instincts, which are cultivated out of the ordinary, commonplace man. I should expect to find him, by reason of an unrelinquished kinship, enjoying a special communion with nature, admitted to its mysteries, understanding its moods, and able to predict its vagaries. He would be a kind of test to us of what we have lost by our gregarious acquisitions. On the one hand, there would be the sharpness of the senses, the keen instincts, which the fox and the beaver still possess; the ability to find one's way in the pathless forest, to follow a trail, to circumvent the wild denizens of the woods; and, on the other hand, there would be the philosophy of life which the Primitive Man, with little external aid, would evolve from original observation and cogitation. It is our good fortune to know such a man, but it is difficult to present him to a scientific and caviling generation. He emigrated from somewhat limited conditions in Vermont at an early age, nearly half a century ago, and sought freedom for his natural development backwards in the wilds of the Adirondacks. Sometimes it is a love of adventure and freedom that sends men out of the more civilized conditions into the less; sometimes it is a constitutional physical lassitude which leads them to prefer the rod to the hoe, the trap to the sickle, and the society of bears to town-meetings and taxes. I think that Old Mountain Phelps had merely the instincts of the Primitive Man, and never any hostile civilizing intent as to the wilderness into which he plunged. Why should he want to slash

away the forest and plow up the ancient mold, when it is infinitely pleasanter to roam about in the leafy solitudes, or sit upon a mossy log and listen to the chatter of birds and the stir of beasts? Are there not trout in the streams, gum exuding from the spruce, sugar in the maples, honey in the hollow trees, fur on the sables, warmth in hickory logs? Will not a few days' planting and scratching in the "open" yield potatoes and rye? and if there is steadier diet needed than venison and bear, is the pig an expensive animal? If Old Phelps bowed to the prejudice or fashion of his age (since we have come out of the Tertiary state of things), and reared a family, built a frame-house in a secluded nook by a cold spring, planted about it some apple-trees and a rudimentary garden, and installed a group of flaming sun-flowers by the door, I am convinced that it was a concession that did not touch his radical character. That is to say, it did not impair his reluctance to split oven-wood.

He was a true citizen of the wilderness. Thoreau would have liked him as he liked Indians and woodchucks and the smell of pine forests; and if Old Phelps had seen Thoreau he would probably have said to him, "Why on airth, Mr. Thoreau, don't you live accordin to your preachin'?" You might be misled by the shaggy suggestion of Old Phelps's given name — Orson — into the notion that he was a mighty hunter, with the fierce spirit of the Berserkers in his veins. Nothing could be further from the truth. The hirsute and grizzly sound of Orson expresses only his entire affinity with the untamed and the natural, an uncouth but gentle passion for the freedom and wildness of the forest. Orson Phelps has only those unconventional and humorous qualities of the bear which make the animal so beloved in literature, and one does not think of Old Phelps so much as a lover of nature — to use the sentimental slang of the period — as a part of nature itself.

His appearance at the time when as a "guide" he began to come into public notice fostered this impression: a

sturdy figure, with long body and short legs, clad in a woolen shirt and butternut-colored trousers repaired to the point of picturesqueness; his head surmounted by a limp, light-brown felt hat, frayed away at the top, so that his yellowish hair grew out of it like some nameless fern out of a pot. His tawny hair was long and tangled, matted now many years past the possibility of being entered by a comb. His features were small and delicate and set in the frame of a reddish beard, the razor having mowed away a clearing about the sensitive mouth, which was not seldom wreathed with a child-like and charming smile. Out of this hirsute environment looked the small gray eyes, set near together; eyes keen to observe, and quick to express change of thought; eyes that made you believe instinct can grow into philosophic judgment. His feet and hands were of aristocratic smallness, although the latter were not worn away by ablutions; in fact, they assisted his toilet to give you the impression that here was a man who had just come out of the ground, — a real son of the soil, whose appearance was partially explained by his humorous relation to soap. "Soap is a thing," he said, "that I hain't no kinder use for." His clothes seemed to have been put on him, once for all, like the bark of a tree, a long time ago. The observant stranger was sure to be puzzled by the contrast of this realistic and uncouth exterior with the internal fineness, amounting to refinement and culture, that shone through it all. What communion had supplied the place of our artificial breeding to this man?

Perhaps his most characteristic attitude was sitting on a log, with a short pipe in his mouth. If ever man was formed to sit on a log it was Old Phelps. He was essentially a contemplative person. Walking on a country road or anywhere in the "open" was irksome to him; he had a shambling, loose-jointed gait, not unlike that of the bear; his short legs bowed out, as if they had been more in the habit of climbing trees than of walking. On land, if we may use

that expression, he was something like a sailor; but once in the rugged trail or the unmarked route of his native forest, he was a different person, and few pedestrians could compete with him. The vulgar estimate of his contemporaries that reckoned Old Phelps "lazy" was simply a failure to comprehend the conditions of his being. It is the unjustice of civilization that it sets up uniform and artificial standards for all persons; the primitive man suffers by them much as the contemplative philosopher does, when one happens to arrive in this busy, fussy world.

If the appearance of Old Phelps attracts attention, his voice, when first heard, invariably startles the listener. A small, high-pitched, half-querulous voice, it easily rises into the shrillest falsetto, and it has a quality in it that makes it audible in all the tempests of the forest or the roar of rapids, like the piping of a boatswain's whistle at sea in a gale. He has a way of letting it rise as his sentence goes on, or when he is opposed in argument, or wishes to mount above other voices in the conversation, until it dominates everything. Heard in the depths of the woods, quavering aloft, it is felt to be as much a part of nature, an original force, as the north-west wind or the scream of the hen-hawk. When he is pottering about the camp-fire, trying to light his pipe with a twig held in the flame, he is apt to begin some philosophical observation in a small, slow, stumbling voice, which seems about to end in defeat, when he puts on some unsuspected force, and the sentence ends in an insistent shriek. Horace Greeley had such a voice, and could regulate it in the same manner. But Phelps's voice is not seldom plaintive, as if touched by the dreamy sadness of the woods themselves.

When Old Mountain Phelps was discovered, he was, as the reader has already guessed, not understood by his contemporaries. His neighbors, farmers in the secluded valley, had many of them grown thrifty and prosperous, cultivating the fertile meadows and vigorously attacking the timbered mountains; while

Phelps, with not much more faculty of acquiring property than the roaming deer, had pursued the even tenor of the life in the forest on which he set out. They would have been surprised to be told that Old Phelps owned more of what makes the value of the Adirondacks than all of them put together; but it was true. This woodsman, this trapper, this hunter, this fisherman, this sitter on a log and philosopher, was the real proprietor of the region over which he was ready to guide the stranger. It is true that he had not a monopoly of its geography or its topography (though his knowledge was superior in these respects); there were other trappers and more deadly hunters and as intrepid guides; but Old Phelps was the discoverer of the beauties and sublimities of the mountains, and when city strangers broke into the region he monopolized the appreciation of these delights and wonders of nature. I suppose that in all that country he alone had noticed the sunsets and observed the delightful processes of the seasons; taken pleasure in the woods for themselves, and climbed mountains solely for the sake of the prospect. He alone understood what was meant by "scenery." In the eyes of his neighbors, who did not know that he was a poet and a philosopher, I dare say he appeared to be a slack provider, a rather shiftless trapper and fisherman; and his passionate love of the forest and the mountains, if it was noticed, was accounted to him for idleness. When the appreciative tourist arrived, Phelps was ready, as guide, to open to him all the wonders of his possessions; he for the first time found an outlet for his enthusiasm and a response to his own passion. It then became known what manner of man this was who had grown up here in the companionship of forests, mountains, and wild animals; that these scenes had highly developed in him the love of beauty, the æsthetic sense, delicacy of appreciation, refinement of feeling; and that in his solitary wanderings and musings had the primitive man, self-taught, had evolved for himself a philosophy and a system of things. And it

was a sufficient system so long as it was not disturbed by external skepticism. When the outer world came to him, perhaps he had about as much to give to it as to receive from it; probably more in his own estimation, for there is no conceit like that of isolation.

Phelps loved his mountains. He was the discoverer of Marcy, and caused the first trail to be cut to its summit, so that others could enjoy the noble views from its round and rocky top. To him it was in noble symmetry and beauty the chief mountain of the globe; to stand on it gave him, as he said, "a feeling of heaven up-h'isted-ness." He heard with impatience that Mount Washington was a thousand feet higher, and he had a child-like incredulity about the surpassing sublimity of the Alps. Praise of any other elevation he seemed to consider a slight to Mount Marcy, and did not willingly hear it, any more than a lover hears the laudation of the beauty of another woman than the one he loves. When he showed us scenery he loved, it made him melancholy to have us speak of scenery elsewhere that was finer. And yet there was this delicacy about him, that he never overpraised what he brought us to see, any more than one would overpraise a friend of whom he was fond. I remember that when, for the first time, after a toilsome journey through the forest, the splendors of the Lower Ausable Pond broke upon our vision, — that low-lying silver lake imprisoned by the precipices which it reflected in its bosom, — he made no outward response to our burst of admiration; only a quiet gleam of the eye showed the pleasure our appreciation gave him; as some one said, it was as if his friend had been admired, — a friend about whom he was unwilling to say much himself, but well pleased to have others praise.

Thus far we have considered Old Phelps as simply the product of the Adirondacks; not so much a self-made man (as the doubtful phrase has it) as a natural growth amid primal forces. But our study is interrupted by another influence, which complicates the problem but increases its interest. No scien-

tific observer, so far as we know, has ever been able to watch the development of the primitive man played upon and fashioned by the hebdomadal iteration of "Greeley's Weekly Tri-bune." Old Phelps educated by the woods is a fascinating study; educated by the woods and the Tri-bune, he is a phenomenon. No one at this day can reasonably conceive exactly what this newspaper was to such a mountain valley as Keene. If it was not a Providence, it was a Bible. It was no doubt owing to it that democrats became as scarce as moose in the Adirondacks. But it is not of its political aspect that I speak. I suppose that the most cultivated and best informed portion of the earth's surface, — the Western Reserve of Ohio, — as free from conceit as it is from a suspicion that it lacks anything, owes its preëminence solely to this comprehensive journal. It received from it everything except a collegiate and a classical education, — things not to be desired, since they interfere with the self-manufacture of man. If Greek had been in this curriculum, its best known dictum would have been translated, "Make thyself." This journal carried to the community that fed on it not only a complete education in all departments of human practice and theorizing, but the more valuable and satisfying assurance that there was nothing more to be gleaned in the universe worth the attention of man. This panoplied its readers in completeness. Politics, literature, arts, sciences, universal brotherhood and sisterhood, — nothing was omitted: neither the poetry of Tennyson nor the philosophy of Margaret Fuller; neither the virtues of Association nor of unbolted wheat; the laws of political economy and trade were laid down as positively and clearly as the best way to bake beans, and the saving truth that the millennium would come, and come only, when every foot of the earth was subsoiled.

I do not say that Orson Phelps was the product of Nature and the Tri-bune, but he cannot be explained without considering these two factors. To him Greeley was the Tri-bune, and the Tri-bune

was Greeley; and yet I think he conceived of Horace Greeley as something greater than his newspaper, and perhaps capable of producing another journal equal to it in another part of the universe. At any rate, so completely did Phelps absorb this paper and this personality that he was popularly known as "Greeley" in the region where he lived. Perhaps a fancied resemblance of the two men, in the popular mind, had something to do with this transfer of name. There is no doubt that Horace Greeley owed his vast influence in the country to his genius, nor much doubt that he owed his popularity in the rural districts to James Gordon Bennett, — that is, to the personality of the man which the ingenious Bennett impressed upon the country. That he despised the conventionalities of society and was a sloven in his toilet was firmly believed, and the belief endeared him to the hearts of the people. To them the "old white coat" — an antique garment of unrenewed immortality — was as much a subject of idolatry as the *redingote grise* to the soldiers of the first Napoleon, who had seen it by the camp fires on the Po and on the Borysthènes, and believed that he would come again in it to lead them against the enemies of France. The Greeley of the popular heart was clad as Bennett said he was clad. It was in vain, even pathetically in vain, that he published in his newspaper the full bill of his fashionable tailor (the fact that it was receipted may have excited the animosity of some of his contemporaries), to show that he wore the best broadcloth and that the folds of his trousers followed the city fashion of falling outside his boots. If this revelation was believed, it made no sort of impression in the country. The rural readers were not to be wheedled out of their cherished conception of the personal appearance of the philosopher of the Tri-bune.

That the Tri-bune taught old Phelps to be more Phelps than he would have been without it was part of the independence-teaching mission of Greeley's paper; the subscribers were an army in which every man was a general. And I

am not surprised to find Old Phelps lately rising to the audacity of criticising his exemplar. In some recently published observations by Phelps upon the philosophy of reading is laid down this definition: "If I understand the necessity or use of reading, it is to reproduce again what has been said or proclaimed before. Hence, letters, characters, etc., are arranged in all the perfection they possibly can be, to show how certain language has been spoken by the original author. Now, to reproduce by reading, the reading should be so perfectly like the original that no one, standing out of sight, could tell the reading from the first time the language was spoken."

This is illustrated by the highest authority at hand: "I have heard as good readers read and as poor readers as almost any one in this region. If I have not heard as many, I have had a chance to hear nearly the extreme in variety. Horace Greeley ought to have been a good reader. Certainly but few, if any, ever knew every word of the English language at a glance more readily than he did, or knew the meaning of every mark of punctuation more clearly, but he could not read proper. But how do you know? says one. From the fact, I heard him in the same lecture deliver or produce remarks in his own particular way, that if they had been published properly in print a proper reader would have reproduced them again the same way. In the midst of those remarks Mr. Greeley took up a paper to reproduce by reading part of a speech that some one else had made, and his reading did not sound much more like the man that first read or made the speech than the clatter of a nail factory sounds like a well-delivered speech. Now, the fault was not because Mr. Greeley did not know how to read as well as almost any man that ever lived, if not quite; but in his youth he learned to read wrong, and as it is ten times harder to unlearn anything than it is to learn it, he, like thousands of others, could never stop to unlearn it, but carried it on through his whole life."

Whether a reader would be thanked for reproducing one of Horace Greeley's

lectures as he delivered it is a question that cannot detain us here; but the teaching that he ought to do so I think would please Mr. Greeley.

The first dribbles of professional tourists and summer boarders who arrived among the Adirondack Mountains a few years ago found Old Phelps the chief and best guide of the region. Those who were eager to throw off the usages of civilization, and tramp and camp in the wilderness, could not but be well satisfied with the aboriginal appearance of this guide; and when he led off into the woods, axe in hand and a huge canvas sack upon his shoulders, they seemed to be following the Wandering Jew. The contents of this sack would have furnished a modern industrial exhibition, — provisions cooked and raw, blankets, maple sugar, tin-ware, clothing, pork, Indian meal, flour, coffee, tea, etc. Phelps was the ideal guide: he knew every foot of the pathless forest; he knew all woodcraft, all the signs of the weather, — or, what is the same thing, how to make a Delphic prediction about it; he was fisherman and hunter, and had been the comrade of sportsmen and explorers; and his enthusiasm for the beauty and sublimity of the region, and for its untamable wilderness, amounted to a passion. He loved his profession, and yet it very soon appeared that he exercised it with reluctance for those who had neither ideality nor love for the woods. Their presence was a profanation amid the scenery he loved. To guide into his private and secret haunts a party that had no appreciation of their loveliness disgusted him. It was a waste of his time to conduct flip-pant young men and giddy girls, who made a noisy and irreverent lark of the expedition. And, for their part, they did not appreciate the benefit of being accompanied by a poet and a philosopher. They neither understood nor valued his special knowledge and his shrewd observations; they did n't even like his shrill voice; his quaint talk bored them. It was true that, at this period, Phelps had lost something of the activity of his youth, and the habit of contemplative sitting on a log and talking in-

creased with the infirmities induced by the hard life of the woodsman. Perhaps he would rather talk, either about the woods-life or the various problems of existence, than cut wood or busy himself in the drudgery of the camp. His critics went so far as to say, "Old Phelps is a fraud." They would have said the same of Socrates. Xantippe, who never appreciated the world in which Socrates lived, thought he was lazy. Probably Socrates could cook no better than Old Phelps, and no doubt went "gumming" about Athens with very little care of what was in the pot for dinner.

If the summer visitors measured Old Phelps, he also measured them by his own standards. He used to write out what he called "short-faced descriptions" of his comrades in the woods, which were never so flattering as true. It was curious to see how the various qualities which are esteemed in society appeared in his eyes, looked at merely in their relation to the limited world he knew, and judged by their adaptation to the primitive life. It was a much subtler comparison than that of the ordinary guide, who rates his traveler by his ability to endure on a march, to carry a pack, use an oar, hit a mark, or sing a song. Phelps brought his people to a test of their naturalness and sincerity, tried by contact with the verities of the woods. If a person failed to appreciate the woods, Phelps had no opinion of him or his culture; and yet, although he was perfectly satisfied with his own philosophy of life, worked out by close observation of nature and study of the Tribune, he was always eager for converse with superior minds, with those who had the advantage of travel and much reading, and above all with those who had any original "speckerlation." Of all the society he was ever permitted to enjoy, I think he prized most that of Dr. Bushnell. The doctor enjoyed the quaint and first-hand observations of the old woodsman, and Phelps found new worlds open to him in the wide ranges of the doctor's mind. They talked by the hour upon all sorts of themes, — the growth of the tree, the habits of wild animals, the

migration of seeds, the succession of oak and pine, not to mention theology and the mysteries of the supernatural.

I recall the bearing of Old Phelps when, several years ago, he conducted a party to the summit of Mount Marcy by the way he had "bushed out." This was his mountain, and he had a peculiar sense of ownership in it. In a way, it was holy ground, and he would rather no one should go on it who did not feel its sanctity. Perhaps it was a sense of some divine relation in it that made him always speak of it as "Mercy;" to him this ridiculously dubbed Mount Marcy was always "Mount Mercy." By a like effort to soften the personal offensiveness of the nomenclature of this region, he invariably spoke of Dix's Peak, one of the southern peaks of the range, as "Dixie." It was some time since Phelps himself had visited his mountain, and as he pushed on through the miles of forest we noticed a kind of eagerness in the old man, as of a lover going to a rendezvous. Along the foot of the mountain flows a clear trout stream, secluded and undisturbed in those awful solitudes, which is the "Mercy Brook" of the old woodsman. That day when he crossed it, in advance of his company, he was heard to say in a low voice, as if greeting some object of which he was shyly fond, "So, little brook, do I meet you once more?" And when we were well up the mountain, and emerged from the last stunted fringe of vegetation upon the rock-bound slope, I saw Old Phelps, who was still foremost, cast himself upon the ground, and heard him cry, with an enthusiasm that was intended for no mortal ear, "I'm with you once again!" His great passion very rarely found expression in any such theatrical burst. The bare summit that day was swept by a fierce, cold wind, and lost in an occasional chilling cloud. Some of the party, exhausted by the climb and shivering in the rude wind, wanted a fire kindled and a cup of tea made, and thought this the guide's business. Fire and tea were far enough from his thought. He had withdrawn himself quite apart, and, wrapped in a ragged blanket, still and silent as the

rock he stood on, was gazing out upon the wilderness of peaks. The view from Marcy is peculiar. It is without softness or relief. The narrow valleys are only dark shadows; the lakes are bits of broken mirror. From horizon to horizon there is a tumultuous sea of billows turned to stone. You stand upon the highest billow; you command the situation; you have surprised nature in a high creative act; the mighty primal energy has only just become repose. This was a supreme hour to Old Phelps. Tea! I believe the boys succeeded in kindling a fire; but the enthusiastic, stoic had no reason to complain of want of appreciation in the rest of the party. When we were descending he told us, with mingled humor and scorn, of a party of ladies he once led to the top of the mountain on a still day, who began immediately to talk about the fashions! As he related the scene, stopping and facing us in the trail, his mild, far-in eyes came to the front, and his voice rose with his language to a kind of scream: "Why, there they were, right before the greatest view they ever *saw*, — talkin' about the *fashions*!" Impossible to convey the accent of contempt in which he pronounced the word "fashions;" and then added, with a sort of regretful bitterness, "I was a great mind to come down and leave 'em there!"

In common with the Greeks, Old Phelps personified the woods, mountains, and streams. They had not only personality, but distinctions of sex. It was something beyond the characterization of the hunter, which appeared, for instance, when he related a fight with a panther, in such expressions as "Then Mr. Panther thought he would see what he could do," etc. He was in "imaginative sympathy" with all wild things. The afternoon we descended Marcy we went away to the west, through the primeval forests, towards Avalanche and Colden, and followed the course of the charming Opalescent. When we reached the leaping stream, Phelps exclaimed, "Here 's little Miss Opalescent!" "Why don't you say Mr. Opalescent?" some one asked. "Oh, she 's too pret-

ty!" And too pretty she was, with her foam-white and rainbow dress, and her downfalls and fountain-like uprisings; a bewitching young person we found her all that summer afternoon.

This sylph-like person had little in common with a monstrous lady whose adventures in the wilderness Phelps was fond of relating. She was built something on the plan of the mountains, and her ambition to explore was equal to her size. Phelps and the other guides once succeeded in raising her to the top of Marcy, but the feat of getting a hog-head of molasses up there would have been easier. In attempting to give us an idea of her magnitude that night, as we sat in the forest camp, Phelps hesitated a moment, while he cast his eye around the woods: "Waal, there *ain't* no tree!"

It is only by recalling fragmentary remarks and incidents that I can put the reader in possession of the peculiarities of my subject; and this involves the wrenching of things out of their natural order and continuity, and introducing them abruptly, — an abruptness illustrated by the remark of "Old Man Hoskins" (which Phelps liked to quote) when one day he suddenly slipped down a bank into a thicket and seated himself in a wasps' nest: "I hain't no business here, but here I be!"

The first time we went into camp on the Upper Ausable Pond, — which has been justly celebrated as the most prettily set sheet of water in the region, — we were disposed to build our shanty on the south side, so that we could have in full view the Gothics and that loveliest of mountain contours. To our surprise Old Phelps, whose sentimental weakness for these mountains we knew, opposed this. His favorite camping-ground was on the north side, a pretty site in itself, but with no special view; in order to enjoy the lovely mountains we should be obliged to row out into the lake; we wanted them always before our eyes, at sunrise and sunset and in the blaze of noon. With deliberate speech, as if weighing our arguments and disposing of them, he replied, "Waal, now, them

Gothics ain't the kinder scenery you want ter *hog down*!"

It was on quiet Sundays in the woods, or in talks by the camp-fire, that Phelps came out as the philosopher, and commonly contributed the light of his observations. Unfortunate marriages and marriages in general were on one occasion the subject of discussion, and a good deal of darkness had been cast on it by various speakers, when Phelps suddenly piped up, from a log where he had sat silent, almost invisible, in the shadow and smoke: "Waal, now, when you've said all there is to be said, marriage is mostly for discipline." Discipline, certainly, the old man had, in one way or another, and years of solitary communing in the forest had given him perhaps a child-like insight into spiritual concerns. Whether he had formulated any creed, or what faith he had, I never knew; Keene Valley had a reputation of not ripening Christians any more successfully than maize, — the season there being short; and on our first visit it was said to contain but one Bible Christian, though I think an accurate census disclosed three. Old Phelps, who sometimes made abrupt remarks in trying situations, was not included in this census; but he was the disciple of supernaturalism in a most charming form. I have heard of his opening his inmost thoughts to a lady, one Sunday, after a noble sermon of Robertson's had been read, in the cathedral stillness of the forest. His experience was entirely first-hand, and related with unconsciousness that it was not common to all. There was nothing of the mystic or the sentimentalist, only a vivid realism, in that nearness of God of which he spoke, — "as near sometimes as those trees," — and of the holy voice that, in a time of inward struggle, had seemed to him to come from the depths of the forest, saying, "Poor soul, I am the way."

In later years there was a "revival" in Keene Valley, the result of which was a number of young "converts," whom Phelps seemed to regard as a veteran might raw recruits, and to have his doubts what sort of soldiers they would

make. "Waal, Jimmy," he said to one of them, "you've kindled a pretty good fire with light wood. That's what we do of a dark night in the woods, you know; but we do it just so as we can look around and find the solid wood. So, now put on your solid wood." In the Sunday Bible-classes of the period, Phelps was a perpetual anxiety to the others; who followed closely the printed Lessons and beheld with alarm his discursive efforts to get into freer air and light. His remarks were the most refreshing part of the exercises, but were outside of the safe path into which the others thought it necessary to win him from his "speckerlations." The class were one day on the verses concerning "God's word" being "written on the heart," and were keeping close to the shore, under the guidance of Barnes's Notes, when Old Phelps made a dive to the bottom, and remarked that he had "thought a good deal about the expression 'God's word written on the heart,' and had been asking himself how that was to be done; and suddenly it occurred to him (having been much interested lately in watching the work of a photographer) that when a photograph is going to be taken all that has to be done is to put the object in position, and the sun makes the picture; and so he rather thought that all we had got to do was to put our hearts in place, and God would do the writin'."

Phelps's theology, like his science, is first-hand. In the woods, one day, talk ran on the Trinity as being nowhere asserted as a doctrine in the Bible, and some one suggested that the attempt to pack these great and fluent mysteries into one word must always be more or less unsatisfactory. "*Ye-es*," droned Phelps, "I never could see much specklerlation in that expression the *Trinity*. Why, they'd a good deal better say *Legion*."

The sentiment of the man about nature, or his poetic sensibility, was frequently not to be distinguished from a natural religion, and was always tinged with the devoutness of Wordsworth's verse. Climbing slowly, one day, up

the Balcony,—he was more than usually calm and slow,—he espied an exquisite fragile flower in the crevice of a rock, in a very lonely spot. "It seems as if," he said, or rather dreamed out, "it seems as if the Creator had kept something just to look at himself." To a lady whom he had taken to Chapel Pond,—a retired but rather uninteresting spot,—and who expressed a little disappointment at its tameness, saying, "Why, Mr. Phelps, the principal charm of this place seems to be its loneliness," "Yes," he replied, in gentle and lingering tones, "and its *nativeness*. It lies here just where it was born." Rest and quiet had infinite attractions for him. A secluded opening in the woods was a "calm spot." He told of seeing once, or rather being in, a circular rainbow. He stood on Indian Head, overlooking the Lower Lake, so that he saw the whole bow in the sky and the lake, and seemed to be in the midst of it, "only at one place there was an indentation in it where it rested on the lake, just enough to keep it from rolling off." This "resting" of the sphere seemed to give him great comfort.

One Indian summer morning in October, some ladies found the old man sitting on his doorstep, smoking a short pipe. He gave no sign of recognition of their approach except a twinkle of the eye, being evidently quite in harmony with the peaceful day. They stood there a full minute before he opened his mouth; then he did not rise, but slowly took his pipe from his mouth and said, in a dreamy way, pointing towards the brook, "Do you see that tree?" indicating a maple almost denuded of leaves which lay like a yellow garment cast at its feet. "I've been watching that tree all the morning. There hain't been a breath of wind, but for hours the leaves have been falling, falling, just as you see them now, and at last it's pretty much bare." And, after a pause, pensively, "Waal, I suppose its hour had come." This contemplative habit of Old Phelps is wholly unappreciated by his neighbors, but it has been indulged in no inconsiderable part of his life. Rising, after a

time, he said, "Now, I want you to go with me and see my *golden city*, I've talked so much about." He led the way to a hill-outlook, when suddenly, emerging from the forest, the spectators saw revealed the winding valley and its stream. He said, quietly, "There is my golden city." Far below, at their feet, they saw that vast assemblage of birches and "poppels," yellow as gold in the brooding noonday, and slender spires rising out of the glowing mass. Without another word, Phelps sat a long time in silent content; it was to him, as Bunyan says, "a place desirous to be in."

Is this philosopher contented with what life has brought him? Speaking of money one day, when we had asked him if he should do differently if he had his life to live over again, he said, "Yes, but not about money. To have had hours such as I have had in these mountains, and with such men as Dr. Bushnell and Dr. Shaw and Mr. Twichell, and others I could name, is worth all the money the world could give." He read character very well, and took in accurately the boy nature. "Tom," — an irrepressible, rather overdone specimen, — "Tom's a nice kind of a boy, but he's got to come up against a snubbin'-post one of these days." "Boys!" he once said, "you can't git boys to take any kinder notice of scenery. I never yet saw a boy that would look a second time at a sunset. Now a girl will, *sometimes*; but even then it's instantancous, — comes and goes like the sunset. As for me," still speaking of scenery, "these mountains about here, that I see every day, are no more to me, in one sense, than a man's farm is to him. What mostly interests me now is when I see some new freak or shape in the face of nature."

In literature it may be said that Old Phelps prefers the best, in the very limited range that has been open to him. Tennyson is his favorite among poets; an affinity explained by the fact that they are both lotus-eaters. Speaking of a lecture-room talk of Mr. Beecher's, which he had read, he said, "It filled my cup about as full as I callerlate to

have it; there was a good deal of truth in it, and some poetry, — waal, and a little spice, too. We've got to have the spice, you know." He admired, for different reasons, a lecture by Greeley that he once heard, into which so much knowledge of various kinds was crowded that he said he "made a reg'lar gobble of it." He was not without discrimination, which he exercised upon the local preaching when nothing better offered. Of one sermon he said, "The man began way back at the creation, and just preached right along down, and he did n't say nothing after all. It just seemed to me as if he was tryin' to git up a kind of a fix-up."

Old Phelps used words sometimes like algebraic signs, and had a habit of making one do duty for a season together, for all occasions. "Speckerlation" and "callerlation" and "fix-up" are specimens of words that were prolific in expression. An unusual expression, or an unusual article, would be characterized as a "kind of a scientific literary git-up."

"What is the programme for to-morrow?" I once asked him. "Waal, I callerlate, if they rig up the callerlation they callerlate on, we'll go to the Boreas." Starting out for a day's tramp in the woods, he would ask whether we wanted to take a "reg'lar walk, or a random scoot," — the latter being a plunge into the pathless forest. When he was on such an expedition and became entangled in dense brush, and may be a network of "slash" and swamp, he was like an old wizard, as he looked here and there, seeking a way, peering into the tangle, or withdrawing from a thicket and muttering to himself, "There ain't no speckerlation there." And when the way became altogether inscrutable, "Waal, this is a reg'lar random scoot of a rigmarole." As some one remarked, "The dictionary in his hands is like clay in the hands of the potter." A petri-faction was a "kind of a hard-wood chemical git-up."

There is no conceit, we are apt to say, like that born of isolation from the world, and there are no such concealed people

as those who have lived all their lives in the woods. Phelps was, however, unsophisticated in his until the advent of strangers into his life, who brought in literature and various other disturbing influences. I am sorry to say that the effect has been to take off something of the bloom of his simplicity, and to elevate him into an oracle. I suppose this is inevitable as soon as one goes into print; and Phelps has gone into print in the local papers. He has been bitten with the literary "git-up." Justly regarding most of the Adirondack literature as a "perfect fizzle," he has himself projected a work and written much on the natural history of his region. Long ago he made a large map of the mountain country, and until recent surveys it was the only one that could lay any claim to accuracy. His history is no doubt original in form and unconventional in expression. Like most of the writers of the seventeenth century, and the court ladies and gentlemen of the eighteenth century, he is an independent speller. Writing of his work on the Adirondacks he says: "If I should ever live to get this wonderful thing written I expect it will show one thing if no more, and that is that everything has an opposite. I expect to show in this that literature has an opposite if I do not show anything else. We could not enjoy the blessings and happiness of righteousness if we did not know innuity was in the world; in fact there would be no righteousness without innuity." Writing also of his great enjoyment of being in the woods, especially since he has had the society there of some people he names, he adds, "And since I have Literature Science and Art all spread about

on the green moss of the mountain woods or the gravel banks of a cristle stream it seems like finding roses honeysuckles and violets on a crisp brown cliff in December. You know I don't believe much in the religion of seramony, but any riteous thing that has life and spirit in it is food for me." I must not neglect to mention an essay, continued in several numbers of his local paper, on *The Growth of the Tree*, in which he demolishes the theory of Mr. Greeley, whom he calls "one of the best vegetable philosophers," about "growth without seed." He treats of the office of sap, — "all trees have some kind of sap and some kind of operation of sap flowing in their season," — the dissemination of seeds, the processes of growth, the power of healing wounds, the proportion of roots to branches, etc. Speaking of the latter he says: "I have thought it would be one of the greatest curiosities on earth to see a thrifty growing maple or elm that had grown on a deep soil interval to be two feet in diameter to be raised clear into the air with every root and fibre down to the minutest thread all entirely cleared of soil so that every particle could be seen in its natural position. I think it would astonish even the wise ones." From his instinctive sympathy with nature he often credits vegetable organism with "instinctive judgment:" "Observation teaches us that a tree is given powerful instincts which would almost appear to amount to judgment in some cases to provide for its own wants and necessities."

Here our study must cease. When the primitive man comes into literature, he is no longer primitive.

Charles Dudley Warner.

MENOTOMY LAKE.¹

THERE's nothing so sweet as a morning in May,
And few things so fair as the gleam of glad water;
Spring leaps from the brow of old Winter to-day,
Full-formed, like the fabled Olympian's daughter.

A breath out of heaven came down in the night,
Dispelling the gloom of the sullen northeasters;
The air is all balm, and the lake is as bright
As some bird in brave plumage that ripples and glisters.

The enchantment is broken which bound her so long,
And Beauty, that slumbered, awakes and remembers;
Love bursts into being, joy breaks into song,
In a glory of blossoms life flames from its embers.

I row by steep woodlands, I rest on my oars
Under banks deep-embroidered with grass and young clover;
Far round, in and out, wind the beautiful shores,—
The lake in the midst, with the blue heavens over.

The world in its mirror hangs dreamily bright;
The patriarch clouds in curled raiment, that lazily
Lift their bare foreheads in dazzling white light,
In that deep under-sky glimmer softly and hazily.

Far over the trees, or in glimpses between,
Peer the steeples and half-hidden roofs of the village.
Here lie the broad slopes in their loveliest green;
There, crested with orchards, or checkered with tillage.

There the pines, tall and black, in the blue morning air;
The warehouse of ice, a vast windowless castle;
The ash and the sycamore, shadeless and bare;
The elm-boughs in blossom, the willows in tassel.

In golden effulgence of leafage and blooms,
Far along, overleaning, the sunshiny willows
Advance like a surge from the grove's deeper glooms,—
The first breaking swell of the summer's green billows.

Scarcely a tint upon hornbeam or sunach appears,
The arrowhead tarries, the lily still lingers;
But the cat-tails are piercing the wave with their spears,
And the fern is unfolding its infantile fingers.

Down through the dark evergreens slants the mild light:
I know every cove, every moist indentation,

¹ The Indian name for Arlington Lake, or Spy Pond.

Where mosses and violets ever invite
To some still unexperienced, fresh exploration.

The mud-turtle, sunning his shield on a log,
Slides off with a splash as my paddle approaches;
Beside the green island I silence the frog,
In warm, sunny shallows I startle the roaches.

I glide under branches where rank above rank
From the lake grow the trees, bending over its bosom;
Or lie in my boat on some flower-starred bank,
And drink in delight from each bird-song and blossom.

Above me the robins are building their nest;
The finches are here, — singing throats by the dozen;
The cat-bird, complaining, or mocking the rest;
The wing-spotted blackbird, sweet bobolink's cousin.

With rapture I watch, as I loiter beneath,
The small silken tufts on the boughs of the beeches,
Each leaf-cluster parting its delicate sheath,
As it gropingly, yearningly opens and reaches;

Like soft-winged things coming forth from their shrouds.
The bees have forsaken the maples' red flowers
And gone to the willows, whose luminous clouds
Drop incense and gold in impalpable showers.

The bee-peopled odorous boughs overhead,
With fragrance and murmur the senses delighting;
The lake-side, gold-laced with the pollen they shed
At the touch of a breeze or a small bird alighting;

The myriad tremulous pendants that stream
From the hair of the birches, — O group of slim graces,
That see in the water your silver limbs gleam,
And lean undismayed over infinite spaces! —

The bold dandelions embossing the grass;
On upland and terrace the fruit-gardens blooming;
The wavering, winged, happy creatures that pass, —
White butterflies flitting, and bumble-bees booming;

The crowing of cocks and the bellow of kine;
Light, color, and all the delirious lyrical
Bursts of bird-voices; life filled with new wine, —
Every motion and change in this beautiful miracle,

Springtime and Maytime, — revive in my heart
All the springs of my youth, with their sweetness and splendor:
O years, that so softly take wing and depart!
O perfume! O memories pensive and tender!

As lightly I glide between island and shore,
 I seem like an exile, a wandering spirit,
 Returned to the land where 'tis May evermore,
 A moment revisiting, hovering near it.

Stray scents from afar, breathing faintly around,
 Are something I've known in another existence;
 As I pause, as I listen, each image, each sound,
 Is softened by glamour, or mellowed by distance.

From the hill-side, no longer discordant or harsh,
 Comes the cry of the peacock, the jubilant cackle;
 And sweetly, how sweetly, by meadow and marsh,
 Sounds the musical jargon of blue-jay and grackle!

O Earth! till I find more of heaven than this,
 I will cling to your bosom with perfect contentment.
 O water! O light! sky-enfolding abyss!
 I yield to the spell of your wondrous enchantment.

I drift on the dream of a lake in my boat;
 With my oar-beat two pinion-like shadows keep measure;
 I poise and gaze down through the depths as I float,
 Seraphic, sustained between azure and azure.

I pause in a rift, by the edge of the world,
 That divides the blue gulfs of a double creation;
 Till, lo, the illusion is shattered and whirled
 In a thousand bright rings by my skiff's oscillation.

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE OLD POPE AND THE NEW.

FOR a generation past, two figures have stood forth before the world as the representatives of great contending principles, of whose deadly struggle Italy has been the battle-field. The one was a young and rough soldier king: the other, a courtly and venerable old man and bishop of the church of Christ. The one, in spite of many and serious defects of personal character, was a true and noble leader in the race of civil and political progress: the other, while personally worthy of the highest respect, affection, and esteem, stood firm, unyielding,

and defiant to the last, the rear-guard of institutions which had outlived their age, the heroic asserter of principles which would arrest, if it were possible, the upward march of human history. It was the grave error of Italian statesmen — an error even from a point of view exclusively political — that in this struggle the Pope was permitted to appear as the protector, not of those institutions alone, but also of the Christian church itself: and it was the fatal necessity of the position in which Italian churchmen had placed themselves that the cause of

the king, even as against the authorities of the church, was that of every lover of his country. In the unnatural antagonism, the two leaders, wide apart as the poles in everything else, were alike in this, that each at heart sympathized with very much in the cause which was represented by the other; in both, the convictions of *official* duty bore down the natural feelings of the man.

Death has summoned them from their respective posts within less than a single month of each other, the younger first. Pius IX. lived only long enough to send his forgiveness and his blessing to the dying king, and to mingle his tears with those of Italy over the bier of him whose success had been his own utter discomfiture. And then, upon the 7th of February last, the foremost man of all those who still stood at bay alike against the good and against the evil of the age calmly surrendered to God the trust, to his own understanding of which he had never been unfaithful before man.

That the elevation of Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti to the papacy was wholly unexpected, and almost, as we so often say, by accident, there is, probably, little doubt. The issues upon which the election turned in the conclave of 1846 were those of purely local and secular politics; and few had taken less part in politics of any kind, secular or ecclesiastical, than the quiet and devout Archbishop of Imola. He was but fifty-four years old, and had been in priestly orders less than eight and twenty years. He had been attached to a politico-ecclesiastical mission to Chili; he had been put in charge of the great Roman hospital of San Michele; he was Bishop of Spoleto for five years, and for fourteen years had filled the See of Imola; and although he had been created a cardinal by Gregory XVI. in 1840, it was in recognition of his pastoral fidelity rather than of any political services. Indeed, how little influence he possessed with the Roman government may be inferred from the fact that his older brother was at this very time a political prisoner in the Castle Sant' Angelo. He was chosen in the necessity of promptly concentrating all

moderate votes upon some one who was personally unobjectionable, in order to prevent the election of Cardinal Lambruschini, an able and resolute absolutist.

The leading *facts* in the long and memorable pontificate upon which Pius IX. entered on the 16th of June, 1846, are still fresh in the memories of those who are beyond middle life. But the key to the strange seeming contrast between the earlier and the later years, and to the still stranger contrast between the man himself and his official career, must be found in the careful analysis of a character which has been rarely understood save by his countrymen.

Brought abruptly forward and clothed with theoretically absolute authority in a great impending struggle, and at a crisis and under circumstances which would have afforded an opportunity for a Hildebrand, Pius IX. was not in the least a man of the world, nor a natural leader of men. Nor was he one of those who, by the inherent power of their own ideas or energies, cleave out new channels through the barriers of the age, and then turn the tides of history into them. He was, on the contrary, rather one of those characters which, like the charged Leyden jar, effect results by the power of moral forces not primarily their own, but which are silently generated by other agencies of which they are little more than reservoirs.

He was both winning and commanding in appearance; his voice was rich and musical, his smile benignant. He was a courtly gentleman in manners, yet withal of very simple habits, of unblemished life, and of fervent piety. His bitterest political enemies never ventured to speak against his personal character, which was worthy of his exalted office in the church; and when, in 1855, the Oriental bishops wished to emphasize the climax of their indictment against the papal system, they pointed to the results it could produce even in the hands of one of the best of Popes.

He was a man of naturally amiable temper, warm affections, and deep sympathies. He was generous and mag-

unanimous in his impulses, philanthropic and patriotic. His heart was thoroughly *Italian*. It was that Italian heart of his which prompted him, in the earlier years of his pontificate, to invoke for the national cause the popular enthusiasm which never afterwards failed it; and with that cause, in spite of all other antagonisms, his heart was ever in some kind of suppressed sympathy. The Italian people never forgot this fact, and it explains much of their forbearance, as well as the universally generous tone with which the Italian press now speak of him.

But however warm a patriot, Pius IX. was, *above all things*, a churchman. The intense sincerity of his nature shone out most conspicuously in his religious and ecclesiastical aims and convictions. To him the church of Christ was ever the first, the grandest, and the most real thing on earth, and the headship of that church — whether as a subordinate he reverently looked up to it, or as Pope himself he stood in awe of his own official character — something almost superhumanly exalted. That decision, that firmness which no merely secular interests could seemingly arouse in him was at once developed, when the interests of the church were at stake, into the sternness of immovable obstinacy.

He was not a man of intellectual vigor, and certainly not a scholarly or learned ecclesiastic. He was thus not only unable to give reasons in defense of any stand which he felt it right to take, but he was also unable to perceive the force of any objections which might be urged against it; and he was therefore at the mercy of his own impulses and the ready instrument of those who knew how skillfully to excite his imagination, to enkindle his enthusiasm, or to evoke, in any cause, his exalted sense of official responsibility. Thus his imagination, wrought upon by his excited feelings, formed his conceptions of the papal office, and as his imagination conceived it, that he devoutly believed it to be. In 1871, the writer was dining with a worthy parish priest of Milan, and in company with a venerable dignitary of the

church, from a neighboring diocese, who had known the Pope familiarly in early life; when the former asked his guest whether he supposed that, apart from those who obediently accepted it on authority, there was any one in the church who really and thoroughly *believed* the new dogma of papal infallibility, "Yes," answered the other, looking up with a shrewd smile, "yes, there is *one*, — the Pope himself." "Before I was Pope," he was accustomed to say, "I believed in papal infallibility; now I *feel* it." And to him this was a ground for his perfect assurance from which there was no appeal.

This official self-consciousness, becoming in all church matters his first spring of action, — fed, too, by inexhaustible adulation, — made him at last excessively impatient of all opposition; and an eminent Italian writer spoke of him, in 1873, as one who, while not "naturally sharp or haughty," and "conscious of the presence of no unworthy motive," was nevertheless "*persuasissimo di se medesimo*," and therefore "prompt to visit every contradiction, even the slightest, to his purposes with a rebuke so much the more severe the more undoubted his own assurance that such purposes were directly inspired by God."

To what extravagance this exalted conception of his office was wrought up in his later years was touchingly illustrated by an incident which is repeated here on the authority of the Italian papers of the time. In one of the Pope's last excursions outside the walls of Rome, shortly after the prorogation of the Vatican Council, he came upon a poor cripple, who cried out to him, "Holy father, have mercy upon me!" The Pope was startled by the language of the appeal, and, instantly accepting it as an intimation that he was about to be clothed with miracle-working power, he turned and with a commanding gesture solemnly replied, "Arise and walk!" The cripple, infected by the Pope's own perfect good faith and earnestness, dropped his crutches and sprang to his feet. In another instant, however, he tottered and fell. The Pope grew pale, but repeated

once more the command, "Arise and walk!" The poor man again tried to obey, but again in vain. The Pope, in the revulsion of his feelings, fainted away. In fact, there was a period when the Pope lived in the constant expectation of the miraculous intervention of divine power to save the church and to overwhelm her enemies. To him the divine promise and assurance that "the gates of hell should not prevail against" what he undoubtingly held to be "the church" were as real and practical as any of the trials and afflictions which he was called to bear in its defense. In such a state of mind, then, to whose hands would he more naturally look to see such power intrusted than to those of "the infallible vicar of Christ," whom it had even been seriously proposed to declare "the incarnation of the Holy Ghost?"

Surely so good a man was never more terribly betrayed by the position in which he was placed; nor has a sincerer man ever played a grandly fatal part in history. Such was the man who has occupied the papal throne for the unprecedented period of nearly two and thirty years, in one of the most remarkable transition epochs of history; the man, during whose pontificate the temporal power of the papacy has been swept away forever, while its spiritual and ecclesiastical pretensions have been carried to a point beyond which even the most arrogant of his predecessors never passed. Such was the Pope whose one unchanging aim and purpose from first to last was the restoration and the exaltation of the papacy, — the power and glory of the church. The circumstances under which he was elected gave the early years of his long pontificate far more to local and political history than to that of the church, and seemed also to leave him for a time far more free than afterwards to take counsel of his Italian heart as to the means of seeking this end. A mediæval Guelph, fallen upon incongruous times, he sought the organization of a great Guelphic league of the Italian states, from the throne of which the church and papacy should re-

strain society and guide the governments of the whole world. Every step in the improvement of the administration of the papal states themselves was to him but a step in this direction. The many and important local reforms which were actually introduced; the concessions for lighting Rome with gas and for building railroads, which were at the time very daring steps to take; the grant of constitutional government; the appointment of a lay prime minister in the person of Count Mamiani; and above all, the permission to the Romans to take part in the war with Austria, were all attempts to reach the great ends ever in view, by means and in accordance with principles of local policy to which his heart prompted him. In all this part of his career, the liberal Popè-King of 1846-7-8 was but the churchman earnestly endeavoring to be at the same time an *Italian*. But where the Pope sought to reform, revolution and anarchy answered his summons; and he often compared himself at this time to a boy who had learned the spell to raise the devil, but who found, when he tried the experiment and was terrified at the result, that he knew no counter spell by which he could be laid.

The patriotic dreams and endeavors of Pius IX. fell finally with Count Rossi, beneath the dagger of the assassin, upon the 15th of November, 1848; and when, nine days afterward, he fled from Rome, it was to return in 1850, only a Pope. From that time his political policy was simply passive resistance to that of Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, while he gave himself up to an ecclesiastical policy upon the whole one of the most extraordinary in the history of the papacy.

But this implied no extraordinary change in the man himself. All else, indeed, was new; he was the same. The end above all ends, the motive force of his character, was ever the grandeur of the sacred office which had been intrusted to his charge, and its power in the world against the infidelity and socialism of the age. Italy, his beloved Italy, had refused the part in this great work which

he would have assigned to her. He mourned over this disappointment to the last; but he continued in his course, — no longer, indeed, with the coöperation of Gizzi and Rosmini, of Mamiani and Rossi, but with that of Antonelli and Wiseman and Manning, of Fathers Beckx and Schrader, of Bilio and De Angelis.

Under the guidance of his later counselors, in 1850, he reëstablished the Roman hierarchy in England; in 1854, he summoned the bishops of the Roman Catholic world to Rome, and in their presence declared the dogma of the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary an article of the faith; in 1862, he invoked a similar grand concourse of bishops for the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, an occasion for secretly communicating to them *sixty-one* theses, as the substance of a future "dogmatic bull" against certain obnoxious political doctrines of the times. These steps were followed up by the Encyclical and Syllabus in 1864, and the grand climax was reached in the assembling and the issue of the Council of the Vatican in 1870. Seven years and more, since the Italian army entered Rome in the September following and thus put an end to the temporal power of the papacy, the aged Pope remained "a prisoner of the Vatican," — an imprisonment quite possibly a reality to one who lived so much in an ideal world.

Of this long pontificate two supreme hours will longest be remembered, — the one by the Italian patriot, the other by the last devotee of mediæval Romanism in the church. The first was in May, 1848, when the Italian tricolor was unfurled beside the papal banner in the streets of Rome, and the Pope's own nephews were enrolled as volunteers in the army about to march to join Charles Albert upon the plains of Lombardy. "Who does not remember," says the *Gazzetta d'Italia* of the 8th of February last, "the pontiff of 1848 when, from the balcony of the Quirinal, where now reside the royal Savoyards, he touched the inmost chords of a whole people's heart, and aroused the most powerful en-

thusiasm. 'Benedite, o Sommo Iddio, all' Italia!' What do we not owe to these words, which after-events have never canceled from many hearts? And if the necessities of the times, of his character, and of his office have forced him in another course and have rendered him the enemy of that great work which, in its early days with his own hands he had blessed, — well, for this our tears shall none the less fall upon his tomb." The other was that fatal hour on the 18th of July, 1870, when the same pontiff sat on his throne amid the assembled and subservient episcopate of the Roman Catholic world, and, by the lurid glare of torches that struggled against the thick darkness which filled St. Peter's, read and proclaimed the decree that declared the personal infallibility of the Popes, — a dogma of "the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints." The terrible peal of thunder which seemed instantly to answer it from heaven, and which shook St. Peter's to its foundations, was to the Italian people an omen in awful contrast to the applause of grateful hearts which came back from a whole people in response to the words which twenty-two years before he had spoken from the balcony of the Quirinal.

Thus it was given to him who had inaugurated a revolution by which he was himself the most august sufferer, also, with ecclesiastical pomp and pageantry before unparalleled, to exalt the office which he held to a height never surpassed by a Boniface or an Innocent, at a time when persistence in such claims must inevitably result in the overthrow of the papacy. He left no temporal possessions nor political responsibilities to complicate the course of his successor. He has bequeathed to him simply a spiritual papacy, but one, in the form in which he left it, irreconcilably "at war against the intellect and the progress of the human race."

And that successor?

There is an ancient chain of Latin mottoes, one for each Pope in order, from some centuries ago to some time yet to come, which claims to have prophetic

reference to the characteristics of their respective reigns. *Crux de cruce* was that which came to Pius IX.; *Lumen de cælo* is the next motto on the list. But who shall say as yet upon what cause this prophetic "light from heaven" is to shine? That the time is come for some great change no one who is at all familiar with the politico-ecclesiastical affairs of Italy can have any doubt.

"With Pius IX.," says a Roman paper, during the papal interregnum, "has been closed, not merely an epoch, but a religious history of eighteen centuries. . . . *Proficiscere*: this was the last word of Pius IX., which should sound as a warning in every cell of the conclave. The Catholic church can maintain her unity only by abandoning false traditions and her pretended donations; the church can preserve its religious office in society only by coördinating itself with the state."

Indeed, Leo XIII. had scarcely been proclaimed, when a prominent member of the Italian cabinet raised the question of the organic character of the famous laws which guarantee the Pope's inviolability. It is not, however, at all probable that Italy will in any way anticipate the initiative of the Pope; the *Opinione*, the organ of the conservative opposition, only insists that it would show the greatest fatuity should the ministry "propose to modify or repeal them . . . at a time when the holy see has just been filled by a new Pope who has not yet had occasion to make his intentions known, and whose first acts are yet awaited."

Cardinal Pecci brings to the papacy a personal record — if the Romish correspondent of the English press can be relied on — which leaves the world in no uncertainty about the private worth or intellectual abilities of the man. His administration of the brigand-infested delegation of Benevento brilliantly illustrated his clearness of purpose, his decision of character, his self-reliance, his executive power, and his unconquerable firmness. His three years' residence in Brussels, whither he was sent at the early age of thirty-three as papal nuncio near

the court of Leopold, showed him an accomplished man of the world and a diplomat of great skill, tact, and policy. His subsequent long episcopate in Perugia proved him a laborious, conscientious, and faithful pastor. Two pastoral letters on the subject of The Church and Civilization, addressed by him to his diocese, the one last Lent and the other at the approach of the Lent of the current year, and just published in the *Osservatore Romano*, breathe certainly a most excellent spirit, and show no familiarity with the Syllabus of 1864. At forty-three Archbishop Pecci was raised to the cardinalate; and now, at sixty-eight, he has been intrusted with the destinies of the papacy.

Nevertheless, however "moderate" Cardinal Pecci may have been thought, it is proverbially unsafe to draw conclusions from what the cardinal may have been to what the Pope will be; and Italian anticipations and speculations concerning the ecclesiastical policy of Leo XIII. are far too uncertain and even contradictory to be any guide to us. Some Roman journals have indeed indulged in sanguine dreams of the great reformation which Leo XIII. was about to inaugurate; and even so able a publicist and judge of men as ex-Minister Bonghi some time since declared that Cardinal Pecci combined the qualities most desirable for a Pope in the present crisis. But Bonghi was clearly less alive to the religious condition of the church than to the political perplexities under which the Italian government is laboring.

It would almost seem as if the Pope had scarcely inherited all the decision and firmness of the cardinal, for the *Italie* of so late a date as March 1st refers to a struggle, of which the Vatican is still the scene, in what is plainly called "the period of transition which the holy see is now traversing," among those who seek to influence the papal policy in this direction or in that; and, while giving the contradictory character of the statements boldly made "concerning the intentions of the holy father," declines to pronounce a precipitate judgment of

its own, and contents itself with recommending to foreign diplomats and others the old maxim, *Quieta non movere*.

If we look for information concerning the new Pope to the circumstances of his election, we are on the one hand met by the undoubted fact that a large majority of the cardinals, by two thirds of whom he was so promptly chosen, are unquestionably of the most ultramontane type; and it seemed certain that, if really free to act, they would have chosen no one who would not continue in principle the ecclesiastical policy of Pius IX. But, on the other hand, it was openly stated by the press that Prince Bismarck frankly warned the conclave of the results of such a choice; and they doubtless knew well enough, without formal warning, how it would probably be met by the Italian government. Cardinals Franchi and Schwartzburg, moreover, are both said to have been active leaders in securing the result which was so early reached. The latter, indeed, was the friend of Döllinger and Von Schulte, and in 1871 it was by many expected that he would share with them the leadership of the Old Catholic movement. But the ultramontane Cardinal Franchi — the telegrams and statements of the foreign correspondents of our press to the contrary notwithstanding — is by no means the man, either intellectually or morally, whose subsequent appointment as cardinal secretary of state is a hopeful augury. So far from being the “able, honorable, progressive, and patriotic Italian” that he has been pronounced, he is an ecclesiastic of the type of Antonelli, but in every way his inferior.

But, whatever else is beyond our present forecast, Leo XIII. is certainly no fanatic, nor is he ignorant of the times in which he lives. He is far less a mere churchman than a practical statesman in the church. Whatever the ends he may propose to himself, he will not seek to meet political antagonism by organizing mediæval crusades; nor will he attempt to resist Protestantism or to put down infidelity by decreeing new honors to saints in paradise, or by accumulating

new dogmas upon an already seriously overlaid faith.

If the ultramontane spirit of the Roman curia is still incarnate in the Pope, instead of wasting the moral strength of the church in abusive attacks upon the Italian government, Leo XIII. is far more likely to adapt his policy to the state of things as he finds them, and fully capable, by a skillful use of the opportunities which it affords — for instance, the voting urn — of accomplishing far more than by all the indignant allocutions about “Christ and Belial” that Pius IX. ever pronounced. He has too much common sense to keep up the farce of being a “prisoner in the Vatican,” and is too practical not to realize that, by a frank renunciation of an empty claim to a temporal dominion already irrevocably lost to the papacy, he has it within his power to secure from politicians, to whom religious considerations go for nothing, an indirect influence over public affairs, far more important to the church than the issues which have occupied the Vatican for some years past. Although Leo did omit to give the king of Italy official notice of his election to the See of Rome, the omission was perhaps unavoidable, and the statement that he gave such notice to the “king of Sardinia” is apparently unwarranted. At all events he has since directed that the Italian bishops should apply for the royal *exequatur*, and thus place themselves in legal relations with the government of Italy, which Pius IX. distinctly prohibited.

However, the Pope is known to be laboriously engaged in the preparation of an allocution, in which, when he deems it opportune, he will no doubt speak for himself on the subject of his political policy.

If Leo XIII., on the contrary, is to be an ecclesiastical reformer, as so many hope, he is not the man to make effusive announcements of his designs to the world beforehand, nor prematurely to arouse the violent resistance of the ultramontane party and the Jesuits by abrupt innovations or startling reversals of the measures of his predecessor.

But the evidence on which to build

such hopes is scant as yet. In the Lenten pastorals, to which reference has been made, there is indeed no mention of the Virgin or of the saints; the Holy Scriptures are alone spoken of as the source of divine truth, Christ alone offered as our exemplar, and the English and Protestant Faraday is cited among distinguished scientists who were also profoundly religious men. These are facts to be noted; but they prove little by themselves. The new Pope may discourage Mariolatry, as the Protestant press have been eager to repeat on the authority of some correspondents impatient for indications of his religious policy; but if so, it is perhaps less indicative of an approaching reform in dogmatic theology than of the Pope's knowledge that such extravagances have driven men of intellect and education from the church, and impaired its influence over educated and prosperous communities and nationalities.

In fine, with such information as may be gathered from the best informed Roman journals, including the *Osservatore*

Romano itself, the organ of the Vatican, as well as from private correspondence, it seems wiser to doubt the hasty conclusions of foreign correspondents, and, for the present, to be sure only that Italy has no impetuous visionary or irreconcilable doctrinaire to deal with in the papacy, but rather a *Fabius Cunctator*, who will know how to take advantage of every error of the Italian government, and who will make few or no blunders of his own; with one who will quickly and quietly disembarass himself of the political complications in which his predecessor entangled the papacy, and who will be a reformer just so far as his practical knowledge of men and of the world prompts him to feel it necessary, in order to secure to the church that influence in society and over governments which is still hers, or to enable her to recover the influence which she has lost.

From the old Pope to the new is indeed a great transition, but we do not know as yet what this transition is to signify in history.

Wm. Chauncy Langdon.

AMERICANISMS.

II.

WRITERS upon Americanisms are frequently led, by a union of unlimited self-confidence with limited knowledge, into positive assertions as to usage which are at variance with fact, and therefore entirely misleading. A man may safely assert that such or such a word or phrase is used in England or the States, if he has so heard it or met with it in print; and it is quite proper for him to express, however strongly, his liking for it or his dislike of it, and to show, if he can do so, reasons for his opinion or his feeling in regard to it. As to the latter, if he be wrong, that is if the taste of the best speakers and writers does not agree

with his, or if his reasons for the faith that is in him are unsound, he has merely erred, as any man may err; but he has justly exposed himself to no censure excepting that of legitimate criticism of his views, which some other writer may show him good reason for changing, and which, if he is candid, he will change, and thus merely "be wiser to-day than he was yesterday." But a positive and general assertion which proves to be at variance with fact places him in another and a far more unpleasant position. He has revealed, to a certain degree at least, an insufficient knowledge of the subject upon which he professed knowledge and undertook to teach others. And the knowledge of very few men,

however wide their acquaintance with language and literature, is sufficient to enable them to assert with safety that a certain word or phrase is not used in one country, or that its use is limited to or even characteristic of another, particularly when the people of both the countries in question have a common origin and a common language and literature.

It is this condition of things in regard to the English language which makes assertions of limited usage so dangerous to writers upon Americanisms.

These remarks are suggested by my finding among the Addenda of the last edition of Mr. Bartlett's dictionary the word *bureau* defined as "a chest of drawers for clothes, etc., especially made an ornamental piece of furniture;" to which definition is added the remark, "In England the article is *invariably* called 'a chest of drawers.'" Of my own knowledge I can bear witness to the contrary. I have heard such a piece of furniture called a bureau twenty times in different parts of England, and by persons of various conditions of life; and although the word has not attracted my particular attention (for it appears now for the first time in Mr. Bartlett's work), I am able to refer to the following instances of its use by English writers of repute in past generations and in the present.

In a chapter giving a very lively description of a scene which results in the turning of a chamber-maid out of the house by her enraged mistress (the wife of a rustic inn-keeper), Fielding writes: "It accidentally occurred to her that her master's bed was not made; she therefore went directly to his room, where he happened at that time to be engaged at his *bureau*." (Joseph Andrews, Book I., chap. xviii.)

Sterne also uses it as follows: "My father . . . returned to the table, plucked my mother's thread-paper out of Slawkenbergius's book, went hastily to his *bureau*, walked slowly back," etc. (Tristram Shandy, chap. lxxxv.)

And Horace Walpole thus: "I found her in a little miserable bed-chamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow

candles, and a *bureau* covered with pots and pans." (Letters to Horace Mann.)

Mrs. Leycester, thus: "And a little dressing-room out of our bedroom was furnished with a book-case and *bureau*." (Memoirs of a Quiet Life, i. 7.)

The rooms (bedrooms and dressing-room) in which the article is said to have been made its functions plain; and this suggests a reference to the derivation of the word and how it came to be applied to a clothes-press, or a chest of drawers for clothes. *Bureau* meant originally, in French, a coarse kind of cloth. Then, because this cloth was used to cover the tops of writing-tables, such a table came to be called a bureau. The writing-table next received the addition of drawers to hold paper, and still, of course, retained its name. Finally the table proper disappeared, and over the drawers there was a folding leaf, which shut at an angle and could be locked, and in the cavity thus produced there were smaller drawers made, and some eight or ten pigeon-holes for papers, with a lockable recess between them still more private. The inside of the leaf and the corresponding space before it were at first covered with cloth, and when the leaf was let down this formed the writing-table. On top of the whole was an upright case with folding doors, which was used for papers, or as a book-case. This was the bureau which was found in many houses of the last century, both in England and the States, and, as we have seen by the passages quoted above, and as some of us can remember, they were very frequently placed in bedrooms. A natural consequence of the presence of such an article of furniture in a bedroom was that the lower and larger drawers came to be used for clothes. I am writing at one of these old bureaux now; and such, doubtless, was the sort of bureau that Fielding and Sterne and Walpole and Mrs. Leycester had in mind. Finally, as the name of the cloth was given first to the writing-table which it covered, and was then transferred to the piece of furniture of which the drawers had become the larger and the more important part, it was naturally again

transferred to the new piece of furniture composed entirely of drawers, and intended and exclusively used for the same purpose to which the former had been converted, — the holding of clothes. In olden times, down to two or three centuries ago, clothes were laid away in chests or hung up in wardrobes; but chests of drawers for that purpose, under whatever name, are comparatively modern pieces of furniture. But what now becomes of the assertion that in England they are "invariably" called chests of drawers? The assertion is one of those imprudent ones into which a writer with perfectly correct purposes may be led by overestimating the extent of his range of observation. It would have been safe to say that *bureau* is more common in the States than in England, and *chest of drawers* much more common here than there.

But chief of all those whom overweening self-confidence misleads into unwarrantable assertions upon this subject is Dr. Fitzedward Hall, who is a professor of philology and of Sanskrit, and who undeniably is widely read in English literature. Yet upon the English language he can write very few pages, I might almost say paragraphs, without exhibiting a notable incompetence to pronounce upon its usages, coupled with an enormous pretense and a disposition not only to contradict (which he has a perfect right to do), but to treat with the most offensive disrespect (to do which he has no right), all other writers, of whatever sort and upon whatever subject. He sets down without hesitation the following words, among others, as Americanisms: *divine* (noun), *conclude* and *conclusion* (in the sense of deciding with a purpose), *parlor*, and *make a visit*. Of the first (*divine*) he says that its use to mean a clergyman, a minister of the gospel, is "now uncurrent in England." (Recent Exemplifications of False Philology, page 73.) Let us see what the evidence of "current" English literature is upon this point. Walter Scott, in the Introductory Epistle to The Fortunes of Nigel, says that "nobles, statesmen, and *divines*, the most distin-

guished of their time, have not scorned to square accounts with their book-sellers." But setting Scott aside as a little old-fashioned, although he certainly comes within the three generations which Alexander Ellis says form the current language of any period, let us come further down towards the present day. Macaulay, in his famous chapter on the condition of English society in the seventeenth century, speaks of "the *divine* who quitted his chaplainship for a benefice." Lord Houghton applies the word to Sydney Smith in the following characteristic passage: "'I am very glad I have amused you,' said Mr. Sydney Smith at parting, 'but you must not laugh at my sermon to-morrow.' 'I should hope I know the difference between being here and at church,' remarked the gentleman with some sharpness. 'I am not so sure of that,' replied the visitor. 'I'll bet you a guinea on it,' said the squire. 'Take you,' replied the *divine*.'" (Monographs, 1873, page 251.) Mrs. Trollope, most English of English writers of her sex, and mistress of a very pure and charming style, says, "I really think the commander of this Danube ordinari must receive wages from some practical *divine* who wishes to impress on all men . . . the uncertain nature of human happiness." (Vienna and the Austrians, 1837, Letter xxii.) George Eliot, greatest of all English female authors, says, "The providential government of the world . . . in our favored land was clearly seen to be carried forward on Tory and Church of England principles, sustained by the succession of the house of Brunswick and by sound English *divines*." (Felix Holt, chap. i.) And again, with the same dry humor, in which she is almost peculiar among her sex: "There is a resident rector who appeals to the consciences of his hearers with all the immense advantages of a *divine* who keeps his own carriage." (Scenes from Clerical Life, Janet, chap. ii.) Matthew Arnold has, "Surely this is enough to expect a sixteenth century *divine* to give us in theology." (Literature and Dogma, page 22.) John Bright, the

greatest of living English orators, and one of the greatest living masters of "current" English, applies the word thus to Presbyterian ministers: "We may perhaps imagine an equality which would allow the Protestant establishment to remain; . . . and to complete the scheme a Presbyterian establishment also, having a batch of Catholic prelates and of Presbyterian *divines* in the House of Lords." (Letters and Speeches, vol. ii., page 532.) In the next example it is applied to a Jesuit priest, the eloquent Bourdaloue: "He was much surprised, and knocked at the door, when the distinguished *divine* laid down his instrument," etc. (History of the Violin, by W. Sandys, F. S. A., and S. A. Forster, London, 1864, page 163.) Dr. Newman, who is regarded by many persons, and particularly by Dr. Hall, as the most correct writer of English now living, uses it thus in a general sense: "So we must take it for granted, if we would serve God comfortably, that we cannot be our own *divines* and our own casuists." (Sermons on Subjects of the Day, 1869, page 50.) As Dr. Newman thus uses it in connection with casuists, so we find Dean Stanley using it in as general a sense in connection with statesmen. "The vast

political pageants of which it has been the theatre, . . . the wrangles of *divines* or statesmen which have disturbed its sacred peace." (His. Mem. of Westminster Abbey, 1868, page 37.) Next we have a well-known English writer upon the social problems of his country applying it to the rustic minister of a Wesleyan chapel: "A number of the farmers left the church and repaired to the Wesleyan chapel in the village. But the minister of the chapel, a plain-spoken *divine*, told them they had better go back." (F. G. Heath, The English Peasantry, 1874, page 152.) Lastly, the latest published English dictionary, by the Rev. James Stormouth, gives as the first definition of *divine* simply "a minister of the gospel;" then, following, "a clergyman, a priest." These examples are enough to establish the point in question; but I wish to add a few more, which, that my readers may not be needlessly wearied, I give in foot-notes to this page. They are from John Wood Warler,¹ Southey's son-in-law Angus,² Archbishop Whately,³ Blakey,⁴ Farrar,⁵ Arthur Helps,⁶ Ruskin,⁷ Thackeray,⁸ Goldwin Smith,⁹ Anthony Trollope,¹⁰ H. A. Mereweather,¹¹ Sir Henry Holland,¹² Leslie Stephen,¹³ a corre-

¹ To follow the poet's advice, coupled with the moralist's and the *divine's*, would yield, etc. (The Seaboard and the Down, 1860, vol. i., page 55.)

Like Luther, a good textuary and a good *divine*. (Idem, i. 364.)

Moreover they came often for advice, because they found in the person they appealed to the *divine*, the scholar, and the gentleman. (Idem, ii. 475.)

² On Sunday he read with them the Greek Testament, and gave them besides a scheme of theology founded chiefly on the writings of Dutch *divines*. (Hand-Book of English Lit. and Lang., page 165.)

³ Sometimes, indeed, when they are pressed with objections to their own explanations of Scripture doctrines, *divines* are apt to say, etc. (Cautions for the Times, No. xiv.)

⁴ On the balances of nature the *divine* thus speaks. (Old Faces in New Masks, 1859, page 51.)

⁵ An opinion for which at the present day not a single advocate could be found (except some popular modern *divines*), which formerly, etc. (Chapters on Language, 1865, page 191.)

⁶ I cannot see, my love, why in itself any costume would not become a clergyman which so many old *divines* . . . look well in. (Friends in Council, vol. ii., chap. iv.)

⁷ The most perfect and clear statement of the great evangelical doctrine of salvation by faith only which I ever heard from any English *divine*. (Fors Clavigera, Letter xx., page 24.)

It is the task of the *divine* to condemn the errors of antiquity, and of the philologist to account for them. (The Queen of the Air, 1869, page 2.)

⁸ And whom Tom Moody remembers forty years back a slender *divine*. (Vanity Fair, chap. xlv.)

Neither *divine* allowed himself to be conquered. (Idem, chap. xlvii.)

⁹ May we not see *divines*, the authorized guardians of the truth, shaping their doctrine to the taste of the great bishop-maker of the day? (Three English Statesmen, 1868, page 162.)

The court *divine*, Mainwaring, said in one of his famous sermons, etc. (Idem, page 11.)

¹⁰ By the fostering care of perhaps the most pious set of *divines* that ever lived. (The American Senator, 1877, chap. xlii.)

¹¹ We started at two o'clock, and the archdeacon and another *divine* wished me good-by at the railway station. (By Sea and by Land, 1874, chap. xiv.)

¹² Disputes which few *divines* would reopen at the present day. (Recollections of a Past Life, 1872, page 269.)

¹³ If science could have proved *divines* to be apes themselves, etc. (Free Thinking and Plain Speaking, 1877, chap. lii.)

Philosophers, *divines*, and poets shrink with horror, etc. (Idem.)

Divines never tire of holding up to us the example of Christ. (Idem, chap. ix.)

spondent in Fors Clavigera,¹ Frances Power Cobbe,² The Liverpool Courier,³ the Saturday Review,⁴ and The Week.⁵ It thus appears that this word *divine*, in the sense simply of a minister of the gospel, whether Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, Church of England, Congregational, or what not, is in constant use by the best writers and in the best journals in England. It has been so in the past, and it is so down to this very day; and yet we have here a scholar and a philologist pronouncing it without hesitation or qualification uncurrent in that sense. A man may hold to his opinions firmly and assert them strongly, and if wrong merely err in judgment; but what shall be said of him who, planting himself with much parade upon the professed knowledge of facts, makes corrections which are directly at variance with them!

He will have it, too, that *parlor*, meaning the room in which a family sits and receives company, otherwise called, but generally with reference to a room of some size and pretension in a large house, a drawing-room, is "obsolete," "except in the United States and in some of the English colonies." (Recent Exemplifications, etc., page 48.) And again, "In England people who have a drawing-room no longer call it a *parlour*, as they called it of old and recently." (Modern English, by the same writer, page 247.) That this positive assertion is contradicted by the evidence of English writers of the present day the following examples show. They are all taken from novels, the best written guides to the phraseology of society; most of them from novels written by women, the very highest authority upon such points, except, perhaps, Mr. Anthony Trollope, whose books contain a more complete and correct picture of English upper and middle class society, both as to manners and

speech, than has ever before been made of any society at any period.

"The kitchen is warm; . . . its atmosphere is rich with unctuous and savory viands; the cook is kind; but the *parlour* is preferred by the dog from an innate love of high society." (Arthur Helps, Realmaah, chap. xii.)

"The want of constant habitation makes itself felt in the state rooms of palaces as in the *parlours* of those houses in which the family do not live, but only receive company." (Idem, Ivan de Biron, Book VII., chap. ix.)

"It was the once hopeful Godfrey, who was standing with his hands in his side pockets in the dark wainscoted *parlour* one late November afternoon." (George Eliot, Silas Marner, chap. iii.)

"And the brother, he may await you in the *parlour*." (Mrs. Alexander, Which Shall it Be? 1873, chap. xxii.)

"But she soon missed me and came to the library, peeping in [and saying], 'Come with me and I will tell you.' When we were in the *parlour*," etc. (My Beautiful Neighbor, chap. xi., in Temple Bar Magazine, October, 1873.)

"Aunt Gray . . . awaited her in a large, comfortable *parlour*, cheerfully lighted by three windows." (Mrs. Alexander, The Wooing O't, 1874, chap. xxix.)

"In the evening they had dinner in a small *parlour*." (William Black, A Princess of Thule, 1874, chap. xxv.)

"Jane Grand, dressed in black, pale and listless as usual, training the roses in the way they should go above the *parlour* window." (Idem, A Point of Honour, 1876, chap. xiii.)

"Mr. Masters was sitting at home with his family in the large *parlour* of his house." (A. Trollope, The American Senator, 1877, chap. iii.)

"And upon that she turned back into the *parlour* with all the majesty of con-

¹ I don't know what school of *divines* Mr. Elwyn belongs to. (Fors Clavigera, xl., page 94.)

² For my own part I have never ceased to wonder how Christian *divines* have been able to picture heaven, etc. (New Quarterly, July, 1875.)

³ The Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, brother or cousin—we do not know which—of the eccentric *divine* of Brooklyn. (Liverpool Courier (leading article), May, (?) 1875.)

⁴ The author was selected by certain *divines* representing the Established, the Free, and the United Presbyterian churches of Scotland to found a mission, etc. (Saturday Review, December 29, 1877, page 811.)

⁵ This is so much opposed to the predictions of a large number of newspapers, historians, and *divines*, that they begin, etc. (The Week, January, 1878.)

scious virtue." (Mrs. Edwards, *A Blue Stocking*, 1877, chap. v., and *passim*.)

"Now, Jenny, here is Mr. George Lynton coming, and if he gets off his pony be sure you ask him into the best *parlour*." (Cecil Maxwell, *Story of Three Sisters*, 1876, chap. viii.)

"The damp haunts you from room to room, until you are all huddled together like Esquimaux in the small close *parlour* that happens to be over the kitchen fire." (*Saturday Review*, September 11, 1875, page 326.)

Other like passages are at my hand, but these are enough. I will add that I find among my memorandums clipped from a London newspaper of 1870 (the *Times*, I believe, for I neglected the irksome task of particularizing title and date) an advertisement of *Drawing-Room Plays* and *Parlour Pantomimes* by Clement Scott, and *Parlour Pastimes* by Ridgely.

It will be observed that in the first passage quoted Mr. Helps makes his meaning very clear: the parlor is the place for high society, with the usages and language of which he was as familiar as any man in England; and that in the second he also leaves no room for doubt, defining the parlor as the place where the family "do not live, but only receive company." In the other passages the meaning is not so sharply defined in words, but is none the less quite unmistakable. It may be wondered why a man of intelligence and a wide acquaintance with English literature should have made an assertion so manifestly untrue. His blunder is probably to be attributed, in the first place, to the lack of familiarity with the usages of society which seems to be implied in his remark (*Modern English*, page 274), "Mr. Thackeray's patrician slang affects, I know, many who live out of the world just as it affects myself." But it comes chiefly from an affectation among some English people of a word that seems to them to lift their domestic arrangements to the level of those of what are known in England as "great houses;" in which there is the great drawing-room, or the east and the west, or the red and the blue

drawing-room. This affectation is thus delicately satirized by Miss Broughton:

"At the hall door . . . Sarah meets her. Sarah is an Englishwoman.

"Mr. Brandon is in the *parlour* 'm."

"*Parlour*! My good Sarah, how many times shall I adjure you by all that you hold most sacred to say drawing-room?" (Red as a Rose is She, chap. ii.)

Dr. Hall also asserts of the phrase *make a visit* that "whatever it once was" it "no longer is English." (Recent Exemplifications, etc., page 48.) The implication here that the only other phrase now in common use, "*pay a visit*" or a call, is of very modern introduction is unwarranted, as will be seen by the following couplet from Samuel Wesley's *Melissa*, A. D. 1734:—

"Nor gads to *pay*, with busy air,
Trifling *visits* here and there."

Only little later Cowper uses the same phrase in his letters: "Since the *visit* you were so kind to *pay* me in the Temple." (July 1, 1765. Works, ed. Southey, ii., page 162.)

"Dr. Cotton, who was intimate with him, *paid* him a *visit* about a fortnight before he was seized with his last illness." (July 12, 1765. *Idem*, page 168.)

But there was another phrase then in vogue to express the same social event, — *to give a call*, — as the following examples, also from Cowper's letters, show:—

"Both Lady Hesketh and my brother had apprised me of your intention to *give* me a *call*." (*Idem*, vol. ii., page 171.)

"To *give* a morning *call*, and now and then to receive one." (*Idem*, vol. iii., page 61.)

"Mr. Throckmorton *gave* me yesterday a morning *call*." (*Idem*, vol. iii., page 341.)

That the phrase "*to make visits*" had not ceased to be English forty years ago, and has not now ceased to be what Dr. Hall calls "current" English, may be seen by the following examples of its use, half of them by female writers:—

"Or if you prefer *making visits*, you

have two or three hours before you that may be so employed." (Mrs. Trollope, Vienna and the Austrians, 1838, Letter lii.)

"After Moscheles had *made* a round of *visits* to the artists, he went off," etc. (A. D. Coleridge, Recent Music and Musicians, 1874, chap. vi.)

"In nothing was this more apparent than in the visiting card which she had prepared for her use. For such an article one would say that she in her present state could have but small need, seeing how improbable it was that she should *make* a morning call." (Anthony Trollope, Barchester Towers, chap. ix.)

"He tore a pair of new tea-green gloves into thin strips, like little thongs. He must find it rather expensive work, if he *makes* many morning *calls*." (Miss Broughton, Nancy, chap. v.)

On the other hand, the phrase "to make" visits or calls is no more common, nor "to pay" them less common, here than in England. Of the latter we are all aware from the usage with which we are familiar, of which take one example from a well-known American authoress:—

"The toilets in which a well-dressed lady now goes shopping on Broadway are as ruffled and puffed, as beflounced and befurbeled, as those in which she *pays* calls or attends receptions on Fifth Avenue, the only difference being in the coloring and possibly in the texture." (Luey Hooper, Fig Leaves and French Dresses, Galaxy, October, 1874.)

Here we may question the appropriateness of the epithet "well-dressed," and we may be annoyed by the unpleasant Scotticism and Southernism, "*on Broadway*" and "*on Fifth Avenue*," but the phrase "*pays calls*" will seem strange to no one. Nor is it at all of late introduction into this country, as the following extracts from the private writings of a distinguished Yankee show:—

"Wrote letters, *paid* a few visits, and at five went to dine." (Diary of John Quincy Adams, October 24, 1794.)

"Afterwards till two, dressing, receiving or *paying visits*." (Idem, December 31, 1797.)

"*Paid* visits to the president and Mr. Madison, both of whom I found at home." (Idem, October 31, 1804.)

The introduction of the word *pay* in reference to a visit, which appears to be so purely a matter of volition and of pleasure that without those motives on the part of the visitor it is worthless, seems to have accompanied the diffusion of a consciousness that calling had become a mere formality, — a mere matter of compliment, if not of etiquette. Cowper's "give me a call" seems much more significant of friendship and neighborliness; but it is now almost exclusively appropriated to the uses of trade. The supposition that the call is assumed to be paid as the mere performance of a social duty receives illustration, if not support, from the following interesting passage in John Quincy Adams's Diary, in regard to the etiquette of full dress on occasion of diplomatic visits in Russia:

"There is so much punctilio in this usage that it admits of no substitute; . . . nay, if you go yourself, unless it be in full dress, the visit is not *fully paid*. . . . This is called a diplomatic visit paid in person." (Diary, 1811, vol. ii., page 265.)

Dr. Hall's assertions on this point, and others of like nature, are merely negative testimony, and have the inherent inconclusiveness of such testimony. But they are something more: they are witnesses to the limitation of a knowledge which — with a display of great reading, and an assumption that sometimes misleads others — he sets forth as, if not absolutely perfect, at least as near perfection as is permitted to human creatures, and far beyond that of any other merely finite being.

Of like nature is his condemnation of the words *conclude* and *conclusion*, as implying resolution. On the sentence, "Ralph, however, like most disappointed lovers, *concludes* to live," he thus remarks: "Conclude means 'come to a conclusion,' in one sense of the phrase; that which gives to conclusion the meaning of inference. *Conclusion*, in this phrase, also signifies 'resolution;' but conclude, as equivalent to the phrase

when it attaches this sense to *conclusion*, has long ceased to be English." (Recent Exemplifications, etc., page 110.) Disentangling the "snarl" and resolving the discords of Dr. Hall's English, we make out unmistakably that he means simply that *conclude* implying to resolve, and *conclusion* implying a resolution, have long ceased to be English. The assertion is very positive, and the period to which it refers is clearly enough defined. How true it is the following passages from English books written during the last few years will show:—

"The queen *concluded* on keeping the bulk of the prize to herself." (Froude, History of England, chap. lxiv.)

"So, as these thoughts flashed through his mind, Saxon *concluded* to stay where he was and not to stop his ears." (Mrs. A. B. Edwards, Half a Million of Money, 1866, vol. ii., chap. xix.)

"Having the whole of Salisbury Plain to think about it upon, interrupted only by an occasional charge of Colonel Marshall and his cavalry, I soon came to the *conclusion* to go." (H. A. Mereweather, By Sea and by Land, 1874, chap. i.)

"And finally he went to sleep on the *conclusion* that he would wait until that visit had been made." (George Eliot, Daniel Deronda, Book III., chap. xix.)

My list is short; but, like Mercutio's wound, 't will do. It begins with Froude and ends with George Eliot; its second item is furnished by one of the most popular British female novelists, and its third is by "one of her majesty's counsel," and a Wiltshire gentleman of family and standing. The point is not one as to correctness or etymology, but simply whether the word has "long ceased to be English" in a certain sense; as to which the fact that it is used by such writers as Mrs. Edwards and Mr. Mereweather is evidence quite as good as its use by the eminent author of Adam Bede and Romola. I should have had a much longer array of examples showing that it had not ceased to be English, but my attention had never been drawn to it in that light until after the publication of Dr. Hall's Recent Exemplifica-

tions, etc., in 1872; and my reading for language' sake having practically ceased long before that time, and my labors in other respects having increased, I have only such examples as I have since then lit upon by chance in books that I took up casually or which were sent to me for review.

But although I had never thought of the word as being charged with Americanism, when used in the sense considered above, it had attracted my attention; for, strange to say, this sense, so common, is passed over entirely by the dictionary makers. Not one English dictionary known to me, from Bailey and Johnson to Webster and Stormouth, gives *conclude* in the sense of to come to a final resolution, to settle a purpose. It is therefore interesting and of some importance to show what long and well-rooted use it has in our language and literature, which will appear by the following passages:—

"Then the bishops of Greece and the emperors gathered them together to provide a remedy against that mischief, and *concluded* that they should be put down for the abuse, thinking it so expedient." (Tyndale, Answer to Sir Thomas More, 1530. Works, ed. 1827, vol. iii., page 191.)

"Though [thou] art in as ill a taking as the hare which, being all the day hunted, at last *concludes* to die; for, said she, whither should I fly to escape these dogs?" (Gabriel Harvey, Trimming of Thomas Nash, 1597, ed. 1871, page 51.)

"The voice of the whole land speakes in my tongue. It is *concluded* your Majestie must ride From hence unto the Tower: there to stay Until your coronation."
(Thomas Dekker, Sir Thomas Wyatt, 1607.)

"In Baynards Castle was a counsell held,
Whether the Maior and Sheriffes did resort,
And 't was *concluded* to proclaim Queene Mary."
(Idem.)

"As touching the Gentiles which believe, we have written and *concluded*,¹ that they observe no such thing; but that they keep themselves from things offered

¹ *Kpivavres*. Wicliffe version, "deeming;" Tyndale, 1534, and Cranmer, 1539, "concluded;" Rheims, 1582, "decreeing."

to idols." (Acts xxi. 25, King James's Translation, 1611.)

"Our power no further doth extend;
For with this year the Consuls end.
But reverend Lords, your powerfull state
Is not confin'd to any date.
Therefore *conclude* among you all
That Pompey be your Generall."

(Sir Arthur Gorges' Translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, 1614, Book V., page 168.)

"Matters standing in this woful case, three French noblemen projected, with themselves, to make a cordial for the consumption of the spirits of their king and countrymen. . . . Hereupon they *concluded* to set up the aforesaid Joan of Arc to make her that she had a revelation from heaven," etc. (Thomas Fuller, *The Profane State*, 1648, V.)

"If up the hill I go into the wood,
And in some thicket there lie warm and sleep,
I fear I shall for beasts and fowls be food,
At last *concludes* into some wood to creep."
(Thomas Hobbes' Translation of *Odyssey*, 1677, Book V., l. 449.)

"What shall I say, but *conclude* for his so great and sacred service, both to our king and kingdome, . . . and for their everlasting benefit, there may be everlastingly left here one of his loynes, one of his loynes I say, and stay upon this Bench to be the example of all justice." (Chapman and Shirley, *Tragedy of Chabot*, Act. iii., sig. Ei b, ed. 1639.)

"To whom we have transferr'd an absolute power to *conclude* and determine without appeale or revocation," etc. (Thomas Carew, *Cælum Britannicum*, 1633, page 211, ed. 1870.)

"As Cato did his Africk fruits display,
Let us before our eyes their Indies lay.

All loyal English will like him *conclude*,
'Let Cæsar live and Carthage be subdued.'"
(Dryden, *Satyr on the Dutch*, 1662.)

"This morning Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Bolten, and I met at the office, and did *conclude* of our going to Portsmouth next week." (Pepys' Diary, April 18, 1662.)

"Which, having suffered by my supposed silence, I am persuaded will make her fear the worst; if that is the case she will fly to England, — a most natural *conclusion*." (Sterne, *Letters*, civ. August 11, 1767.)

Here we have a word, a common word, used in a certain sense from at least 1530 to 1877 by Tyndale, Nash, Harvey, Dekker, the makers of the authorized version of the Bible, Sir Arthur Gorges, Fuller, Hobbes, Chapman and Shirley, Carew, Dryden, Pepys, Sterne, Froude, George Eliot, and minor English writers of the present day; passed over entirely by all the dictionary makers; and also pronounced by Fitzedward Hall, LL.D., philologist and professor of Sanskrit, as having long ceased to be English. From which two things may be learned, — the untrustworthiness of dictionaries, and the fitness of Dr. Hall to write a book on Americanisms, which I observe that he has announced that he has in preparation. This is but a foretaste of what I may possibly find time to show upon the latter point, if not in these pages, elsewhere. It is what might be expected from a man who on his own confession and showing goes to Irving, Thackeray, and Hawthorne, for examples of bad English.

Richard Grant White.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I THINK that Mr. Sedgwick's article, in the last Atlantic, on the Lobby is an excellent one, besides being timely and much needed. It deals with a semi-institutional thing which has become a

great public injury and a great national disgrace; and the writer handles his subject in a manner which happily unites sagacity and worldly wisdom with a nice sense of honor. The wrong to which he

you take up almost any publication of respectable character for any week or month of the past ten years, there is one chance to three that it contains a poem by Mr. Fawcett. The average is not so great? But it is very great,—great enough to suggest that Mr. Fawcett must have written a large amount of indifferent rhyme. We will frankly own that he has; we will go further and own that much of it is worse than indifferent, and that the present little book is not so uncandid as to represent him only at his best. Yet, when all this is said, his best is so good that the book which assembles it ought to be very welcome to lovers of poetry.

It is not in technical matters that Mr. Fawcett falls below himself, if we may so phrase it. His verse has a lovely, sinuous grace that is quite its own, and he has studied the stops that give sweetness or volume to its music till they obey his will without his apparent effort. There is real mastery in his management of verse. But at times his mastery degenerates into luxury, and the rich fullness of his flexible lines becomes a wanton redundancy. He knows so well how to give effect to a decasyllabic verse with a superabounding syllable that he cannot deny himself the pleasure of it, and it recurs line after line, till it becomes an offense. Yet this is a vice of willfulness, and not of helplessness, while his lapses in higher matters are not willful, apparently, but helpless; and a man of fine nerves and keen appreciations sometimes shows himself obtuse and tasteless in strange degree. We are confident that there will come a time when Mr. Fawcett will himself correct these faults, and we would rather dwell now upon passages and traits of his that have given us pleasure, and pleasure of a fresh and singular kind. Our sense of his charm has already been many times tacitly shown in these pages, but that is only another reason why we should explicitly recognize it. What this charm is it is not of course easy to say. If it were quite definable, it would not be charm. But every sympathetic reader has felt it, and knows the pleas-

ant art by which the poet's fancy has touched this or that aspect or object of nature and left a light upon it which must hereafter be known for his. He sees outside things with a new eye for color and form, and with vivid instinct for their relations to the realities within; and he sees too what need be merely a picture and a delight. It is in the first poem of his ever printed in *The Atlantic* that he speaks of the sea-gulls:—

“Dim on their tireless plumes far-borne,
Till faint they gleam as a blossom's petals,
Blown through the spacious morn,”—

an image whose truth comes home with joyous sensation. His observations of nature abound in like appeals to the reader's mental and sensuous appreciation, as where he describes a late autumn day when the

“Fleet hawks are screaming in the light-blue sky,
And fleet airs rushing cold;”

and he can apply this exquisite perception of his to any sort of beauty with rich effect, as in this beautiful sonnet:

SATIN.

No moonlit pool is lovelier than the glow
Of this bright sensitive texture, nor the sheen
On sunny wings that wandering sea-birds preen;
And sweet, of all fair draperies that I know,
To mark the smooth tranquillity of its flow,
Where shades of tremulous dimness intervene,
Shine out with mutable splendors, mild, serene,
In some voluminous raiment, white as snow.

For then I feel impetuous fancy drawn
Forth at some faint and half-mysterious call,
Even like a bird that breaks from clasping bars;
And lighted vaguely by the Italian dawn,
I see rash Romeo scale the garden-wall,
While Juliet dreams below the dying stars!

What a delicate sense is this, and how vivid every impression upon it makes pictures,—pictures which breathe the freshness and sweet of nature!

A writer in the Contributors' Club last year, who expressed the hope that some publisher might give us such a little volume of Mr. Fawcett's verse as we now owe to the taste of Messrs. Roberts Brothers, praised very highly, but not more highly than it merited, Mr. Fawcett's remarkable instinct for the right word; luck he called it, but we think it something better than luck. It appeared first in his first Atlantic poems, but most strikingly in the group of Fancies

mentioned by that writer, which in the book here we are sorry to find broken up and scattered; the several pieces lose indefinitely in associated value by the separation, but their intrinsic beauty of course remains for the delight of those who did not see them in their first setting. There are many others of as great occasional felicity, but none so perfect, on the whole. What strikes one most in them is the pictorial sense; not the painter's technique, as in things of Mr. Rossetti's, but the painter's feeling, as in Keats. Here is a butterfly, and it seems to hover from the page:—

"The butterfly's quick-quivering wings
Wear each the blendings of such hues
As lurk in some old tapestry's
Dim turmoil of golds, crimsons, blues;
Wings where dull smoldering color lies,
Lit richly with two peacock-eyes!"

This picture is done with purely poetic art. There are other pictures in which there is the thrill of suggestion; which are beautiful pictures, but lovelier for what they hint and what they recall than for what they tell. Here is one:—

"I left the throng whose laughter made
That wide old woodland echo clear,
While forth they spread, in breezy shade,
Their plithoric hamperfuls of cheer.

"Along a dark moss-misted plank
My way in dreamy mood I took,
And crossed, from balmy bank to bank,
The impetuous silver of the brook.

"And wandering on, at last I found
A shadowy, tranquil, gladelike place,
Full of mellifluous leafy sound,
While midmost of its grassy space

"A lump of rugged granite gleamed,
A tawny-lichened ledge of gray,
And up among the boughs there, beamed
One blue delicious glimpse of day!

"In fitful faintness on my ear
The picnic's lightsome laughter fell,
And softly while I lingered here,
Sweet fancy bound me with a spell!

"In some bland clime across the seas
Those merry tones I seem to mark,
While dame and gallant roamed at ease
The pathways of some stately park.

"And in that glimpse of amethyst air
I seemed to watch, with musing eye,
The rich blue fragment, fresh and fair,
Of some dead summer's morning sky!

"And that rough mass of granite, too,
From graceless outlines gently waned,

And took the sculptured shape and hue
Of dull old marble, deeply stained.

"And then (most beauteous change of all!)
Strown o'er its mottled slab lay low
A glove, a lute, a silken shawl,
A vellum-bound Boccaccio!"

He ought to have left the Boccaccio out,—it is too literary a touch; but it cannot spoil the charming whole, and it does not hurt it *very* much. The poem is one of many through which runs a kind of feeling new to descriptive verse. it is not always of this lightly sympathetic sort; it is sometimes very serious and even tragic, as one may see in the little poem called Waste:—

"Down the long orchard-aisles where I have
strolled,
On fragrant sward the slanted sunlight weaves,
Rich - flickering through the dusk of plenteous
leaves,
Its ever-tremulous arabesques of gold!

"In globes of glimmering color, sweet to see,
The apples greaten under halcyon sky,
Green, russet, ruddy, or deep-red of dye,
Or yellow as the girdle of a bee!

"But o'er the verdure's blended shine and shade
Small blighted fruits lie strown in dull array,
Augmenting silently from day to day,
Gnarled and misshapen, worm-gnawed and decayed.

"And over them, as favoring sunbeams bless,
To fair perfection will those others grow,
In mellow hardihood maturing slow,—
While these will shrivel into viewlessness!

"Ah, me! what strange frustration of intent,
What dark elective secret, undescried,
Lives in this dreary failure, side by side
With opulence of full-orbed accomplishment!

"O seeming mockery! O strange doubt wherein
The baffled reason gropes and cannot see!
If made at all, why only made to be
In irony for that which might have been?

"Nay, vain alike to question or surmise! . . .
There, plucking white moon-daisies, one by one,
Through yonder meadow comes my little son,
My pale-browed hunchback, with the wistful
eyes!

Is not this very touching? It shows a side of Mr. Fawcett's poetic nature without which he might be accused of being a mere sensuous intellectualist, but this tender pity saves him to something better than our admiration; it wins him our regard. To do full justice to this quality we will quote one other poem, which seems to us one of very unusual touch and penetration:—

FORGETFULNESS.

AFTER the long monotonous months, and after
Vague yearnings as of suppliant viewless hands,
The first full note of Spring's aerial laughter
Was wavering o'er the winter-wearied lands.

All earth seemed rich in sweet emancipations
For all that frost so bitterly enslaves,
And, tended as with unseen ministrations,
The sward grew fresh about the village graves!

And while I lingered in the halcyon weather
To watch the tranquil churchyard, brightening
fast,
My friend and his young wife rode by together, —
Rode by and gave me greeting as they past.

They seemed like lovers with the choicest graces
Of favoring fortune at their love's control,
Yet, as I looked upon their fleeting faces,
A chill of recollection touched my soul!

For only two short springtides had been numbered
Since here among these graves, it then befell,
A grave was wrought beneath whose slab now
slumbered
The woman whom my friend had loved so well!

A gloom across the brilliant day came stealing,
Whose darkness held the spirit from escape.
I saw my friend within a dim room, kneeling
In haggard anguish by a sheeted shape!

A chilly breeze across the chamber fluttered,
Making the timorous night-light wax and wane,
And wearily on the roof above were uttered
The low persistent requiems of the rain!

I thought of his great sobs and mien heart-broken,
His moans of agony and his wild-eyed stare,
And how the assuaging words I would have spoken
Died at my lips before his deep despair!

"And now," I thought, "what worth his protestations,
His tears, his pangs, and all the grief he gave,
When, tended as with unseen ministrations,
The sward grows green round her forgotten
grave?"

And yet the brilliant day, divine for tidings
Of cheerful change in all its ample glow,
Touched me with tender, yet with potent chidings,
And softly murmured, "It is better so!"

"Ah, yes," I mused, "immeasurably better
To win suave healing from the fluctuant years;
To snap the bond of grief's tyrannic fetter;
To let new hopes arch rainbows among tears!"

And now it seemed that Spring, the elate new-comer,
Laughed out: "Oh, better all regret were brief!
Better the opulence of another summer
Than last year's empty nest and shriveled leaf!"

"Yes, better!" I made mute reiterations,
But turned sad eyes to one green turfy wave,

Where, tended as with unseen ministrations,
The sward grew fresh round that forgotten grave!

Oh, sweet it is when hope's white arms are wreath-
ing
Necks bowed with sorrow, as they droop forlorn!
But ah! the imperishable pathos breathing
About those dead whom we no longer mourn!

How badly Mr. Fawcett can write in a more passionate strain we will spare the reader so far as not to show. It appears to us that he mistakes himself when he goes about to write of love, and the correlated and resulting glooms and despairs. It appears to us that he is a poet of singular — almost unique — pictorial power, and of valuable reflective moods; that he can be sensuous and that he can be serious, but that he cannot be passionate — to advantage. He is so good otherwise that we do not ask this of him, but we shall be glad at any time to make public confession and reparation when he proves us wrong. Even in matters where he is apt to excel he sometimes simply exceeds, and wrecks himself upon expression with a license painfully surprising in one who can hold himself so well in hand; and we note with regret that in some of his later poems he has pushed his exquisite gift of fancy, by which he clothes inanimate things with such charming associations, so far as to make these things speak and say of themselves what he thinks of them. This is bad; but in a poet whose promise is largely in the very fact that a good half of what he has written is bad, it is by no means a fault to make criticism hopelessly sad. We shall be very far from identifying ourselves with people whose censures Mr. Fawcett has happily satirized in a poem whose excellence signally avenges all the sufferers from unjust critics: —

"'Crude, pompons, turgid,' the reviewers said.
'Sham passion and sham power to turn one sick!
Pin-wheels of verse that sputtered as we read, —
Rockets of rhyme that showed the falling stick.'

"'Cold, classic, polished,' the reviewers said.
'A book you scarce can love, howe'er you praise.
We missed the old careless grandeur as we read, —
The power and passion of his younger days!'"

W. D. Howells.

THE ADIRONDACKS VERIFIED.

V.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

THERE has been a lively inquiry after the Primeval Man. Wanted, a man who would satisfy the conditions of the Miocene environment and yet would be good enough for an ancestor. We are not particular about our ancestors, if they are sufficiently remote, but we must have something. Failing to apprehend the Primeval Man, science has sought the Primitive Man where he exists as a survival in present savage races. He is at best only a mushroom growth of the Recent period, — came in probably with the general raft of mammalian fauna, — but he possesses yet some rudimentary traits that may be studied.

It is a good mental exercise to try to fix the mind on the Primitive Man divested of all the attributes he has acquired in his struggles with the other mammalian fauna. Fix the mind on an orange, — the ordinary occupation of the metaphysician; take from it (without eating it) odor, color, weight, form, substance, and peel. Then let the mind still dwell on it as an orange. The experiment is perfectly successful; only at the end of it you have n't any mind. Better still, consider the telephone. Take away from it the metallic disk and the magnetized iron and the connecting wire, and then let the mind run abroad on the telephone. The mind won't come back. I have tried by this sort of process to get a conception of the Primitive Man. I let the mind roam away back over the vast geologic spaces, and sometimes fancy I see a dim image of him stalking across the Terrace epoch of the Quaternary period.

But this is an unsatisfying pleasure. The best results are obtained by studying the Primitive Man as he is left here and there in our era, a witness of what has been. And I find him most to my

mind in the Adirondack system of what geologists call the Champlain epoch. I suppose the Primitive Man is one who owes more to nature than to the forces of civilization; what we seek in him are the primal and original traits, unmixed with the sophistications of society and unimpaired by the refinements of an artificial culture. He would retain the primitive instincts, which are cultivated out of the ordinary, commonplace man. I should expect to find him, by reason of an unrelinquished kinship, enjoying a special communion with nature, admitted to its mysteries, understanding its moods, and able to predict its vagaries. He would be a kind of test to us of what we have lost by our gregarious acquisitions. On the one hand, there would be the sharpness of the senses, the keen instincts, which the fox and the beaver still possess; the ability to find one's way in the pathless forest, to follow a trail, to circumvent the wild denizens of the woods; and, on the other hand, there would be the philosophy of life which the Primitive Man, with little external aid, would evolve from original observation and cogitation. It is our good fortune to know such a man, but it is difficult to present him to a scientific and caviling generation. He emigrated from somewhat limited conditions in Vermont at an early age, nearly half a century ago, and sought freedom for his natural development backwards in the wilds of the Adirondacks. Sometimes it is a love of adventure and freedom that sends men out of the more civilized conditions into the less; sometimes it is a constitutional physical lassitude which leads them to prefer the rod to the hoe, the trap to the sickle, and the society of bears to town-meetings and taxes. I think that Old Mountain Phelps had merely the instincts of the Primitive Man, and never any hostile civilizing intent as to the wilderness into which he plunged. Why should he want to slash

away the forest and plow up the ancient mold, when it is infinitely pleasanter to roam about in the leafy solitudes, or sit upon a mossy log and listen to the chatter of birds and the stir of beasts? Are there not trout in the streams, gum exuding from the spruce, sugar in the maples, honey in the hollow trees, fur on the sables, warmth in hickory logs? Will not a few days' planting and scratching in the "open" yield potatoes and rye? and if there is steadier diet needed than venison and bear, is the pig an expensive animal? If Old Phelps bowed to the prejudice or fashion of his age (since we have come out of the Tertiary state of things), and reared a family, built a frame-house in a secluded nook by a cold spring, planted about it some apple-trees and a rudimentary garden, and installed a group of flaming sun-flowers by the door, I am convinced that it was a concession that did not touch his radical character. That is to say, it did not impair his reluctance to split oven-wood.

He was a true citizen of the wilderness. Thoreau would have liked him as he liked Indians and woodchucks and the smell of pine forests; and if Old Phelps had seen Thoreau he would probably have said to him, "Why on airth, Mr. Thoreau, don't you live accordin to your preachin'?" You might be misled by the shaggy suggestion of Old Phelps's given name — Orson — into the notion that he was a mighty hunter, with the fierce spirit of the Berserkers in his veins. Nothing could be further from the truth. The hirsute and grizzly sound of Orson expresses only his entire affinity with the untamed and the natural, an uncouth but gentle passion for the freedom and wildness of the forest. Orson Phelps has only those unconventional and humorous qualities of the bear which make the animal so beloved in literature, and one does not think of Old Phelps so much as a lover of nature — to use the sentimental slang of the period — as a part of nature itself.

His appearance at the time when as a "guide" he began to come into public notice fostered this impression: a

sturdy figure, with long body and short legs, clad in a woollen shirt and butter-nut-colored trousers repaired to the point of picturesqueness; his head surmounted by a limp, light-brown felt hat, frayed away at the top, so that his yellowish hair grew out of it like some nameless fern out of a pot. His tawny hair was long and tangled, matted now many years past the possibility of being entered by a comb. His features were small and delicate and set in the frame of a reddish beard, the razor having mowed away a clearing about the sensitive mouth, which was not seldom wreathed with a child-like and charming smile. Out of this hirsute environment looked the small gray eyes, set near together; eyes keen to observe, and quick to express change of thought; eyes that made you believe instinct can grow into philosophic judgment. His feet and hands were of aristocratic smallness, although the latter were not worn away by ablutions; in fact, they assisted his toilet to give you the impression that here was a man who had just come out of the ground, — a real son of the soil, whose appearance was partially explained by his humorous relation to soap. "Soap is a thing," he said, "that I hain't no kinder use for." His clothes seemed to have been put on him, once for all, like the bark of a tree, a long time ago. The observant stranger was sure to be puzzled by the contrast of this realistic and unpolished exterior with the internal fineness, amounting to refinement and culture, that shone through it all. What communion had supplied the place of our artificial breeding to this man?

Perhaps his most characteristic attitude was sitting on a log, with a short pipe in his mouth. If ever man was formed to sit on a log it was Old Phelps. He was essentially a contemplative person. Walking on a country road or anywhere in the "open" was irksome to him; he had a shambling, loose-jointed gait, not unlike that of the bear; his short legs bowed out, as if they had been more in the habit of climbing trees than of walking. On land, if we may use

that expression, he was something like a sailor; but once in the rugged trail or the unmarked route of his native forest, he was a different person, and few pedestrians could compete with him. The vulgar estimate of his contemporaries that reckoned Old Phelps "lazy" was simply a failure to comprehend the conditions of his being. It is the injustice of civilization that it sets up uniform and artificial standards for all persons; the primitive man suffers by them much as the contemplative philosopher does, when one happens to arrive in this busy, fussy world.

If the appearance of Old Phelps attracts attention, his voice, when first heard, invariably startles the listener. A small, high-pitched, half-querulous voice, it easily rises into the shrillest falsetto, and it has a quality in it that makes it audible in all the tempests of the forest or the roar of rapids, like the piping of a boatswain's whistle at sea in a gale. He has a way of letting it rise as his sentence goes on, or when he is opposed in argument, or wishes to mount above other voices in the conversation, until it dominates everything. Heard in the depths of the woods, quavering, aloft, it is felt to be as much a part of nature, an original force, as the northwest wind or the scream of the hawk. When he is pottering about the camp-fire, trying to light his pipe with a twig held in the flame, he is apt to begin some philosophical observation in a small, slow, stumbling voice, which seems about to end in defeat, when he puts on some unsuspected force, and the sentence ends in an insistent shriek. Horace Greeley had such a voice, and could regulate it in the same manner. But Phelps's voice is not seldom plaintive, as if touched by the dreamy sadness of the woods themselves.

When Old Mountain Phelps was discovered, he was, as the reader has already guessed, not understood by his contemporaries. His neighbors, farmers in the secluded valley, had many of them grown thrifty and prosperous, cultivating the fertile meadows and vigorously attacking the timbered mountains; while

Phelps, with not much more faculty of acquiring property than the roaming deer, had pursued the even tenor of the life in the forest on which he set out. They would have been surprised to be told that Old Phelps owned more of what makes the value of the Adirondacks than all of them put together; but it was true. This woodsman, this trapper, this hunter, this fisherman, this sitter on a log and philosopher, was the real proprietor of the region over which he was ready to guide the stranger. It is true that he had not a monopoly of its geography or its topography (though his knowledge was superior in these respects); there were other trappers and more deadly hunters and as intrepid guides; but Old Phelps was the discoverer of the beauties and sublimities of the mountains, and when city strangers broke into the region he monopolized the appreciation of these delights and wonders of nature. I suppose that in all that country he alone had noticed the sunsets and observed the delightful processes of the seasons; taken pleasure in the woods for themselves, and climbed mountains solely for the sake of the prospect. He alone understood what was meant by "scenery." In the eyes of his neighbors, who did not know that he was a poet and a philosopher, I dare say he appeared to be a slack provider, a rather shiftless trapper and fisherman; and his passionate love of the forest and the mountains, if it was noticed, was accounted to him for idleness. When the appreciative tourist arrived, Phelps was ready, as guide, to open to him all the wonders of his possessions; he for the first time found an outlet for his enthusiasm and a response to his own passion. It then became known what manner of man this was who had grown up here in the companionship of forests, mountains, and wild animals; that these scenes had highly developed in him the love of beauty, the æsthetic sense, delicacy of appreciation, refinement of feeling; and that in his solitary wanderings and musings the primitive man, self-taught, had evolved for himself a philosophy and a system of things. And it

was a sufficient system so long as it was not disturbed by external skepticism. When the outer world came to him, perhaps he had about as much to give to it as to receive from it; probably more in his own estimation, for there is no conceit like that of isolation.

Phelps loved his mountains. He was the discoverer of Marcy, and caused the first trail to be cut to its summit, so that others could enjoy the noble views from its round and rocky top. To him it was in noble symmetry and beauty the chief mountain of the globe; to stand on it gave him, as he said, "a feeling of heaven up-h'isted-ness." He heard with impatience that Mount Washington was a thousand feet higher, and he had a child-like incredulity about the surpassing sublimity of the Alps. Praise of any other elevation he seemed to consider a slight to Mount Marcy, and did not willingly hear it, any more than a lover hears the laudation of the beauty of another woman than the one he loves. When he showed us scenery he loved, it made him melancholy to have us speak of scenery elsewhere that was finer. And yet there was this delicacy about him, that he never overpraised what he brought us to see, any more than one would overpraise a friend of whom he was fond. I remember that when, for the first time, after a toilsome journey through the forest, the splendors of the Lower Ausable Pond broke upon our vision, — that low-lying silver lake imprisoned by the precipices which it reflected in its bosom, — he made no outward response to our burst of admiration; only a quiet gleam of the eye showed the pleasure our appreciation gave him; as some one said, it was as if his friend had been admired, — a friend about whom he was unwilling to say much himself, but well pleased to have others praise.

Thus far we have considered Old Phelps as simply the product of the Adirondacks; not so much a self-made man (as the doubtful phrase has it) as a natural growth amid primal forces. But our study is interrupted by another influence, which complicates the problem but increases its interest. No scien-

tific observer, so far as we know, has ever been able to watch the development of the primitive man played upon and fashioned by the hebdomadal iteration of "Greeley's Weekly Tri-bune." Old Phelps educated by the woods is a fascinating study; educated by the woods and the Tri-bune, he is a phenomenon. No one at this day can reasonably conceive exactly what this newspaper was to such a mountain valley as Keene. If it was not a Providence, it was a Bible. It was no doubt owing to it that democrats became as scarce as moose in the Adirondacks. But it is not of its political aspect that I speak. I suppose that the most cultivated and best informed portion of the earth's surface, — the Western Reserve of Ohio, — as free from conceit as it is from a suspicion that it lacks anything, owes its preëminence solely to this comprehensive journal. It received from it everything except a collegiate and a classical education, — things not to be desired, since they interfere with the self-manufacture of man. If Greek had been in this curriculum, its best known dictum would have been translated, "Make thyself." This journal carried to the community that fed on it not only a complete education in all departments of human practice and theorizing, but the more valuable and satisfying assurance that there was nothing more to be gleaned in the universe worth the attention of man. This panoplied its readers in completeness. Politics, literature, arts, sciences, universal brotherhood and sisterhood, — nothing was omitted: neither the poetry of Tennyson, nor the philosophy of Margaret Fuller; neither the virtues of Association nor of unbolted wheat; the laws of political economy and trade were laid down as positively and clearly as the best way to bake beans, and the saving truth that the millennium would come, and come only, when every foot of the earth was subsoiled.

I do not say that Orson Phelps was the product of Nature and the Tri-bune, but he cannot be explained without considering these two factors. To him Greeley was the Tri-bune, and the Tri-bune

was Greeley; and yet I think he conceived of Horace Greeley as something greater than his newspaper, and perhaps capable of producing another journal equal to it in another part of the universe. At any rate, so completely did Phelps absorb this paper and this personality that he was popularly known as "Greeley" in the region where he lived. Perhaps a fancied resemblance of the two men, in the popular mind, had something to do with this transfer of name. There is no doubt that Horace Greeley owed his vast influence in the country to his genius, nor much doubt that he owed his popularity in the rural districts to James Gordon Bennett, — that is, to the personality of the man which the ingenious Bennett impressed upon the country. That he despised the conventionalities of society and was a sloven in his toilet was firmly believed, and the belief endeared him to the hearts of the people. To them the "old white coat" — an antique garment of unrenewed immortality — was as much a subject of idolatry as the *redingote grise* to the soldiers of the first Napoleon, who had seen it by the camp fires on the Po and on the Borysthenes, and believed that he would come again in it to lead them against the enemies of France. The Greeley of the popular heart was clad as Bennett said he was clad. It was in vain, even pathetically in vain, that he published in his newspaper the full bill of his fashionable tailor (the fact that it was receipted may have excited the animosity of some of his contemporaries), to show that he wore the best broadcloth and that the folds of his trousers followed the city fashion of falling outside his boots. If this revelation was believed, it made no sort of impression in the country. The rural readers were not to be wheedled out of their cherished conception of the personal appearance of the philosopher of the Tri-bune.

That the Tri-bune taught old Phelps to be more Phelps than he would have been without it was part of the independence-teaching mission of Greeley's paper; the subscribers were an army in which every man was a general. And I

am not surprised to find Old Phelps lately rising to the audacity of criticising his exemplar. In some recently published observations by Phelps upon the philosophy of reading is laid down this definition: "If I understand the necessity or use of reading, it is to reproduce again what has been said or proclaimed before. Hence, letters, characters, etc., are arranged in all the perfection they possibly can be, to show how certain language has been spoken by the original author. Now, to reproduce by reading, the reading should be so perfectly like the original that no one, standing out of sight, could tell the reading from the first time the language was spoken."

This is illustrated by the highest authority at hand: "I have heard as good readers read and as poor readers as almost any one in this region. If I have not heard as many, I have had a chance to hear nearly the extreme in variety. Horace Greeley ought to have been a good reader. Certainly but few, if any, ever knew every word of the English language at a glance more readily than he did, or knew the meaning of every mark of punctuation more clearly, but he could not read proper. But how do you know? says one. From the fact, I heard him in the same lecture deliver or produce remarks in his own particular way, that if they had been published properly in print a proper reader would have reproduced them again the same way. In the midst of those remarks Mr. Greeley took up a paper to reproduce by reading part of a speech that some one else had made, and his reading did not sound much more like the man that first read or made the speech than the clatter of a nail factory sounds like a well-delivered speech. Now, the fault was not because Mr. Greeley did not know how to read as well as almost any man that ever lived, if not quite; but in his youth he learned to read wrong, and as it is ten times harder to unlearn anything than it is to learn it, he, like thousands of others, could never stop to unlearn it, but carried it on through his whole life."

Whether a reader would be thanked for reproducing one of Horace Greeley's

lectures as he delivered it is a question that cannot detain us here; but the teaching that he ought to do so I think would please Mr. Greeley.

The first dribblets of professional tourists and summer boarders who arrived among the Adirondack Mountains a few years ago found Old Phelps the chief and best guide of the region. Those who were eager to throw off the usages of civilization, and tramp and camp in the wilderness, could not but be well satisfied with the aboriginal appearance of this guide; and when he led off into the woods, axe in hand and a huge canvas sack upon his shoulders, they seemed to be following the Wandering Jew. The contents of this sack would have furnished a modern industrial exhibition, — provisions cooked and raw, blankets, maple sugar, tin-ware, clothing, pork, Indian meal, flour, coffee, tea, etc. Phelps was the ideal guide: he knew every foot of the pathless forest; he knew all woodcraft, all the signs of the weather, — or, what is the same thing, how to make a Delphic prediction about it; he was fisherman and hunter, and had been the comrade of sportsmen and explorers; and his enthusiasm for the beauty and sublimity of the region, and for its untamable wildness, amounted to a passion. He loved his profession, and yet it very soon appeared that he exercised it with reluctance for those who had neither ideality nor love for the woods. Their presence was a profanation amid the scenery he loved. To guide into his private and secret haunts a party that had no appreciation of their loveliness disgusted him. It was a waste of his time to conduct flip-pant young men and giddy girls, who made a noisy and irreverent lark of the expedition. And, for their part, they did not appreciate the benefit of being accompanied by a poet and a philosopher. They neither understood nor valued his special knowledge and his shrewd observations; they did n't even like his shrill voice; his quaint talk bored them. It was true that, at this period, Phelps had lost something of the activity of his youth, and the habit of contemplative sitting on a log and talking in-

creased with the infirmities induced by the hard life of the woodsman. Perhaps he would rather talk, either about the woods-life or the various problems of existence, than cut wood or busy himself in the drudgery of the camp. His critics went so far as to say, "Old Phelps is a fraud." They would have said the same of Socrates. Xantippe, who never appreciated the world in which Socrates lived, thought he was lazy. Probably Socrates could cook no better than Old Phelps, and no doubt went "gumming" about Athens with very little care of what was in the pot for dinner.

If the summer visitors measured Old Phelps, he also measured them by his own standards. He used to write out what he called "short-faced descriptions" of his comrades in the woods, which were never so flattering as true. It was curious to see how the various qualities which are esteemed in society appeared in his eyes, looked at merely in their relation to the limited world he knew, and judged by their adaptation to the primitive life. It was a much subtler comparison than that of the ordinary guide, who rates his traveler by his ability to endure on a march, to carry a pack, use an oar, hit a mark, or sing a song. Phelps brought his people to a test of their naturalness and sincerity, tried by contact with the verities of the woods. If a person failed to appreciate the woods, Phelps had no opinion of him or his culture; and yet, although he was perfectly satisfied with his own philosophy of life, worked out by close observation of nature and study of the Tribune, he was always eager for converse with superior minds, with those who had the advantage of travel and much reading, and above all with those who had any original "speckerlation." Of all the society he was ever permitted to enjoy, I think he prized most that of Dr. Bushnell. The doctor enjoyed the quaint and first-hand observations of the old woodsman, and Phelps found new worlds open to him in the wide ranges of the doctor's mind. They talked by the hour upon all sorts of themes, — the growth of the tree, the habits of wild animals, the

migration of seeds, the succession of oak and pine, not to mention theology and the mysteries of the supernatural.

I recall the bearing of Old Phelps when, several years ago, he conducted a party to the summit of Mount Marcy by the way he had "bushed out." This was his mountain, and he had a peculiar sense of ownership in it. In a way, it was holy ground, and he would rather no one should go on it who did not feel its sanctity. Perhaps it was a sense of some divine relation in it that made him always speak of it as "Mercy;" to him this ridiculously dubbed Mount Marcy was always "Mount Mercy." By a like effort to soften the personal offensiveness of the nomenclature of this region, he invariably spoke of Dix's Peak, one of the southern peaks of the range, as "Dixie." It was some time since Phelps himself had visited his mountain, and as he pushed on through the miles of forest we noticed a kind of eagerness in the old man, as of a lover going to a rendezvous. Along the foot of the mountain flows a clear trout stream, secluded and undisturbed in those awful solitudes, which is the "Mercy Brook" of the old woodsman. That day when he crossed it, in advance of his company, he was heard to say in a low voice, as if greeting some object of which he was shyly fond, "So, little brook, do I meet you once more?" And when we were well up the mountain, and emerged from the last stunted fringe of vegetation upon the rock-bound slope, I saw Old Phelps, who was still foremost, cast himself upon the ground, and heard him cry, with an enthusiasm that was intended for no mortal ear, "I'm with you once again!" His great passion very rarely found expression in any such theatrical burst. The bare summit that day was swept by a fierce, cold wind, and lost in an occasional chilling cloud. Some of the party, exhausted by the climb and shivering in the rude wind, wanted a fire kindled and a cup of tea made, and thought this the guide's business. Fire and tea were far enough from his thought. He had withdrawn himself quite apart, and, wrapped in a ragged blanket, still and silent as the

rock he stood on, was gazing out upon the wilderness of peaks. The view from Marcy is peculiar. It is without softness or relief. The narrow valleys are only dark shadows; the lakes are bits of broken mirror. From horizon to horizon there is a tumultuous sea of billows turned to stone. You stand upon the highest billow; you command the situation; you have surprised nature in a high creative act; the mighty primal energy has only just become repose. This was a supreme hour to Old Phelps. Tea! I believe the boys succeeded in kindling a fire; but the enthusiastic stoic had no reason to complain of want of appreciation in the rest of the party. When we were descending he told us, with mingled humor and scorn, of a party of ladies he once led to the top of the mountain on a still day, who began immediately to talk about the fashions! As he related the scene, stopping and facing us in the trail, his mild, far-in eyes came to the front, and his voice rose with his language to a kind of scream: "Why, there they were, right before the greatest view they ever *saw*, — talkin' about the *fashions*!" Impossible to convey the accent of contempt in which he pronounced the word "fashions;" and then added, with a sort of regretful bitterness, "I was a great mind to come down and leave 'em there!"

In common with the Greeks, Old Phelps personified the woods, mountains, and streams. They had not only personality, but distinctions of sex. It was something beyond the characterization of the hunter, which appeared, for instance, when he related a fight with a panther, in such expressions as "Then Mr. Panther thought he would see what he could do," etc. He was in "imaginative sympathy" with all wild things. The afternoon we descended Marcy we went away to the west, through the primeval forests, towards Avalanche and Colden, and followed the course of the charming Opalescent. When we reached the leaping stream, Phelps exclaimed, "Here's little Miss Opalescent!" "Why don't you say Mr. Opalescent?" some one asked. "Oh, she's too pret-

ty!" And too pretty she was, with her foam-white and rainbow dress, and her downfalls and fountain-like uprisings; a bewitching young person we found her all that summer afternoon.

This sylph-like person had little in common with a monstrous lady whose adventures in the wilderness Phelps was fond of relating. She was built something on the plan of the mountains, and her ambition to explore was equal to her size. Phelps and the other guides once succeeded in raising her to the top of Marcy, but the feat of getting a hog-head of molasses up there would have been easier. In attempting to give us an idea of her magnitude that night, as we sat in the forest camp, Phelps hesitated a moment, while he cast his eye around the woods: "Waal, there *ain't* no tree!"

It is only by recalling fragmentary remarks and incidents that I can put the reader in possession of the peculiarities of my subject; and this involves the wrenching of things out of their natural order and continuity, and introducing them abruptly, — an abruptness illustrated by the remark of "Old Man Hoskins" (which Phelps liked to quote) when one day he suddenly slipped down a bank into a thicket and seated himself in a wasps' nest: "I hain't no business here, but here I be!"

The first time we went into camp on the Upper Ausable Pond, — which has been justly celebrated as the most prettily set sheet of water in the region, — we were disposed to build our shanty on the south side, so that we could have in full view the Gothics and that loveliest of mountain contours. To our surprise Old Phelps, whose sentimental weakness for these mountains we knew, opposed this. His favorite camping-ground was on the north side, a pretty site in itself, but with no special view; in order to enjoy the lovely mountains we should be obliged to row out into the lake; we wanted them always before our eyes, at sunrise and sunset and in the blaze of noon. With deliberate speech, as if weighing our arguments and disposing of them, he replied, "Waal, now, them

Gothics ain't the kinder scenery you want ter *hog down*!"

It was on quiet Sundays in the woods, or in talks by the camp-fire, that Phelps came out as the philosopher, and commonly contributed the light of his observations. Unfortunate marriages and marriages in general were on one occasion the subject of discussion, and a good deal of darkness had been cast on it by various speakers, when Phelps suddenly piped up, from a log where he had sat silent, almost invisible, in the shadow and smoke: "Waal, now, when you've said all there is to be said, marriage is mostly for discipline." Discipline, certainly, the old man had, in one way or another, and years of solitary communing in the forest had given him perhaps a child-like insight into spiritual concerns. Whether he had formulated any creed, or what faith he had, I never knew; Keene Valley had a reputation of not ripening Christians any more successfully than maize, — the season there being short; and on our first visit it was said to contain but one Bible Christian, though I think an accurate census disclosed three. Old Phelps, who sometimes made abrupt remarks in trying situations, was not included in this census; but he was the disciple of supernaturalism in a most charming form. I have heard of his opening his inmost thoughts to a lady, one Sunday, after a noble sermon of Robertson's had been read, in the cathedral stillness of the forest. His experience was entirely first-hand, and related with unconsciousness that it was not common to all. There was nothing of the mystic or the sentimentalist, only a vivid realism, in that nearness of God of which he spoke, — "as near sometimes as those trees," — and of the holy voice that, in a time of inward struggle, had seemed to him to come from the depths of the forest, saying, "Poor soul, I am the way."

In later years there was a "revival" in Keene Valley, the result of which was a number of young "converts," whom Phelps seemed to regard as a veteran might raw recruits, and to have his doubts what sort of soldiers they would

make. "Waal, Jimmy," he said to one of them, "you've kindled a pretty good fire with light wood. That's what we do of a dark night in the woods, you know; but we do it just so as we can look around and find the solid wood. So, now put on your solid wood." In the Sunday Bible-classes of the period, Phelps was a perpetual anxiety to the others, who followed closely the printed Lessons and beheld with alarm his discursive efforts to get into freer air and light. His remarks were the most refreshing part of the exercises, but were outside of the safe path into which the others thought it necessary to win him from his "speckerlations." The class were one day on the verses concerning "God's word" being "written on the heart," and were keeping close to the shore, under the guidance of Barnes's Notes, when Old Phelps made a dive to the bottom, and remarked that he had "thought a good deal about the expression 'God's word written on the heart,' and had been asking himself how that was to be done; and suddenly it occurred to him (having been much interested lately in watching the work of a photographer) that when a photograph is going to be taken all that has to be done is to put the object in position, and the sun makes the picture; and so he rather thought that all we had got to do was to put our hearts in place, and God would do the writin'."

Phelps's theology, like his science, is first-hand. In the woods, one day, talk ran on the Trinity as being nowhere asserted as a doctrine in the Bible, and some one suggested that the attempt to pack these great and fluent mysteries into one word must always be more or less unsatisfactory. "Ye-es," droned Phelps, "I never could see much specklerlation in that expression the *Trinity*. Why, they'd a good deal better say *Legion*."

The sentiment of the man about nature, or his poetic sensibility, was frequently not to be distinguished from a natural religion, and was always tinged with the devoutness of Wordsworth's verse. Climbing slowly, one day, up

the Balcony,—he was more than usually calm and slow,—he espied an exquisite fragile flower in the crevice of a rock, in a very lonely spot. "It seems as if," he said, or rather dreamed out, "it seems as if the Creator had kept something just to look at himself." To a lady whom he had taken to Chapel Pond,—a retired but rather uninteresting spot,—and who expressed a little disappointment at its tameness, saying, "Why, Mr. Phelps, the principal charm of this place seems to be its loneliness," "Yes," he replied, in gentle and lingering tones, "and its *nativeness*. It lies here just where it was born." Rest and quiet had infinite attractions for him. A secluded opening in the woods was a "calm spot." He told of seeing once, or rather being *in*, a circular rainbow. He stood on Indian Head, overlooking the Lower Lake, so that he saw the whole bow in the sky and the lake, and seemed to be in the midst of it, "only at one place there was an indentation in it where it rested on the lake, just enough to keep it from rolling off." This "resting" of the sphere seemed to give him great comfort.

One Indian summer morning in October, some ladies found the old man sitting on his doorstep, smoking a short pipe. He gave no sign of recognition of their approach except a twinkle of the eye, being evidently quite in harmony with the peaceful day. They stood there a full minute before he opened his mouth; then he did not rise, but slowly took his pipe from his mouth and said, in a dreamy way, pointing towards the brook, "Do you see that tree?" indicating a maple almost denuded of leaves which lay like a yellow garment east at its feet. "I've been watching that tree all the morning. There hain't been a breath of wind, but for hours the leaves have been falling, falling, just as you see them now, and at last it's pretty much bare." And, after a pause, pensively, "Waal, I suppose its hour had come." This contemplative habit of Old Phelps is wholly unappreciated by his neighbors, but it has been indulged in no inconsiderable part of his life. Rising, after a

time, he said, "Now, I want you to go with me and see my *golden city*, I've talked so much about." He led the way to a hill-outlook, when suddenly, emerging from the forest, the spectators saw revealed the winding valley and its stream. He said, quietly, "There is my golden city." Far below, at their feet, they saw that vast assemblage of birches and "poppels," fellow as gold in the brooding noonday, and slender spires rising out of the glowing mass. Without another word, Phelps sat a long time in silent content; it was to him, as Bunyan says, "a place desirous to be in."

Is this philosopher contented with what life has brought him? Speaking of money one day, when we had asked him if he should do differently if he had his life to live over again, he said, "Yes, but not about money. To have had hours such as I have had in these mountains, and with such men as Dr. Bushnell and Dr. Shaw and Mr. Twichell, and others I could name, is worth all the money the world could give." He read character very well, and took in accurately the boy nature. "Tom," — an irrepressible, rather overdone specimen, — "Tom's a nice kind of a boy, but he's got to come up against a snubbin'-post one of these days." "Boys!" he once said, "you can't git boys to take any kinder notice of scenery. I never yet saw a boy that would look a second time at a sunset. Now a girl will, *sometimes*; but even then it's instantaneous, — comes and goes like the sunset. As for me," still speaking of scenery, "these mountains about here, that I see every day, are no more to me, in one sense, than a man's farm is to him. What mostly interests me now is when I see some new freak or shape in the face of nature."

In literature it may be said that Old Phelps prefers the best, in the very limited range that has been open to him. Tennyson is his favorite among poets; an affinity explained by the fact that they are both lotus-eaters. Speaking of a lecture-room talk of Mr. Beecher's, which he had read, he said, "It filled my cup about as full as I callerlate to

have it; there was a good deal of truth in it, and some poetry, — waal, and a little spice, too. We've got to have the spice, you know." He admired, for different reasons, a lecture by Greeley that he once heard, into which so much knowledge of various kinds was crowded that he said he "made a reg'lar gobble of it." He was not without discrimination, which he exercised upon the local preaching when nothing better offered. Of one sermon he said, "The man began way back at the creation, and just preached right along down, and he did n't say nothing after all. It just seemed to me as if he was tryin' to git up a kind of a fix-up."

Old Phelps used words sometimes like algebraic signs, and had a habit of making one do duty for a season together, for all occasions. "Speckerlation" and "callerlation" and "fix-up" are specimens of words that were prolific in expression. An unusual expression, or an unusual article, would be characterized as a "kind of a scientific literary git-up."

"What is the programme for to-morrow?" I once asked him. "Waal, I callerlate, if they rig up the callerlation they callerlate on, we'll go to the Boreas." Starting out for a day's tramp in the woods, he would ask whether we wanted to take a "reg'lar walk, or a random scoot," — the latter being a plunge into the pathless forest. When he was on such an expedition and became entangled in dense brush, and may be a network of "slash" and swamp, he was like an old wizard, as he looked here and there, seeking a way, peering into the tangle, or withdrawing from a thicket and muttering to himself, "There ain't no speckerlation there." And when the way became altogether inscrutable, "Waal, this is a reg'lar random scoot of a rigmazole." As some one remarked, "The dictionary in his hands is like clay in the hands of the potter." A petri-faction was a "kind of a hard-wood chemical git-up."

There is no conceit, we are apt to say, like that born of isolation from the world, and there are no such conceited people

as those who have lived all their lives in the woods. Phelps was, however, unsophisticated in his until the advent of strangers into his life, who brought in literature and various other disturbing influences. I am sorry to say that the effect has been to take off something of the bloom of his simplicity, and to elevate him into an oracle. I suppose this is inevitable as soon as one goes into print; and Phelps has gone into print in the local papers. He has been bitten with the literary "git-up." Justly regarding most of the Adirondack literature as a "perfect fizz," he has himself projected a work and written much on the natural history of his region. Long ago he made a large map of the mountain country, and until recent surveys it was the only one that could lay any claim to accuracy. His history is no doubt original in form and unconventional in expression. Like most of the writers of the seventeenth century, and the court ladies and gentlemen of the eighteenth century, he is an independent speller. Writing of his work on the Adirondacks he says: "If I should ever live to get this wonderful thing written I expect it will show one thing if no more, and that is that everything has an opposite. I expect to show in this that literature has an opposite if I do not show anything else. We could not enjoy the blessings and happiness of righteousness if we did not know innuity was in the world; in fact there would be no righteousness without innuity." Writing also of his great enjoyment of being in the woods, especially since he has had the society there of some people he names, he adds, "And since I have Literature Siance and Art all spread about

on the green moss of the mountain woods or the gravell banks of a cristle stream it seems like finding roses honeysuckles and violets on a crisp brown cliff in December. You know I don't believe much in the religion of seramony, but any riteous thing that has life and spirit in it is food for me." I must not neglect to mention an essay, continued in several numbers of his local paper, on *The Growth of the Tree*, in which he demolishes the theory of Mr. Greeley, whom he calls "one of the best vegetable philosophers," about "growth without seed." He treats of the office of sap,— "all trees have some kind of sap and some kind of operation of sap flowing in their season,"— the dissemination of seeds, the processes of growth, the power of healing wounds, the proportion of roots to branches, etc. Speaking of the latter he says: "I have thought it would be one of the greatest curiosities on earth to see a thrifty growing maple or elm that had grown on a deep soil interval to be two feet in diameter to be raised clear into the air with every root and fibre down to the minutest thread all entirely cleared of soil so that every particle could be seen in its natural position. I think it would astonish even the wise ones." From his instinctive sympathy with nature he often credits vegetable organism with "instinctive judgment:" "Observation teaches us that a tree is given powerful instincts which would almost appear to amount to judgment in some cases to provide for its own wants and necessities."

Here our study must cease. When the primitive man comes into literature, he is no longer primitive.

Charles Dudley Warner.

MENOTOMY LAKE.¹

THERE'S nothing so sweet as a morning in May,
And few things so fair as the gleam of glad water;
Spring leaps from the brow of old Winter to-day,
Full-formed, like the fabled Olympian's daughter.

A breath out of heaven came down in the night,
Dispelling the gloom of the sullen northeasters;
The air is all balm, and the lake is as bright
As some bird in brave plumage that ripples and glisters.

The enchantment is broken which bound her so long,
And Beauty, that slumbered, awakes and remembers;
Love bursts into being, joy breaks into song,
In a glory of blossoms life flames from its embers.

I row by steep woodlands, I rest on my oars
Under banks deep-embroidered with grass and young clover;
Far round, in and out, wind the beautiful shores, —
The lake in the midst, with the blue heavens over.

The world in its mirror hangs dreamily bright;
The patriarch clouds in curled raiment, that lazily
Lift their bare foreheads in dazzling white light,
In that deep under-sky glimmer softly and hazily.

Far over the trees, or in glimpses between,
Peer the steeples and half-hidden roofs of the village.
Here lie the broad slopes in their loveliest green;
There, crested with orchards, or checkered with tillage.

There the pines, tall and black, in the blue morning air;
The warehouse of ice, a vast windowless castle;
The ash and the sycamore, shadeless and bare;
The elm-boughs in blossom, the willows in tassel.

In golden effulgence of leafage and blooms,
Far along, overleaning, the sunshiny willows
Advance like a surge from the grove's deeper glooms, —
The first breaking swell of the summer's green billows.

Scarce a tint upon hornbeam or sumach appears,
The arrowhead tarries, the lily still lingers;
But the cat-tails are piercing the wave with their spears,
And the fern is unfolding its infantile fingers.

Down through the dark evergreens slants the mild light:
I know every cove, every moist indentation,

¹ The Indian name for Arlington Lake, or Spy Pond.

Where mosses and violets ever invite
To some still unexperienced, fresh exploration.

The mud-turtle, sunning his shield on a log,
Slides off with a splash as my paddle approaches;
Beside the green island I silence the frog,
In warm, sunny shallows I startle the roaches.

I glide under branches where rank above rank
From the lake grow the trees, bending over its bosom;
Or lie in my boat on some flower-starred bank,
And drink in delight from each bird-song and blossom.

Above me the robins are building their nest;
The finches are here, — singing throats by the dozen;
The cat-bird, complaining, or mocking the rest;
The wing-spotted blackbird, sweet bobolink's cousin.

With rapture I watch, as I loiter beneath,
The small silken tufts on the boughs of the beeches,
Each leaf-cluster parting its delicate sheath,
As it gropingly, yearningly opens and reaches;

Like soft-wingèd things coming forth from their shrouds.
The bees have forsaken the maples' red flowers
And gone to the willows, whose luminous clouds
Drop incense and gold in impalpable showers.

The bee-peopled odorous boughs overhead,
With fragrance and murmur the senses delighting;
The lake-side, gold-laced with the pollen they shed
At the touch of a breeze or a small bird alighting;

The myriad tremulous pendants that stream
From the hair of the birches, — O group of slim graces,
That see in the water your silver limbs gleam,
And lean undismayed over infinite spaces!—

The bold dandelions embossing the grass;
On upland and terrace the fruit-gardens blooming;
The wavering, winged, happy creatures that pass, —
White butterflies flitting, and bumble-bees booming;

The crowing of cocks and the bellow of kine;
Light, color, and all the delirious lyrical
Bursts of bird-voices; life filled with new wine, —
Every motion and change in this beautiful miracle,

Springtime and Maytime, — revive in my heart
All the springs of my youth, with their sweetness and splendor:
O years, that so softly take wing and depart!
O perfume! O memories pensive and tender!

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

*A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.*

VOL. XLI.—JUNE, 1878.—No. CCXLVIII.

—♦—
DOUDAN.

THE saying that the world knows nothing of its greatest men is one of the pet consolations of uneasy mediocrity; it contains a grain of truth, however, in spite of the sneers of those who worship only success. To be sure, the world takes a practical view of all such matters, and pays respect only to those who accomplish something definite in what they undertake. The adoration of unused power, therefore, will scarcely extend beyond the small circle of personal friends, and the public will be deprived of the enjoyment of great talents which lack of ambition and unfavorable circumstances may conspire to thwart and benumb. This is but natural; it is only the greatest men whose genius can be believed in from the report of others, and those who do nothing for the world at large need not waste regrets on the indifference of their contemporaries. Fortunately, since it is presumed that they have some intelligence, they are intelligent enough to expect nothing better, and are content to smile at the great ambitions and more or less satisfactory rewards of their hardier brethren. Once in a while some turn of fortune shows us what we have been near losing, although too often we are left with no more than a name. A certain number of such men, however, are allowed, by what is hardly more than a lucky chance, at least by no effort of

their own, to convince the world that the adoration of their friends was well founded; and among these it would be hard to find one quicker to kindle sympathetic adoration in every true lover of literature than Ximenès Doudan.

A noticeable instance, by the way, of a person who owes much to this sort of reflected admiration is Dr. Johnson. How little is our feeling about him due to a study of his writings! They are most frequently quoted at second-hand as examples of amusing pomposity, and we can be certain that if Boswell had not written his immortal biography Dr. Johnson's fame as a talker would have been to the people of this generation as vague a matter of tradition as is the voice of Malibran. But as it is, the exact picture given us of his bad manners, his overbearing ways, his bigotry, his arrogance, and yet of his sturdy kindness and of his unquenchable intellectual activity, makes him more truly a living human being than one half of our acquaintance. Then, too, with all the excellence of Lamb's Essays, who can feel that he knows their author without familiarity with his correspondence? Some men show best in their published writings, but there are others who are better than their books; who win our affection and admiration, not necessarily by the excellence of their moral charac-

ter, but by such revelations of intellect as appear but obscurely in what they offer the world. It was a wise instinct in Johnson that made him set above everything else his desire to fold his legs and have his talk out, for that is what has preserved, though it did not make, his fame; and in Lamb's letters we see his genuineness, — which is, after all, a moral characteristic, — the kindness of his humor, and the intelligence of his criticism even more clearly than in his Essays. It was of something very different that Doudan spoke in mentioning the letters of Lamennais: he said that when he found a man keeping all his best things to put into print, at the expense of dull letters, he was reminded of those houses in the country where the people live in the back rooms and open their parlors only when they are going to receive company.

It is curious to mention Doudan and Dr. Johnson together, for it would be safe to say that two more dissimilar men could not be found, were it not true that each is but a representative of his generation, or at least of some of the prominent thoughts of his generation. It would be safer to draw a comparison between Lamb and Doudan, for they were alike full of humor; and just as truly as Lamb is one of the best, if not the very best, of English-writing critics, so is Doudan almost unequaled in acuteness of critical faculty. But comparisons of this sort are misleading, and can scarcely be made without sacrificing a bit here or a corner there, in order to make the resemblance life-like. Doudan can be best shown by his own writings.

Mention has been already made of him in the pages of this magazine,¹ but it may yet, perhaps, be allowable to repeat some of the few incidents of his quiet life. He was born at Douai in the year 1800. He came to Paris to finish his studies, and afterwards became a teacher in the Collège Henri IV. While he held this position he was asked to take charge of the son of Madame de Staël by her second marriage. This brought him into

the household of the Duc de Broglie, and there he remained until he died, in 1872. When the duke was a minister Doudan was his secretary, so that he was not ignorant of public affairs, and at all times he was a valued, intimate friend of the family. He led a singularly retired life, devoting himself to literature; and his published correspondence forms one of the most thoroughly literary books that has appeared for a long time. Since their publication these letters have received criticisms of various kinds: it has been objected that solemn subjects have not always been treated with reverence, which is, after all, a frequent vice of humorists; and then it has been said that Doudan wrote his letters not so much for the pleasure of his correspondents as for the admiration of posterity. If this be true, posterity is to be congratulated on the excellence of its one-sided correspondence; but no malicious insinuation was ever less founded. It is, of course, impossible to prove that at the time of writing each letter Doudan thought only of the person who should receive it, but no one can read these volumes without perceiving clearly that the letters are written, not to a vague, impersonal thing, but to distinct people, and with very delicate appreciation of their different qualities. No one who has read the letters can have failed to see, for instance, the different ways in which the present Duc de Broglie and his brother are addressed by their former tutor. It would seem as if recent history justified Doudan's comparative indifference to the older brother.

His special literary work is very moderate in amount. A few of his early essays, principally book reviews, are given in the first volume, but it is the fourth that contains his most important paper, a short essay entitled *Des Révolutions du Gout*. This brief essay — it covers only about one hundred pages — is an attempt to find a reason for the changes in the literary fashions of different times. Its very shortness does it injustice, so unaccustomed are we to condensed writings nowadays, and, possibly, many persons will be obliged to read it

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1876, and November, 1877.

over two or three times before fully comprehending and appreciating it. It is the condensation of thought that is difficult; the style itself is remarkably clear and beautiful, with the poetical charm that is to be found so much more surely in the best French prose than in the average French poetry. To put it into English is to rob it of half its beauty; for although the worth of the article does not depend on its euphonious expression, this certainly adds much to the pleasure of reading it.

Doudan begins this paper, which can almost be called a scientific treatise on the elements of literary art, with a statement of our ignorance of the past, and the general lack of interest in it except so far as it is illuminated by a writer's imagination. "Without this light the field of history is as gloomy as a ruin, and it grows gloomier the further back we go. It seems as if in that region one heard only confused words, and saw only vague shadows; as if one were wandering in a dim light, *sub luce maligna*. There I do not know the men I meet: I do not see their faces. I do not understand their ways, their tastes and habits." Even with a contemporary, whom we may be supposed to understand, how much more we learn about him from an hour's talk with him than from any amount of hearsay evidence! and if this is the case with people with whose surroundings we are familiar, how great must necessarily be our ignorance of the people we read about in history, which gives us but a crude and piecemeal representation of the past, without the delicate shades which win our sympathy in the accounts of our contemporaries! The single exception would seem to be the antiquities of Greece and Rome. Our education makes us feel as if we knew Cæsar, Cicero, Pericles, and Demosthenes, in their own Rome and Athens. The first glow of childish and youthful imagination "has given to all these pictures of the life of antiquity precise forms, which erudition alone has never done. The first awakening of our mind has coincided with the study of these celebrated epochs, and we have

early mixed with them our own visions. The Greeks and Romans have been given us at the threshold of life as types of wisdom, grandeur, force, and energy for both good and evil. As a result of our education, we have added to all these figures something of that romantic and grandiose tendency which is a quality of early youth; but how far all these images are from reality! This must be acknowledged; for I notice that the histories that deal with antiquity say incongruous things according to the taste of the time in which they were written. The old magistrates of the parliaments found in them authorities for fidelity to their masters; Rousseau and Madame Roland drew thence their passion for an ideal republic, and in the time of the Terror the busts of the old Romans inspired manifold crimes. The ideas we form of them depend much more on our mental disposition than on definite information. They are the serious romances of our youth. . . . Do you ask for proof? When, after having long dreamt of Rome, in all manner of confused and brilliant images, you find yourself within the walls of the city, you feel that you must read over again its historians and poets, whom you feel that you have misunderstood before. The mere sight of the places shows you the mistakes of your imagination. How would it be if the dust that once was that of the Romans should resume its first form, and the life of Sulla, of Cicero, of Cæsar, of Antony, of Octavius, should be again animate within these walls? *Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.*"

But all our study of the history of Greece and Rome fails to bring before us their past with anything like exactness. Our education gives it apparent familiarity, but only a slight examination is needed to show what is lacking to a full comprehension of the genius of these people; to the right understanding of their instincts, their manners, their institutions, and their language. "Horace wanders carelessly about his charming country place at Tibur; he casts his eyes over the broad valley of the Tiber toward Rome, where he sees

sparkling the gilded roof of the capitol, and, in an outburst of melancholy, he says, —

'Mortalia facta peribunt.' †

"All works of man must perish, all; everything built by the hands of the mighty dictator, the warlike camps and broad roads trodden by victorious armies, and the harbors where the sea gently sways the ships of Actium. . . . And not only the power of Rome will crumble, and the people of the senate turn to dust; not only will the ashes of the Cæsars be scattered; death will do much more. A time will come when men will only half understand the thoughts that Horace has set in brilliant lines. Night will fall, too, on the splendid images with which he colors his style. . . . Perhaps Horace himself would no longer recognize his thoughts and impressions beneath the learned commentaries that the schools of Paris, Oxford, and even of Rome itself give to-day on his verses. New ideas and new sentiments will glide furtively under the words of his odes, and so the thought of man — that thought which he is pleased to consider imperishable — will by gradual alteration acquire a new sense." Not, of course, Doudan goes on to explain, that we have no knowledge of the past; what he affirms is that our knowledge of bygone ages is very vague and unthorough, — a statement which no one would deny. We make up for our ignorance by our imagination, or by more or less erudition. "The delicate shades which form a precious part of the beautiful in literature and the arts vanish amid the change of manners, institutions, and language. The man of the past is for the man of the present a stranger speaking a strange tongue."

What then, he asks, is beautiful in literature? What age attains to it? Since what pleases one generation is no longer understood by another, is there nothing real, nothing absolute, in this fickle charm? Is beauty merely a thing of caprice? Or has it been given to one age and denied another? This we can hardly believe; nor is it easy to think that

our predecessors have dreamt only chimeras, nor that what aroused their imagination deserves only our pitying smile. It is not impossible, he says, to explain why the literature of other ages, with but a few exceptions, appeals to us so little, nor why those very works which we are tempted to despise, have justly inspired in our ancestors feelings of admiration such as we should now find it hard to explain.

At this point, it may perhaps be allowed to ask the reader's close attention to Doudan's concise explanation of one of the curiosities of literary history, of something that every one has frequently felt in his study of the past, — the great discordance, namely, between not merely literary fashions, but the approved standard of different ages. A full answer to the natural expression of wonder at the variation of taste has never been made, if it has been attempted, and Doudan's elucidation is that of a scholarly, thoughtful person. He begins by saying that it is not rash to affirm that the beautiful in its different possible manifestations exceeds greatly in grandeur, variety, and fertility the imagination of each man, and indeed of all men. "In whatever direction we turn our eyes, we see everywhere, on the heights, at the horizon, the sources of great ideas and of noble emotions." Nature, in its graceful or terrible pictures, continually takes new forms, to the delight and confusion of the painter. Every landscape inspires us with new emotions. The outer world speaks always of the moral world. We see at once the beauty of nature, and the beauty greater than that of nature which it seems to declare. The whole infinite design of the universe appears to conceal a mystery which we can always perceive, but never seize. What imagination is capable of grasping the whole of this immense picture? A fragment of it suffices for the most active as well as for the deepest minds. Man himself is no less varied and no less profound than nature. Man offers as inexhaustible a study as does nature, and the fortunes of humanity have the same mysterious grandeur as the depths of

the seas, or the skies above us. More than this, there is science, "touching two infinities, teaching us that the created universe has no limits, and that the smallest atom is the work of the most subtle wisdom." Science, he says with great truth, is above the head of the world at large, but it gives every one some new feeling about the great mystery of the universe.

These, briefly expressed, are the different phases of the unknown which surrounds us, each one far beyond the observation and comprehension of any man or generation of men. Besides these primary mysteries, there are those representations of them given in the fine arts, in painting, poetry, sculpture, and music, as well as history, which, where facts fail, arouses the imagination, for it is in the unknown past that fancy is readiest to place a golden age. "Bosquet saw in silent Egypt a people of sages: the colossal magnificence of its ruins, some fragment of its historians on the government of the nation, was all that was needed to call forth in his austere but fertile imagination a race of men such as the world has never known, of unequalled gravity and seriousness." Tasso, at the time of the Renaissance, sees in the barbarism of the eleventh century waving banners, and hears the clatter of horses and cries of war, and they fill him with dreams of Clorinda, Armida, Tancredi, and Erminia. Every century draws material from the accumulations of the past; Racine and Corneille exhibit to us the French rendering of Greek themes. "It seems as if books had the same fertility as races of men. It is even worthy of note that there are some chosen spirits who do not need to look at real things to rise into the ideal. A great deal of ridicule has been cast upon those who have seen no other forests than those Milton describes in the *Paradise Lost*, no other glowing skies than those in Dante's *Paradiso*, no storms save those in Virgil; and although this exclusive devotion to the descriptions of nature makes one neglect other things worthy of study, it is yet true that life passed in the pure domain of

art inspires one with true poetry. A sensitive mind, if aided by a vivid imagination, hears the wind moaning beneath the trees in the Garden of Eden, which Milton describes, as it moans in real forests, because what is really beautiful contains reality, just as reality contains the seeds of the beautiful."

As has been said, no man is capable of receiving and imparting all these impressions of what goes on outside of him, and being the creature of habit he fails to understand those who are unlike himself, while he cares most for those who speak his own language, as it were, who reflect his image, who echo his words, and share his manners; he seeks new reasons for believing and for loving as he does. But circumstances are always changing; no one generation has precisely the same surroundings as the one that preceded it. Religions, manners, customs, and prejudices alter with time, or disappear, so that men's imaginations are not always turned in the same direction. Different races, too, are affected by different external conditions, which of course complicate the religious and social influences. If we had space sufficient, it would be interesting to quote two or three paragraphs in which Doudan eloquently expounds this theme; he concludes it by drawing a comparison between the way in which the Northern poets write of the enigma of death, with their gloomy severity, and the way in which Dante treats the same question: "The Florentine poet never fancied he saw phantoms about his bed, beneath his roof at Fiesole; the days are too glowing, the nights too clear; hence, when he writes about executed criminals, penitents, and saints, they seem not dead, but have all the energy of life. Shakespeare, Scott, and Byron speak of the dead with what may be called a more natural imagination. In reading them men of their own race can fancy they hear the vague, solemn sounds that arise at night-fall from the grave-yard near the church." We must pass over with bare mention Doudan's remarks on the influence of politics upon literature. How great this influence is he shows in other

ways by the fate of Tacitus. "The sentences of Tacitus," he says, "read as if they had been muttered low, by night, in the garden of a senator who revolted against his master's yoke; and every time despotic government succeeds liberty, the taste of the best part of the public comes back to Tacitus, in spite of the objections of purists." Again: "The Middle Ages reflected on arts and letters the tyrannical confusion of its organization." In describing the effect that language has upon thought, he attributes—and it is not mere fancifulness—more to its power than might at the first glance seem accurate. To the richness of the German idiom, and the confusion of its vocabulary, he lays part of the blame of the vagueness of German thought. Does not the natural pomp of the Spanish language, he asks, render still haughtier the haughty thought of a Castilian? The sound of the words acts like the trumpet on the war-horse, and doubles the feeling that he has of himself. But it is to be noticed that Doudan does not let himself be run away with by his comparison; he tempers the remark by saying that, while the language of a nation at any given time is the work of men's minds at the time, the changes of style prepare a particular course for the thought, just as the waters follow, in the bed they have themselves dug out, the inclination that drives them on. "Man is so the slave of circumstances," he says, "that he thinks most naturally what he can express most easily,"—a wise remark which could bear a good deal of exposition. When he begins to write about the tricks that are played with language, he says some things that ought always to be borne in mind, and that might be applied to English as well as to French literature. It is the words and phrases with which we are familiar from childhood, which are tinged with all the colors of our mental history, which alone are our image, and whose images we are, and which seem to understand us as we understand them. "A discreet archaism may please for a moment our weary ears, but what are the forms of the seventeenth century to us who belong to the

nineteenth? A new language has grown up, corresponding to the new facts and new feelings that have made us different from the men of the eighteenth century. Everything true and genuine within us is reflected in this new tongue, whether it be good or bad. You speak to me in the language of Port Royal,"—or, as we might say, of Chaucer,—"but your language bears no trace of the hundreds of years in which the world has altered, whether for better or worse; and this history is in the language, as it is in me, who am to some extent the result of the past."

With all these different influences at work, is it strange that the products of the imagination grow pale with time, and that we fail to understand what our predecessors have done? Is it not rather a cause of wonder that some books should be handed down from one generation to another without exhausting admiration? Does not the mobility of mankind sufficiently explain the mobility of literary taste? As a specific instance of a book that was lately much admired, but is now little read, and even that little mainly from a sense of duty, he takes up Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and apropos of this writes at some length and with great eloquence of the difference between the last century and the present one. Between that remote seeming past and now there is, of course, the great abyss of the French Revolution, and it is the fashion to express contempt for the eighteenth century. "But," says Doudan, "if it had faults of which we are guiltless, it had also some virtues which we lack. It was morally corrupt, frivolous, declamatory, profane, proud, disdainful of the past, without moderation, reverence, or foresight. Is that enough, or are there any faults that I have forgotten? I acknowledge them at once; but I also insist that it was really animated by generous concern for the lot of men,—of all men; that it sincerely cared for justice and pity in this world; and earnestly demanded that charity should penetrate into the relations between men, where it had hitherto been persistently ignored."

He then goes on to show how empty are some of the objections brought against that period by those who are repelled by the rhetorical flourish which was prominent at that time. He acknowledges the obvious objections which are so frequently made, but he defends that side of the time which showed itself in Rousseau in such passages as those for which *Sainte-Beuve* compared him to a prose Cowper. But, he goes on, society has become moderate, sensible, respectable; it is impartial, cultivated, without strong feelings; it cares but little for the empire of ideas, . . . and it reproaches its predecessors with the storms it has weathered. "It has returned to a love of order like the Prodigal Son, and partly on account of the fatted calf." A sort of rationalism which can be moved by very sordid motives has succeeded the fever that urged the eighteenth century to violent deeds. "Once novels held up some ideal for our imitation; if there are any such now they are treated with scorn. Perhaps they deserve this treatment; but even if they were better they would have the same fate, for our interest at present is in comfortable, every-day life, without troubling ourselves about higher things." But yet we are particular about manners, and there are many criticisms of Rousseau's most admired characters for their roughness and crudity in this respect. "Thus does the nineteenth century look down upon the greatness of the seventeenth century, because it is remote and does not have to be kept up, but speaking of it as a valet of a great house would speak of his masters, without any pretension of equaling them." By going further back in literary history we shall find books once popular, it is true, which have owed what admiration they have received to what Doudan calls the hypocrisy of taste. The instance he chooses is *Madame de Lafayette's Princesse de Clèves*, a book which he says is admired at present out of a sense of duty. "There are at all times," he goes on, "and especially in days of apathy, superficial tastes for everything which is contrary to the prevailing opinion. It is the little counter-current that one

sees on the banks of a river, and that does not prevent the mass of the water from running to the sea. We are accustomed to be told by some literary leaders that we should like what is simple, colorless, and unadorned, and that the models of this are to be found especially in the seventeenth century. Whenever, out of a desire to belong to the great literary world, any one opens the books of these periods of noble simplicity, as soon as he feels a sort of gentle *ennui* he imagines that he is in the fine regions of simplicity, and thinks he does well to talk with great warmth of admiration of what has given only a lukewarm pleasure. We, nowadays, like detailed descriptions; we want to see the places inhabited by those whose adventures are recounted, the furniture of their rooms, their garden, their people, all the outside of their life, in a word. Such is the curiosity of languishing souls; such is especially the passion of our epoch, desirous of outside pleasures, precisely because it is without strong feeling, and its mind has no decided inclination. We seek indomitable passions, because nothing less than overdrawn pictures can excite our interest, wake us from our apathy. Somewhat cold dissections are demanded, in which shall be laid bare the most secret and most delicate fibres, — possibly, because we like to find good in evil and evil in good; and this singular combination is found possibly by very close examination of human beings. Now, the *Princesse de Clèves* is a novel without any background. There is only, so to speak, a table and two chairs in the front of the stage. The feelings are soft, gentle, simply drawn, without the deep line which a writer of the present day could not have failed to make from practice with the scalpel. All the signs of passion are indicated there with an amount of intelligence that was subtle in its day, but which is worn-out now, when we have made all impressions deeper. Our inquisitive, bold, profane imagination, which is sometimes even gross by dint of research, has no business there. It is only the pretense of superior intelligence which some assume

that inspires them to pretend to take pleasure in these representations of a gentle, quiet, dimly drawn day, of a discreet and moderate coloring. What we consider beautiful is no longer there."

Besides the characterization of part of the taste of the present day which the above extract contains, it is valuable for its description of a frequent form of literary affectation; and although the seventeenth century in English literature was marked by anything rather than excessive simplicity, a literary affectation has frequently made its appearance, showing itself by unguine admiration and the imitation of obsolete virtues.

This might be misinterpreted to mean a denunciation of all sorts of merit that did not strictly follow the prevailing taste; but, it is hardly necessary to say, Doudan meant nothing of the sort. He merely found fault with insincerity in literary taste, and meant to make an accurate statement concerning the importance of those books which are not the most popular, although they may be the greatest, in their day, because they express the feelings current at the time of their composition. He goes on to ask in what books of the past we find that charm which we have known in some of the great books which have appeared in our own day? These alone speak to us our own language; in them alone do we breathe our native air. "Yes, it must be acknowledged, other times have had possibly more finished literatures, completer beauties. In the great men of the past are to be found qualities of primitive truth which will never be reproduced with the same force and simplicity; but yet this unrivaled greatness moves me less, — nay more, it transports me less toward the heights of beauty than the voice of the poets who have lived the same life as I, who have seen the days that I have seen. Homer said of Ulysses, 'He refused to marry the goddess that he might again see the smoke rising from his roof in Ithaca.' . . . There are impressions that the talent of contemporaries can alone give, because, by their secret resemblance to me, it is given to them alone to know the most secret

springs of my nature. But who in the future will understand this art of touching me? who will be sensitive to it? No one, probably; and yet this forgotten writer may have done some of the real work of an artist; that is to say, he may have excited in me thoughts and feelings which at times raise the soul above the contemplation of the real. For even what passes from the mind is not necessarily without traces of absolute beauty. The signs of eternal beauty are variable. They may vanish and become unintelligible to those who shall come after us. The image of Ithaca, the thought of Penelope, might leave me perfectly cold. There are a thousand things in our time which are for us, in different degrees, what Ithaca and Penelope were for Ulysses. They are the secret attachments which make the sons of men weep, as Homer says. What will they be to our posterity?" Every one will recognize the truth of these words, which certainly explain, and, it might almost be said, apologize satisfactorily for the frequent preference the public shows for what is new to what is approved by the stamp of time. It would be too much to say that it is absolute beauty alone that attracts readers to the latest books; too often it is only a petty curiosity about contemporary gossip, about the small talk of literature, — as every one's conscience will readily acknowledge, — that causes readers to seek what is new rather than what is good; but Doudan here explains our special fondness for what is good in the writing of our own times. This comprehension of contemporary writing is the reason that an old man so often fails to sympathize with new literary fashions, and surprises his successors by his attachment to the past. All the fervor of his aspiration for something better, all the reminiscences of his youth, are bound up with the words of this or that poet, whose language, allusions, and images, incomprehensible, perhaps, to the young, call up to this older man the fair regions of the ideal. "The poet and he understand one another. They have perceived what you perceive, but by different signs; in spite of the dissimilarities which separate

you, you are speaking of the same beauty. . . . The signs are infinite in number. Some are common to all generations, because they have their root in the primitive passions of humanity; while the greater number change with time, and correspond to the new developments and complications which time brings forth."

"There remains, then, to be considered the part played by the great artists who survive, so to speak, and by the great artists who pass out of mind." In other words, What is the true relation of man to the past? From what one generation contemplates with the most ardent emotion another will turn away its eyes to gaze at something else. Examples of this are manifold. Doudan brings up some faded flowers of Chateaubriand's rhetoric, for which we can substitute Byron's eloquence, which now falls cold on our own sympathetic ears. Even Scott's romances, with all their generous ardor, call up a faint smile of contemptuous derision on the faces of those who take the world and themselves to pieces under the guidance of George Eliot. Who, nowadays, cares for Ossian? Is there any one who can put his hand on his heart and say that he really enjoys Sir Charles Grandison? But, Doudan goes on, the flashes of beauty which have shone upon these books have not been wholly thrown away; the next generation has preserved something of the form of beauty which it despises, just as a love of nature survived when the fog and mist of Ossian had settled so thickly about the old bard himself. We are, he continues, like the generations of leaves of which Homer speaks. Those of one year die and fall, and the next year forms from them the sap which lends new life to the trees. So in us the spirit of our fathers lives confusedly; in spite of our disdain, their thoughts and feelings mingle with our own. "Even what we have forgotten and what we despise often governs and possesses us still." We cannot rid ourselves from this hereditary influence, which is progress; and if one examines the ways of Providence one can see how man, with all the glow of an innovator, still preserves the fruit of all the efforts of the

past. Man's reason and imagination follow the instinct of sociability. In vain the poet seeks solitude; in vain he dreams alone; in spite of himself he is in the company of the past and of his contemporaries. The personal originality of the artist combines with the thousand influences of the past and of the present, and in all fine works there is a sort of accompaniment of the distant chorus of humanity. "In every song, if we had but the ears to hear them, are distant echoes of Homer and Isaiah, of the wild songs of the Celts, of the confused sounds coming from the past history of Athens, Jerusalem, Rome, Arabia, and old France. The whole universe has worked over the thought of each one, and this thought reflects the world like the fragrant crystal of the dewdrop."

At every age, he says, there are but a few men who do the greatest part of this common task. The crude thoughts, so to speak, which are turned out confusedly in the great workshop of humanity take form and refinement among people of delicate and cultivated intelligence, each one of whom has his share in bringing the thought to its perfection. "Every epoch has its interpreters, who say distinctly, or vividly, or vigorously, what every one feels vaguely; they transform into intelligible thoughts the aspirations of the multitude; and by introducing, with the charm of talent, what had been but dull emotions, they give the world new instincts, and add thereto all that can be imparted of their personal originality, which passes into the crowd and becomes common to all by the contagion which affects all minds. But these interpreters are of two kinds: some leave little or no renown behind them; the others are the great men, properly so called, who dwell in the Pantheons of posterity, who are the great images of humanity, and, like magnificent statues, mark the path humanity has trod, and the whole line of its advance." His account of the great men who fail of renown is interesting and full of sympathy, when he speaks of the men "whom the future will probably not know, whose writings will then be read with indifference, but of whom

it can be said that they have been the first to think all that is thought, to say with more fire what will be repeated with more authority." He means the class of men who lack the ruggedness which great men must have. They have grace, but it is of a kind that is perishable; and although they have understood and explained, and have even gone in advance of their time, there are other men of less exquisite perceptions, often less deep, who boldly strike out a path into the future, because, with a little more force, they have less of the brilliancy and delicacy which give grace, but yet turn the more readily to dust. The first scouts, who are forgotten when the heavier battalions advance, who are admired only by their contemporaries, enjoy so brief fame merely because their discoveries, their first whisperings of novel truths, soon become commonplaces to the world at large, and it seems impossible that their words could ever have been new. What, for instance, could be more trite than two thirds of the Spectators, which seem to have drawn inspiration from the copy-books? We are told that procrastination is the thief of time; that rolling stones gather no moss, etc., *ad infinitum*; but, in their day, these essays doubtless seemed like models of wisdom, whereas they have been floated down to us only by the genuine humor of the Sir Roger de Coverley papers, and by the echoes of our grandfathers' praise.

In addition, Doudan speaks of those who make no profession of art or literature, but who have pointed out to others, as with their finger, those eternal images of beauty which float unseen above our heads; their breath has driven away the fog that hides these great types from our sight. "They are the chosen few whose graves Gray should have shown us in his Country Churchyard. They no longer live. No one will ever know all that they have been. They sleep in the same dust as their obscure contemporaries, — in the dust of almost all that has given light and joy to the world. It is amid these shades that there should be placed the statue of unknown genius. But, un-

known or misunderstood, they have gradually civilized the world." Can any one think less of this because Doudan indicates what had been the aim and glory of his own life?

Along-side of such men live another race, who are destined to give a last and definite form to these ideas, who burn out all transitory matter in the fire of their genius, and give them the right of citizenship in the civilized world. To this class belong the great men. In their works we find examples of everything which can and should survive. Such men deserve to be well treated; they have the just reason, the energy of the passions, the moderation, — in short, all the general and permanent traits of humanity in a perfection and equilibrium which are unknown to ordinary men. In a word, they are more men than other men. They say with force what the whole human family experiences, and will eternally experience. But from one age to another they have a wider vision, finer shades of sentiment, and greater moral purity, because from one age to another they live in a generation which exceeds its predecessor in delicacy, intelligence, and refinement. This refinement, this more intimate knowledge of the human heart, comes not so much from themselves as from their time. The qualities of genius of this sort are simplicity, force, wise sobriety; in its work we find the general traits of humanity as it advances, and it is because these artists paint the great lines of nature that they produce work of a beauty that does not fade. Those who gaze at it find within themselves the dim but complete image of primeval nature, to which they can compare it. This class of artists and writers bear the glow of imperishable beauty. Priam in the Grecian camp, the Agamemnon of Æschylus finding Ægisthus in his palace, the Œdipus of Sophocles in Thebes, Milton's Adam in the Garden of Eden, the proud Farinata degli Uberti in Dante's Inferno, Erminia in Tasso's forest, Racine's Phèdre, belong to this family. And in them all we may recognize the general advance of humanity, and perceive the new ideas that revolu-

tions, wars, and discoveries have produced, the new truths that go to make up history and are unconsciously absorbed by the writer in the air he breathes.

All that precedes, Doudan says with modesty, he hopes is not a mere array of commonplaces. It would tend to disprove the common opinion that all nations are condemned to turn in a circle without going forward, and to show that there is no waste of effort; that man advances, although but slowly. It would also prove that there is no time of absolute stagnation, but that men always try to express beauty, although sometimes in language unintelligible to their successors; that the spark lives beneath the ashes to give birth to the eternal beauty which we call classical, which speaks clearly to all generations of men.

This ideal is the guiding principle of man; it is more or less distinct in different times, but it inspires all that is noble or great in the world. "It leads battalions to the top of walls whence falls a rain of lead and fire, as in the peaceful plains of Italy it summons Virgil to wander with it behind the pale curtain of the poplars that border the Mincio."

With time its manifestations change. Delicacy succeeds simplicity; whatever may have been the imperishable beauty of antiquity, we find in Raphael and Racine, if not more powerful drawing, at least more finished and more profoundly intelligent work. The men of modern times may lack the energetic *naïveté* of remote days, but what they see and what they strive after is finer and greater than what the men of antiquity saw and strove after. Yet it may be said that the hand of the moderns is less firm, and that it trembles with emotion at the sight of radiant forms beneath thinner veils. The divine model has drawn closer, or rather man has advanced nearer, the summit of the Olympus where the Ideal dwells.

But as each generation widens the horizon of men, it may be that artists lose in distinctness what they gain in extent and grandeur. Hence it is that

we are justified in regretting something that antiquity had, yet without pretending that we should do best to look into the past for inspiration, and that the best we can hope for is to equal our predecessors. It is the duty of a man of genius to look before him and to follow the thought which leads him onward. He should try to learn from antiquity how to put its simplicity and firmness into vaster pictures, but he should listen to new thoughts; for the genius of the ancients had its limits, like the narrow world it inhabited. "The Greek saw from the hills of Taygetus, or from Mount Parnassus, the blue sea of the Cyclades, and, a little beyond, the coast of Asia. Now, from the lonely summit of the Cordilleras, the traveler can almost hear the roar of the great oceans that wash the whole vast globe. The deep and melancholy murmur of these great waters says many different things from the waves of the Mediterranean, as they beat on its myrtle and rose clad shores. Such, too, is the difference between the modern spirit, with its cares and mighty science, and the measured intelligence of the ancients, which was joyous, and saw only the smiling earth in the spring-time of the life of nations."

Without deliberately seeking out the past, it may be found in the heart of every man in the form of traditional and inherited feelings and sentiments, but its value is in its transformation and growth. "There is to-day a noisy school," he says, and he describes one of the affectations of contemporary English literature, "which expresses without judgment and without intelligence its regrets for all the institutions and all the ideas of another time. It is true that one gets only a very moderate idea of the worth of such a superstition from seeing or listening to these bold defenders of the past. They confine themselves almost exclusively to saying stupid things in an old-fashioned way, *more majorum*. They do not know that the very spirit of their ancestors is in those who look forward, and that the military virtues of a Desaix remind one more of Turenne than do the lamentations of

those who would like to recall the seventeenth century, which would despise them if Providence were to perform the miracle of placing them back there one day for this instruction. But let us be just; what we should regret about the past is that those great minds lived beneath a yoke of errors that we have not to endure; we should regret that they could not see the light which they would have so gladly hailed."

Equally vain is the hope of standing still, of making no step forward. Those who preach that gospel have no proper notion of man's position and duty. Who does not love the future does not love the past.

What this method of looking at the growth of intelligence teaches is greater fairness in looking at the works of genius in other times, since in seeing how little we understand the effect they once produced, we may learn modesty in judging our own work, for we are sure that the time will come when new men will have a wider horizon bounding them, and will see clearly what is hidden from us. We shall learn to be tolerant in the expression of our opinions; for since man lives under the law of progress, all truth is not necessary for men at any one time.

"Yes, the human race has been created to climb slowly the eternal heights. At every step its perspective has changed and widened, its ideal has grown purer and grander, and our century can say of its predecessors, like the heroes of Homer: —

Ἡμεῖς τοι πατέρων μέγ' ἀμείνονες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι.

It is hardly necessary to say that this abstract of Doudan's essay fails to give an adequate idea of its great merit, since

the original is written in such a condensed style as is ill suited for further condensation. We hope, however, that those who have had the patience to follow us thus far will not lay down this article without a feeling of admiration for Doudan's critical ability, and a desire to read the original essay, as well as his charming letters; for acquaintance with them is necessary before one can form an adequate opinion of his literary value.

To our thinking, these four volumes form one of the most important contributions to literature of the present century; and one cannot help rejoicing that a man who went through life without raising his hand to win the fame that he could easily have acquired should at last, almost in spite of himself, have given the world the fruit of so much thought and wisdom.

Some few of our readers will not fail to be reminded of another man of similar power and like modesty, whose untimely death leaves a place in our struggling literature yet, and probably for a long time to remain, unfilled, — we mean John R. Dennett, a writer for *The Nation* in its palmy days, who has left scattered contributions in its pages that by their witty and careful criticism recall Doudan to the reader. Personally, there was much resemblance between the two men; this would be very clear if Dennett's letters were ever published; and of them both it can be said with truth that they loved literature for itself, and not for what it could do for them. Their lives show, too, that delicate taste and admiration for the best things are rare qualities, which do not tend to make men popular, although they may make them great.

Thomas Sergeant Perry.

IMAGINARY DIALOGUE ON DECORATIVE ART.

SOCRATES and DECALCOMANIAS, and afterwards CRITICUS.

Socrates. Where are you going, Decalcomanias, with those discarded wine bottles, those coarse and common jars, which, I judge, once contained ointments or pickles?

Decalcomanias. I intend to decorate them; for you must know, Socrates, that everything is decorated now. Have you any old—

Soc. I have not. Come, put down your bottles, and let us clear our ideas on this new rage; for you will grant, Decalcomanias, that we should not spend time and energy without careful consideration.

Decal. I grant this, Socrates, and will speedily convince you of the utility of decorative art.

Soc. Doubtless, Decalcomanias, I shall begin to decorate to-morrow; but let us first ask, What is true decorative art?

Decal. By Jupiter! I find it very difficult to answer you, Socrates.

Soc. It is indeed difficult to answer that question, Decalcomanias. I think you will grant that the physicists are right in teaching that when we exert any action there is an exact equivalent in heat; in other words, that the doctrine of the conservation of energy is true.

Decal. This has been proved, Socrates, by men of science.

Soc. This law holds in every mechanical action throughout our universe. Every movement of our bodies attests its truth. When I speak to you the energy of my voice, so to speak, impresses motion upon the particles of air; they in their turn set the tympanum of your ear in vibration, and then the thought I convey acts upon your brain. Why does one thought agitate your mind, Decalcomanias, more than another?

Decal. The scientific men are not agreed, Socrates, on that point. I suppose it depends upon the energy of the

thought; for great thoughts impress us more than the utterances of a feeble mind.

Soc. You speak well, Decalcomanias, and you have anticipated me in the conclusion. The greater the mechanical action, the greater the heat developed; and the greater the thought, the greater the impression upon the mind that receives it. This seems a good conclusion. Now, can we not maintain that that which has caused but little thought can, in its turn, awaken but little thought?

Decal. This seems to me probable, Socrates. Yet you do not consider the work of a genius thrown off with little effort; and also that decorative art does not aim at inspiring great thoughts. Its function is to please the eye and make the home attractive.

Soc. I will not discuss the action of the mind of a great genius, for you have granted that it is not likely that a great genius would find the best exercise of his mind in decorating bottles. Now to your second point, that of pleasing the eye. Will you tell me, Decalcomanias, how the æsthetic eye is best pleased? I say æsthetic, for you will allow that the eye of the barbarian knows but little discrimination, and is delighted with gaudy colors which the cultured man rejects.

Decal. There is certainly a difference, Socrates, between the eye of a barbarian and that of a cultured man. In regard to your question how the æsthetic eye is best pleased, I will first say that I decorate to please the average eye, and not the finically æsthetic one.

Soc. I accept your limitations. How will you best please the average eye?

Decal. All decoration must be correct in taste.

Soc. Is it an easy matter to be correct in taste, Decalcomanias?

Decal. By Jove, no! It is a life study.

Soc. In order that the eye may be pleased it is necessary, is it not, that the

impression we receive of outward objects should be a growing one?

Decal. I do not catch your meaning, Socrates.

Soc. Let us then dwell upon this point. Do you not reject statues and pictures which once excited pleasure, and which after a time ceased to delight the eye? I know that this is so. In lesser objects of taste the same rule holds; we lose interest in that article which cannot hold our eye or evoke some thought.

Decal. This seems to be so. Yet you insist upon the thoughtful side of decoration. Look at this jar. I have given it a simple color; there is no thought in it, yet it is decorative.

Soc. You would find that color monotonous, after a while, and would desire, with a painful longing, some contrasts to exert your faculty of taste upon. Therein you would exert your thought.

Decal. There appear to be two kinds of decoration, Socrates: on one there is rich material and much thought bestowed, and on the other a happy, natural faculty for color and contrasts, — a kind of unconscious reception of nature.

Soc. How do we then surpass barbarians in taste? They are nearer to nature than we.

Decal. I think taste is a natural faculty, and in some more developed than in others; so that one can make the most beautiful objects out of these jars you see before you, while another, by the utmost study, cannot conceal the innate ugliness of this vase.

Soc. By your former remarks, Decalcomanias, you have barred out genius. Genius can rise to greater heights, but only at the expense of a corresponding greater accumulation of information and taste. Yet I will not discuss the case of genius. We have to do with the average æsthetic eye. You have granted that thought must be bestowed upon even the simplest decoration.

Decal. I grant this, Socrates.

Soc. It will not do, therefore, for us to evade thought by make-shifts.

Decal. Explain this to me, Socrates.

Soc. I understand that you intend to paste representations of objects upon

these jars. Can there be much thought in this?

Decal. Not unless we work by the law of contrasts.

Soc. And you will grant that this law would require much thought from the average æsthetic mind.

Decal. I grant this.

Soc. Therefore, if you work without thought in decorating your jars, it is labor thrown away.

Decal. It truly seems so.

Soc. If we work with thought to obtain good contrasts, or to develop some connected plan, it is therefore better. Now, what do we say, Decalcomanias, when we see a slave carving curiously a perishable gourd?

Decal. We laugh at him for his pains.

Soc. Yet his carving and decoration may be beautiful.

Decal. It is, however, useless, for it speedily perishes.

Soc. Then you will grant that a measure of permanence is necessary to decoration that it may satisfy the end of art. We must feel this in order that decoration may produce the most pleasurable æsthetic sensations. What do you say, then, concerning the perishable decorations which you are about to paste upon your jars?

Decal. I have to limit you continually, Socrates, in this discussion. My art is not the highest. I aim only to awaken artistic tastes in the people. I am an educator.

Soc. You are certainly heroic, Decalcomanias, for you aim to do good knowing that your students, as you yourself allow, will despise your works as they grow in knowledge.

Decal. Only as they despise primers.

Soc. No, not so; for primers are like the solid foundations upon which good and lasting decoration is raised.

Decal. You will certainly grant, Socrates, that it is better that the people should decorate than that they should continue to live without thinking of beautiful things.

Soc. Wrong teaching for a good end is baneful.

Decal. My teaching is not baneful!

The worst that can be said of it is that it is hasty and perishable. It awakens interest in people, and sets their minds at work. It cultivates the eye, and calls forth latent talent.

Soc. I learn from you, therefore, Decalcomanias, that if you should found an academy of art which should aim to instruct the populace, you would have a course in the hasty decoration of jugs.

Decal. The theories in regard to the best course to be pursued in early art education are various. No two masters are agreed. For my part, I believe that the main thing is to interest people at first, and afterwards refine. In decorating one cannot fail in time to judge between the good and the bad. I think I could maintain, Socrates, if driven to extremity, that pernicious, work even, often awakens a healthy reaction.

Soc. And I, in my turn, will then maintain the moral necessity of swindlers and the advocates of soft money—but here comes Criticus. He will tell us of the progress of this new rage, for he has mingled much with the people.

Criticus. The world is given over to decoration. The æsthetic bulrush is found in every parlor, and there is a sound of groaning in the land because there are no new things to decorate.

Soc. I have been endeavoring, Criticus, to prove to Decalcomanias that decoration without excellence of mechanical execution, or without careful thought, is useless effort, and baneful to the progress of art.

Crit. And does he not see it, Socrates? Indeed, Decalcomanias, I will convince you by one of your own jugs. By what do we judge of the state of art among our ancestors?

Decal. Certainly by their works.

Crit. You say rightly. We judge by the excellence of the workmanship; by the thought displayed in enduring material. In some subsequent age to ours, Dr. Schliemann will dig up a few crude and homely bottles and jugs from which the ephemeral decoration had long ago perished, and will say, This nation during this period had no art, and, judging from their storing up jugs and bot-

tles, were overmuch given to sensual enjoyment, and added nothing to the world's art treasures.

Decal. You assume that a nation always leaves permanent records of its taste. I doubt this. There are many lost arts, and a nation may have worked most artistically in a perishable material. Why is it necessary for us to provide materials for future Dr. Schliemanns? The æsthetic enjoyment of the hour is not to be despised.

Soc. You will grant, therefore, that the decoration to which you devote yourself is ephemeral; for it does not gather force from the thought and study of previous generations.

Decal. Is an exquisite wild flower, then, to be despised?

Soc. You forget that a flower is the product of great genius.

Crit. Neither of you gives sufficient weight to my suggestion that we are doing nothing in decoration for the future. Decalcomanias says that we are not to provide work for future Dr. Schliemanns. For my part, I think it is our duty to do so. Who would not feel his degradation if he knew that the water bottle of the kitchen was all that remained of the decorative art of this age five hundred years from now; a discarded wine bottle with some stains upon it, where decorations had once been, giving rise to a learned paper, before some art club of the future, to be entitled, On the Affinities of a Problematical Jug of the Nineteenth Century! I do not need to live to that future period; I have already felt the degradation of which I speak. Last week I visited a loan collection, and beheld the contrasts presented by the work of the barbarian Chinese and Japanese and modern decorative work. Should I be willing, I said to myself, to allow that decorative work to represent us in comparison with the work of barbarians? By Jupiter, no! On the one hand was careful workmanship,—the labor of weeks and months and even years; on the other hand, the hasty realizations of crude designs.

Decal. But it was very hopeful work. It gave great promise for the future.

Crit. It certainly betokened renewed interest in decoration.

Soc. I perceive continually underneath your discussion the questions, "Can that which is done with comparatively little thought and labor avail in art? Can the ephemeral artistic decoration advance true artistic decoration?"

Crit. I maintain that the ephemeral artistic decoration is not only useless but positively immoral. At the best it is a make-shift. By looking at decorations of hangings in which careful embroidery is simulated by paint and the sewing on of pieces of cloth, we begin to despise careful workmanship, and the conscientious mechanic or artisan will give way to the rapidly working apprentice who learns his or her trade in three months.

Decal. Answer me one question, Criticus. Do you not see greater evidences of taste in your friends' houses than formerly?

Crit. I find evidences of great agitation and the conflict of crude ideas. Flowers and the æsthetic bulrush spring from the corners of the room. Japanese fans float down the walls. Blurred visions of sunflowers on panels and decorated sewer pipes meet one at every turn. I am nothing if I am not critical, and instead of finding much to admire in my friends' houses I find more to criticise. An increase in *bric à brac* and an increase in color do not constitute an evidence of increase in taste. No, Decalcomanias, thus I answer your question. If I could perceive a careful study of nature in modern decoration, I should be more hopeful. Let any young lady in painting on china make earnest studies of birds, or flowers, or reeds and rushes, and I should clap my hands.

Soc. The truth certainly cannot be found save by deep thought and study. Have you never thought, Decalcomanias and Criticus, of the psychological effect of this rage for decoration?

Decal. By Jupiter, Socrates, I have noticed that the ladies are less given to roaming about; and you should see the happy faces bent over canvas and jugs.

Soc. I mean the psychological effect of living in much-decorated rooms. I lately visited a friend's house, and could not reason in a connected manner, my eye was so distracted by bits of color and multitudes of forms. I could not move without feeling that my mantle was about to pull down some decorated utensil. There was no place to write, for the tables were covered with plates and jars. I thought to myself, How harmful such rooms would be to a person afflicted with a disordered mind! how unrestful to one wrapped in deep thought!

Crit. By Jupiter, I have felt that unrest of the mind which you speak of, Socrates. I cannot take dinner at a friend's house without being called upon to admire butterflies upon my plate, various bugs upon my cup, and Japanese trade-marks — equivalent to Joseph Smith & Co., dealers in crockery — painted upon my butter-plate. If these decorations upon china were carefully and conscientiously painted and repainted, as they are in China and Japan, they would be meritorious; now they are for the most part meretricious.

Decal. I have noticed that critical people are generally non-producers. I believe that the present rage for decoration is productive of great good. Why, in my town it has brought two geniuses to light! They began by decorating flower-pots, and then advanced over panels to canvas; now they have more orders than they can fill. Fashionable calls have become a delight. You are introduced to unique rooms, and behold what may be termed the original side of your host or hostess. Decoration has done all this. Notwithstanding all that has been said, I shall continue to decorate.

Crit. There he goes, Socrates, with his jugs and his bottles, which will soon be covered with imitations of majolica, faience, or Japanese ware. I fear that it is impossible to check this inordinate rage. It will burn out in time, and then people will realize that art can advance only by conscientious study and by working in more permanent material.

Soc. There is some truth in his re-

mark that this interest in decoration may bring talent to light, and it is possible that this extravagance of taste is like that which often accompanies young talent. There may be a large residuum left which can be molded into proper

form. I wish, however, that people would more generally recognize the truth that there is conservation of thought; or, in other words, that only work upon which we have spent thought can awake thought in its turn.

John Trowbridge.

DETMOLD: A ROMANCE.

PART VII.

XVI.

A CORROBORATION.

DETMOLD'S letter reached Alice at Geneva, after a roundabout transit of some three weeks. It was successively forwarded to and detained a little at each of the points where she had paused in her journey. Her party had gone to Trieste from Venice, and afterwards into the Tyrol.

Miss Lonsdale brought the missive, among others, from the bureau of the hotel, with a sprightly air: "A love-letter, my dear!"

"Oh, no, indeed; nobody likes me well enough to take so much trouble."

"Ah, I fear the fault is with you. We must make you return somebody's liking. I want you to marry, dear," she said, caressingly.

"Why?"

"You will be happier."

Alice was agitated and much reassured at the sight of the familiar handwriting. She read and re-read the letter, and let it fall with supine hands into her lap, — lost in reverie. Sad as was the recital, it was an infinite relief from the suspicions with which she had been troubled. It was a story of frailty atoned for by a heroic expiation. As to Detmold himself, he was involved in nothing but a conventional disgrace; he, at least, had committed no crime. The death of Castelbarco and this history were almost

her first initiation into an acquaintance with the profounder afflictions. She was deeply impressed. She asked herself, as gravely as had Detmold, why these other lives were sombre and full of tumultuous passion while her own had been all brightness and unbroken calm. Detmold seemed full of generous instincts, and far more worthy of happiness than herself. She found nothing culpable in him except his concealment, his want of ingenuousness in this single matter. The blame she should have visited upon him for it was disarmed by his vehement devotion to herself. It was to an orderly, routine demonstration of regard preceding marriage, as has been said, that Alice had been accustomed to look forward. She had even shrunk a little from the idea of any excessive admiration, through a want of confidence in her own merits, an apprehension of the unpleasantness of the time when it should be disillusioned in the future. But she found it, in spite of herself, strangely sweet. This extravagance of sentiment, this despair, this reckless affection, fascinated her.

Yet neither by this letter nor by any other considerations which she had in the mean time entertained was the general conclusion at which she had arrived, at the moment of the disclosure, overthrown, namely, that all was at an end between them. She took it, somehow, for granted that the revelation that had been made separated them, irrespective of any power of hers to help it. The pride of her

family, her dependence upon them, the necessity of doing as the world does, — all the circumstances of her situation, and even the self-abasement of Detmold, which would make it useless to attempt to convey to him any happiness unless he were first raised in his own esteem, seemed to make a union impossible.

It would hardly be fair upon this to condemn Alice as selfish and heartless. She was by nature distrustful of romantic sentiment, and she was not at this moment nor at any former stage of the affair possessed by a passion corresponding to that of Detmold, — reckless of consequences. It was still subject to calculation and control. The conviction that it must be laid aside could cause pangs of regret and seasons of melancholy, but it had in it nothing of despair.

For the first time in any similar matter — she could not say why — Alice took the letter to her father instead of to a mother of extensive experience and powers of management. She found him in his room, which commanded the lake, and the new-born Rhone, where it is spanned by the broad and handsome iron bridge. Before giving him the writing she recounted briefly the scene at the fête, the proposal of Castelbarco, and the accusation hurled forth by him in his jealous rage, which had caused Detmold such extreme distress.

"Ah, conspirator! You have acquired a true Italian genius for intrigue. Why did you tell us nothing of this while we were wondering what had become of Mr. Detmold when he disappeared so mysteriously?"

"The subject was full of painful associations. I did not wish to speak of it. Besides, I could not have done so without giving greater publicity to those cruel statements."

"Well, let us see this famous letter."

As his eye followed down its pages in a quick perusal, he uttered an exclamation of surprise and looked strangely at Alice. Her back was towards him. She stood at the window looking meditatively across at the little steamers, the clustered buildings climbing to the square towers of the cathedral, the long ridge

of the Grand Saleve behind them, and the snowy peak of Mont Blanc, hull down, and less than some petty hillock of the neighborhood, in its leagues of distance.

"What is it, papa?"

He did not reply, but went on reading to the end, and even, it would seem, for a considerable time after, walking slowly up and down with the letter held up before him. He made it a pretext to gain time to collect his thoughts. Then he sat down and called Alice to him.

"Come and sit by me, my daughter."

Between this rugged, keen man of business, weighted with formidable cares, and this pretty woman of twenty-seven there remained an affectionate intercourse that had endured from the time she was a child. He placed his arm about her. She nestled by him, and brushed his hair a little back, critically. She said, "You are getting quite gray, but it is going to be very becoming."

"I do not know, my daughter, how to proceed in a matter which fills me with an astonishment amounting to awe. There is a coincidence here that bears the aspect of a providential interposition. I shall first ask you to tell me something. Are you willing to say whether you were very much attached to this young man who is involved in so sad a history?"

"Well, papa," replied the young lady, with a sweet color stealing into her face, and engaging both hands with a superfluity of pains in some slight adjustment of the lappel of his coat, "I feel very sorry for him, you know, and I — we have been great friends — and he likes me. I *think* he does, you know, papa."

"It would appear so from some of his expressions," said the man of business, dryly. "I know nothing of what has passed between you," he went on. "I am perhaps to blame for my remissness, but I leave such things to your mother, who has your best interests at heart, and who is so amply competent to deal with them. I will say that what I have seen of Detmold leads me to esteem him. I have heard a good character of him, too, from others at Lakeport who know him

in his business relations. He has both talent and industry, and I should judge would succeed. In the letter he speaks of his hopes, — his former hopes, and so on. Had he ever asked you to marry him? "

"Why, yes, papa — a good while ago, at Paris, before you came; and I declined — and he was very sorry — and then, afterwards, I came to know him better, and he — we — became very good friends."

"And you had thought, perhaps, that you might some time like him well enough to be his? "

Alice said, softly, resting her head against his shoulder, "Yes, papa, if it pleased you."

"Then, Alice, what I ought to say to you must not be longer withheld. What if I should tell you that I know something already of the strange story contained in this letter? I know it to be true. The name of Detmold has more than once brought back reminiscences of my own, but I never for an instant imagined there could be a connection between this young man and a Detmold of long ago who was the partner of my ill-fated friend James Belford. Fortunately, perhaps, for his peace, I did not even know that he was from the West. Did he not give himself out as coming from New York? "

"Not directly; but I think he was willing to have it understood so, since he had spent some years there engaged, in studies, before coming to Lakeport. If the mistake was made he did not gain-say it."

"James Belford was once my dearest friend. We were playmates and schoolmates, and until he went to seek his fortune at the West, inseparable. There was nothing he would not have done for me, nor I for him. He was unfortunate in his struggle with the world — but you know the story — criminal. When I met him by chance in the great metropolis, after his departure from the scene of his fall, he was living miserably, under an assumed name. He died young and in poverty. His heart-broken wife did not long survive him."

He paused and took one of the pretty hands of Alice caressingly in both his own.

"What I am about to tell you, my dear girl," he continued, "will, I fear, at first distress you; but, I trust, only for a moment. It will be succeeded and recompensed, as I hope, by lasting content. In any case I cannot doubt of my duty to speak. We are humble instruments in the hands of Providence, for some strange purpose to which we seem called upon to adjust ourselves. Alice, you know that you are not really my daughter, — my own daughter."

"Yes," said Alice, tremulously, "I know."

"You are" —

"I am Alice Leland, whom you adopted. I owe all that I have, and a thousand times more than I can ever hope to repay, to the kindness of the most generous of protectors."

"No," said Mr. Starfield, deeply affected, "you are not even Alice Leland. You are Alice Belford, — the daughter of my unhappy friend who was the partner of the elder Detmold."

"Oh, papa, *papa!* "

Alice clutched his arm with a little spasm. It was as if she had been ruthlessly torn from her pleasant life and cast adrift upon a dark and chilling stream. The shadow of crime descended upon her. She was overcome by a great sense of isolation.

"I was with him" at the end. He did not ask it, but he looked it — and when your mother died I took you with me."

"Why did I never know anything of this before?" she said, sobbing softly.

"Nothing was to be gained by it. Why should I have made you unhappy without cause? I would even have preferred, if it were possible, that you should never know yourself as other than my child. With me any distinction that there once was between you and mine was long since obliterated. Under no ordinary circumstances would I have made to you this revelation. I seem to have been driven to it by a remarkable fatality of events, and also — have I erroneously inferred it? — by a regard

for your own more complete happiness in the future."

"It makes me feel so lonely."

In her preoccupation with this sudden entanglement in the mazes of crime and suffering, at which, from the outside, as if from a different plane of being, she had vaguely wondered, its contingent bearings were for the moment lost sight of. Mr. Starfield suffered the current of her reflections to flow unchecked. He feared that his perception of an ordained mysterious attraction between Alice and Detmold, to bring them together from afar, to compensate by the harmony of their union the sin and bitterness in the association of their fathers, had been premature. A match with Detmold, although he knew nothing to his disadvantage, and would not at any time have opposed the decidedly expressed wishes of Alice, would not under ordinary circumstances have met his views of what was most desirable. If, after all, it was not to be, of which, as it seemed, there was a possibility, a slight sensation of relief would have mingled with his feelings. But then the disclosures of this interview were to be regretted, since they must have a permanently depressing effect upon Alice's mind, with none of the compensating advantages which he had expected. Upon the whole, he was excessively puzzled.

"Try not to be cast down, dear Alice," said he. "You are still our daughter, and shall never lack our tenderest care. You shall not be lonely. Everything that has been pleasant to you shall encompass you still. What I have told you no other shall ever know. As to your inclinations towards Detmold, your plans in the future, whatever they may be, — whatever seems good to you, — shall receive our sanction and approval."

This mention brought back to Alice all that she had momentarily forgotten. She was joined to Detmold by an inscrutable decree. She rested with him under the shadow of his ancestral disgrace. It was now hers also. It seemed to join their destinies indissolubly. His features arose before her mentally as he had so often conjured up hers. She

would have wished to banish their sad and dejected aspect. His sensitive and noble character, the history in which he was so lamentably, if blamelessly, involved, his foolish worship of herself, filled her with ineffable tenderness.

The distress into which she had at first been plunged gave way, in contemplating the possibilities of the future, to a sweet sense of dignity. A nobility of spirit that had hitherto for the most part lain dormant was awakened. The mission of the comforter — dearest and most fitting to woman — was open to her. She could now look forward with eagerness to being the helpmeet of her husband, to dissipating his moods of depression, to cheering him on in his struggle with the world. She saw herself appointed, as she thought, in pursuance of a far-reaching plan, to administer the concluding rites of a long expiation. Doubtless the period of sorrow was near its end. But she said: "I know he must hate me now, I was so cold and unfeeling."

There was another misgiving. He had looked up to her as the embodiment of perfections, social as well as all others. Her station and manner of life were possibly a tangible factor in his admiration. Now that she was touched with the stigma from the contact of, which he had shrank so fearfully, — now that she too was of an inglorious parentage and dependent upon the bounty of her good friends, would there be no change in him? It remained to be seen.

The interview was long and tender. Alice obtained, although Mr. Starfield would have avoided it, the detailed story of her family. She cried over it, and he reiterated again and again his assurances of affection and continued interest. At its conclusion she gave herself up to the work of answering Detmold's letter. Perhaps something of its purport may be divined, but it was not received for many a long day after. It strayed about from place to place, and reached him at last covered with postmarks and strange indorsements, too late to have any bearing upon the events of this narrative.

Meanwhile Detmold, awaiting at Trasmene an answer — though it should be

a cold and formal one — that never came, found in this neglect an unmistakable assurance of hardness and contempt. A fit of indignation took him. He fell into a rage with the injustice of destiny, as though it were now for the first time that he discovered it. As if he had natural rights which Providence could infringe upon, he set himself to complain bitterly of his injuries. Has not every man his own life to live? Has he not the consequences of his own sins and follies and omissions? — and heavy enough they are. Why should the guilt of any other — relative, parent, it mattered not who or how near — be suffered to work attainer upon him? When suggestions of his early religious training came to him, and tried to whisper resignation in the well-worn maxims with which he had once been content, he said savagely, “No, all is not for the best; all is for the worst.”

His anger did not spare Alice. She too should have recognized this injustice. She should have been considerate and noble; but instead she lent herself to be the most cruel minister of the Moloch of destiny which punishes the innocent for the guilty.

This indignation served as a tonic. It braced up his energies, — with a cynical, malignant tenseness, it is true, but yet so effectually as to render him again useful to himself. He was weary of moping and longed for action. He came down from his hill city to the great artery, and was absorbed again into the fervid circulation of the world he had left. He betook himself to Venice. For Verona, the dim, rich city of his early admiration, he conceived an aversion amounting to loathing. He could not bear to set foot in it. He caused his effects, lying since his departure in his empty chamber at the Grazzini palace, to be forwarded to him.

He went about his work with a kind of ferocity. He made his drawings with quick, nervous strokes, stopping little to delight in the delicious melting of colors, or to muse over the memories of the past. What cared he for Doges and Councilors of Ten, the splendid state of

the grandees of painting, for hapless queens of Cyprus, or captives in the dungeons of ducal prisons, for ruined hopes of the remote past, when his own were so sharp and real and present? He floated in a black, steel-prowed gondola up the vistas of the narrower water-ways and among the stately structures of the Grand Canal, too often given over to common uses. He noted how signally the effect of dignity and decorum in life is bound up with the plebeian virtues of neatness and scrupulous attention. Without them, palaces incrustated with ornaments could be even squalid. In a remote quarter of dilapidated Murano there was one that especially pleased him. It was of the best age, of red brick and precious marbles, but sordid clothing and utensils swung from its balconies and lofty portal. Coarse freights of hay and wood were unloaded at the water staircase and piled in the frescoed chambers. The domicile of his own existence, he said, fantastically in search of analogies, was similar — despoiled of the fair manner of life that should have graced it, and degraded to ignoble uses.

He passed, now and then, a private gondola, with oarsmen in white having broad silk hat-bands and scarfs of scarlet and yellow, with a Venetian dame within, reading or languidly waving her fan. In front of his apartment on the Riva Schiavoni lay always some fishing-boats with colored sails and painted belts of ornament. From his window at night he could see the moonlight streaming over the lagoons. When he sometimes awoke, far into the morning, to hear from a passing gondola voices singing to the music of a guitar, the faded city became for a moment the Venice of imagination.

The August heat was parching, but he swam every day at the Lido or the floating baths, and managed to endure it. At one of these places he met the artist Gilderoy, who was still endeavoring to make sail upon his phantom ships of Tarshish, and heard from him of the death of Castelbarco. It was the first circumstance that aroused him from the useless contemplation of himself.

XVII.

THE CHANCES OF AN ALPINE PASS.

The death of Castelbarco made a profound but not very lasting impression upon Hyson. He had not lost an intimate friend, and no long-established trains of habit were broken. He assisted at the formal obsequies at Verona. There were in public no excessive manifestations of grief on the part of either of the parents. Perhaps there was a measure of consolation in the coming to the front of the remaining son, the student from Padua. He was a sagacious, proud young man, and, to his mother's view, at least, all that Antonio was not.

Our light-hearted friend mused, as the custom is in the face of such afflictions, upon the transitoriness of human affairs. How easily it might have been he instead of Castelbarco, who was tucked away so quietly under-ground, with the world moving on just as usual above him! He speculated upon the various theories he knew of concerning that great hereafter in which, if it were indeed his own case, he should now be playing some misty sort of a part. He determined to give the whole matter his fullest consideration at some future time. At present it was baffling, and by degrees he dropped it.

No word of Detmold had yet been received except a brief note at his lodgings, with directions about the care of his effects. Hyson concluded that he felt lonely, and made up his mind to go and take a vacation in Switzerland, where he knew he should fall in with acquaintances. He fell in almost immediately with a very agreeable acquaintance. It was Emilia. He met her at Stresa. She had joined her Milan master and his wife, who were continuing the instruction of a portion of their class during the vacation at this pretty port on Lake Maggiore. He hung about for a few days, and saw as much of the attractive young girl as he could under a strict though somewhat overtaxed supervision.

He walked with her on the veranda of a hotel which looked off upon the Borromean Islands, the blue water, and bluer mountains. There are villas with white walls and red roofs. Over the portal of one of them is a motto of Horace, from the verse in which he inscribes his moderate wishes: "*Hoc erat in votis.*" On the beach are women washing, under the striped awnings that shade their roller platforms. "This is the panorama business," he said, "without any discount."

They spoke of the terrible scene they had lately witnessed together. Emilia shuddered with something of her original terror, and prayed fervently that she might ever be protected from another such sight. Hyson ingratiated himself with the professor by complimenting his English. As an American he was perhaps accorded a little more freedom than had he been of another nationality. He was even invited to join in an evening rowing party. Emilia, with her shapely head thrown back, under the white radiance of the moon, sang songs of surpassing sweetness. The pretty and ingenuous young girl had made a winning impression upon him. He preferred her to a number of society belles he could have named from his wide acquaintance. She manifested a frank liking for him, also, and did not affect to conceal her regret when he was going away. From this time he began to send her back as mementoes little articles picked up in his travels. She responded in occasional notes of thanks quaintly expressed.

Hyson flitted from place to place. He saw the Starfields at Geneva and learned the date when they were going to make an excursion through the Bernese Oberland. Towards the time, he set out thither himself from the side of Lucerne. One evening he walked into the hotel at the Baths of Rosenlauri, and found Detmold sitting there, with a careworn expression.

"*Hal-lo, long-lost stranger!*" said he in astonishment. Then, more gayly, "You have a pretty account to give of yourself, I promise you."

His idea was that they should sit down at once to dinner and have a square, old-fashioned talk. But Detmold was not found solicitous for an old-fashioned talk, or scarcely for talk of any kind. He had supposed, in fact, that his story in his absence would be bandied about from one to another. It would come to Hyson as well as the rest, and from him, too, he should meet with coldness and disdain. That it did not prove so at present disconcerted him; but he had no flippant theory ready to account for his movements, and he took refuge in reserve. He heard Hyson's account of the tragic fate of Castelbarco, and speculations as to whether it could have been remorse or some other trouble that had caused his singular conduct, with little comment. When he learned that the Starfields were possibly to be encountered on this very route, he had an impulse to go back. Then he determined not to be turned out of his course. She had made him all the trouble she was going to. He supposed one had a right to travel on a public highway. He told Hyson he was going into Germany, and should probably sail for home before a great while. The latter desisted from inquiries, which he saw were unwelcome. During their next day's journey together along the zigzag foot-path of this delightful region, he confined himself to general topics or his own affairs.

Two days later the pair might have been discovered detained by stress of weather at the Little Scheideck. It is a resting point on the narrow ridge between the Jungfrau and Lauberhorn, and commands a glorious backward view over the valley of Grindelwald. It had rained and snowed for nearly forty-eight hours. Fogs, of the consistency of locomotive smoke, puffed against the glass, and twirled heavily among the grass blades in the few feet of foreground, which at other moments a sunbeam touched with a furtive, yellow radiance. The paths were slippery from melting snow mingling with their clay. In the intermissions of an icy wind the air was tepid as on a day of January thaw in

New England. The fires smoked and added to the discomfort of Hyson, already oppressed for lack of his out-of-door exercise. Detmold, instead of being a relief to him, remained mostly by himself, reading, and gave him a sense of being disagreeably rebuffed. The only other travelers confined with him were a French-speaking artist from Geneva, and a gray-bearded English botanist, as garrulous as Polonius. The painter was a sufficient adept in Alpine weather to take his delay philosophically. The botanist was glad of it as an opportunity to put his collections in order.

"You have probably seen my communication, in the last Swiss Times, using up 'Veritas,'" said the botanist, as the young man paused a moment beside him in his uneasy wandering up and down.

"Was that yours?" he exclaimed, affecting an intense interest as a distraction, though he knew nothing of Veritas, and almost as little of the Swiss Times.

"Yes, the impudence of him! To deny that *Epimedium Alpinum* is found in England! I can bring him to a spot in Cumberland where it is to be had in cart-loads. But he is an ignorant dog. I have had a tussle with him before, if it be the fellow I think it is. He claimed that *Cyperus fuscus* is not an annual."

"Heavens! no?" said Hyson.

"He did."

But his listener, already bored, moved on to the window. He brought his field glass. The glittering Jungfrau showed through momentary displacements of the mists, as if they were riven by silvery lightnings.

"There are compensations," said the painter good-naturedly, joining him; "for instance, we have no dust."

Towards four o'clock the weather partially cleared. The flowers, the verdure, the red chalets, the glaciers and falling cataracts of the valley, showed with tender freshness. The slopes close at hand rose spotless white, the stains and debris of their mighty erosions hidden by the new-fallen snow.

Travelers were seen coming up from the side of Lauterbrunnen. There were

a lady and gentleman on horseback, and a guide in dirt-colored clothes trudged heavily with his shoes full of water, leading the lady's horse.

"Now things will be decently lively," said Hyson, as he watched their approach. They were the arrivals he had been expecting, — Alice and her father. He hurried down to welcome them.

There was mud upon the young lady's small boots, and the blue cloak with black frogs in which she was enveloped was very wet. It had a hood, drawn over the head during the journey, to the detriment of the feather of her hat, but now lowered and forming a cowl-like background to her charming face. There were beads of moisture in the braids of her hair, and its light filaments, that usually floated, hung limp upon her damp but rosy cheeks.

"Oh, we *never* had such a soaking in our lives!" said she. "Please do not look at us till we go and lay aside our bathing costumes."

They were shaking and stamping off the wet, and the host was offering his hospitalities. Alice was giving little renovating taps with a thumb and forefinger to the ill-used feather. Detmold came in. He had been trying to snatch a few moments' exercise on the other side of the plateau, with an umbrella and overshoes. He had seen the horses led away, but had no suspicion who had arrived. It was preposterous to think of her being out in such weather, and by another day he would be over the pass.

His eye rested for a second upon the group with the cursory glance one gives to strangers, then flashed with astonished recognition. He had not considered what he should do if he met her. Indeed, it had hardly appeared that he should ever meet her again, all being irremediably over, even to their ever seeing or hearing of each other. He took off his hat distantly, and was going to pass by. But Mr. Starfield stepped forward and cordially gave him his hand. Alice offered hers. Their eyes met. His were impassive; in hers there almost seemed something like reproach, — but that was incredible.

"We were yawning ourselves to death," said Hyson. "You have no idea what a godsend you are."

"So you have been here for some time. I thought that perhaps Mr. Detmold had just arrived." She turned kindly to him. "Then you escaped this wretched storm?"

"Not entirely," he answered. "It overtook us with some severity before we reached here, — the evening before last."

"We overtook *it*, rather, as I think," said Hyson. "These Alpine storms are very local. This one, probably, belongs on the mountain and nowhere else. Perhaps we could walk out of it if we chose, just as we walked into it."

"It belongs to Lauterbrunnen at least, as we can bear witness," said Alice. "It has rained there for three days. We were so tired of waiting that we determined to come to-day, anyhow. The guides said it was likely to clear up, and it really was not very bad at starting."

"Well, it has, you see."

"Oh, yes, so opportunely, — just as we were under cover and out of it!"

When Alice came down, after half an hour's delay, in dry garments, the two young men were sitting at one end of a long dining-table, which served between meals for miscellaneous purposes. At the other end the cloth was being laid. Her dress was of a substantial kind calculated for rough usage, but not entirely free from certain coquetries. Her hair was now smooth. She wore little golden ear-rings in the shape of bells. Perhaps across the colossal purpose of Detmold to keep his thoughts austere free of her may have come a fancy of the bleak stone hostelry, inclosing this charming figure, as a sturdy weather-beaten jewel-case. She entered hesitatingly. Hyson precipitated himself to place a chair for her.

The conversation went on chiefly between those two. Detmold replied in scarcely more than monosyllables to the overtures in his direction. How could she come there and talk flippant trifles to him! Were they going to sit and play with straws in the belt devastated

by a tornado? He looked at her with a sense of immeasurable distance. The orbit in which she moved henceforth seemed almost a subject for telescopic researches, like that of a planet.

At dinner the discourse was confined to neutral topics. Reminiscences of all kinds were avoided, even by Hyson, who now had clearly defined suspicions. Still he hardly ventured the observation on the Alpine weather that it was like lovers and love-making.

"There is altogether too much coyness and moping," said he, "when a little effusion is the thing most in demand, and a reckless prodigality of attentions when one is too disgusted to care anything about them."

Alice was full of animation. Detmold confessed, with miserable pangs, that she had never been more seductive. She told of their adventures coming up the mountain. They had stopped in a chalet to get warm. The fire was of green sticks, and made her cough. There was a little child there with a marmotte, she said. "I made her sing me a song, and I was afraid she would hug the poor little animal to death, in her embarrassment. How did it go? Let me see— Ah— ah— a—

' Ah ! voulez-vous voir la marmotte,
La marmotte en vie ?

Ah, donnez quelque chose à Javotte
Pour sa marmotte en vie.' "

Detmold found himself drawn into the conversation in spite of himself. It was managed with a delicate persistency. He was deferred to and appealed to in such ways that he could not have avoided it without incivility. The eyes of Alice were turned to him with an appearance of interest that was of course an optical illusion. Naturally all this was but a polite effort to conceal for the moment the deep impression which the revelations concerning him had made.

At the conclusion of the repast the company dispersed variously. Hyson thought of making a purchase from the good-natured painter, and went to examine his portfolios to see what it should be. Mr. Starfield allowed himself to be captured by the loquacious naturalist.

Whether by accident or design, ample opportunities were open to Detmold to be alone with Alice. He took no advantage of them, but went and stood by the window in a small reception room whither the botanist and his listener had repaired, and where a merry party of German tourists—later arrivals—were waiting to be summoned to a supplementary meal.

The sun was setting coldly. There were again dashes of rain against the panes. The wind sighed as drearily about the corners of the rugged building that evening of August as in late November at Lakeport. The chattering tourists flocked away, at a signal, to their dinner.

"The landlord has some fossil specimens illustrating this very point," said the naturalist. "Shall we step and see them for a moment?" and he carried off his listener, leaving Detmold alone. His pain, dulled by time and absence, was renewed in something like its original intensity. This useless meeting, he reflected, was all that was needed to exhaust upon him every resource of a malicious fate. Presently there was a light rustle, and turning he saw Alice.

"Pardon," said she, "I was looking for papa. I thought I heard him talking here."

"He was here a moment ago, and I think meant to return."

"I hope I do not intrude. I will wait for him. I see you are looking at the weather. Shall we have more rain to-morrow?"

"I am a poor weather prophet," said he, making way for her at the window, sorely puzzled.

Could it be, now, that she was good after all, capable of estimating his case with a measure of sympathy? But no, or she would have written. It is but a few days from Trasimene to Geneva; there had been the fullest allowance for delays. No; this was but her whim, to amuse herself in the absence of a more engrossing occupation. In this way he set up between himself and every favorable suggestion the morbid sensitiveness which, instead of any actual maltreat-

ment by the world, had been his bane through life.

"Do you not think it a rather strange coincidence that we should arrive here from opposite directions almost at the same time?" she began.

"It seems somewhat so," he replied stiffly.

It was evident that there was to be, by her desire, some sort of an explanation. He did not wish for any. No explanation except such a one as he had persuaded himself was hopelessly out of the question, namely, that she loved him and might still be his, could be of any avail.

They looked out upon the dismal prospect in silence. Detmold thought of that idyllic afternoon upon the hill-side at Torri. Far greater than the dissimilarity of the two scenes was the difference between the happy future then seeming to open before him and that he now darkly contemplated. The interview, with such a disposition on one side, did not progress easily.

"This mountaineering seems to me very severe," she ventured again. "And you, how do you stand it? Do you never take cold?" It was said almost carelessly, as though it were of consequence whether he did or not. What deliberate torture! He had an impulse to go away and leave her standing there. But he said, No, he was used to knocking about. The elements inconvenienced him very little.

"It was the greatest surprise, you know, to find you here," she persevered, struggling with a consciousness of excessive inane.

"I am not going to remain. I was not intending to. I shall go down the mountain in the morning."

"Oh, I did not mean that we were not glad to see you. I am sure you did not think I meant that. Only—we—did not know where you were."

"I—wrote a letter from Trasimene," he replied, huskily. The explanation had begun. In what would it end?

"Yes, we—papa—that is, I received your letter. It was much delayed. I replied to it at once."

"You replied? But no reply ever reached me."

His reserve was beginning to be thawed by wonder and dimly suggested possibilities. He debated how to ask her what had been its purport.

"You would not exactly care to— You, probably don't entirely recollect just what"—

"Why, certainly. I said, you know, that— Of course the precise words—I think I have a copy among my baggage somewhere. It got blotted just after it was finished, and I happened to keep it. I will go and get it. I would like to have you see—I am so sorry you did not get it, because you must have thought"— And she went away in search of it.

It did not seem to be a work of difficulty. No sooner had she reached her chamber than she held up her dainty skirt with one hand, felt in a pocket in the folds of it, and produced it. She read it, straightened a cheap lithograph on the wall, drummed on the bureau, read it again, smoothed her hair, opened and shut her satchel twice, rang the bell, and sent the missive down by a servant. Then she went and listened with rapt attention to the tiresome botanist, and avoided the place where Detmold was until she was obliged to accompany her father and other people thither.

It was not much of a letter, but if you had brought all the most treasured manuscripts of Christendom to Detmold to exchange for it you would have had them left on your hands. It was dated Geneva, the 8th of August. It read:—

DEAR MR. DETMOLD,—Your letter of July 16th has only just been received, having been forwarded from place to place, owing to my frequent changes of address. I regret the delay so much, as my apparent neglect to reply must have seemed very strange. I am extremely pained by the tone of unhappiness that pervades it. I do not think it is warranted by the facts. I am sure that there is nothing in them to reflect discredit upon you personally, if all were known. I think this would be the opin-

ion of all those, at least, whose opinions are of any value. Circumstances have happened quite recently to make the story of a special interest to me even apart from your connection with it.

[This reference was all she permitted herself to the revelation of her parentage. It was a compromise between an impulse to relate the whole and a decision to await the opportunity of a meeting, if it should then seem desirable. Detmold read and re-read the sentence without arriving at any solution of its meaning.]

We are shortly to start for a little trip over the Wengern Alp, but our address is always kept at the bank in the *Petite Corraterie*. Do you not find Central Italy very warm in summer? Papa has read your letter, and his views coincide with mine. The respect and esteem he has entertained for you are not diminished. Sincerely your friend,

ALICE STARFIELD.

Detmold was now burning to speak to her; but, though sending him an occasional glance, which was not forbidding, across the room, she gave him no opportunity. His moroseness gave place to an immoderate enthusiasm. He made an extraordinary virtue of her action in this matter. She was all of generous and noble in nature that he had ever dreamed. Yes, it was proved. But Alice, having been forced by his obduracy to go so far, — lengths of which she would not have believed herself capable, — was afflicted with trepidation. In the pretty game of flight and chase which love is, it was she who was again the fugitive.

The company were invited to the dining-room; a clever German gentleman had volunteered to amuse them with impersonations. They were moving thither in a body, Alice with the rest. But Detmold, lingering, managed to intercept her, and asked for a word.

"But — this is to be very entertaining. The ladies say he is a real genius. We ought not to miss it."

"A moment — just a moment, Miss Alice."

"Well — but" —

"I want to say what a very kind letter it is. I thought you were coming back. I have read it twenty times."

"It is not kind; it is only just."

"And you have neither the disdain nor fear of me I dreaded?"

"Why, of course not!"

"Stay — yet a moment. Your letter was perhaps just, but it was also noble. It was worthy of you. I know," he continued, hesitatingly, "that I ought to be satisfied with justice, and that I am infatuated to think of more. But because I am infatuated, because I find in it a renewed pretext for presumption, because justice and esteem and friendship are of scarcely more worth to me than aversion without — your love, I am going on to ask for it once more, to ask if it may not be possible that this great happiness is yet in store for me."

He turned towards her, and his face was full of tenderness.

She cast her eyes down, and, with a charming pretense of pouting and still making a movement to go, said, in a voice that assumed an injured tone, "I am sure, I do not think one ought to make all the advances. I" —

But even while she hesitated and complained her lover put his arm about her, and it was completed. Her head rested against his shoulder with a delicious yielding. The countless invisible filaments of attraction that had floated between them were knit in this moment and intertwined beyond the possibility of rupture.

"What an insufferable idiot I was!" he exclaimed, raising both her hands to his lips. "I could knock my head against the wall. *You* were actually making love to *me*, and I repulsed you."

"What must you think of me?" she returned.

"Nobody was ever lifted before from such distress to such a happiness," said Detmold. "I cannot credit that after it all I am really to have so sweet and noble a wife."

The words revived a memory that had been strangely forgotten in the agitation of these moments. She disengaged herself with an earnest, even sad demeanor.

"Why did I not tell you," she said, "what was already upon my tongue? It is I who have a secret now, and perhaps it is your turn to shrink from me. But you must hear it. I too have an inherited disgrace. It is much heavier than yours, because it was never relieved by any such admirable atonement."

"Ah! you are trying to imagine something to keep me in countenance; but it is not necessary. Once I know that you love me, you shall see how self-satisfied I am going to be."

"No, really and truly," protested Alice.

"Well, then, — inherited disgrace? Come on — what next? The reputation of your family is spotless. How — But make me no confessions. You are what you are; what do I care for anything besides?"

"My father was involved in guilt very similar to that of yours. It is what I referred to in my note. Did you know it?"

"Your father? I do not understand. Is not Mr. Starfield your father? — one of the most upright of men?"

"Only by virtue of his own goodness of heart. I am an adopted daughter. You knew that?"

"I recall that I had dimly heard it. But what does it matter? Do not distress yourself with vexatious reminiscences, I beg."

"It does matter. Do you know who my father was? I myself had never learned until after the receipt of your letter. He was — James Belford, the partner in your father's crime."

"Oh, wonderful!" cried Detmold, his hands clasped in a sort of exaltation. "Now you are indeed mine. Now we are indeed united."

He would have drawn her to him, but she still kept him gently at a little distance.

"Take care," she said; "are you sure that you love me now — with nothing — after such a history? It is worse for a woman, you know."

"You have everything," said the young man, passionately. "You are perfect!"

XVIII.

THE END.

"Oh, how joyful it is," concludes, in her most stirring work, a writer who ensnares our interest with apparitions and abductions and mortal combats, with pictures of virtue and vice as strongly contrasted as the Cimmerian dungeons and banquetting halls of light in which they are enacted, "to tell of happiness such as that of Valancourt and Emily; to relate that, after suffering under the oppression of the vicious and the disdain of the weak, they were at length restored to each other, to the beloved landscapes of their country, to the securest felicity of this life! Oh, useful may it be to have shown that though the vicious can sometimes pour afflictions upon the good, their power is transient and their punishment certain; and that innocence, though oppressed by injustice, shall, supported by patience, finally triumph over misfortune!"

Useful indeed! But yet more useful would it be to show how the good might remain always and unalterably good, and deserve and be subjected to no inconveniences but those attributable to the machinations of the wicked. How simple were both life and books could they but be accurately summarized under the clear-cut moralities of the good Mrs. Radcliffe! But it is not to draw attention to a novel proposition to insist a little more that the poison flower of unmitigated depravity is of rare growth; and just as rare the white blossom of immaculate innocence. Inherited traits, social conventionalities, exposure to unavoidable contingencies, are in these days of comparative quiet, at least, the chief agencies through which destiny, overhanging like a vast atmosphere, exerts its pressure upon every square inch of human endeavor. It has not been deemed obligatory in this narrative to show the wicked exalted and the good cast down, nor indeed *vice versa*. The motives of both Detmold and Alice have been confessedly mixed; and would it be

just to esteem Castelbarco wholly a villain? His ill-regulated passion, the misery of Detmold, the calm melancholy of Miss Lonsdale, seem hardly to need an explanation outside of the constitution of human affairs for which individuals are little responsible.

In spite of the view which would make nothing true to life but disappointment and a jangling of cross-purposes, it is not certain that it will be indefensible now, in the end, to trace to our personages a measure of the good fortune of Valancourt and Emily. Happiness, though rarer, is not less realistic than misery. It is perhaps the business of the romancer to seek out those instances in which it especially prevails, and to present them as a relief, a species of redress of grievances, from the more ordinary course of affairs. It does not remain to tell, therefore, that Detmold returns to Lakeport to struggle and despond over a renewal of an architectural practice that never was established, while his betrothed grows old and fades, and becomes set and finical in character, waiting for a success that may never come. Nor would a further indebtedness to the generous man to whom Alice already owed so much be tolerable.

It remains to tell that the agitating news of the death of Detmold's father was received soon after the events last narrated. He died and was buried with honor in the community where he had sinned and suffered. His estate was found to be of considerable value. A keen remorse mingled with Detmold's sorrow for his loss. His long abandonment of him, now that it was too late to atone for it, seemed more than ever shameful. He accepted with some misgiving the fortune that made his union with Alice possible; she shared in his regrets. She had cherished a wish to do something for the declining years of a character which she looked upon as cast in a heroic mold.

Within a seemly time the wedding took place, at Geneva. It was the fancy of both to make their bridal tour to Verona. They alighted again at the Torre d'Oro al gran Parigi, and visited all the

familiar places. His apartment and the bridge where he had stood on that miserable night of the disclosure were not forgotten.

Oh, the strange sweetness to Detmold of those first days together! Was indeed this proud and flower-like beauty his at last? He recalled her as he had first known her, and at the time when there had seemed such an impassable gulf between them. A too vivid recollection could almost at moments cause a renewal of his old timidity before her.

She assumed little airs of proprietorship. She took an interest in his pronunciation of French, in his preferences of the table, in his dress. She said, "You must always brush your hair up a little in front. It is more in keeping with your style of forehead." Each time that she pronounced his name, — Louis, — it was like a caress.

She had received the shadow upon her life very sweetly. It gave her gravity and insight. It developed latent, more precious qualities, as the beauty of shells and pebbles is developed by a wave that draws a darker margin around them on the sand. The ancestral disgrace, so shared, had nothing any longer chilly or forbidding. Perhaps it may rather have seemed to them like one of the rich planes of shadow in the piazzas of Verona, a spot of refuge in a too gairish sunlight.

Neither could look upon their union as an ordinary marriage. They saw in it the end of a mysterious cycle, the close of a long act of expiation, perhaps a sign that, in the great adjustment of values of good and evil, the guilt followed by such bitter consequences was made as if it had never been. Their fathers were associated together for ignominy; they believed themselves given to each other for honor and happiness.

Is it, then, intended to present this young man, who has simply moped through life endeavoring to avoid an unpleasant situation, who has accomplished nothing, that we are apprised of, except to marry a beautiful wife who is presumably also an heiress, as an especially admirable person?

He is presented simply for what he is; there are both better and worse. If it were legitimate to try to arouse an interest in him for what he may be rather than for what he has been, it might be said as a favorable indication for his future that he cherishes a high ideal; prosperity does not diminish his diligence or render him more easily content with his own achievements. The effect of continued unhappiness and straitened circumstances is not less dwarfing than that of unvaried ease. Detmold has had the broadening experience of both. It would seem that he is at least likely to rise to eminence in the profession he has chosen and exert an important influence upon his section.

The Paradise Valley is not yet irrigated in accordance with the views of its sanguine proprietor. It is found that private enterprise in California, as in Italy, must be preceded by a comprehen-

sive system of public works. But any of us may note that interest in the subject is growing. A survey of the great central plain has been ordered, and reports printed, and his flowering meads and orchards, backed by a little Golconda, are by no means an improbability of the future. Meanwhile he has other projects, and does not lack for employment. Our friends at Lakeport often see him in his flying journeys between the East and the West.

"I fear we shall never have you married," Alice has said to him, smiling at some flippant reflection upon womankind:

"Do not despair," he has replied. "Wait until we observe how my little prima donna turns out."

"You still hear from Emilia, then?"

"She is coming to this country. She has lately sent me her picture."

"How does she look?"

"As pretty as red shoes."

W. H. Bishop.

BORDER LANDS.

Oh, good the air of border lands;
Oh, dangerous dear their subtle spell;
Where thralldoms stretch uncertain hands,
And careless, happy outlaws dwell.

'Twixt dawn and day, 'twixt day and night,
In blissful, shadowy realms they lie;
Sweeter than dark, sweeter than light,
Too swift the moments hurry by.

'Twixt hearts that wait and hearts that love,
Their sunny, vague horizons round, —
Who would not journey back to prove
Once more the joys within that bound?

'Twixt life and life, twixt death and death,
Rise this life's narrow, viewless strands;
Who knows how much it entereth
Our joy that they are border lands!

H. H.

DAYS IN JUNE.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF HENRY D. THOREAU.

JUNE 1, 1852. Evening. To the Lee place. The moon about full. The sounds I hear by the bridge; the mid-summer frog (I think it is not the toad), the night-hawk, crickets, the peet-weet (it is early), the hum of dor-bugs, and the whippoorwill. The boys are coming home from fishing, for the river is down at last. The moving clouds are the drama of moonlight nights and never-failing entertainment of nightly travelers. You can never foretell the fate of the moon, — whether she will prevail over or be obscured by the clouds, half an hour hence. The traveler's sympathy with the moon makes the drama of the shifting clouds interesting. The fate of the moon will disappoint all expectations. Her own light creates the shadows in the advancing clouds, and exaggerates her destiny.

June 1, 1853. Quite a fog this morning. Does it not always follow the cooler nights after the first really warm weather about the end of May? — Saw a water-snake yesterday with its tail twisted about some dead-weed stubble, and quite dry and stiff, as if it were preparing to shed its skin. . . .

Bees are swarming now, and those who keep them often have to leave their work in haste to secure them.

P. M. To Walden. Summer begins now, about a week past, with the expanded leaves, the shade, and warm weather. Cultivated fields, too, are leaving out, that is, corn and potatoes coming up. Most trees have leaved and are now forming fruit. Young berries, too, are forming, and birds are being hatched. Dor-bugs and other insects have come forth, the first warm evening after showers. The birds have now [all?] come, and no longer fly in flocks. The hylodes are no longer heard; the bull-frogs begin to trump. Thick and extensive fogs in the morning begin. Plants are rapidly growing, shooting. Hoeing corn

has commenced. The first bloom of the year is over. It is now the season of growth. Have not wild animals now henceforth their young, and fishes, too?

The pincushion galls on young white oaks are now among the most beautiful objects in the woods, — coarse, woolly, white, spotted with bright red or crimson on the exposed side. It is remarkable that a mere gall, which at first we are inclined to regard as something abnormal, should be made so beautiful, as if it were the flower of the tree; that a disease, an excrescence, should prove, perchance, the greatest beauty, as the tear of the pearl; beautiful scarlet sins they may be. Through our temptations, aye, and our falls, our virtues appear. As in many a character, many a poet, we see that beauty exhibited in a gall which was meant to have bloomed in a flower, unchecked. Such, however, is the accomplishment of the world. The poet cherishes his chagrin and sets his sighs to music. This gall is the tree's Ode to Dejection. How oft it chances that the apparent fruit of a shrub, its apple, is merely a gall or blight! How many men, meeting with some blast in the moist, growing days of their youth, so that what should have been a sweet and palatable fruit in them becomes a mere puff and excrescence, say that they have experienced religion! Their fruit is a gall, a puff, an excrescence, for want of moderation and continence. So many plants never ripen their fruit. . . .

The news of the explosion of the powder mills was not only carried seaward by the cloud which its smoke made, but more effectually, though more slowly, by the fragments which were floated thither by the river. M—— yesterday showed me quite a pile of fragments and short pieces of large timber, still black with powder, which he had saved as they were drifting by. . . . Some, no doubt,

were carried down to the Merrimack, and by the Merrimack to the ocean, till, perchance, they got into the Gulf Stream and were cast upon the coast of Norway, covered with barnacles,—or who can tell on what more distant strand?—still bearing traces of burnt powder, still capable of telling how and where they were launched to those who can read their signs. Mingling with wrecks of vessels, which told a different tale, this wreck of a powder-mill was cast up on some outlandish strand, and went to swell the pile of drift-wood—collected by some native—shouldered by whales, alighted on at first by the musk-rat and the peet-weet, and finally, perhaps, by the stormy petrel and other beach birds. It is long before nature forgets it. How slowly the ruins are being dispersed. . . .

I am as white as a miller—a rye-miller, at least—with the lint from the young leaves and twigs. The tufts of pinks on the side of the peak by the pond grow raying out from a centre, somewhat like a cyme, on the warm, dry side hill,—some a lighter, some a richer and darker shade of pink. With what a variety of colors we are entertained! Yet most colors are rare or in small doses, presented to us as a condiment or spice; much of green, blue, black, and white, but of yellow and the different shades of red, far less. The eyes feast on the colors of flowers as on tidbits. I hear now, at five o'clock, a farmer's horn calling the hands in from the field to an early tea. Heard afar by the walker, over the woods, at this hour, or at noon, bursting upon the stillness of the air, putting life into some portion of the horizon, this is one of the most suggestive and pleasing of the country sounds produced by man. I know not how far it is peculiar to New England or the United States. I hear two or three prolonged blasts, as I am walking along, some sultry noon, in the midst of the still woods,—a sound which I know to be produced by human breath, the most sonorous parts of which alone reach me; and I see in my mind's eye the hired men and master dropping the implements of their labor in the field, and wending their way with a sober satisfaction to-

ward the house. I see the well-sweep rise and fall. I see the preparatory ablutions, and the table laden with the smoking meal. It is a significant hum in a distant part of the hive. . . . How much lupine is now in full bloom on bare sandy brows or promontories, running into meadows where the sod is half worn away and the sand exposed! The geraniums are now getting to be common. *Hieracium venosum* just out on this peak, and the snapdragon catchfly is here, abundantly in blossom a little after five p. m.,—a pretty little flower, the petals dull crimson beneath or varnished mahogany color, and rose-tinted white within or above. It closed on my way home, but opened again in water in the evening. Its opening in the night chiefly is a fact which interests and piques me. Do any insects visit it then?—Lambkill just beginning,—the very earliest. . . . New, bright, glossy, light-green leaves of the umbelled wintergreen are shooting on this hill-side, but the old leaves are particularly glossy and shining, as if varnished and not yet dry, or most highly polished. Did they look thus in the winter? I do not know any leaf so wet-glossy.

While walking up this hill-side I disturbed a night-hawk eight or ten feet from me, which went half fluttering, half hopping, the mottled creature, like a winged toad (as Nuttall says the French of Louisiana call it), down the hill as far as I could see. Without moving I looked about and saw its two eggs on the bare ground on a slight shelf of the hill, on the dead pine needles and sand, without any cavity or nest whatever; very obvious when once you had detected them, but not easily detected from their color, a coarse gray, formed of white spotted with bluish or slaty brown or amber,—a stone-granite color, like the places it selects. I advanced and put my hand on them, and while I stooped, seeing a shadow on the ground, looked up and saw the bird, which had fluttered down the hill so blind and helpless, circling low and swiftly past over my head, showing the white spot on each wing in true night-hawk fashion. When I had

gone a dozen rods it appeared again, higher in the air, with its peculiar limping kind of flight, all the while noiseless, and suddenly descending it dashed at me within ten feet of my head, like an imp of darkness; then swept away high over the pond, dashing now to this side, now to that, on different tracks, as if, in pursuit of its prey, it had already forgotten its eggs on the earth. I can see how it might easily come to be regarded with superstitious awe. — A cuckoo very plainly heard.

Within little more than a fortnight the woods, from bare twigs, have become a sea of verdure, and young shoots have contended with one another in the race. The leaves are unfurled all over the country. Shade is produced, the birds are concealed, their economies go forward uninterruptedly, and a covert is afforded to animals generally. But thousands of worms and insects are preying on the leaves while they are young and tender. Myriads of little parasols are suddenly spread all the country over to shield the earth and the roots of the trees from the parching heat, and they begin to flutter and to rustle in the breeze.

From Bare Hill there is a mist on the landscape, giving it a glaucous appearance. Now I see gentlemen and ladies sitting in boats at anchor on the lakes, in the calm afternoons, under parasols, making use of nature. The farmer, hoeing, is wont to look with scorn and pride on a man sitting in a motionless boat a whole half day, but he does not realize that the object of his own labor is perhaps merely to add another dollar to his heap, nor through what coarseness and inhumanity to his family and servants he often accomplishes this. He has an Irishman or a Canadian working for him by the month, and what, probably, is the lesson he is teaching him by precept and example? Will it make that laborer more of a man? this earth more like heaven?

June 1, 1857. P. M. To hill. The weather has been less reliable for a few weeks past than at any other season of the year. Though fair in the forenoon,

it may rain in the afternoon, and the continuance of the showers surpasses all expectation. After several days of rain a fair day may succeed, and you close your eyes at night on a star-lit sky, but you awake unexpectedly to a steady rain in the morning.

A redwing's nest, four eggs, low in a tuft of sedge in an open meadow. What Champollion can translate the hieroglyphics on these eggs? It is always writing of the same character, though much diversified. While the bird picks up the material and lays this egg, who determines the style of the marking? When you approach, away dashes the dark mother, betraying her nest, and then chatters her anxiety from a neighboring bush, where she is soon joined by the red-shouldered male, who comes scolding over your head, chattering and uttering a sharp "phe phe-e."

I hear the note of a bobolink concealed in the top of an apple-tree behind me. Though this bird's full strain is ordinarily somewhat trivial, this one appears to be meditating a strain as yet unheard in meadow or orchard. *Paulo majora canamus*. He is just touching the strings of his theorbo, his glassichord, his water organ, and one or two notes globe themselves and fall in liquid bubbles from his tuning throat. It is as if he touched his harp within a vase of liquid melody, and when he lifted it out the notes fell like bubbles from the trembling strings. Methinks they are the most liquidly sweet and melodious sounds I ever heard. They are as refreshing to my ear as the first distant tinkling and gurgling of a rill to a thirsty man. Oh, never advance farther in your art; never let us hear your full strain, sir! But away he launches, and the meadow is all bespattered with melody. Its notes fall with the apple blossoms in the orchard. The very divinest part of his strain drops from his overflowing breast *singultim*, in globes of melody. It is the foretaste of such strains as never fell on mortal ears, to hear which we should rush to our doors and contribute all that we possess and are. Or it seemed as if in that vase full of melody some notes

sphered themselves, and from time to time bubbled up to the surface, and were with difficulty repressed.

June 2, 1841. I am brought into the near neighborhood, and am become a silent observer, of the moon to-night by means of a glass, while the frogs are peeping all around me on the earth, and the sound of the accordion seems to come from some bright saloon yonder. I am sure the moon floats in a human atmosphere; it is but a distant scene of the world's drama. It is a wide theatre the gods have given us, and our actions must befit it. More sea and land, mountain and valley here is, — a further West, — a freshness and wildness in reserve when all the land shall be cleared.

I see three little lakes between the hills near its edge, reflecting the sun's rays. The light glimmers as on the water in a tumbler, — so far off do the laws of reflection hold. I seem to see the ribs of the creature. This is the aspect of their day, its outside, their heaven above their heads toward which they breathe their prayers. So much is between me and them. It is noon there, perchance, and ships are at anchor in their havens, or sailing on the seas, and there is a din in the streets, and in this light or shade some leisurely soul contemplates.

But now dor-bugs fly over its disk, and bring me back to earth and night.

June 2, 1853. Half past three A. M. When I awake I hear the low, universal chirping or twittering of the chip-birds, like the bursting head on the surface of the uncorked day. First come, first served. You must taste the first glass of the day's nectar if you would get all the spirit of it. Its fixed air begins to stir and escape. Also the robin's morning song is heard, as in the spring, — earlier than the notes of most other birds, thus bringing back the spring; now rarely heard or noticed in the course of the day.

Four A. M. To Nawshawtuck. I go to the river in a fog — through which I cannot see more than a dozen rods — three or four times as deep as the houses. As I row down the stream, the dark,

din outlines of the trees on the banks appear coming to meet me on the one hand, while they retreat and are soon concealed in it on the other. My strokes soon bring them behind me. The birds are wide awake, as if knowing that this fog presages a fair day. I ascend Nawshawtuck from the north side. I am aware that I yield to the same influence which inspires the birds and the cockerels whose hoarse courage I hear now vaunted. I would crow like chanticleer in the morning, with all the lustiness that the new day imparts, without thinking of the evening, when I and all of us shall go to roost; with all the humility of the cock that takes his perch upon the highest rail and wakes the country with his clarion brag. Shall not men be inspired as much as cockerels? My feet are soon wet with fog. It is indeed a vast dew. Are not the clouds another kind of dew? Cool nights produce them. Now I have reached the hill-top above the fog at a quarter to five, about sunrise, and all around me is a sea of fog, level and white, reaching nearly to the top of this hill, only the tops of a few high hills appearing as distant islands in the main. Wachusett is a more distant and larger island, an Atlantis in the west; there is hardly one to touch at between me and it. It is just like the clouds beneath you as seen from a mountain. It is a perfect level in some directions, cutting the hills near their summits with a geometrical line, but puffed up here and there, and more and more toward the east, by the influence of the sun. An early freight train is heard, not seen, rushing through the town beneath it. You can get here the impression which the ocean makes, without ever going to the shore. The sea-shore exhibits nothing more grand, or on a larger scale. How grand where it rolls off over Ball's Hill, like a glorious ocean after a storm, just lit by the rising sun. It is as boundless as the view from the highlands of Cape Cod. These are exaggerated billows, the ocean on a larger scale, the sea after some tremendous and unheard-of storm, for the actual sea never appears so tossed up and universally white

with foam and spray as this, now, far in the northeastern horizon, where mountain billows are breaking on some hidden reef or bank. It is tossed up toward the sun and by it into the most boisterous of seas, which no craft, no ocean steamer, is vast enough to sail on. Meanwhile, my hands are numb with cold, and my feet ache with it. Now, at quarter past five, before this southwest wind, it is already grown thin as gossamer in that direction, and woods and houses are seen through it, while it is heaped up toward the sun, and finally becomes so thick there that for a short time it appears in one place a dark, low cloud, such as else can only be seen from mountains; and now long, dark ridges of wood appear through it, and now the sun reflected from the river makes a bright glow in the fog, and now, at half past five, I see the green surface of the meadows, and the water through the trees sparkling with bright reflections. Men will go further and pay more to see a tawdry picture on canvas, a poor, painted scene, than to behold the fairest or grandest scene that nature ever displays in their immediate vicinity, although they may never have seen it in their lives. . . .

Cherry birds are the only ones I see in flocks now. I can tell them afar by their peculiar fine springy note. . . .

Four P. M. To Conantum. . . . Arethusas are abundant in what I may call Arethusa Meadow. They are the more striking for growing in such green localities in meadows where the brilliant purple, more or less red, contrasts with the green grass. Found four perfect arrowheads, and one imperfect, in the potato field just plowed up, for the first time that I remember, at the Hubbard bathing place. . . .

Clintonia borealis a day or two. Its beauty at present consists chiefly in its commonly three very handsome, rich, clear, dark-green leaves, which Bigelow describes truly as "more than half a foot long, oblanceolate, smooth, and shining." They are perfect in form and color, broadly oblanceolate, with a deep channel down the middle, uninjured by

insects, arching over from a centre at the ground; and from their midst rises the scape, a foot high, with one or more umbels of "green, bell-shaped flowers," — yellowish-green, nodding or bent downward, but without fragrance. In fact, the plant is all green; both leaves and corolla. The leaves alone — and many have no scape — would detain the walker. Its berries are its flower. A single plant is a great ornament in a vase, from the beauty of its form and the rich, unspotted green of its leaves. The sorrel now reddens the fields far and wide. As I look over the fields thus reddened in extensive patches, now deeper, now passing into green, and think of the season now in its prime and heyday, it looks as if it were the blood mantling in the cheek of the youthful year, — the rosy cheek of its health, its rude June health. The *medeola* has been out a day or two, apparently, — another green flower. . . .

June 2, 1854. P. M. Up Assabet to Castilleja and Annersnack. While waiting for — and S — I look now from the yard to the waving and slightly glaucous-tinged June meadows, edged by the cool shade of shrubs and trees, — a waving shore of shady bays and promontories, yet different from the August shades. It is beautiful and Elysian. The air has now begun to be filled with a bluish haze. These virgin shades of the year, when everything is tender, fresh, and green, how full of promise! — promising bowers of shade in which heroes may repose themselves. I would fain be present at the birth of shadow. It takes place with the first expansion of the leaves. . . . The black willows are already beautiful, and the hemlocks with their bead-work of new green. Are these not kingbird-days, — these clearer first June days, full of light, when this aerial, twittering bird flutters from willow to willow, and swings on the twigs, showing his white-edged tail? The *Azalea nudiflora* is about done, or there was apparently little of it. — I see some beacons' nests near my old bathing place above the stone heaps, with sharp, yellow, sandy edges, like a milk pan from

within. . . . Also there are three or four small stone heaps formed. . . .

The painted-cup meadow is all lit up with ferns on its springy slopes. The handsome flowering fern, now rapidly expanding and fruiting at the same time, colors these moist slopes afar with its now commonly reddish fronds; and then there are the interrupted and the cinnamon ferns in very handsome and regular tufts, and the brakes standing singly, and more backward. . . .

June 2, 1855. From that cocoon of the *Attacus cecropia* which I found — I think it was on the 24th of May — came out this forenoon a splendid moth. I had pinned the cocoon to the sash at the upper part of my window, and quite forgotten it. About the middle of the forenoon S — came in, and exclaimed that there was a moth on my window. My *Attacus cecropia* had come out and dropped down to the window-sill, where it hung on the side of a slipper, to let its wings hang down and develop themselves. At first the wings were not only not unfolded laterally, but not longitudinally, the thinner ends of the foremost ones for perhaps three fourths of an inch being very feeble, and occupying very little space. It was surprising to see the creature unfold and expand before our eyes, the wings gradually elongating, as it were, by their own gravity, and from time to time the insect assisting this operation by a slight shake. It was wonderful how it waxed and grew, revealing some new beauty every fifteen minutes, which I called S — to see, but never losing its hold on the shoe. It looked like a young emperor just donning the most splendid ermine robes, the wings every moment acquiring greater expansion, and their at first wrinkled edge becoming more tense. At first, they appeared double, one within the other. But at last it advanced so far as to spread its wings completely, but feebly, when we approached. This process occupied several hours. It continued to hang to the shoe, with its wings ordinarily closed erect behind its back, the rest of the day, and at dusk, when apparently it was waving them preparatory to

its evening flight, I gave it ether, and so saved it in a perfect state. As it lies, not outspread to the utmost, it is five and nine tenths inches by two and one fourth. . . .

The *Azalea nudiflora* now in its prime. What splendid masses of pink, with a few glaucous green leaves sprinkled here and there, — just enough for contrast!

June 2, 1858. Half past eight A. M. Start for Monadnock. Between Shirley Village and Lunenburg I notice, in a meadow on the right hand, close to the railroad, the *Kalmia glauca* in bloom, as we are whirled past. Arrived at Troy station at five minutes past eleven, and shouldered our knapsacks, steering northeast to the mountain, its top some four miles off. It is a pleasant, hilly road, leading past a few farm-houses, where you already begin to sniff the mountain or at least up-country air. Almost without interruption we had the mountain in sight before us, its sublime gray mass that antique, brownish-gray, Ararat color. Probably these crests of the earth are for the most part of one color in all lands, — that gray color of antiquity which nature loves, the color of unpainted wood, weather stain, time stain; not glaring nor gaudy; the color of all roofs, the color of all things that endure, the color that wears well; color of Egyptian ruins, of mummies, and all antiquity, baked in the sun, done brown, — not scarlet, like the crest of the bragging cock, but that hard, enduring gray, a terrene sky color, solidified air with a tinge of earth.

We left the road at a school-house, and, crossing a meadow, began to ascend gently through very rocky pastures. . . . The neighboring hills began to sink, and entering the wood we soon passed Fassett's shanty, he so busily at work inside that he did not see us, and we took our dinner by the rocky brook-side in the woods just above. A dozen people passed us early in the afternoon while we sat there, — men and women on their way down from the summit, this suddenly very pleasant day after a lowering one having attracted them. . . .

Having risen above the dwarfish

woods (in which mountain ash was very common) which reached higher up along the ravine we had traversed than elsewhere, and nearly all the visitors having descended, we proceeded to find a place for and to prepare our camp at mid P. M. We wished it to be near water, out of the way of the wind — which was northwest — and of the path, and also near to spruce-trees, for a bed. There is a good place, if you would be near the top, within a stone's-throw of it, on the north side, under some spruce-trees. We chose a sunken yard in a rocky plateau on the southeast side of the mountain, perhaps half a mile from the summit by the path, a rod and a half wide by many more in length, with a mossy and bushy floor about five or six feet beneath the general level, where a dozen black spruce-trees grew, though the surrounding rock was generally bare. There was a pretty good spring within a dozen rods, and the western wall shelved over a foot or two. We slanted two scraggy spruce-trees, long since bleached, from the western wall, and, cutting many spruce boughs with our knives, made a thick bed and walls on the two sides, to keep out the wind. Then, putting several poles transversely across our two rafters, we covered them with a thick roof of spruce twigs, like shingles. The spruce, though harsh for a bed, was close at hand, we cutting away one tree to make room. We crawled under the low eaves of this roof, about eighteen inches high, and our extremities projected about a foot.

Having left our packs here, and made all ready for the night, we went up to the summit to see the sun set. Our path lay through a couple of small swamps, and then up the rocks. Forty or fifty rods below the very apex, or quite on the top of the mountain, I saw a little bird flit from beneath a rock close by the path, where there were only a very few scattered dwarf black spruces about, and looking I found a nest with three eggs. It was the *Fringilla hiemalis*, which soon disappeared around a projecting rock. The nest was sunk in the ground by the side of a tuft of grass, and

was pretty deep, made of much fine, dry grass or [sedge?]. The eggs were three, of a regular oval form, faint bluish-white, sprinkled with fine pale-brown dots, in two of the three condensed into a ring about the larger end. They had just begun to develop. The nest and tuft were covered by a projecting rock. Brewer says that only one nest is known to naturalists. We saw many of these birds flitting about the summit, perched on the rocks and the dwarf spruces, and disappearing behind the rocks. It is the prevailing bird now on the summit. They are commonly said to go to the fur countries to breed, though Wilson says that some breed in the Alleghanies. The New York Reports make them breed in the Catskills and some other mountains of that State. This was a quite interesting discovery. They probably are never seen in the surrounding low grounds at this season. . . . Now that the season is advanced, migrating birds have gone to the extreme north or to the mountain tops. By its color it harmonized with the gray and brownish-gray rocks. We felt that we were so much nearer to perennial spring and winter. . . .

We heard the hylodes peeping from a rain-water pool, a little below the summit, toward night. As it was quite hazy we could not see the shadow of the mountain well, and so returned just before sunset to our camp. We lost the path coming down, for nothing is easier than to lose your way here, where so little trail is left upon the rocks, and the different rocks and ravines are so much alike. Perhaps no other equal area is so bewildering in this respect as a rocky mountain summit, though it has so conspicuous a central point. Notwithstanding the newspaper and egg-shell left by visitors, these parts of nature are still peculiarly unhandseled and untracked. The natural terraces of rock are the steps of this temple; and it is the same whether it rises above the desert or a New England village. Even the inscribed rocks are as solemn as most ancient grave-stones, and nature reclaims them with bog and lichen. These sculp-

tors seemed to me to court such alliance with the grave as they who put their names over tombstones along the highway. One, who was probably a blacksmith, had sculptured the emblems of his craft, an anvil and hammer, beneath his name. Apparently, a part of the regular outfit of mountain climbers is a hammer and cold chisel, and perhaps they allow themselves a supply of garlic also. But no Old Mortality will ever be caught renewing their epitaphs. It reminds one what kind of steep do climb the false pretenders to fame, whose chief exploit is the carriage of the tools with which to inscribe their names. For speaking epitaphs they are, and the mere name is a sufficient revelation of the character. They are all of one trade, — stone-cutters, defacers of mountain tops. "Charles and Lizzie!" Charles carried the sledge-hammer, and Lizzie the cold chisel. Some have carried up a paint pot, and painted their names on the rocks.

We returned to our camp, and got our tea in our sunken yard. While one went for water to the spring, the other kindled a fire. The whole rocky part of the mountain, except the extreme summit, is strewn with the relics of spruce-trees a dozen or fifteen feet long, and long since dead and bleached, so that there is plenty of dry fuel at hand. We sat out on the brink of the rocky plateau, near our camp, taking our tea in the twilight, and found it quite dry and warm there, though you would not have thought of sitting out at evening in the surrounding valleys. I have often perceived the warm air high on the sides of hills, while the valleys were filled with a cold, damp night-air, as with water, and here the air was warmer and drier the greater part of the night. We perceived no dew there this or the next night. This was our parlor and supper-room; in another direction was our wash-room. The chewink sang before night, and this, as I have before observed, is a very common bird on mountain tops; the wood-thrush sang, too, indefinitely far or near, a little more distant and unseen, as great poets are. It seems to

love a cool atmosphere, and sometimes lingers quite late with us. Early in the evening the night-hawks were heard to *speak* and boom over these bare gray rocks, and such was our serenade at first as we lay on our spruce bed. We were left alone with the night-hawks. These withdrawn, bare rocks must be a very suitable place for them to lay their eggs, and their dry and unmusical, yet supra-mundane and spirit-like voices and sounds gave fit expression to the rocky mountain solitude. It struck the very key-note of that stern, gray, and barren region. It was a thrumming of the mountain's rocky chords; strains from the music of chaos, such as were heard when the earth was rent and these rocks heaved up. Thus they went *speaking* and booming while we were courting the first access of sleep, and I could imagine their dainty, limping flight, inclining over the kindred rocks with a spot of white quartz in their wings. No sound could be more in harmony with that scenery. Though common below, it seemed peculiarly proper here. But ere long the night-hawks are stilled, and we hear only the sound of our companion's breathing, or of a bug in our spruce roof. I thought I heard once, faintly, the barking of a dog far down under the mountain.

A little after one A. M. I woke and found that the moon had risen, and heard some little bird near by sing a short strain of welcome to it, song-sparrow-like. Before dawn the night-hawks commenced their sounds again, which were as good as a clock to us, telling how the night got on. At length, by three o'clock, June 3d, the signs of dawn appear, and soon we hear the robin and the *Fringilla hiemalis* (its prolonged jingle as it sat on the top of a spruce), the chewink and the wood-thrush. Whether you have slept soundly or not, it is not easy to lie abed under these circumstances, and we rose at half past three, in order to see the sun rise from the top and get our breakfast there. It was still hazy, and we did not see the shadow of the mountain until it was comparatively short, nor did

we get the most distant views, as of the Green and White mountains, while we were there. . . .

We concluded to explore the whole rocky part of the mountain in this wise: to saunter slowly around it at about the height and distance from the summit of our camp, or say half a mile, more or less, first going north, and returning by the western semicircle, and then exploring the east side, completing the circle, and returning over the summit at night. . . .

During this walk, in looking toward the summit, I first observed that its steep, angular projections and the brows of the rocks were the parts chiefly covered with dark brown lichens, *umbilicaria*, etc., as if they were to grow on the ridge and slopes of a man's nose only. It was the steepest and most exposed parts of the high rocks alone on which they grew, where you would think it most difficult for them to cling. They also covered the more rounded brows on the sides of the mountain, especially on the east side, where they were very dense, fine, crisp, and firm, like a sort of shagreen, giving a firm hold to the feet where it was needed. It was these that gave that Ararat brown color of antiquity to these portions of the mountain, which a few miles distant could not be accounted for, compared with the more prevalent gray. From the sky blue you pass through the misty gray of the rocks to this darker and more terrene color. The temples of the mountain are covered with lichens, which color it for miles. . . .

We had thus made a pretty complete survey of the top of the mountain. It is a very unique walk, and would be almost equally interesting to take, if it were not elevated above the surrounding valleys. It often reminded me of my walks on the beach, and suggested how much both depend for their sublimity on solitude and dreariness. In both cases we feel the presence of some vast, titanic power. The rocks and valleys and bogs and rain pools of the mountain are so wild and unfamiliar still that

you do not recognize the one you left fifteen minutes before. This rocky region, forming what you may call the top of the mountain, must be more than two miles long by one wide in the middle, and you would need to ramble round it many times before it would begin to be familiar. . . .

We proceeded to get our tea on the summit, in the very place where I had made my bed for a night some fifteen years before. . . . It was interesting to watch from that height the shadows of fair weather clouds passing over the landscape. You could hardly distinguish them from forests. It reminded me of similar shadows seen on the sea from the high bank of Cape Cod beach. There the perfect equality of the sea atoned for the comparatively slight elevation of the bank. . . . In the valley or on the plain you do not commonly notice the shadow of a cloud unless you are in it, but on a mountain top or on a lower elevation in a plane country, or by the sea-side, the shadows of clouds flitting over the landscape are a never-failing source of amusement. It is commonly easy enough to refer a shadow to its cloud, since in one direction its form is perceived with sufficient accuracy. Yet I was surprised to observe that a long, straggling, downy cumulus, extending north and south a few miles east of us, when the sun was perhaps an hour high, cast its shadow along the base of the Peterboro hills, and did not fall on the other side, as I should have expected. It proved the clouds not so high as I had supposed. . . . It was pleasant enough to see one man's farm in the shadow of a cloud, which perhaps he thought covered all the Northern States, while his neighbor's farm was in sunshine.

June 4th. At six A. M. we began to descend. As you are leaving a mountain and looking back at it from time to time, it is interesting to see how it gradually gathers up its slopes and spurs to itself into a regular whole, and makes a new and total impression.

NEW BOOKS ON ART.

I.

THE immediate points of contact between Raphael and Michel Angelo are not so important that their biographies needed to be written together; else it would have been done before. They met at Rome in 1508; they carried on their great decorative works in the Vatican side by side, and the younger man shows in his later productions the influence of the grand manner of the elder. But they seem to have had hardly a speaking acquaintance; there was a large disparity in their ages, and Raphael was taken out of the strange, fruitful turmoil of the time in which they flourished forty-two years earlier than Michel Angelo, though he had entered it so much later. He died, as we know, at thirty-seven, while the other lived on to eighty-eight. Mr. Perkins¹ finds, however, in his plan of treating of the two as at present, for the first time, so far as he knows, conjointly, a warrant for adding something more to the vast bibliography which, in the case of Michel Angelo, was found, on the four hundredth anniversary of his birth, three years ago, to reach to one hundred and fifty good-sized pages of titles of works alone, and with Raphael must be as much. He believes the distinctive peculiarities of each can be better set forth than usual by force of contrast. This, together with their contemporaneous appearance, their connection with the same eminent third parties, the great art patrons of the age, and the relation of their extraordinary prominence in art, which has not been diminished by anything that has succeeded them, is quite warrant enough, if any other were needed than the attractiveness of the manner in which he has accomplished it, for his enterprise. There is not, after all, so very much of this

vast bibliography accessible to the private individual when he comes to look it up; and if there were, the modern manner must be accepted in this field, as in others, as an excuse for a good deal of reprinting. We think the same information and critical estimates contained in Mr. Perkins's book will not be found elsewhere so satisfactorily and lucidly presented. This is in part owing to the full illustrations so necessary in work of this kind, in which many of its predecessors — valuable otherwise, like the biographies of Grimm and Wolzogen — are lacking. The increasing facilities for illustration, as by the heliotype process used in the present case, allowing its advantages to be given to books of moderate cost, will probably make it more and more a feature of the modern manner. There are numerous full plates after the best engravings and autograph drawings of the masters, besides a quantity of minor sketches, tail-pieces, and tasteful initial letters. Heliotypes are not line engravings, it is true; the fastidious can complain of an impairment of the ultimate perfections in them, sometimes a slight thickening and blurring of lines, the incongruous feeling of the smooth paper, and the absence of relief to the touch; but what is lost is infinitesimal compared to what is gained. In the case of the reproductions of drawings, as that of the *Lost Soul* from the *Last Judgment*, at page 234, the loss is not appreciable. These plates accentuate the descriptions to those who have seen the originals in a way that mere feats of memory could not. To those who have not they give a definite conception which the greatest expenditure of word-painting might labor in vain to accomplish. The previous volumes of Mr. Perkins, *The Tuscan Sculptors* and *The Italian Sculptors*, issued in London, with their elaborate etchings, which prove him artist as well as writer, are a sufficient reference for his inclination and

¹ *Raphael and Michelangelo. A Critical and Biographical Essay.* By CHARLES C. PERKINS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

trained judgment in the matters in hand. He repeats something of what he there had to say of Michel Angelo, who came prominently into the scope of the inquiry in the most important of his many departments; but it is of course much amplified, and brought into a matured and symmetrical form.

The plan carries along the two subjects of the essay in turn, so as to keep them abreast chronologically, and refers each to the foil of the other, as the successive occasions offer. It recalls a little those formal compositions, the parallels, as between Dryden and Pope; or Jay and Hamilton, with which our ancestors pleased themselves. On the one hand Dryden, on the other Pope: Dryden more capricious and free, Pope more studied and cautious; Dryden content to satisfy, Pope desirous to excel. But there is nothing formal in the easy, pleasing manner of Mr. Perkins, and his method of proceeding by close contrast, we are ready to admit, has the advantages claimed for it. As we progress in knowledge of each we comprehend better the other. Each in turn illuminates and is illuminated, and the appearances have the definiteness coming from illumination by a single direct light. The parallel here is not a case for fine-drawn discriminations. It is a plain, straightforward setting forth of, for the most part, boldly opposed qualities. These two lives can hardly appear to any differently than to Grimm, who found them "like a short and sunny spring contrasted with a long year beginning in tempest and in tempest ending." The volume is fuller in its critical than in its strictly biographical portion, but it does not differ in this from some of the professed biographies. There is, in fact, no very large accumulation of strictly personal details. They had few interests apart from their works. There is a glimpse in two or three mediocre sonnets of Raphael's of some love affair, said to have been with a baker's daughter, the Fornarina, but the author is disposed to put her down as one of the mythical personages of history. Michel Angelo was engaged as an engineer in the defense of Florence against

the imperial troops, and cherished in his later years a Platonic passion for a noble lady, Vittoria Colonna, and a warm friendship for a young amateur artist, Cavalieri. Apart from these, all is pictures and statues and architecture, and the negotiations for them. Raphael appears the more engrossed of the two, yet an idea of the completeness with which Michel Angelo was wrapped up in his occupation, so that he could never conceive of his being engaged in any other way, is gathered from his letter to Francis I.: "If I live long enough I will prepare a statue in marble and one in bronze, and also a picture, for your majesty, as I have long desired to do. If I should die first, and we are permitted to sculpture and paint in the other world, where we shall no longer grow old, then I will perform my promise."

The difference between them was not especially one of circumstances, — both had the fullest opportunities placed at their disposal for the display of all there was in them, — but a radical one of temperament, which extended to all their works. One adapted himself gayly to his conditions, like a dry boat to a tossing sea; the other opposed himself rigidly to them, and bore ill the grievance of their concussion. The history of Michel Angelo is a record of quarrels, ill-regulated receipts and disbursements, the adjustment of which defrauds him of just compensation for his own services, and sometimes subjects him to suspicions of dishonesty, met by indignant calls for investigation. He was sent on distasteful missions to quarry marble, set at occupations he did not like and debarred from those he did. His pride was met by the superior haughtiness of potentates. He fumed, desponded, and cast forth his great works in a sort of paroxysm. Raphael walked like a prince at the head of troops of scholars, wealthy, courted, and unruffled. He expended upon each successive demand only the just measure of energy it required. He completed, touch by touch, the perfection serenely contemplated and proposed in advance. Turning over these alternate chapters, one is impressed somewhat as in watching a suc-

cession of heavy shadows flying across a smiling landscape. The more erratic genius who scattered his powers, the type of all those who have aspired after the unknown and impossible, is perhaps nearer to our sympathies; but the balanced life of Raphael, the exquisite fineness of his quality, his conception of an attainable ideal in the common humanity about him, and his calm progress towards the complete realization of it claim the admiration belonging to so rare an instance of harmonious power. It is not a cold perfection, but full of vitality. His study is extremely close. In the department of Madonnas and Holy Families he painted more in number than the years of his life, yet no two are alike. They are infinitely delicate variations upon a single theme. He drew out of it all that it was capable of. "The Virgin and Child, with Saint John and the attendant saints," says Perkins, "are to him what the notes in the musical scale are to a musician. . . . In the Seggiola and the Tenda the divine infant nestles in his mother's arms like a bird in its nest; in the Cardellino and the Belle Jardinière he plays like a child with the infant John; in the Pesce he listens graciously to prayer; in the Palma he accepts the flowers gathered for him by Saint Joseph; in the Vela he sleeps under the watchful eyes of his mother; in the San Sisto he is awake, and, as it were, transfigured by a divine spirit which irradiates his brow, beams from his eyes, and, like a light set in a vase of alabaster, shines through his human form. It is by comparing these pictures, identical in subject, but differing so widely in individuality and character of charm, that we get the best idea of the richness of Raphael's fancy."

It is a very human career, too. Its components, in the successive influences brought to bear upon him, can be accurately traced. It is not a digression to examine that contemplative Umbrian school, descending from traditions of the early frescoes at Assisi, which was the first of these influences; nor the character of his mountainous home, abounding in those landscapes of which he made

such use in his pictures; nor the court of good dukes of Urbino, where "the Perfect Courtier" of Castiglione was possible in a time of assassinations and all shameful crimes elsewhere. Nothing is sweeter and quainter, or conceivable, as a fitter preparation for what was to follow than the manner of his youth there, serving, as it is believed, as a model for the child Jesus and an ingenuous blonde angel in the passable altar-pieces of his father, Giovanni Santi, — with his mother turned to account by the thrifty painter as the nearest and most economical model for a madonna. Under Perugino, he was Perugino and something more. At Florence he learned from Lionardo and Fra Bartolommeo a more natural composition, and the secret of a depth and thoughtfulness lacking in the constrained and superficial sweetness of his Peruginesque manner. At Rome critics find in his four beautiful allegorical figures in the Stanze, Religion, Poetry, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence, the influence of Michel Angelo's Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel, and in his Evangelists a reflection of the mighty prophets of the same. He was influenced at Rome above all by the antique. In his adaptation of it, it is one of his notable features that he is the type of the highest modern notion of reconciling the two conflicting ideals, of the flesh and the spirit, which came so sharply in contact at the Renaissance period. He joined the mediæval soul to the classic body. His forms are beautiful and rejoice in their strength, but the faculties are coördinated. The baser are subdued, and honor is paid to the higher. It results from his talent for assimilation that at the end his work was a sum of all the perfections of the time, with his own genius added, and yet there is no charge of plagiarism. He had the fine sense to seize essences. He took the whole vitalizing principles, but nothing so coarsely tangible that it could be said he copied. "This," we say, contemplating such an unwavering progress and its results, "is life as it should be." It were weak to ask that it should be free from severe and unrelenting toil, but

should not effort at last be crowned with success, and not baffled of its aim?

Unlike Raphael, his brooding, introspective, unhappy contemporary, we are given to understand, resisted all influences. Whatever he had he drew from within himself, and he had but a single manner. It was nearly as strong at first as at last. Apprenticed to Ghirlandaio at thirteen, he took nothing even from this first master, who finished so closely, and introduced, like Holbein, realistic every-day burghers kneeling in his stiff religious tableaux. With some small debt to the antique, he shut his eyes to everything else, and disdained to correct even his faults from observation of others. The naked human figure for the form, and some far-away secret store-house of sublimities for the soul, were his only material. This scornful trait does not impress one as egotism in the ordinary sense. It is more like a supreme disgust at the disparity between the realization and the dim conceptions of the imagination for which he strove, which included merits and faults in a like indifference. He left scores of statues in which the form just begins to emerge from the block, full of a vague impressiveness. Their meaning was perhaps as much a mystery to him as to others. He repeatedly declared himself, in a passion of impatience, neither sculptor, painter, nor architect, yet his pride was not the less intense. He was comparing himself, not with things as they are, but with some standard of towering perfection seen only by himself.

As to his architecture, M. Garnier, who wrote professionally the section on this head of the elegant volume prepared by the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* (and he is followed by Mr. Perkins), agrees with his own dissatisfied estimate. "Though he has the stroke, the force, the breadth, the will, the personality, which make the great composer," he says, "Michel Angelo is ignorant of the language of architecture, does not know its grammar, and can hardly write. Having conceived

the leading lines of the design, it would seem as if he had written upon his drawing, 'Here place a cornice, there a capital.' " The line of criticism seems a little hypercritical. It is not unusual for good architects even at the present day to confide some of the details to subordinates, and we find it hard to believe that so masterly a composer of masses could not have done as well with whatever capitals and cornices, in his great press of affairs, he chose to honor with his attention. Lübke, in his late *History of Art*, continues the old view, and finds one of his cornices at least, that of the Farnese palace, "grandly effective," and his plan for the Capitol "of matchless artistic grace."

The really comprehensive work on pottery has not yet been written. Perhaps the accumulation of material is so great that it would not be reasonable to expect it in any moderate compass. Of the mass of publications on the subject each has its peculiar one-sidedness. This speculates upon ethnological questions, and is broadly philosophic to the neglect of detail. That contains quaint and curious information which is of genuine interest, but cannot be turned to account by the practical collector. The next is a cold catalogue of marks and formulas. In all the equilibrium is disturbed on the side of nationality. The author naturally devotes a preponderating share of attention to the country in which and in whose language his work appears. There are English, French, German, and Italian histories of the ceramic art. It seems to be thought time, brief as has been our career in the fascinating pursuit, for American histories. This means simply that the existing material must be worked over and something incorporated to give it a local flavor.

This object is accomplished both in Mr. Elliott's book¹ and in Mr. Prime's,² which appear side by side, by taking the pictorial illustrations in part from ceramic specimens in our few museums

¹ *Pottery and Porcelain. From Early Times down to the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876.* By CHARLES WYLLIS ELLIOTT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.

² *Pottery and Porcelain in all Times and Nations.* By WM. C. PRIME. New York: Harper Brothers. 1878.

and among our home collections. As Jacquemart calls attention to this and that beautiful piece in the collection of Rothschild and others, the writer finds plates and vases to exemplify their meaning at Mr. S. P. Avery's and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. There is further appended to each a brief chapter—very similar in both, and in Mr. Elliott's made up largely of quotations from former writing of Mr. Prime's—on the history of American ceramics. If there is indeed only as much to be said on the subject as here appears, we do not find so good a reason for the existence of the books as we supposed there might be. Our own idea of the American work on pottery that would have been justified would be a moderate-sized volume going much more fully into the American production, its past, its present, and its prospects; a sketch of our earthen and other facilities for the manufacture; and such a detailed account of our collectors and acquisitions that it could be understood what the ruling tendencies are, and to what point we have already attained. A good deal more on modern and contemporary pottery abroad than we have been favored with would also not be out of place. Such a volume would be a useful supplement to the general standard treatises, and an addition to the subject, not only for this market, but for others, as the present compilations from former works certainly are not.

It would have been better for Mr. Elliott's book if it had not had Mr. Prime's as a rival. It is impossible to speak of them without drawing comparisons. The latter is much the more methodical and workmanlike in its structure. Mr. Elliott, on the other hand, has the advantage in his illustrations. They are very full and elegant, and this is so important a means of conveying information in this particular branch as to be entitled to considerable weight as an offset. The representations of the Havilands' Limoges *faïence*, at pages 150 and 151, are especially pleasing, and true to the peculiarly bold and artistic effect of this ware. That of Solon's vase, in *pâte sur pâte*, on page 316, is nearly as good.

Both of these wares can now be had in considerable supply of our dealers, the latter example being taken from Tiffany's stock in New York. The Limoges especially is earning a deserved popularity. The author commends it as "equal to the best work of China and Japan. Nothing is niggled or petty. . . . These painters are artists in color. Bold and strange as the work is, nothing is glaring, showy, bright, or flashy; throughout there is that reserve which indicates strength and creates confidence."

The reader will be impressed with a sense of Mr. Elliott's enthusiasm for his pursuit, his understanding of what is really meritorious in good work, and his earnest conviction about certain artistic matters,—as that enlightened conventionalism, and not imitation, is what is desirable in ceramic ornament; and sociological matters,—as that the "busy men who are making railways and coal-pits, under the pleasing illusion that they are developing the country more than the rest of us," are wrong; the *home* is the central fact, and the art of living the first and worthiest object of attention. But this, with much more interesting matter which will repay perusal, is rather jumbled.

Much of the author's illustration of the subject from the exhibits at the Centennial is as loose as the private letter of a casual visitor. For instance: "The Owari porcelain is mostly the blue. . . . But so far as one visit could reveal, [our italics] there was nothing equal to the old six-mark blue." Again: "The case of old wares shown by Kiriu Kosho Kuwaisha, from Tokio, contained a collection which had a kind of mysterious fascination even to us outside barbarians, which we suppose might have become an intense desire to possess *could we have known anything about them.*"

Surely, there was no necessity for the author's thus, as the very vulgar say, "giving himself away." Would it not have been better to say nothing? The good points of the book are its feeling, considerable information which, however inaptly arranged, is entertaining, and, as has been said, the pictures.

Mr. Gardner¹ appears as an interpreter of the great decorative truths of the moment to an humbler class than that to which they were at first promulgated. It is evident, both from his mingling of very small economies with his æsthetic and moral reflections and from his bold air of original discovery, that he relies upon an audience prevented by the pinchings of severe poverty from having read in Eastlake, Clarence Cook, the Misses Garrett, the popular magazines, or even the original Downing, in a complete form the fragmentary knowledge he treats them to. There is a young lady who foregoes a proposed spring bonnet in order to paper her room, in accordance with correct principles, at a total of three dollars and eighty cents; and a man who has constructed two chairs and a foot-stool out of an empty soap-box. The man's name is John. We know that he employs his leisure time in researches after perpetual motion, and do not wonder that he is not wealthy. His house is an example of what may be accomplished in art with a lofty ideal, a fret-saw, and some knowledge of brick-laying. He has a fire-place which he built in person by the following method: he "bought an old grate and a plate of cast-iron at a junk shop, stole some bricks and mortar, laid up a couple of thin walls as far apart as the length of the grate, supported the grate near the bottom, and put the plate on the top, — all inside of the antique original [fire-place]," and finally a wooden shelf over the whole. Elsewhere, John has a room with two mirrors in the corners instead of one in the middle; and another with a red frieze, on which are pasted a collection of figures in black, representing the animals of Noah's Ark. Though they are supposed to be poor, the author sets strangely little value on the time of his readers. To avoid paying the workmen who could do the things he proposes expeditiously, he advises an amount of personal tinkering in an old coat and overalls that would not consist with success in any occupation. The more so as the

experiments are mainly of a character which could not fail to come to grief and call at last for the employment of a regular practitioner, besides the wear and tear of temper. He makes a visit to a person designated "the prophet," for his great success in matters of the kind in question. He finds him painting his hall with a paneling of blue storks on a black ground. He has already painted the dining-room with squirrels on a red ground, and ornamented the billiard-room with a Chinese paper, a dado with a simple pattern of large checks, and "a serene frieze." The author would like to take all the world with him to this home, which he finds more a temple than a home.

Their triteness is not so much an objection to Mr. Gardner's suggestions as their incompleteness. They are not numerous enough to form a system. Most of his propositions are without value to the person who cannot attempt structural changes and must be content with what can be done to the movable property of his interior. On the other hand, they are too few to suffice the one who owns his house and proposes to tear it quite to pieces. There is a sentiment in favor of platform staircases, window-seats, and an outside hood over windows, but nothing about roofs, dormers, chimney-pots, or a porch; nothing, as we have said, to constitute a system either to build or furnish by. Here is rather a collection of casual recipes, and may well enough have been got together, as they purport to have been, in the experience of nine successive days of an architect's practice. But nine successive days of an architect's life — one of the most useful and thoroughly to be respected as it is — are not necessarily matter for a book, however it may be with nine typical and selected days. The first case is that of "Mollie," whose room is to be repapered. This affords an opening to lay down the valuable ordinance of the dado and frieze, and also to dwell upon the principle that rooms which expect to have pictures hung up in them should not have pictures of hunting scenes and so forth taking part in the pattern of

¹ *Home Interiors*. By E. C. GARDNER. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

the wall-paper, as the two kinds conflict. The next is that of "St. Augustine." He thinks of having a hard-wood floor instead of a carpet. He is encouraged in the project, and the argument for rugs rehearsed. "Harry Jr." writes to complain that if he has wide windows in his house, as he wishes, there will be no place for the outside blinds. He is clearly told, as the fact is, that outside blinds have no rights entitled to respect. They should be dispensed with, and replaced with curtains of jute at thirty cents a yard. "Warwick" objects to the ordinary rectangular appearance of doors. He is given some designs with eccentric braces in them, which would by no means come within the scope of moderate purses to build. We are surprised at the "Colonel," on the sixth day. A simple private citizen, he comes forward with a more radical æsthetic idea than the architect himself, to wit: that door and window frames ought to be very like picture frames, and that there is no more reason for doors being all of the same height, style of casing, and curvature at the top than for hanging up a number of copies of Bierstadt's *Yo Semite*. He is gently put down in this by the architect, but in compensation advised that he may and ought to run the window-casings up to the ceiling and down to the base-board, as a more constructive feature. The really startling passage, the crisis of acute interest, is where a bold rebellion is announced against the exclusive domination of hard woods. The fearless statement is hazarded that wood *may be painted* if a general harmony of things seems to require it. In short, every successive difficulty is met. The author comes up smiling to the next, with a geniality, a benevolent largeness, and an air of conveying information without pretense that would be charming except for the trifling lack of the information itself. Mr. Gardner, in fact, instead of appearing as a teacher, is in great need of learning. His illustrations of the effects he would have us try to produce by cheap tricks of copying shadows of grains and grasses on our panels and screens — instead of spend-

ing a year with a drawing-master — are an incontrovertible method of showing it. Another series of home-made illustrations interwoven with the rest gives playful suggestions — as of a party going to Worcester on a pilgrimage to "the prophet" — that come into the author's brain as he writes. They should be a warning to anybody having this seductive taste not to injure his printed matter, had as it may be, with such an auxiliary. The figures are about five heads high. The women have no feet, and appear to be held to the ground by some crushing pressure; the men consist of a toddling coat and pantaloons. The chapter on stairs is diversified by the incident of a woman falling headlong down a staircase which is a simple, flat, front elevation. It is a problem in foreshortening to amaze Michel Angelo.

Mr. Arthur Little's sketches¹ are interesting as far as they go, but so incomplete as a whole that one wonders why the taste that chose such a subject should have been unable to handle it more attractively. It may be sufficiently accounted for by his mistake in going to work as architect instead of, or much more than, as artist. With an apparent idea of directly benefiting somebody, he has made a number of his views hardly more than formal "elevations," and shown newel posts to a scale large enough to be easily adopted into working drawings. He appears really to take hold with sincerity of the idea, a little coquetted with of late, that our "colonial style" ought to be revived for modern uses. Had he recalled these old New England houses merely for the quaintness in which they abound, and their historic associations, we should have been better pleased. With only so much of a purpose he would have been less scrupulous about a particular molding, and he would by no means have confined himself to interiors. But he would have given us more diversified representations, more picturesqueness, more of their real spirit, which is the important thing. There ought to be in the

¹ *Early New England Interiors*. By ARTHUR LITTLE. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1878.

ideal work of this kind not only large plates each monotonously finished up to an encompassing heavy black line, but some playfulness, graceful vignetting, irregular "bits" now and then, glimpses of a vine-clad porch, or a dormer window peeping through the foliage, a figure musing by the fire-place or mounting one of the old stair-ways. Letterpress, too, is an essential part. A meagre line on the opposite page, explaining that this is the chimney-piece of the Cabot house or the Pickman house, is not enough. Who outside of Salem knows anything about the Cabot house? The work of Mrs. Greatorex on old New York is not a bad model for this kind of enterprise. There ought to be in the ancient residences of New England fully as much of possibilities in heroic and sentimental reminiscence and gossip about manners and customs long gone by.

As to reviving the colonial architecture, it is not worth while to mince matters in saying that we have nothing to learn of that period in the way of ornament, and it is to this that Mr. Little principally devotes himself. The characteristic of colonial ornament is a spindling thinness of moldings, and a broken-spirited droop in the scrolls and natural festoons of which it availed itself in its carvings, that calls to mind the weeping willow by a funereal urn of the worsted "samplers," another notable decoration of the time. To go back to this product of the hands of ordinary builders, of a date when there were no facilities for art, and even an avowed hostility to it, from the vigorous work in several styles that we have since known would be sickly sentimentality indeed. As well revive the lackadaisical "annuals," and put the monument maker's figures in the front rank of sculpture. The colonists very sensibly covered up their carved decorations with plenty of good white paint. The Ladd house at Portsmouth, we learn, has a garland in pear-wood over its chimney-piece, by Grinling Gibbons. When the colonial taste had yielded a little to that for the honest exhibition of the natural grain and color of

woods to which we have later become accustomed, it was scraped with care, but "the wood was found to be so much stained as to make it necessary to paint it again."

Something can be learned from the spirit of these old residences, if not from their details. There is an art worth seeking in their feeling of homeliness, something emanating from their spread upon the ground, their gambrel roofs and dormers, their wainscots (painted as they are) and their low ceilings, and, let us add, their furniture. It is for this reason that it is reprehensible in Mr. Little, if he wished to instruct us, to have shown almost nothing of them as a whole. His views comprise but one exterior, that of the Wentworth house at Little Harbor, Newcastle. Of the others there is not even a hurried sketch, and of the Wentworth house there are no interiors given. It would have been interesting to follow the correspondence between its outward aspect and its internal arrangements. Nor is there a stick of furniture shown in any of the rooms, although we are informed of one house, the Waters house of Salem, that it "probably contains the finest collection of colonial furniture in the country."

The most pleasing illustrations are those of the various staircases, these having considerable perspective range and something of a pictorial character. The parlor of the Wentworth house of Portsmouth — not to be confounded with the one before mentioned — has quite a magnificent appearance, with its pilasters, deep cornice, and especially some old paper above the wainscot, of an enormously large flowered pattern, which has the effect of tapestry in the drawing. The most notable points of these interiors as here presented are corner cupboards with a scallop-shell finish for their ceilings, and the location of the chimney — contrary to present usage, which retains it with its store of heat as much within the house as possible — in the outside wall. This gives it great projection, and makes prevalent the arrangement of a window on each side, spanned by flat arches and provided

with cozy seats. Sometimes, as in the Devereux house, one of these is a false window with looking-glass instead of lights, which reflects the room. There are plenty of dentils, and the egg and dart molding in the cornices. Frequently a patriotic spread eagle and stars take their place among the ornamental reliefs.

It is not to disparage colonial architecture to point out that more enlightened later styles have all of its peculiar merits, with others. We recognize the

quaint charm of its age and dissimilarity to prevailing patterns. There may even be structural points and methods of treatment worthy of attention. But nobody can seriously contemplate it as a system to be renewed. Mr. Little's aim is too technical for the general public, and he illustrates a style that few architects will be apt to appreciate as such. The work of adequately exploiting old New England houses is still to be done. It is of a kind well worth doing, and we shall hope for further attempts.

DECORATION DAY.

ON this fair morn, when over all the land
Come softly gracious ones, with eyelids wet,
And on the soldier's grave, with reverent hand,
Lay lily and violet,

Who brings to thee, where o'er thy fallen head
The un pitying seasons heedless come and go,
A wreath to deck thy lone and nameless bed,
Where Southern forests grow?

When ode and psalm and tuneful eloquence
Rehearse the deeds that kept the nation free,
And tears rain fast in love and reverence,
Who drops a tear for thee?

Perchance, where thou dost rest, the oriole's psalm
Floats light above thee, and the sweet-brier lays
Her perfumed cheek on thine. When nights are calm,
And all the stars ablaze,

Perchance the dew distills her patient tears
Upon thy breast; or, from the o'erhanging tree,
A dreaming bird, disturbed by midnight fears,
Shakes down soft drops on thee.

I may not know. Afar thou liest, and lone,
Nor love nor grief thy burial-place may see;
But the wide earth, my lost, yet still my own,
Holds but thy grave for me!

Amelia Daley Alden.

COUNT PULASKI'S STRANGE POWER.

I HAVE never been a believer in spiritualism, or mesmerism, or animal magnetism; and it is fair to say also that I have never so far investigated the phenomena claimed to be exhibited in connection with these subjects as to feel myself entitled to pronounce an opinion upon their truth or falsity.

When I say that I am a lawyer of twenty years' practice, it will be at once inferred that I claim at least the common ability to detect attempted imposition. The members of our profession have from an early date been somewhat more distinguished for devouring widows' houses than for swallowing, blind fold, new dogmas, whether true or false.

What I purpose to relate is plain matter of fact, which occurred on shipboard on a passage from Portland to Liverpool, in a screw-steamer in the year 1858.

At least thirty persons were present, and would bear witness to the correctness of my statement. Some of them were believers in spiritualism in certain of its forms, and were ready to accept almost any solution of what occurred. Others were hard business men, who would not have wasted their precious time in the investigation of new theories if they could have found any means to make a dollar in the way of trade; but as the passage was long and tedious, they were glad to be amused by whatever was invented to kill their weary time. Among the passengers was a venerable Catholic priest, an educated and interesting man, and evidently conscious of his influence over several ladies of his church who had come on board with him. He took no part in our various amusements, but looked on with approbation, for the most part, though in the particular scenes into which I design to introduce the reader he was manifestly much disturbed, either because he was himself troubled for a solution of what he witnessed, or perhaps because he feared that some of his people might thereby be led into heretical

opinions. Somewhat conspicuous, too, among the passengers was a Mrs. Ruthen, a tall, thin, earnest Catholic woman of fifty years or more, one of those females, peculiar to no sect or country, whose mission seems to be to take the general oversight of affairs and regulate the walk and conversation of everybody about them. She was evidently a sincere and virtuous woman, and very desirous that others should be just as sincere and virtuous as she herself was. She was what we call a *good* woman, by which we usually mean a woman whose *forte* is goodness, — who runs all to goodness, just as some old trees run all to fruit, with no sap to spare for a single luxuriant ornamental shoot. Such goodness is a constant, even though silent reproach to all less perfect people. In such a presence we are painfully conscious "how awful goodness is." Early in the voyage she began to manifest the consciousness that a wide field of missionary enterprise was before her. She cast much-injured looks upon the games of cards with which even sober-minded citizens are wont to amuse themselves at sea, and the oaths of the second officer of the ship, which ever and anon mingled with the breezes across the deck, were all reflected in tenfold numbers from her injured countenance, like flashes of light from a broken mirror. It is an evidence of the depravity of the human heart that men delight to torment and ridicule good women of this description, and we had not been twenty-four hours on our voyage before the natural antagonism between righteousness and sin began to be manifested in the conduct of some of the young men on board towards this estimable lady.

And now let me introduce the hero of my story, if so pretentious a name may be used to designate the chief actor in the little scenes of our voyage. He was a stranger to every person on board, and all we knew of him was what we gath-

ered from the various incidents of his life, which he recounted for our amusement in no very connected manner, and with the evident air of a man whose object was to entertain his audience rather than to limit himself to the truths of history. Count Pulaski he called himself. He was by birth a Hungarian, and almost in boyhood had attached himself to Kossuth; in the reverses of that hero he had been banished from his country and found an asylum in the city of New Orleans, where he had for some years supported himself by teaching the modern languages. By a recent act of amnesty he was allowed to return to his native land, and to the possession of his paternal estates. He was a handsome, erect, dark-eyed, dark-haired man of about twenty-eight, a little above the middle height, of a lithe and slender though rather muscular form, with a fearless and careless, yet courteous bearing, comporting well enough with his somewhat romantic history. We had on board a large party from St. John's, several of whom I shall have occasion particularly to mention. Among them was Dr. Williams, a tall, thin, fine-looking man of middle age, who, like most others, was quite seasick, and, like most doctors, seemed to regard his own case as of far more importance than that of anybody else, and to be desirous of calling attention to his peculiar sufferings. Now, next to being sick yourself at sea is the disagreeableness of being constantly reminded, especially at table, by the behavior of your fellow passengers, that your turn may come next. Dr. Williams insisted upon eating his regular allowance, and might readily have passed himself off as free from this ridiculous sickness, for which nobody ever had the least sympathy; but he was not willing thus to be forgotten, and annoyed all of us at table by ever and anon sending forth a dreadfully prolonged groan, expressive of the unutterable feelings which pervaded his inner man. The count's patience soon gave way under this extraordinary trial, and conceiving, perhaps, that the doctor was entitled to no monopoly of sweet sounds, he began one day

at dinner to emulate his example. They sat nearly at the extreme ends of the long table, and whenever the doctor at his end sent forth one of his unearthly groans, the count would instantly echo back from the other an intensified and still more sepulchral response. Human nature in her blandest and most polished moods could not retain a becoming gravity at this ludicrous outrage upon the proprieties, and at the third or fourth repetition of it the burst of applause was universal. The doctor, amazed at the audacity of the count's behavior, was too good-natured to resent it and joined in the laugh, and was fully cured, if not of his disease, at least of its worst symptom. Thus the count began to be conspicuous, and as he spent much of his time with the younger ladies it was quite natural he should fall under the special notice of good Mrs. Ruthen, who evidently thought his foreign accent and title made him enough of a heathen to merit the particular attention of a true believer. She soon found occasion to draw him out upon his religious faith, and reported among the passengers that he was an infidel, if not an atheist, and cautioned the young ladies not to be too intimate with so dangerous a man. The count, however, was not to be so summarily dealt with, but boldly introduced his heresies into the general conversation of the cabin, ready to defend them against all who chose to enter the lists. He openly scoffed at all the distinctive articles of the Catholic faith, and spoke of Popes and priests with a want of reverence quite shocking. Of the Scriptures he talked freely, as being historically true, and as prescribing an excellent system of morals evidently borrowed from Plato. As to the miracles, he had no doubt they were wrought as related, but insisted that the power to perform them was neither superhuman nor peculiar to the days of the apostles, and finally avowed his belief boldly that the relations between mind and matter are such that the living soul of man is supreme over all vegetable life and over all lifeless matter, and in its highest state of exaltation, even in this life, might claim their obe-

dience to his will for all good purposes. He cited the instance of the barren fig-tree which withered under the curse, and insisted that the will of any man might be literally obeyed if in faith he should command the mountain to be removed and cast into the sea. He contended that there is nothing incredible in the idea that matter should be obedient to mind.

I cannot give the quaint language of his slightly imperfect English, but it was something like the following: "You say to your hand to raise itself, and it do so. You say to it to take a pen and write what you think in your mind, and it obey, and you do not think it a strange thing. The hand and the pen do what your mind say to them. But your hand is presently cut off. Then you tell it to take a pen and write, and you say it will not do so, because it is not alive. Aha, you say too much. It is not because it was alive that it did obey you. Your hand shall not be cut off, but it shall be paralyzed by disease. Now it is alive, but you cannot make it write. No, no; it was not because it was not alive that it did not obey you. It is not because you have no will to govern it, for your will is strong enough to govern your foot. You cannot tell why it is; still your mind cannot govern its own body. But you have seen a person magnetized; then he cannot govern his own body, but another mind governs it, and his senses are not his own. He sees and tastes and smells what his magnetizer or some person put in communication with him sees and tastes and smells, and not what is presented to his own senses. And so it is that his mind is not his own, for the senses are the way to the mind, and when we know that the mind of one person is conscious of what affects the senses of another, we see that the mind of the one is conscious of the sensations or thoughts of the other. We must believe, then, that the mind, or the soul, or the spirit of one person may communicate with the mind, or the soul, or the spirit of another without the use of such senses as are known to us. And this is

not strange, for we pray to God in private and in public, and believe that he, a spirit without such senses as our own, hears our prayers, or in some way knows our thoughts and wishes. We all believe, then, that the gross bodily senses are not the only means of communication. Cicero, two thousand years ago, in his treatise on Divination, reasoned in this way to prove that dreams might be prophetic. He says, 'The minds of the gods, without eyes, ears, or tongues, know the thoughts of each other; and so men, when they silently pray or vow, doubt not that the gods attend to their thoughts. Thus the minds of men, when released by sleep they leave the body, discern things which they cannot perceive when joined with the body.' Again he says, 'The mind is active in sleep, being free from the senses and from all care, while the body lies prostrate and as it were dead. And since the mind has existed from all eternity, and has been conversant with innumerable other minds, it comprehends all things that exist,—if indeed it be so disposed by moderation and temperance in eating and drinking that it watches while the body is at rest. This is divination by dreaming.' And that same wise heathen, Cicero, explained how the soothsayers, while awake, could detach their minds from their bodies, and wander away among the minds of departed men and among superior intelligences, holding communion with them, and retaining the knowledge thus acquired after returning to the body."

"It seems very strange," the count would say, "that you who pray to the Virgin every day, and think she hears you, will not believe she can answer you and put thoughts into your mind. If your prayers, which are only thoughts, are known to spirits not in human form, why may they not be known to my spirit?"

"Christ, while on earth, knew the thoughts of his disciples and of others, before they were spoken; so that we see the human form does not hinder the spirit from such knowledge."

We had abundant time to listen to

the count's philosophic speculations, as any reader who has crossed the sea will understand when I tell him that the voyage usually made in ten or twelve days lasted us twenty-two. The passengers, too, had been brought into closer acquaintance by the strange accidents which had befallen us. It seems even now, as I look back upon the passage, as if the ship were bewitched, though perhaps our bad luck may be accounted for by the facts which I learned from one of the officers, that the compasses had not been properly adjusted, and that no officer on board had ever made the passage in this ship. Such a chapter of accidents has seldom been written, and I am assured by a captain in the navy that in twenty years in which he had been actually afloat he had not witnessed so many manifest perils.

For the first ten days a fog covered us nearly every hour. The day after we left Portland, in broad daylight, the weather being, however, rather thick, we were steaming at full speed, when suddenly there was a cry of "Land ahead!" We had hardly time to learn the meaning of the cry, before the ship was stopped, the motion of her screw reversed, and we had crept quietly backward out of danger.

Some of us, who had taken our wits along with us, were, however, curious to know what land we had seen, where we were, and where we were likely to go next, questions which nobody on board seemed competent to answer. The fog closed round us thicker and thicker, and by and by night came on. The captain said we had been swept by the ocean currents into the Bay of Fundy; that no skill could make allowance for these great tide rivers, but that he was heading more southerly and should soon be far outside of land. We went to bed somewhat serious, and arose in the morning to find that the fog was still thicker upon the smooth but heaving sea. What wind there was was fair, and our fore and aft sails were set to steady the ship, so that we were running by steam and wind about nine knots an hour. I was

writing in the cabin, at about noon, when a heavy thump upon the bottom of the vessel made me spring hastily upon deck. The sails were furled, the engine was stopped, and orders were given to heave the lead. There was some excitement. "Did we strike a rock?" I asked of the captain. "No," was the reply; "we are a hundred miles from land." "Five and a half [fathom] at the bow!" was the report. "Quarter less four at the starboard!" The captain looked amazed. "Back the engine!" he shouted. "Two and a half at the bow!" exclaimed the first imperious voice, and then the ship struck heavily again. She careened so suddenly that I sprang to the railing for support. A young American ship-master, who had all along seemed to expect trouble, was at my side. "Are you frightened?" he asked. "Not much; but are we not in danger?" "The sea is calm," he replied, "and the boats will probably save us if we lose the ship." The vessel thumped as before two or three times, and then righted. "She is fast on a rock!" cried a voice. I looked at the captain. He was as calm as a summer morning. "Steady!" said he, "she moves, she is all right. Keep her still." A boat was lowered, and an officer and four men were put off to sound. In the mean time an anchor was got ready to drop; the carpenter sounded the well and ascertained that there was no leak, while we anxiously watched every motion. At length the officer in the boat reported seven fathoms. The ship was headed in that direction, slowly, for two hours, creeping after the boat where its officer reported sufficient water. And so we were out of that immediate danger, but our troubles were by no means ended. The fog was still about us like a pall, so thick that we could not see the length of the ship by day. It was evident that the officers had lost their reckoning entirely and were at their wits' end. Twice we had run almost ashore, and nobody knew where. Night came over us, and slowly we groped about, stopping the ship every half hour to sound, and shrieking every

five minutes with the steam-whistle to warn the fishing-boats from our path, or perchance to get some answer and learn our whereabouts. Lost in a fog! Our only means to guess our position were the particles of earth which adhered to the deep-sea lead, which were noted as carefully as if they were telegrams from Neptune himself. It was Sunday when we ran aground. Three weary days, and nights more weary still,—with no sun by day, no star by night, to guide us; with no sign that we were not alone on the whole ocean, except twice the distant sound of a bell from some fishing smack in the darkness,—three days and nights we held slowly on our easterly course by the compass. The passengers behaved as people usually do in such situations. At first they were frightened and nervous, but fortunately human nature cannot keep up the excitement, even of fear, for many hours. The table was regularly laid, and most of the passengers took their meals as usual; the card players also resumed their games. Madam Ruthen found ample occasion to rebuke the levity of Count Pulaski, who in turn reproved her for her want of faith. “Your religion, madam, is good for nothing; you are afraid you will be drowned; you are afraid to die. I am not a Christian, but I am not afraid to die. I think we shall all be drowned, but I have no fear.”

On Wednesday, before noon, suddenly the fog lifted, and the sun burst forth, welcomed by worshipers as sincere as ever bowed before his rising face. A sail was in sight, which proved to be a brig from Jamaica bound to Halifax. We came within hail of her, and were told by her officers that they had no accurate reckoning, but thought we were about thirty miles from Halifax, and gave us the supposed course. All on board were inspired with new life. We put on full steam and ran bravely on. Soon the fog again settled over us, but we were all on deck, expecting to enter Halifax in a short time. I was standing on the upper deck, near the stern, talking with some ladies, when “Breakers ahead! breakers ahead! Stop

her! stop her!” was shouted from the bows. As I looked forward a sight met my eyes that will remain in my mind so long as life endures. We seemed rushing into the open jaws of destruction. All along-side, close upon us, the breakers, white as snow-clouds, were dashing over black rocks that stretched in a continuous uneven wall clear round the bows. The ship rushed forward into the very crescent of the breakers. “Back the engine!” was the order.

Three men of us, the priest, the count, and myself, stood side by side, intensely watching how a few seconds should decide our fate. We had time for but a single remark from each, which I well remember. “We are gone this time,” said I. “I trust in God not,” piously responded the priest. “She has stopped, and we are safe!” cried Pulaski. The ship seemed to hang, as on a pivot, between the backward motion of the screw and her own momentum aided by the wind and waves. The bowsprit stretched out right over the black ledge, which seemed to rise square up from the sea when the concussion came. The main-spencer-gaff, a spar some twenty feet long, came crashing down upon the chimney and the iron rigging. There was no open pathway except behind us. Just then came up the captain’s clear voice again: “All right,—she moves off!” The tough iron of the hull had rebounded from the rock, and slowly the good ship moved backward. The rocks were frowning high and black close upon the port side of the ship, stretching thrice her length behind, and the waves seemed driving us full upon them. It seemed an age in which we crept backward past their ragged heads, every moment expecting a final collision with some sunken rock, or to be dashed broadside against the reef.

At length we passed beyond the visible danger. The bells were sounded and no water was found. The lead was cast in twenty fathoms of water. We fired signal guns, and soon an answering gun was heard, and a pilot came along-side. He said we had been upon Jed-dore Ledge, a reef well known to sailors.

In a few hours the fog blew away, and we ran gayly into Halifax.

Count Pulaski stood on deck with two young ladies who were to leave us at Halifax, all three anxiously watching the boats that were putting off from shore as we dropped our anchor in the bay. Two or three days before, he had amused us in the cabin by pretending to read the thoughts of the ladies in their faces, and had succeeded so well as to excite considerable curiosity. To one of these young ladies he had said, "Your thoughts are of a young gentleman in Halifax, who loves you very much and will meet you there." The conscious blush upon the maiden's cheek gave proof that there was some truth, at least, in this divination. Her companion seemed much surprised, and asked the count if he could tell them anything further of the gentleman who was to meet them. "Perhaps I can, if the lady will allow me to take her hand and will at the same time keep her friend in her thoughts." At the solicitation of several of the ladies present, the young maiden gave her hand to the count, who held it somewhat fondly in both his own for a few moments, while the rest of the party stood around, urging him, with incredulous laughter, to proceed with his soothsaying before he should himself be entranced. At length, looking the lady intently in the face, he said, "You go to Halifax to be married. Your lover is waiting for you there. He will come off in a boat to meet you. He will be the man at the bow of the first boat. He is a merchant from Quebec; his name is George" — "Stop, stop! do not tell any more!" cried the lady, snatching her hand away, and blushing to the tips of her ears. "There is not a word of truth in all you are saying." But her friend confessed that the count was a prophet, at the same time declaring that nobody on board except herself knew anything of the arrangement, and that she had spoken of it to no one. The story went through the ship how the count had read the young maiden's thoughts, and as no age or sex is exempt from interest in all that pertains to love

affairs we had looked with peculiar regard upon this lady, and now that she was about leaving us we gave her our best wishes. "There!" cried the count, "that is he, in the foremost boat; he sees you already." True enough, as the boat came along-side, it was made evident that the count was a true prophet.

At St. John's, Newfoundland, we received a large accession of passengers, and sailing out of the harbor one clear morning, close by a huge iceberg that was "anchored" in the channel, with six others in sight, glistening in the distance like white snow-peaks, we were soon once more enveloped in fog, and again groping our weary way across the ocean. For days we were shut up as in a cloud, with no sun, or moon, or star to guide, our chief fear being that we might dash at any moment upon an iceberg and go to the bottom of the sea.

At length sprang up a breeze which increased to half a gale, as the sailors said, and the fog blew off and the sea roared and the ship, under full sail, lay over to her work in right earnest. The propeller was too slow for the sails, and was dragged through the water, a mere hindrance to our course; and so the captain, by way of experiment, — for nobody on board had ever seen the thing done, — unshipped the screw, leaving it to turn only with the motion of the vessel as she was propelled by the sails. The gale increased, and on we flew; but the new arrangement brought new trouble, for the huge screw, detached from the engine, somehow found play that was not expected, off and on, like a hub on an axle, beating against the stern as if the Cyclops were there forging thunderbolts. One evening, about nine o'clock, a dozen of us gentlemen were sitting in the cabin, the ladies having all retired early. The wind was still high, and the noise of the screw terrific. I was conversing with the merchant captain, whom I have mentioned, as to the probable effect of this concussion upon the iron plates of the ship. Count Pulaski sat near us, when suddenly we heard a loud crash below, and felt the ship jarred as if she had again run upon a rock, followed

by a rattling of the machinery for a moment, and then by a silence as profound as death. "The engine has broken!" "We have struck again!" cried one after another. "The screw has gone to the bottom, and I am glad of it," coolly remarked the count, "for now we can sleep."

At that moment the door of the ladies' cabin opened, and into our presence marched Madam Ruthen, her thin figure clad in white and spotless garments of the night, and with a skeleton hoop-skirt of the largest dimensions in her hands. Her first remark was, "I am not frightened, but I want to know how long I have to live;" and then she made a vain attempt to protect herself from the vulgar gaze of men by putting on the skirt. We could not have borne to laugh had we known it was our last hour. "I think there is no danger," I said, as gravely as possible, "and perhaps you had better return to your cabin," which she immediately did. I confess, however, to having been very much alarmed. The dead stillness which seemed to settle upon us was of itself frightful. We went upon deck, but it was many minutes before we knew what had happened. At length the engineer came from below, and reported that the shaft which passes right through the stern of the vessel, to which the screw in the water is attached, and which connects it with the engine, was broken square off on the *outside*, and so we were in no danger. Had it parted on the inside and the shaft gone out, it would have left an opening which would have sunk us in a short time.

We were safe for the present, but suddenly converted from a screw-steamer into a sailing vessel. After that we went quietly on, with varying winds, wearied by the monotony of our long voyage. Chess, backgammon, cards, shovel-board, books, — all were exhausted. Four times a day we met at table and tried to eat. We watched the clouds and the dog-vane, and whistled to raise the wind. We talked of everything, — politics, religion, trade, science, and art. The count's wonderful gifts

were the frequent subject of conversation, several passengers declaring that he had recounted to them, with perfect accuracy, scenes of their past life which could not possibly be known by ordinary means to any person on board. The occurrence at Halifax was often recalled, and the only explanation by the incredulous was that the count had overheard a part of the facts and guessed the rest; and as to his more recent attempts, it was suggested that probably his superior tact had enabled him to draw out from his unconscious victims the very facts which he afterwards professed to divine. Others had a different theory, adopting the common idea of intercommunication between different minds by magnetism. Madam Ruthen solved the mystery in a more direct manner by boldly asserting that the count was in a league with the devil, who helped him to all his boasted knowledge; and she referred to his profane disregard of all her pious exhortations and his levity in the hour of danger as plenary proof of her theory.

Again and again had the count's peculiar powers formed the subject of discussion, until many of us grew weary of it, and we determined to bring the matter to some conclusive test. One morning, when most of the passengers were in the saloon, and the ever-recurring subject of magnetism and spiritualism had once more come up, I proposed that we frankly ask the count to explain his pretensions to peculiar powers, and to give us some illustrations of them by which they might be tested. I stated plainly my disbelief in the whole pretense, and that I had no doubt if we were watchful we should be able to fathom, upon known principles, all the apparent mysteries of the count's wonderful performances.

As I had been the most prominent unbeliever, and was by my profession supposed to be qualified to conduct investigations with propriety, it was the unanimous request of the company that I would take the lead in the proposed experiments. Just as our arrangements were completed the count came down

from the deck, and I, in behalf of the company, stated to him in the most respectful terms our wishes, saying to him that many of the company were believers in spiritualism in some form, while others, like myself, were utterly incredulous; and that as he had already given some illustrations of his powers, we hoped he would freely explain to us his own theory, and give us some practical evidence of its truth.

The count seemed at first somewhat embarrassed at this formal request, but was too well bred to take offense at what he perceived was but a rational curiosity. "I do not pretend," said he, modestly, "to any supernatural power. I suppose every one has the same power in some degree, more or less. One day I have very great sensitiveness. I go in the street of the city, and I get a hundred blows in the face. I meet a man who does not like me, and I feel, as it were, a blow on my face when he passes. I cannot tell how, but I feel what they think of me. I take hold of your hand, and some days I can know your thoughts and see your whole life in your mind; some days I cannot know anything; I cannot tell why. Sometimes I seem to read what will be in future, but I do not well know how that is."

He was at once urged, on all sides, to make an experiment on some one, and I was nominated as the person whose past life should be read in the hearing of the company. Upon my suggestion, however, that I was a stranger to all on board, as well as a professed unbeliever, and that nobody but myself could know whether my history was correctly given or not, it was concluded that experiments should be made with some of the passengers from St. John's, who were quite numerous and knew enough of each other to verify or contradict what might be stated.

Mr. Trowbridge, a fine-looking, grave, middle-aged gentleman, was first selected. The count sat by him holding for some minutes his left hand and gazing quietly into his face. "Have you any enmity against me in your heart?" asked the count. "Certainly I have not," was

the reply. "If you have we cannot be in communication, and I can tell you nothing; if you have not, I think I can read in your mind all your life. You are a very good man," he pursued, in a low, musing tone. "I thought you were a hypocrite, but you are not. You are very good to the poor. You ride a black horse with a very large tail. Aha! a lady rides with you, — a pious lady from England, who came to do good, and gives all her money in charity. How strange! she wears boots, — Wellington boots; a pious, good lady on a white pony."

The St. John's people were amazed, declaring every word to be literally true, and all protesting that none of the facts had been spoken of since the voyage began. The count gave many other particulars of the life of Mr. Trowbridge, and concluded by whispering in his ear a statement which Mr. Trowbridge immediately repeated, declaring that it was true, but that no soul on board knew it but himself. It was that the object of his voyage to England was promotion in the public service.

A young, well-educated gentleman, who was said to be an Englishman, was next selected for exposition. We had observed him as a modest, intelligent young man, who had taken little part in our discussion of the count's peculiar gifts, except to denounce the whole thing as a humbug. He readily gave his hand to the count, with the air of one who had no fear of the consequences. We watched with much interest the half-surprised, half-amused expression of the countenance of our oracle for some moments before he broke forth: "Oh, dear, how strange it is! you are in love, very bad. You love honestly a young girl; she is poor; she has no position, no family; your parents do not approve; she has often crossed the water in a boat with you. Oh, how strange! she rows your boat; can it be true? You will marry her in nineteen months." The truth of this little romance was confessed in the blushes of the youth, while the astonishment of his friends at such an exposure of his secret was equally manifest.

The next subject selected was Captain Gray, of St. John's, a hardy, intelligent sailor, whom everybody seemed to know and respect. Having gone through with the preliminary inquiry, which was never in any instance omitted, as to his subject having any enmity against him, the count proceeded to give a sketch of the captain, a part of which was as follows: "You are a captain of a vessel to catch seals, in the bark Betsy. You have a partner, a Wesleyan, a very pious man. It is very strange he will not let you catch any seals on Sunday. The seals are all around, and other vessels take them Sunday, but you do not."

Miss Horner, a young lady in whose appearance I had been much interested, and from whom I had learned enough to know that she was leaving an unhappy home in the hope of a better across the ocean, was next proposed. The count held her left hand, I fancied, somewhat longer and more tenderly than he had held those of a rougher make. "You have a stepmother," said he, "and she is very cross to you; she makes you sew for money, and gives you only half you earn, and your father is rich. It is very cruel. You ride often in a wagon with three others; you live in the west part of the town and drive to the east with a red old horse. Aha! I would not live there; the bell rings all the time. What for? To call laborers to work. You go to friends abroad to go away from your stepmother."

There were those present who knew enough of the poor girl's history to bear testimony to the truth of what had been spoken. I was triumphantly asked by the believers how I accounted for what I had witnessed. As to Captain Gray, I replied, we all knew he was captain of a seal ship, and a little inquiry would elicit most of his history, so far as the count had given it. As to the others, I suggested that some person on board, from St. John's, might have given the count the information. The excitement was evidently pretty high between doubters and believers, and to make the matter plain the question was put to every passenger present from St. John's wheth-

er he or she had given the count any part of the information which he had made public, and all denied upon their honor any knowledge of how he had acquired it.

The good priest, who had been present, a silent spectator of the scene, suggested that there might be others from St. John's in the ship besides the present company; whereupon the captain was called and produced his list of passengers, and it appeared that all were present except one sick lady who was confined to her state-room, and who had not been on deck or at the table since she came on board; and as none of those present knew anything of her it was natural enough to suppose she could know little of them.

Madam Ruthen, who stood in holy awe of the priest, had followed his example of silent observation, until some one suggested that she should be subjected to the same ordeal as the rest, and have her life exposed. A look from the priest caused her to decline at once, which she did in decided terms, declaring that she would have no part in any such devilish arts. The count turned somewhat sternly towards her, and said, "Madam, if you do not be quiet, I will tell the company your whole life." "I dare you to do it! I dare you to do it!" replied the insulted woman. "There is nothing in my life that I am ashamed to hear."

With the amiable desire to prevent further ebullitions of wrath, I turned to the lady with the inquiry, "Do you not believe he can do it, if he pleases?" "Yes," she replied, "I do believe he can, as much as I believe there is a God in heaven, and he has paid dearly enough for his power. I might do the same if I would sell my soul to Satan." "Madam," interposed the priest, "I cannot allow you thus to take the name of your maker in vain without instant reproof." The poor woman, thus assaulted by friend as well as foe, burst into a flood of tears, and without another word retreated to the ladies' cabin, leaving the company astounded at the new aspect of affairs, hardly knowing whether they had been

engaged in innocent amusement, or scientific investigation, or some diabolical experiment in the black art. Whatever the reason, our meeting was hastily dissolved; but the wizard powers of Count Pulaski continued to be the prominent topic of conversation to the end of the voyage. They who believed in what was called animal magnetism were at no loss to account for all that he had read of the past lives of others, for to them it was plain that mind might communicate with mind without the use of ordinary senses. As to his prophecies, their theory was insufficient; but they had full faith that the human soul has powers, not clearly developed, which might compass even the matter of prophecy.

That the count had in some way read correctly the most secret pages in the lives of some of our circle all were compelled to admit. I had particular reasons for wishing to know the impression the scene had left upon the more intelligent minds of the company. Among them was an elderly gentleman who held a high official position in St. John's, and who had watched our proceedings narrowly throughout. I asked him privately whether the sketches which the count had given were accurate, and what he thought of the matter. "Every word he uttered," replied he, "was exactly true so far as I could judge, and I cannot account for what I have witnessed; but it is all an infernal cheat in my opinion. Those are all respectable, truthful people, and are in no plot with him; but such fellows as that count, as he calls himself, are not inspired."

I ventured to inquire of the priest what he thought of the exhibition. "I have no faith," said he, "that any man now possesses such powers as this man pretends to. We have no warrant for the belief that the powers of darkness confer such gifts upon men, and certainly this person is no saint, that he should receive inspiration from above. What we have seen is very strange, and I have no explanation to offer." All the rest accepted the fact that the count could read the past life of any person with whom he could put himself in contact as

undoubted, and most of them were sure that the future was equally an open book to him. They whose secrets had thus been published were vexed, or ashamed, or amused, according to the circumstances which had been made known concerning them.

Mr. Trowbridge, who was a man of a speculative turn, kept the subject in constant agitation, endeavoring to adapt to the facts some known principles of science; while good Madam Ruthen manifested the same pious horror of the count, whenever she met him, that she would have exhibited had he worn horns and cloven hoof in full view. In short, there was little else of interest aboard ship for the rest of the voyage but discussions and controversies growing out of this affair, and when we finally separated in Liverpool nothing had occurred to throw any new light upon it, and most of the passengers in that unlucky ship, I doubt not, are still at intervals puzzling their brains over the unaccountable revelations of Count Pulaski.

And now, acute reader, what is your theory of this matter, as it is laid before you? Do the facts correspond with any principles of magnetism or spiritualism with which you are familiar? As for myself, as was remarked at the outset, I have given no such attention to these subjects as to entitle my opinions to any weight as mere opinions. A few facts, however, I feel bound to state in this connection, which may throw some light upon the affair. I had taken with me, this being my first voyage, a specific, given me by a homœopathic friend, for seasickness. Having no occasion to use the medicine myself, I had experimented, early in the voyage, upon two or three gentlemen who were suffering, and who had found permanent relief, as they thought, by the use of my prescription. The captain knew this, and informed me that a lady was very ill below with seasickness superadded to some chronic disease, and begged me to administer my specific to her. Protesting that I was no physician and knew not even the nature of my medicine, I could not refuse the request, and thus I found a pleas-

ant introduction to the sick lady. The medicine seemed to afford her relief, and as she was too ill to go upon deck and had no acquaintance on board except the captain, I used to relieve the tedium of the voyage by occasional conversation with her below. She had been long detained by sickness at St. John's, and through physicians and servants and nurses had become familiar with the private history of the people.

Seeing Pulaski's readiness in guessing the future of the young lady who left us at Halifax, I suggested to him that we might afford some amusement by gathering up materials and at some convenient time telling the fortunes of the passengers. My lady friend supplied most of

the incidents, while the count, whose tact and memory almost as wonderful as witchcraft, picked up the rest. Our performance succeeded so much beyond our expectations, and was complicated with so many personal exposures, that we really dared not confess the deception, and were compelled to leave our victims to go down to their graves in the delusion into which we had so wantonly led them. The count had no compunctions whatever, but for myself I must own that I found in the affair a new illustration

"How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin,"

and have resorted to this confession as my only possible atonement.

Henry F. French.

TIMOTHY PICKERING.

TIMOTHY PICKERING held a high place among the federalists, — no slight honor in a party which in a long list of distinguished men could count the names of Washington, Hamilton, Marshall, and the elder Adams. As a public man and party leader he has strong claims upon the attention of posterity, yet hitherto his life and character have been but partially known and understood. In the presence of four ample volumes devoted to his biography, such a statement may seem strange; but if proof be needed of its correctness recent publications afford conclusive evidence. Mr. Octavius Pickering, the author of the first volume of his father's biography, died before he could complete the work he had so well begun. The unfinished task was then intrusted to the late Mr. Upham, and the three volumes written by him cover the most important events of Colonel Pickering's career. From a well-meant but wholly mistaken view of the nature and obligations of history, Mr. Upham has softened the personal and political

controversies in which Colonel Pickering was engaged, until they seem to be little more than mere speculative differences of opinion, and, not content with this historical peace-making, has gone even further, and passed over in silence the separatist movements in New England from 1804 to 1815. To write Colonel Pickering's biography in this way may have been good-natured, but it was singularly unjust to both reader and subject. Such treatment effaced the most interesting portion of Pickering's career, and omitted the very events in which his strongest qualities, of both mind and character, were most strikingly displayed. A perusal of Mr. Upham's volumes left the reader in that dissatisfied frame of mind which invariably arises from a consciousness that all has not been told. The material for the whole story fortunately existed, but it was hidden from the public eye among the Pickering MSS. in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society; and when a biography has been badly or insufficiently executed,

there is but little chance that it will ever be rewritten, or at least within any reasonable time. We can only hope to supply defects of this sort indirectly from other publications, as in the present case.¹ These additional letters fill the gaps in the biography, and we are now in a position to understand correctly and to appreciate justly the character and career of this distinguished party leader.

Timothy Pickering was a true descendant of the Puritans. He was a fit representative in the eighteenth century of the race which colonized New England in the seventeenth. His ancestors were numbered among those men who had wrung a livelihood from the rocky soil of Massachusetts and the wild seas of the North Atlantic. Surrounded by hardships, in conflict with man and nature, combating earth, air, and the savage with the same grim determination, crushing out domestic dissension with relentless severity, and stubbornly resisting foreign interference, the Puritans in America founded and built up a strong, well-ordered state. Here was worked out to the end the Puritan theory of government; here, and only here, Puritan Englishmen, for a century and a half, kept their race unmixed and their blood pure. The passage of years, the advance of civilization, modified and softened the character of the New England people, but their most marked qualities, moral and mental, remained unchanged.

In every way Timothy Pickering truly represented the race from which he sprang. His family was one of those which formed the strength of the New England population in 1776, and which, taking the tide of revolution at its flood, was borne on to power and place. Limited means, frugality, honesty, industry, order, were the essential facts in Pickering's surroundings during childhood; but narrow fortune could not deprive him of education, dear to the New Englander beyond any other endowment, and he passed with credit through

Harvard College. Returning from Cambridge to Salem, he soon displayed within the confined limits of a New England town the same qualities which he afterwards manifested on the broad field of national politics. Hardly released from college, he plunged at once into party strife, became an ardent whig, and assailed with all the zeal of a young reformer the defective militia system of the colony. Controversy soon followed. An article in the newspaper was wrongly attributed to him, and caused a sharp attack. Far from contenting himself with disclaiming the authorship thus thrust upon him, Pickering accepted the challenge and dashed into the fight. This served as a beginning. Soon after he engaged in a conflict about church matters, and after a brief interval in still another, produced by opposing medical theories. In this last affair Pickering assailed the obnoxious principles with both tongue and pen. He wrote a series of sharp, incisive articles, signing himself "A Lover of Truth," denounced the offending practitioner as a quack, and was threatened with a duel and with personal violence.

The day of Lexington which roused New England to arms saw Pickering hastening at the head of his regiment to the scene of action. He arrived too late to take part in the fighting, but in season to be present at a council of officers, and urge, though wholly unsupported, an immediate attack on the "Castle," the strongest position held by the British. The following year he recruited his regiment, and led it through Rhode Island and Connecticut to join Washington in New York. Scarcely had he returned from this campaign when Washington, whose quick eye had noted his executive capacity, offered him the position of adjutant-general. After some hesitation Pickering accepted this important post, and despite his misgivings rendered efficient service. The next step was to the place of quartermaster-general. The ablest officer in the American army had pronounced it a physical impossibility to carry on the duties of this position, and had relinquished it in disgust. This had

¹ *Documents relating to New England Federalism*. Edited by PROF. HENRY ADAMS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1877.

no effect upon Pickering. He took the place, nothing daunted, and carried it through to the end. Entire success was impossible, but to execute in any way the duties of a quartermaster required energy, vigor, and administrative powers of a high and enduring kind. Here, then, Pickering remained, battling with inefficiency and disorder, with Congress, and with annoyances of every sort, until the close of the war. Peace found him richer in reputation, but as poor as ever in material wealth, and with a growing family to be provided for. A mercantile arrangement having turned out unprofitably, Pickering resolved to follow his natural inclination and take to the wild farming life of the frontier. Space forbids that we should trace out the Wyoming controversies, which are well depicted by Mr. Upham. This struggle among the borderers forms one of the dark chapters in the little-known history of the confederation. But the dangers and turbulence of Wyoming, sufficient in themselves to deter most men from even entering that region, seem to have been a prevailing reason with Pickering in the selection of his future home. To his combative and vigorous nature, filled with the love of order and the spirit of command, this scene of disturbance offered powerful attractions. Perhaps, half unconsciously, his main motives were a longing for the struggle and a belief that he could ride this frontier whirlwind and control the storm. It is certain that to his fearless courage and persistence the peace which finally settled down upon the beautiful and distracted valley was largely due. Throughout every difficulty Pickering sought with stern justice to coerce the insurgents, and at the same time to wrest from the state government the rights which they had withheld from the settlers.

After having supported the cause of the constitution in Pennsylvania, he was called from the wild scenes of Wyoming to the postmaster-generalship of the United States, which proved only a stepping-stone to higher things. On the dissolution of Washington's first cabinet, Pickering was offered and accepted

the secretaryship of war. He was a singular contrast to his predecessor, General Knox, the "handsome book-seller" of earlier days, who was still a fine-looking man, and not a little fond of parade. Knox had not only been a good secretary, but had shone with great lustre in the society of the capital, where he had dazzled the eyes of all beholders by his fine appearance and free style of living. To this rather splendid personage succeeded Pickering, and as he stands at the threshold of his career on the stage of national politics he is a hardly less striking figure than the retiring secretary, although in a very different way. Tall and rather gaunt, large in frame, strong of limb, and possessing a hardy constitution, Pickering was both a powerful and imposing looking man. The brush of Stuart has preserved to us his lineaments, and in them the genius of the artist has fitly represented the mental characteristics of their possessor. An eminently Roman face of a type not uncommon in New England looks out from the canvas. Decision, incisiveness, uncompromising vigor of character, strength, narrowness, and rigidity of mind, are the suggestions of the portrait. A marked simplicity pervades the whole figure. "The lank locks guiltless of pomatum," and the baldness undisguised by wig or powder, to which the colonel refers with pride and John Adams with sarcasm, are conspicuous. So, too, is soberness of dress, the effect of which was heightened in the original by the spectacles that near-sightedness rendered necessary. Stern republican simplicity seems to be the character to which Stuart's subject aspired. But the picture does not tell the whole story. Beneath this quiet exterior were hidden a reckless courage, an ardent ambition, and an unconquerable will.

Once seated in the cabinet, Pickering threw himself with his accustomed zeal into the contests by which the administration was surrounded. The famous struggle over the Jay treaty had just begun, and on this matter, as on most others, Pickering was free from doubt or questioning. He supported the treaty

and advised its signature, coupled with a strong remonstrance against the British provision order. In the discovery of Randolph's infidelity Pickering played a leading part, and to him fell the duty of disclosing to Washington the conduct of his friend and prime minister.

The fall of Randolph threw upon Pickering the temporary charge of both the state and war departments, and never were his untiring energy, persistence, and capacity for work so strongly shown. Unable to fill the secretaryship of state, Washington at last conferred it permanently upon Pickering, and made McHenry secretary of war. Pickering accepted this new position with unfeigned reluctance. Neither experience nor habit of mind fitted him for the place, but he would not desert Washington, and his invincible determination soon overcame every obstacle. He could not practice sufficiently the moderation required by the position, but he rapidly familiarized himself with foreign affairs, and his state papers are able and vigorous. He proved a far better secretary than Randolph, and if the style of his dispatches was inferior in polish to those of Jefferson, and his arguments were less ingenious, he surpassed the great Virginian in directness and strength.

The ratification of the Jay treaty was the signal for fresh difficulties with France. There is no evidence that Pickering entered the cabinet with any violent prejudices against the "great nation" or in favor of England. But as his knowledge of our foreign relations increased, as he perceived the uses which the opposition made of their affection for France, his feelings deepened and his hostility grew apace. In France he beheld the embodiment of the two principles hateful to him above all others, — anarchy and tyranny. He believed the French Revolution to be little less than a crusade against religion, property, organized society, and the ordered liberty which he prized more than life itself; while in the foe of France he saw a kindred people, a strongly governed state, and the sturdy, temperate freedom in whose principles he had been nur-

tured. Hatred of France rapidly extended to her American sympathizers, and strengthened his already firm conviction of the abandoned wickedness of his political opponents. For the gratification of these feelings there was ample opportunity given by the conduct of the French minister, and Pickering grappled with Adet in a manner most startling to a gentleman accustomed to the delicate manipulation of Edmund Randolph.

In the midst of our complications with France John Adams succeeded to the presidency, and retained Pickering as his secretary of state. If the outlook abroad was threatening, it was still more so at home, in regard to the party, then dominant. The official head of the federalists had ceased to be their real leader. The mastering influence of Washington no longer held the diverse elements in check, or compelled all to yield to his wise guidance. John Adams was the official chief, and meant to be the real one as well. Hamilton was the actual head of the party, and had no notion of abdicating his controlling position. But there was a third leader, in the person of Timothy Pickering, whose importance during these eventful years has never been justly appreciated. The admirers of Hamilton see in Pickering nothing but an obedient disciple. The supporters of Adams regard him as the tool and mouth-piece of Hamilton. If we accept Mr. Upham's authority as conclusive, Pickering appears as little more than a conscientious performer of his official duties who had the misfortune to differ slightly with his chief. All these conceptions are alike erroneous. It is true that Hamilton alone, almost, among men received the utmost admiration and respect of which Pickering was capable. It is also true that Pickering sought Hamilton's advice, and that their views generally coincided. But Pickering was not the obedient disciple nor the willing tool of any man; still less was he the simple secretary absorbed in the duties of his office. He had his own opinions and his own policy, and he sought to carry them out as seemed best in his own eyes. He was, too, an active poli-

tician, and headed the attack on Adams long before Hamilton took the field. He had not the slightest hesitation in opposing Hamilton, he acted constantly without his guidance, he sought in his own way to control the course of the administration, and more than any other man he precipitated the conflict which resulted in the downfall of Adams and the ruin of the federalist party. The merest outline of the contentions in the cabinet is sufficient to prove this.

At a very early period Hamilton foresaw the necessity of a special mission to France, and urged its adoption by Washington. Pickering, aided by Wolcott, opposed it steadfastly, and kept it off during the closing weeks of Washington's administration, and it was only when Adams threw his weight into the same scale with Hamilton that Pickering gave way. Even then he and Wolcott were strong enough to prevent any further advances to Madison, who had been the central figure in Hamilton's scheme. After the dispatch of the first envoys all went well for a time. The course of France, the insults of Talleyrand, and the publication of the X. Y. Z. letters roused a cry of rage throughout the land. Adams took the lead in his message, the country rallied enthusiastically to his support, Pickering gave free rein in his report to his hatred of the French, and all the federalist chiefs came forward to aid the president. But this ardent union carried the seeds of destruction, and the vigorous measures so unanimously urged by the federalists were themselves the cause of divisions. The unlooked-for danger came from the appointments in the provisional army. In this matter Pickering looked to Hamilton as the proper person for command, and on the nomination of Washington lost no time in urging Hamilton's claim for the second place. A contest, in which Pickering took the lead, ensued as to the relative rank of the major-generals. In this his first struggle with Adams he had every advantage, while his opponent put himself wholly in the wrong. Jealous of Hamilton's influence, disliking Washington's selection of him for the

second place, Adams, in his eagerness to escape from what he considered one intrigue, fell a victim to another. He listened too readily to the representations of a little knot of federalists, like himself unfriendly to Hamilton, and on perfectly untenable grounds determined to give the first place to Knox. Hamilton was ready to yield precedence in deference to the wishes of Washington, but he would not give way to those of Adams. As soon as the president's views became known, Pickering, as well as Wolcott and McHenry, made every effort to change them. Pickering roused his friends in New England to exert their influence with the president against the proposed change, and Adams, sensible of the pressure, hardened himself to resistance. But Pickering had still one card left, and he played it unhesitatingly. An appeal was made to Washington, whose wishes no man cared to dispute, and which, expressed in unmistakable terms, forced the president to give way. The victory at this stage remained with the cabinet; and in the meantime another of less moment had been achieved by Pickering, unaided and alone. The president very unwisely nominated his son-in-law, Colonel Smith, for the responsible position of adjutant-general. Unable to prevent this nomination, which he deemed a most unfit one, Pickering posted down to the senate chamber, to urge upon his friends there the necessity of its rejection. The precaution was superfluous, as Smith was thrown out by a large majority; but the incident was not lost upon the president, who attributed this defeat, as he did everything of a hostile nature, to Hamilton, who had nothing to do with it, and at the same time was much inflamed against Pickering. Another difference soon arose, and still further estranged the president and his first secretary. Elbridge Gerry was warmly attached to Mr. Adams, and sincerely admired him. It is not in human nature to feel otherwise than kindly to those who cherish such feelings toward us. Their very existence is a subtle flattery and a demand upon our gratitude to which we cannot but yield, even if the giver be a dog or a

horse. John Adams was no exception to this universal rule, and he not only reciprocated Gerry's affection, but he seems also to have been convinced that Gerry was a man of great and varied talents. Pickering, on the contrary, in common with all the leading federalists, believed Gerry to be a man of slender ability and feeble character. This belief was confirmed by Gerry's conduct in Paris, and dislike was fostered by the share which he was supposed to have taken in behalf of Knox in the matter of the army appointments. Pickering wrote to George Cabot, "He [the president] will be convinced of Gerry's disgraceful pusillanimity, weakness, duplicity, and, I think, treachery." Of course the president was convinced of nothing of the sort, and although his confidence in his favorite was so far shaken that he permitted a moderate censure of his conduct in the first official reports, it rapidly revived as the quarrel with his cabinet progressed. From the same cause Pickering's dislike of Gerry increased in an equal proportion. If Adams and Pickering could have been content with the reproof already administered, and not sought the one to defend and the other to reprobate the unlucky envoy, all might have gone well. But neither was of this mind. Pickering, in the interests of what he deemed truth and sound policy, was bent on further censures, while Adams, irritated at what he thought unnecessary severity, proposed to put Gerry on the same footing as Marshall and Pinckney. The president considered the secretary to be influenced only by personal malice against both himself and his friend; the secretary saw in the president's course merely an insane affection for an unworthy man whom he desired to screen at the expense of his wiser and more virtuous colleagues. So Pickering drafted reports bristling with the severest reflections on Gerry, which the president either modified or struck out, and each was filled with intense indignation against the other.

At last the quarrel came to a head, and the strife which had long been smoldering now broke out unrestrained. The

president took the decisive step by appointing a new minister to France without previous consultation with his cabinet. For good and sufficient reasons Mr. Adams was convinced that there was still opportunity for an honorable treaty with France, and there was therefore no doubt that he ought, for the sake of the best interests of his country, to make peace. He erred profoundly in not consulting his cabinet, even though he was assured of their united opposition, and in attaining a great end he gave a fatal blow to his party by his mistaken methods. To Pickering and all the war federalists the whole business appeared simply criminal. They saw in it nothing but dishonor to their country and ruin to their party. So completely blinded were they to the true state of the case that they entirely failed to perceive that, if they were united, peace as well as war might be their salvation. Yet they felt themselves to be helpless, and the utmost they could effect was to send three commissioners instead of one. With this tameness Pickering was dissatisfied. Could he have had his way, he would have brought in the senate to control the president and reject the nominations on the ground that negotiation was inexpedient. But now, as in the near future, Pickering found no one ready to proceed to the extremities for which he was himself prepared. The federalists could not abandon the constitutional principle which they had themselves laid down as to the independence of the executive. But though fettered in action, Pickering gave vent to fierce denunciations of the president's course in letters to his friends in Massachusetts. These denunciations soon got abroad. The president, or some of his immediate circle, retorted with the cry of "British faction." The quarrel soon got beyond the possibility of disguise; the federalist nomination had been made, the New York elections had occurred, party safety no longer seemed to demand an appearance of harmony, and Adams turned Pickering out of the cabinet, the latter — with characteristic stubbornness — having refused to resign. The case is suffi-

ciently simple, yet Mr. Upham has dwelt upon the friendship between the president and his first minister until Pickering's expulsion becomes almost inexplicable. In reality, the only wonder is that they did not come to blows long before. There can be no doubt that if Adams had forced Pickering out at the first indication of a settled opposition, and of one which he could not control, he would have acted wisely. As it was, the cabinet engaged in desperate warfare with the president, each faction found its supporters, and the whole party was torn to pieces. Pickering was not in the least dejected by his overthrow, for depression at defeat was at all times unknown to his strong nature. He merely fell back and renewed the conflict with increased vigor. His first idea at this moment was the political destruction of the president, whom he now believed to have gone over to the democrats. He felt sure that party safety could not be secured except by the overthrow of Adams and the election of Pinckney, but he did not see that this plan, wise perhaps in the beginning, had been rendered impossible by the action of the party in their nomination. Further attacks could only make a bad matter worse. But Pickering never balanced advantages, and he now addressed a series of letters to all the leading federalists on the subject of his dismissal, portraying the president's conduct in language which is remarkable for its unrestrained and vigorous invective, while the writer's peculiar attention to the most minute facts and exact details is nowhere so strikingly shown. These letters were in fact elaborate and picturesque indictments of the president, varying somewhat to suit the prejudices of the recipient. The opening sentence of the letter to Pinckney, Pickering's candidate for the presidency, is perhaps the most concise expression of the writer's emotions at this time:—

“Indignation and disgust, — these are and long have been my feelings towards Mr. Adams: disgust at his intolerable vanity; indignation for the disgrace and mischief which his conduct has brought on the cause of federalism and the coun-

try. When I say ‘long have been,’ I mean for near two years past, when I began to know him. In ascribing to Mr. Adams ‘upright views,’ I refer to public measures in general. If you were to scan his actions minutely, you would find them influenced by selfishness, ambition, and revenge; that his heart is cankered with envy, and deficient in sincerity; that he is blind, stone blind, to his own faults and failings, and incapable of discerning the vices and defects of all his family connections. Hence his insatiable desire to provide in public offices for himself and them, and his injurious treatment of those who have opposed his wishes. Of this number I have the honor to be one.”

In one of these letters, written with no other objects than to vindicate himself and save the party from the leadership of Adams, Pickering says, “You know that I have not the talent to lead a party, while you will allow me such a share of common sense as must guard me against the miserable ambition and folly of attempting it.” His humility, he says further, would have alone prevented him from trying to control the administration of government, and the charge that he did make such an effort was the offspring of jealousy which he pitied and despised. Pickering was not a man who ever disguised his feelings, and his denial of a wish to lead a party or control the government was undoubtedly a matter of conscientious belief. His state of mind is a curious example of the Puritan habit of absorption in a cause. So firmly did Pickering believe that he was right that he conceived there could be no honest difference of opinion, and he was thoroughly convinced that all he had done was solely in behalf of abstract truth, where neither personal interests nor opinions entered. To him the conflict did not appear as a conflict between opposing views, for both of which there was something to be said. Victory to him was not party victory, but a triumph of the principles of immutable justice. Defeat was not party defeat, but an overthrow of the powers of light by the powers of darkness. To

him the maxim that there are two sides to every question seemed an insult to the understanding. There was right and wrong, and the eternal battle between them; there could be nothing else. His mental attitude was that of the Puritan of the seventeenth century, who regarded everything he did as done for the service of God, in which no mere personal feelings or individual interests had part. But the Puritan who seemed to himself only the poor instrument of a higher will stood before the world as a stern fanatic, a bold soldier, a wise statesman and man of action. So Pickering, satisfied in his inmost soul that he was but the servant of truth, the defender of right, who was too wise to aspire to party leadership and too humble to seek control of the government, appeared to his fellow-men an ambitious and capable politician, an uncompromising partisan, an unflinching friend, and a relentless foe. From him Adams met the most determined resistance, and his attacks had deeply injured the party long before Hamilton, in his famous pamphlet, dealt the final blow at union and mutual confidence.

The dissolution of the cabinet was but the prelude to the downfall of the federalists, and once more Pickering found himself deprived of public office and almost destitute of private property. In his own words, "Though ashamed to beg he was able and willing to dig." So he again turned his face toward the unsettled lands of the West, and with cheerful courage prepared to return to the wilderness. The delicate generosity of his personal and political friends saved him from this fate, and he came back to Massachusetts, destined never more to leave his native State. He was soon called, however, from his farm to represent Massachusetts in the senate of the United States.

When Colonel Pickering reëntered public life, he found the political world something very different from what it had been in the days when as secretary of state he had helped to shape the policy of the nation. The federalists in the senate were so few in number as hardly to deserve the name of a minority. They

were conspicuous for ability and determined purpose, but they were politically helpless. The Louisiana purchase had just been consummated. Jefferson's stealthy removals from office looked like the political proscription so unhappily familiar to this generation, the dominant party was growing rapidly even in New England, and the constitutional amendment in regard to the manner of casting the electoral vote seemed calculated to insure the democratic tenure of power. Worst of all, the courts, — the last federalist strongholds, the only remaining bulwarks of good government, — were, as Pickering believed, menaced with destruction. There can be no doubt that the more violent democrats aimed at a complete subversion of the judiciary, and here, certainly, the federalists had good reason for alarm. Yet there seemed no prospect of successful resistance to measures fraught with such dreadful consequences.

To Pickering, Louisiana meant only an indefinite extension of slave-holding territory, and the consequent political extinction of New England. Offices had become in his eyes nothing but a means of corruption, contrived, like the constitutional amendment, to give permanency to the rule of Jefferson. The judiciary, that last protection of life, property, and order, seemed to be crumbling beneath the blows of its assailant. From this torrent of evils there was apparently no escape. But while Pickering fully believed ruin to be approaching, he was not for an instant cast down. His courage rose with the emergency. In the rights of States there was still one weapon for an oppressed minority. To these Pickering and some of his associates turned as the last but certain remedy. They regarded secession as the final expedient, but nevertheless as a perfectly natural one; and this, it must be remembered, was then the universal belief. The Union was new, was an experiment; the state governments were old and well tried. The only question was whether the experiment had permanently failed. If this question was answered in the affirmative, then secession became not only

a right but a duty. To Pickering the case was clear: the Union was a failure. His party, his State, and his principles were about to be effaced, and there was no assurance that liberty, property, and even life itself would not soon be sacrificed in deference to the wishes of the rabble. A few of his own sentences bring his opinions vividly before us, and show us the man, full of courage and determination, a leader among those who stood ready to tread the dangerous pathway of disunion. To Cabot he says: "Mr. Jefferson's plan of destruction has been gradually advancing. If at once he had removed from office all the federalists, and given to the people such substitutes as we generally see, even his followers (I mean the mass) would have been shocked. He is still making progress in the same course; and he has the credit of being the real source of all the innovations which threaten the subversion of the constitution, and the prostration of every barrier erected by it for the protection of the *best*, and therefore to him the most obnoxious, part of the community. His instruments manifest tempers so malignant, so inexorable, as convince observing federalists that the mild manners and habits of our countrymen are the only security against their extreme vengeance. How long we shall enjoy even this security, God only knows. And must we with folded hands wait the result, or timely think of other protection? This is a delicate subject. The principles of our Revolution point to the remedy, — a separation. . . . The people of the East cannot reconcile their habits, views, and interests with those of the South and West. The latter are beginning to rule with a rod of iron. The independence of the judges is now directly assailed, and the majority are either so blind or so well trained that it will most undoubtedly be destroyed. New judges, of characters and tempers suited to the object, will be the selected ministers of vengeance. I am not willing to be sacrificed by such popular tyrants. My life is not worth much; but if it must be offered up, let it rather be in the hope of obtaining a more stable government,

under which my children, at least, may enjoy freedom with security."

Pickering saw in Jefferson a fit leader for a party which sought to establish the supremacy of the rabble. He writes to Rufus King: "The cowardly wretch at their head, while, like a Parisian revolutionary monster, prating about humanity, would feel an infernal pleasure in the utter destruction of his opponents. We have too long witnessed his general turpitude, his cruel removals of faithful officers, and the substitution of corruption and looseness for integrity and worth."

In the same strain he wrote to Theodore Lyman: "Under such a man, and with the means he possesses and can command, corruption will continue to make rapid progress, all power will be thrown into the hands of his party in all the States, and the federalists will curse the day which detached them from the milder government of the mother country."

"Such is the fate which awaits us, and we shall live to see it; yes, the next presidential term will not elapse before what is now anticipated will be verified. One or two Marats or Robespierres in each branch of the legislature, with half a dozen hardened wretches ready to co-operate, a greater number of half-moderates, another portion of gaping expectants of office, another of the ignorant and undiscerning, with the many timid characters, will constitute a large majority, up to any measure which the revenge, the malice, the ambition, or rapacity of the leaders shall propose. It will be enough, to render every such measure popular, to declare its object to be to crush aristocracy and monarchy, and to secure liberty and republicanism."

"And are our good citizens so devoted to their private pursuits that they will not allow themselves time to look up and see the gathering cloud? Will nothing rouse them but its thunder, or strike their eyes save the lightning bursting from its bosom?"

But Pickering and his associates in Congress utterly failed to catch the drift of public sentiment. The mists

which hung over the Potomac then as now very often prevented politicians from beholding the country at large, or at best presented an image wholly distorted and false to its original. The people of the United States were gratified by the Louisiana purchase, and the other dangers, so enormous in the eyes of the federalist senators, did not impress the popular imagination. But the advocates of secession were soon undeceived. If they lacked the unerring instinct, the keen perception of the popular feeling which had enabled Jefferson, in 1799, successfully to formulate and publish the doctrine of nullification, others possessed it, in a degree at least. When they applied for support and assistance to their party allies at home, some told them that separation was undesirable and unjustifiable, while others, admitting its probability in the future, dissuaded any movement in the present. All alike refused aid or encouragement, and the death of Hamilton destroyed even the prospect of discussing the project.

Thus ended the federalist scheme to dissolve the Union in 1804. The reëlection of Jefferson followed hard upon it, and the next year, marked by signs of decay in the old parties, was the most gloomy period of Pickering's career. He seemed to be threatened with a general desertion, and though he would have gone on unflinchingly in his opposition to Jefferson even if he had been the only opponent of the administration in the country, the idea filled him with sadness. When William Plumer, of New Hampshire, left the fast-thinning ranks of the federalists, Pickering's bitterness knew no bounds. He says he is not surprised; that he has long thought Plumer entitled to no confidence; that Plumer is fitted by religion and moral principles to be Jefferson's helper, and has been known to say that he considered "John Randolph an honest man." Worst of all, Plumer had censured a democrat for telling too freely his party secrets. "This single sentiment," says the old Lover of Truth, "is enough by itself to seal a man's damnation." But the days of the

federalists were not yet over. The death struggle between France and England again involved the interests of the whole civilized world. The timorous policy of Jefferson, built upon unsound theories and dictated by what was supposed to be the popular wish, gave a great opening to the federalists. They failed to grasp their opportunity and rise to national success, but they united New England against the administration. Into the bitter contest caused by the Embargo Pickering flung himself, heart and soul. An old belief, laid aside for a time, once more took possession of his mind. Jefferson was the tool of France; France was the universal spoiler and tyrant, England the defender of liberty and society. The duty of every right-thinking and God-fearing man was plain. He must side with England and resist to the death Napoleon Bonaparte and his minion Thomas Jefferson. But Pickering did not abandon the creed of 1804. He still clung to the text of the federalist preacher, which was often in his own mouth: "Come out therefore from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you and be a father to you: ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Almighty." The uncleanness of the democrats, always extreme, was now increased tenfold by their affection for France and their hostility to England. Their restrictive measures were tyranny. "How are the powers," asked Pickering of Christopher Gore, "reserved to the States respectively, or to the people, to be maintained, but by the respective States judging for themselves, and putting their negative on the usurpations of the general government?" The same spirit breathes in the famous Embargo letter addressed by Pickering to Governor Sullivan, and read by men of all parties throughout the land, and by the leaders in Europe as well. The governor was no match for the champion who had assailed him, but there were others more equal to the contest. John Quincy Adams took up the gauntlet which Pickering had thrown down, and replied to his letter with unsparing vigor. But noth-

ing could stay Pickering at this moment, — perhaps the happiest of his life. In the thick of a desperate contest, in a hopeless minority, with the eyes of the nation fixed on him, the unquestioned leader of his party in public life, the acknowledged defender of principles which he felt to be sacred, Pickering displayed all the strongest qualities of his powerful nature, and although we may deem them misapplied we cannot withhold our admiration from their possessor. Again Pickering was destined to disappointment. He had the popular feeling in New England on his side this time, but the party leaders, much as they delighted in his fighting qualities, were not prepared for his extreme measure. They would not abandon the opportunity of national success afforded in the Embargo by any plans for disunion. Pickering, too, had his eye on the nation as well as on the State, but the coalition with Northern democrats which he aimed at broke down, and the federalists failed at every point. They forced the repeal of the Embargo, and embittered by defeat the last hours of Jefferson's public life; but that was all.

The next election deprived Pickering of his seat in the senate, but he was in the house of representatives shortly after the outbreak of the war with England. He believed the time had again come for a decided movement, yet the Eastern States still hung back. The progress of the war, however, brought angry quarrels between New England and the general government. They refused to assist each other, and 1814 found the Eastern coasts exposed to devastation, and the Eastern people worn and impoverished by the sufferings of war. At last came the call for the Hartford convention. Pickering, who had unceasingly urged strong measures on the Massachusetts legislature, felt that the decisive moment was at hand, and he sent elaborate letters to his correspondents, pointing out the proper course to be pursued by the convention. He saw that a general dissolution was setting in, and he had no doubt that the British expedition to New Orleans would

result in the severance of the Western States, an event which he believed to be for the best interests of the country. Decisive action by New England at such a moment might result, not in a Northern confederacy, but in a union of the "good old thirteen States," dominated and controlled by New England principles. The Hartford convention met and did its work, not at all in Pickering's spirit, but quite to his satisfaction, for he felt that it was an irrevocable step, and the beginning of a movement which subsequent events would determine.

But even while Pickering was speculating about the future and dreaming of the downfall of the backwoods democracy, news came of the Treaty of Ghent, and then, with scarcely a breathing space, of the battle of New Orleans. All was over. The bitter struggle of the past fifteen years was at an end, and a new political era had begun. It must have been to Pickering a cruel disappointment. The hope of coercing the South, of building up anew the power of New England, was destroyed, and whatever personal ambition he may then have had was blasted. He saw it all at a glance, but we can only conjecture the bitterness of his feelings, for he gave no sign. However much he may have repined, no one knew of it. Useless lamentation was not in his nature, and he had, besides, the consolation of seeing all the federalist methods of government adopted by the new war democracy. We must not, therefore, overrate his disappointment, for, ardently as Pickering had worked for a separation, he did not regard it as a good in itself, but merely as a means to an end, as the last resort to rectify bad government and establish the reign of the best political principles. In other words, he desired the supremacy of New England, and he believed that by separation he could coerce the other States into submission to New England principles, or else that a Northern confederacy would be formed in which New England would be master. The establishment of the methods in government which he cherished, and the downfall of Napoleon whom he abhorred,

were sources of great and enduring satisfaction. He did not grieve for the unattainable, nor despair because the government was that of a pure democracy. He refused a reelection to Congress, withdrew to his Essex farm, and, laying aside his weapons, relapsed into a cheerful contentment and the enjoyment of his favorite pursuit of agriculture.

Yet he could not wholly abstain from politics. When, in after years, the old controversies were in any way revived, his spirits rose, and the attraction of the battle was irresistible. The most conspicuous instance of this sort was occasioned by the publication of the "Cunningham correspondence." These letters were given to the public through a most infamous breach of confidence, in order to serve party malice and raise the feeling in Massachusetts against John Quincy Adams, then a candidate for the presidency. William Cunningham had insinuated himself into the friendship of John Adams, and had succeeded in drawing from him a series of letters covering many years and relating chiefly to the agitated period of the last federalist administration. These were the papers which Cunningham's son now gave to the world, and they answered his purpose to the extent of angering the surviving federalists, of awakening old and bitter memories, and of bringing Pickering once more into the field of political controversy. In these letters, John Adams, trusting in the seal of secrecy which he had imposed, had poured forth, with his customary impetuosity, all his hatred of his federalist opponents. He not merely attacked his old enemies, but he made charges of all sorts against them, — some, no doubt, well founded, but others, too, which had no support except worn-out and exaggerated scandal. These assaults carried Pickering back a quarter of a century, and he promptly took down his armor and prepared to fight his battles over again with the same unquenchable vigor, the same *gaudium certaminis*, as in 1799. John Adams's rather vague accusations and loosely worded version of past events, though natural enough in an intimate and strict-

ly private correspondence, were poor material for public warfare. They offered no resistance to Pickering's carefully planned attack. Fortified with documents, and with all his usual attention to details, Pickering reviewed, or rather tore to pieces, the Cunningham letters. His powers of invective were still undiminished, and the sharp, incisive language in which he assailed Mr. Adams shows no abatement in his warlike strength, and no flickering in the fierce flame of party hostility. His pamphlet would have been remarkable for any man, but as the work of one verging upon eighty it is a marvelous production. The bodily and mental fibre which made Pickering capable of such an effort must have been tough indeed. But Pickering's resentments were interwoven with his most deeply-rooted principles, were part of his very being, and could cease only with life itself. Shortly before his death he was invited by Mr. Thorndike, of Beverly, to dine with him in company with John Quincy Adams, at that time president of the United States. Pickering's hostility was never of the kind which leads men to shun meeting their opponents. His consistent theory was that in attacking a man's character and principles he was not actuated by any personal feelings, and he would have deemed it in some sort cowardly to manifest any objection to sitting at the same table with an adversary. In this particular instance he regarded Mr. Adams as an apostate, and there exists among his papers a vigorous definition of the crime of apostacy, clearly intended to cover Mr. Adams's case. Pickering, however, did not desire his host to imagine that because he consented to dine with the president he had on any point changed his views as to the character of that eminent person. Silence in such a case seemed, therefore, to savor of deception, and he accordingly addressed to Mr. Thorndike the following note: —

SALEM, September 19, 1827.

DEAR SIR, — I intended to visit Wenham to-day with my wife, and on our

return to call to see you and Mrs. Thorndike; but the rain preventing, I am by this note to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to dinner next Wednesday, "to meet President Adams." On the supposition that I should need some preparation for the meeting, this notice was kindly intended; but I needed none. Whenever I should meet Mr. Adams I should be civil; certainly so when meeting as guests at the hospitable table of a friend. But knowing, as I do, his whole political career, — the slanderer of AMES and CABOT, and an apostate from the federal principles which I have always held in common with those eminent citizens and other unchanging patriots, — it is impossible for me to respect him. It was his *apostacy* which gained him the high object of his selfish ambition, the presidency of the United States.

I accept with pleasure your invitation to dinner. Very respectfully,

T. PICKERING.

HON. ISRAEL THORNDIKE, *Beverly*.

Shortly after this meeting came the presidential election. The extinction of the federalists had made it possible for Pickering to regard the existing parties with some degree of indifference, and though it must have cost the old man an effort to support a candidate put forward by the legitimate political successors of Jefferson, yet personal feelings prevailed. Andrew Jackson had been always an open enemy, but his opponent was John Quincy Adams, the renegade federalist and the son of John Adams. Pickering could not resist the temptation. For the last time he entered the field of politics to oppose Adams and advocate the election of Jackson. His vigorous articles showed little relaxation of the old energy of purpose and the old strength of conviction. But this was the final effort. Before Jackson was inaugurated, before Adams had returned to private life to answer once more, if he had so desired, his ancient and unforgiving foe, Pickering died. The last sounds that reached his ear from the battle-field of politics announced the defeat

of his enemy, and the grave closed over him before that enemy could retaliate. The last blow had been struck, the last word said, in the long strife of twenty-five years, by the strong old warrior, whose spirit nearly ninety years had failed to tame.

We have tried to outline briefly this remarkable career, dwelling chiefly on those events which have the deepest personal and historical significance, and which his biographer saw fit to pass over in silence. Apart, however, from its purely historic value, the story of Colonel Pickering's life reveals a character fruitful in interest to every student of human nature. The predominant qualities were strong, direct, and simple, yet we are occasionally met by contradictions so glaring that they upset every calculation and seem to paralyze analysis. The character of Timothy Pickering cannot be thoroughly appreciated without a constant recurrence to the marked and peculiar qualities, mental and moral, of the Puritan race from which he sprang and of which he was a type. The Puritan who took arms against Charles I. was a man absorbed in the great thought of religion. All other objects were to be attained merely as means to the one great end, — the establishment of the kingdom of Christ by his chosen people. This religious fervor slowly abated, but the principle of utter devotion to a great cause was too deeply branded in their nature to be soon effaced. This quality has been conspicuous among the descendants of the Puritans; it has led to their greatest glories, and in like manner it has been the source of some of their most grievous errors. In it can be found the key to the characters of some of the most remarkable men in our history. This, as well as other less unusual traits of the Puritan character, was possessed in a marked degree by Colonel Pickering.

He was a man of the most reckless courage, physical as well as moral, and there was nothing which so strongly moved his contempt as wavering or hesitation. It was this which caused his strong distrust of Harrison Gray Otis, "whose capital defect was timidity."

Hardly less remarkable was his confidence in himself, his principles, and his beliefs. The idea that he might be in the wrong never finds the slightest acknowledgment in his letters or speeches. On one or two occasions he was not without misgivings as to his ability to perform some trying duty, or fill some high office, but no shadow of doubt ever fell upon him as to his opinions when they had once been formed. When he had settled in his own mind what was right, he pursued it undeviatingly and without the slightest trace of hesitation. Mr. Upham says that Pickering was not prejudiced. A more extraordinary estimate of character it would be difficult to find. Pickering's prejudices, and his unswerving adherence to them at all times and seasons, were one great secret of his success. And this is merely the statement of a general truth. The majority of successful men are the men of intense prejudices and intense convictions. They may not be of so high a type as the broad and liberal-minded men, but they attain the greatest measure of immediate and practical success. They appeal most strongly to the sympathies and passions of their fellow-men; for to the mass of humanity liberality is apt to look like indifferentism, and independence like unreliable eccentricity. Utter and whole-souled belief in themselves and their cause was the grandest feature in the character of the Puritans. Yet this belief is but prejudice in its highest form, and of strong prejudices in all forms Pickering was an exponent. This assured confidence in his own principles and motives explains also the somewhat strange nature of his personal enmities. When we read his fierce denunciations of the elder Adams, and then find him saying that "he had no resentment toward Mr. Adams," the contradiction seems hopeless, for Pickering never used words to conceal thought. The fact is that his hostility, although directed comprehensively against Mr. Adams's actions, opinions, and character, was not dictated by any small feelings of jealousy, revenge, or personal spite and ill-will. To Pickering everything resolved itself

into the strife between good and evil. As the champion of the former, he felt it to be his duty, as he said to Lowell, "in this wicked world, though he could not restore it to innocence, to strive to prevent its growing worse;" and he had no patience with the good-humored cynicism of his friend George Cabot, when the latter said, "Why can't you and I let the world ruin itself in its own way?" Such speeches sank deep into Pickering's mind, and he never thought of them without sorrow. This unconquerable belief in the justice of one's cause sometimes leads to a subjection of means to ends, a danger from which Pickering did not wholly escape. Confidence in his own rectitude was the prevailing reason for his love of plain statements, amounting at times to an almost brutal frankness. But he felt himself to be the defender not merely of the right in general, but of truth and honesty in particular. On these last qualities he justly prided himself; but here, as in all cases, the strength of his conviction led him to extremes. So wholly did he desire the *fortiter in re* that in public life, at least, he generally sacrificed the *suaviter in modo*.

In one important particular Pickering differed widely from those political and personal friends with whom he was most closely allied. They were, as a rule, genuine aristocrats in feeling, while Pickering was at bottom a democrat. He had a profound contempt not merely for such trappings as heraldic bearings, but for any distinctions which he conceived to be in the least artificial or based on aught but the qualities and services of the individual man. Yet he was not wanting in caste feeling of another sort. He had all the pride of the Puritan who gloried in belonging to the chosen people of God. Within certain limits Pickering was a democrat, pure and simple, but he looked upon all who stood beyond the pale very much as the Greek regarded the barbarian. This peculiarity is curiously manifested in his religious belief, for while he never for a moment doubted his own security of a blessed immortality, he conceived that but few of

his fellow-men would share in this future felicity. In condoling with a friend upon the loss of a son, he says: "But we do not grieve as those who have no hope. We look forward to a brighter and a happier world, where sorrow shall cease, and where all tears shall be wiped from our eyes. How blest are they who entertain such hopes! How wretched those, like numbers round me here (Washington in 1804), whose views extend not beyond the grave, and whose best refuge is annihilation!" In the same way he exhibits the most intense local pride and the strongest affection for his birthplace: "Not that every part of the Union is alike to me," he says; "my affections still flow in what you will deem their natural order, — toward Salem, Massachusetts, New England, the Union at large." Again he says, "Such events would not have happened in New England. I rejoice that I can call *that* my country. I think myself honored by it." Pickering's theory of society was the ideal New England democracy, where all the chosen race were alike before Heaven and before man, but where virtue and ability received unhesitating deference and maintained an unquestioned leadership.

Pickering's aversion to aristocracy in the ordinary sense of the word, and his hatred of shams and false pretenses, carried him far in devotion to the *nil admirari* principle. "How little virtue," he says, "is there among mankind! How small the number whose actions are not dictated by their interest or passions!" No man was stauncher or truer to his friends, but he never permitted affection to blind him to their faults. With the single exception, perhaps, of John Adams, Pickering was the only federalist who had a moderate estimate of Washington's abilities, and of this opinion he made no secret. He respected Washington's character, and he even felt awed by the grandeur of Washington's personal presence, but he could not understand him, nor could he perceive in their full extent those great qualities of mind and heart before which men of all nations have bowed in reverence. The only man whom he

thoroughly admired was Hamilton. The clear, penetrating intellect, commanding will, unhesitating decision, and indomitable energy of that great man appealed most strongly to Pickering. To Hamilton he yielded an admiration and respect which he withheld from all others, but even here he would never sacrifice his own opinion.

If Pickering was true to his friendships, he was no less faithful to his enmities, performing in both respects what he believed to be his duty. He was always collecting evidence on every point, no matter how trifling, which might aid in the exposure of his opponents to the world in their real characters, and thus benefit the country and illumine dark places for the people with the light of truth. With this view he gathered a vast quantity of material, a small portion of which he used in his political controversies, but which was intended in the main for memoirs of his contemporaries. These memoirs in a rough state are preserved among his manuscripts, and would furnish a most entertaining and valuable book if fully published.

Such are some of the more uncommon traits in this remarkable character. Other attributes, such as his industry, energy, untiring persistence, and capacity of work, are apparent in every page of his biography. In Timothy Pickering the defects as well as the virtues were positive and strongly marked. There was nothing negative, doubtful, or colorless in his composition. The same was true of his mind. His intellect was strong, active, and full of vitality and force, but essentially narrow. Within certain limits his mental vision was wonderfully clear and acute, but outside those limits he saw nothing. He was not *homo unius libri*, for in many fields of human thought he showed an equal capacity and strength. But in all alike he worked within certain well-defined and immutable bounds, beyond which he never passed. He did not belong to that small class of far-sighted statesmen who build for unborn generations and weigh the most remote effects of their actions. Pickering rarely looked into the future

at all, but he saw the present with wonderful distinctness, and dealt with it as he found it, untroubled with misgivings as to what was to come after.

But when all is said, when analysis has done its work and posterity pronounced its unimpassioned verdict, we still come back to the stern conviction, the unchanging will, the unflinching courage of the man with an increased measure of admiration and sympathy.

No doubt Timothy Pickering made many mistakes, and in some instances acted wrongly and unwisely, but throughout his life he was imbued to the full with the spirit of the great Puritan captain, when among the mists of Dunbar he cried out, "Let God arise; let his enemies be scattered." This spirit, with all its shortcomings, is one the world cannot afford to lose, or men of English race forget.

Henry Cabot Lodge.

CLOSING CHORDS.

I.

Death's Eloquence.

WHEN I shall go
 Into the narrow home that leaves
 No room for wringing of the hands and hair,
 And feel the pressing of the walls which bear
 The heavy sod upon my heart that grieves,
 (As the weird earth rolls on,)
 Then I shall know
 What is the power of destiny. But still,
 Still while my life, however sad, be mine,
 I war with memory, striving to divine
 Phantom to-morrows, to outrun the past;
 For yet the tears of final, absolute ill
 And ruinous knowledge of my fate I shun.
 Even as the frail, instinctive weed
 Tries, through unending shade, to reach at last
 A shining, mellowing, rapture-giving sun;
 So in the deed of breathing joy's warm breath,
 Fain to succeed,
 I, too, in colorless longings, hope till death.

II.

Peace.

AN angel spoke with me, and lo, he hoarded
 My falling tears to cheer a flower's face!
 For, so it seems, in all the heavenly space
 A wasted grief was never yet recorded.

Victorious calm those holy tones afforded
 Unto my soul; whose outcry, in disgrace,
 Changed to low music, leading to the place
 Where, though well armed, with futile use awarded,
 My past lay dead. "Wars are of earth!" he cried;
 "Endurance only breathes immortal air;
 Courage eternal, by a world defied,
 Still wears the front of patience, smooth and fair."
 Are wars so futile, and is courage peace?
 Take, then, my soul, thus gently thy release!

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

THE ADIRONDACKS VERIFIED.

VI.

CAMPING OUT.

It seems to be agreed that civilization is kept up only by a constant effort. Nature claims its own speedily when the effort is relaxed. If you clear a patch of fertile ground in the forest, uproot the stumps, and plant it, year after year, in potatoes and maize, you say you have subdued it. But if you leave it for a season or two a kind of barbarism seems to steal out upon it from the circling woods: coarse grass and brambles cover it; bushes spring up in a wild tangle; the raspberry and the blackberry flower and fruit, and the humorous bear feeds upon them. The last state of that ground is worse than the first.

Perhaps the cleared spot is called Ephesus. There is a splendid city on the plain; there are temples and theatres on the hills; the commerce of the world seeks its port; the luxury of the Orient flows through its marble streets. You are there one day when the sea has receded: the plain is a pestilent marsh; the temples, the theatres, the lofty gates, have sunken and crumbled, and the wild brier runs over them; and as you grow pensive in the most desolate place in the world, a bandit lounges out of a tomb and offers to relieve you of all that which

creates artificial distinctions in society. The higher the civilization has risen, the more abject is the desolation of barbarism that ensues. The most melancholy spot in the Adirondacks is not a tamarack swamp, where the traveler wades in moss and mire, and the atmosphere is composed of equal active parts of black-flies, mosquitoes, and midges. It is the village of the Adirondack Iron Works, where the streets of gaunt houses are falling to pieces, tenantless, the factory wheels have stopped, the furnaces are in ruins, the iron and wooden machinery is strewn about in helpless detachment, and heaps of charcoal, ore, and slag proclaim an arrested industry. Beside this deserted village even Calamity Pond, shallow, sedgy, with its ragged shores of stunted firs and its melancholy shaft that marks the spot where the proprietor of the iron works accidentally shot himself, is cheerful.

The instinct of barbarism that leads people periodically to throw aside the habits of civilization and seek the freedom and discomfort of the woods is explicable enough. But it is not so easy to understand why this passion should be strongest in those who are most refined and most trained in intellectual and social fastidiousness. Philistinism and shoddy do not like the woods, unless it becomes fashionable to do so, and then

as speedily as possible they introduce their artificial luxuries, and reduce the life in the wilderness to the vulgarity of a well-fed picnic. It is they who have strewn the Adirondacks with paper collars and tin cans. The real enjoyment of camping and tramping in the woods lies in a return to primitive conditions of lodging, dress, and food, — in as total an escape as may be from the requirements of civilization. And it remains to be explained why this is enjoyed most by those who are most highly civilized. It is wonderful to see how easily the restraints of society fall off. Of course, it is not true that courtesy depends upon clothes with the best people, but with others behavior hangs almost entirely upon dress. Many good habits are easily got rid of in the woods. Doubt sometimes seems to be felt whether Sunday is a legal holiday there. It becomes a question of casuistry with a clergyman whether he may shoot at a mark on Sunday if none of his congregation are present. He intends no harm; he only gratifies a curiosity to see if he can hit the mark. Where shall he draw the line? Doubtless he might throw a stone at a chipmunk, or shout at a loon. Might he fire at a mark with an air-gun that makes no noise? He will not fish or hunt on Sunday, — although he is no more likely to catch anything that day than on any other, — but may he eat trout that the guide has caught on Sunday, if the guide swears he caught them Saturday night? Is there such a thing as a vacation in religion? How much of our virtue do we owe to inherited habits?

I am not at all sure whether this desire to camp outside of civilization is creditable to human nature or otherwise. We hear sometimes that the Turk has been merely camping for four centuries in Europe. I suspect that many of us are, after all, really camping temporarily in civilized conditions, and that going into the wilderness is an escape, longed for, into our natural and preferred state. Consider what this "camping out" is that is confessedly so agreeable to people most delicately reared. I have no desire to exaggerate its delights.

The Adirondack wilderness is essentially unbroken: a few bad roads that penetrate it, a few jolting wagons that traverse them, a few barn-like boarding-houses on the edge of the forest, where the boarders are soothed by patent coffee, and stimulated to unnatural gayety by Japan tea, and experimented on by unique cookery, do little to destroy the savage fascination of the region. In half an hour, at any point, one can put himself into solitude and every desirable discomfort. The party that covets the experience of the camp comes down to primitive conditions of dress and equipment. There are guides and porters to carry the blankets for beds, the raw provisions, and the camp equipage; and the motley party of the temporarily de-civilized files into the woods and begins, perhaps by a road, perhaps on a trail, its exhilarating and weary march. The exhilaration arises partly from the casting aside of restraint, partly from the adventure of exploration; and the weariness from the interminable toil of bad walking, a heavy pack, and the grim monotony of trees and bushes that shut out all prospect except an occasional glimpse of the sky. Mountains are painfully climbed, streams forded, lonesome lakes paddled over, long and muddy "carries" traversed. Fancy this party the victim of political exile, banished by the law, and a more sorrowful march could not be imagined. But the voluntary hardship becomes pleasure, and it is undeniable that the spirits of the party rise as the difficulties increase.

For this straggling and stumbling band the world is young again. It has come to the beginning of things, it has cut loose from tradition, and is free to make a home anywhere; the movement has all the promise of a revolution. All this virginal freshness invites the primitive instincts of play and disorder. The free range of the forests suggests endless possibilities of exploration and possession. Perhaps we are treading where man since the creation never trod before; perhaps the waters of this bubbling spring, which we deepen by scraping out the decayed leaves and the black earth, have

never been tasted before except by the wild denizens of these woods. We cross the trails of lurking animals, — paths that heighten our sense of seclusion from the world. The hammering of the infrequent woodpecker, the call of the lonely bird, the drumming of the solitary partridge, — all these sounds do but emphasize the lonesomeness of nature. The roar of the mountain brook, dashing over its bed of pebbles, rising out of the ravine and spreading, as it were, a mist of sound through all the forest, — continuous beating waves that have the rhythm of eternity in them, — and the fitful movement of the air tides through the balsams and firs and the giant pines, how these grand symphonies shut out the little exasperations of our vexed life! It seems easy to begin life over again on the simplest terms. Probably it is not so much the desire of the congregation to escape from the preacher, or of the preacher to escape from himself, that drives sophisticated people into the wilderness as it is the unconquered craving for primitive simplicity, the revolt against the everlasting dress-parade of our civilization. From this monstrous pomposity, even the artificial rusticity of a Petit Trianon is a relief. It was only human nature that the jaded Frenchman of the Regency should run away to the New World and live in a forest hut with an Indian squaw; although he found little satisfaction in his act of heroism unless it was talked about at Versailles.

When our trampers come, late in the afternoon, to the bank of a lovely lake where they purpose to enter the primitive life, everything is waiting for them in virgin expectation. There is a little promontory jutting into the lake and sloping down to a sandy beach on which the waters idly lapse, and shoals of red-fins and shiners come to greet the stranger. The forest is untouched by the axe; the tender green sweeps the water's edge. Ranks of slender firs are marshaled by the shore; clumps of white birch stems shine in satin purity among the evergreens; the boles of giant spruces, maples and oaks, lifting high their crowns of foliage, stretch away in endless gal-

leries and arcades. Through the shifting leaves the sunshine falls upon the brown earth; overhead are fragments of blue sky; under the boughs and in chance openings appear the bluer lake and the outline of the gracious mountains. The discoverers of this paradise, which they have entered to destroy, note the babbling of the brook that flows close at hand; they hear the splash of the leaping fish; they listen to the sweet, metallic song of the evening thrush, and the chatter of the red squirrel, who angrily challenges their right to be there. But the moment of sentiment passes. This party has come here to eat and to sleep, and not to encourage nature in her poetic attitudinizing.

The spot for a shanty is selected: this side shall be its opening, towards the lake, and in front of it the fire, so that the smoke shall drift into the hut and discourage the mosquitoes; yonder shall be the cook's fire and the path to the spring. The whole colony bestir themselves in the foundation of a new home, — an enterprise that has all the fascination and none of the danger of a veritable new settlement in the wilderness. The axes of the guides resound in the echoing spaces; great trunks fall with a crash; vistas are opened towards the lake and the mountains. The spot for the shanty is cleared of underbrush; forked stakes are driven into the ground, cross-pieces are laid on them, and poles sloping back to the ground. In an incredible space of time there is the skeleton of a house, which is entirely open in front. The roof and sides must be covered. For this purpose the trunks of great spruces are skinned. The woodman rims the bark near the foot of the tree, and again six feet above, and slashes it perpendicularly; then, with a blunt stick, he crowds off this thick hide, exactly as an ox is skinned. It needs but a few of these skins to cover the roof, and they make a perfectly water-tight roof, except when it rains. Meantime, busy hands have gathered boughs of the spruce and the feathery balsam, and shingled the ground underneath the shanty for a bed. It is an aromatic bed; in theory it is elastic

and consoling. Upon it are spread the blankets. The sleepers, of all sexes and ages, are to lie there in a row, their feet to the fire and their heads under the edge of the sloping roof. Nothing could be better contrived. The fire is in front; it is not a fire, but a conflagration, a vast heap of green logs, set on fire of pitch and split dead-wood and crackling balsams, raging and roaring. By the time twilight falls the cook has prepared supper. Everything has been cooked in a tin pail and a skillet, — potatoes, tea, pork, mutton, slapjacks. You wonder how everything could have been prepared in so few utensils. When you eat the wonder ceases; everything might have been cooked in one pail. It is a noble meal, and nobly is it disposed of by these amateur savages sitting about upon logs and roots of trees. Never were there such potatoes; never beans that seemed to have more of the bean in them; never such curly pork; never trout with more Indian meal on them; never mutton more distinctly sheepy; and the tea, drunk out of a tin cup, with a lump of maple sugar dissolved in it, — it is the sort of tea that takes hold, lifts the hair, and disposes the drinker to anecdote and hilarity. There is no deception about it; it tastes of tannin and spruce and creosote. Everything, in short, has the flavor of the wilderness and a free life. It is idyllic. And yet, with all our sentimentality, there is nothing feeble about the cooking. The slapjacks are a solid job of work, made to last, and not go to pieces in a person's stomach like a trivial bun; we might record on them, in cuneiform characters, our incipient civilization, and future generations would doubtless turn them up as Acadian bricks. Good, robust victuals are what the primitive man wants.

Darkness falls suddenly. Outside the ring of light from our conflagration, the woods are black. There is a tremendous impression of isolation and lonesomeness in our situation. We are the prisoners of the night. The woods never seemed so vast and mysterious. The trees are gigantic. There are noises that we do not understand, mysterious winds pass-

ing overhead and rambling in the great galleries, tree trunks grinding against each other, undefinable stirs and uneasinesses. The shapes of those who pass into the dimness are outlined in monstrous proportions. The spectres, seated about in the glare of the fire, talk about appearances and presentiments and religion; the guides cheer the night with bear-fights, and catamount encounters, and frozen-to-death experiences, and simple tales of great prolixity and no point, and jokes of primitive lucidity. We hear catamounts, and the stealthy tread of things in the leaves, and the hooting of owls, and when the moon rises the laughter of the loon. Everything is strange, spectral, fascinating.

By and by we get our positions in the shanty for the night, and arrange the row of sleepers. The shanty has become a smoke-house by this time: waves of smoke roll into it from the fire; it is only by lying down and getting the head well under the eaves that one can breathe. No one can find her "things;" nobody has a pillow. At length the row is laid out, with the solemn protestation of intention to sleep. The wind shifting drives away the smoke; good night is said a hundred times; positions are readjusted; more last words; new shifting about; final remarks; it is all so comfortable and romantic, and then silence. Silence continues for a minute. The fire flashes up; all the row of heads is lifted up simultaneously to watch it; showers of sparks sail aloft into the blue night; the vast vault of greenery is a fairy spectacle. How the sparks mount, and twinkle, and disappear like tropical fire-flies! and all the leaves murmur and clap their hands. Some of the sparks do not go out; we see them flaming in the sky, when the flame of the fire has died down. Well, good night, — good night; more folding of the arms to sleep; more grumbling about the hardness of a hand-bag or the insufficiency of a pocket-handkerchief for a pillow, — good night. Was that a remark? — something about a root, a stub in the ground sticking into the back. "You could n't lie along a hair?" "Well, no; here's another

stub." It needs but a moment for the conversation to become general,—about roots under the shoulder, stubs in the back, a ridge on which it is impossible for the sleeper to balance, the non-elasticity of boughs, the hardness of the ground, the heat, the smoke, the chilly air; subjects of remark multiply. The whole camp is awake and chattering like an aviary. The owl is also awake, but the guides who are asleep outside make more noise than the owls. Water is wanted, and is handed about in a dipper. Everybody is yawning; everybody is now determined to go to sleep in good earnest. A last good night. There is an appalling silence. It is interrupted in the most natural way in the world. Somebody has got the start and gone to sleep. He proclaims the fact. He seems to have been brought up on the seashore, and to know how to make all the deep-toned noises of the restless ocean; he is also like a war-horse,—or, it is suggested, like a saw-horse. How malignantly he snorts, and breaks off short, and at once begins again in another key! One head is raised after another.

"Who is that?"

"Somebody punch him."

"Turn him over."

"Reason with him."

The sleeper is turned over. The turn was a mistake. He was before, it appears, on his most agreeable side. The camp rises in indignation. The sleeper sits up in bewilderment. Before he can go off again, two or three others have preceded him. They are all alike. You never can judge what a person is when he is awake. There are here half a dozen disturbers of the peace, who should be put in solitary confinement. At midnight, when a philosopher crawls out to sit on a log by the fire and smoke a pipe, a duet in tenor and mezzo-soprano is going on in the shanty, with a chorus always coming in at the wrong time. Those who are not asleep want to know why the smoker does n't go to bed. He is requested to get some water, to throw on another log, to see what time it is, to note whether it looks like rain. A buzz of conversation arises. She is sure

she heard something behind the shanty. He says it is all nonsense. "Perhaps, however, it might be a mouse."

"Mercy! Are there mice?"

"Plenty."

"Then, that's what I heard nibbling by my head. I shan't sleep a wink. Do they bite?"

"No, they nibble; scarcely ever take a full bite out."

"It's horrid."

Towards morning it grows chilly; the guides have let the fire go out; the blankets will slip down. Anxiety begins to be expressed about the dawn.

"What time does the sun rise?"

"Awful early. Did you sleep?"

"Not a wink. And you?"

"In spots. I'm going to dig up this root as soon as it is light enough."

"See that mist on the lake, and the light just coming on the Gothics. I'd no idea it was so cold; all the first part of the night I was roasted."

"What were they talking about all night?"

When the party crawls out to the early breakfast, after it has washed its faces in the lake, it is disorganized but cheerful. Nobody admits much sleep; but everybody is refreshed and declares it delightful. It is the fresh air all night that invigorates, or may be it is the tea, or the slapjacks. The guides have erected a table of spruce bark, with benches at the sides, so that breakfast is taken in form. It is served on tin plates and oak chips. After breakfast begins the day's work. It may be a mountain-climbing expedition, or rowing and angling in the lake, or fishing for trout in some stream two or three miles distant. Nobody can stir far from camp without a guide. Hammocks are swung, bowers are built, novel-reading begins, worsted work appears, cards are shuffled and dealt. The day passes in absolute freedom from responsibility to one's self. At night, when the expeditions return, the camp resumes its animation. Adventures are recounted, every statement of the narrator being disputed and argued. Everybody has become an adept in wood-craft, but nobody credits

his neighbor with like instinct. Society getting resolved into its elements, confidence is gone.

Whilst the hilarious party are at supper, a drop or two of rain falls. The head guide is appealed to. Is it going to rain? He says it does rain. But will it be a rainy night? The guide goes down to the lake, looks at the sky, and concludes that if the wind shifts a p'int more there is no telling what sort of weather we shall have. Meantime the drops patter thicker on the leaves overhead, and the leaves in turn pass the water down to the table; the sky darkens, the wind rises, there is a kind of shiver in the woods, and we scud away into the shanty, taking the remains of our supper and eating it as best we can. The rain increases. The fire sputters and fumes. All the trees are dripping, dripping, and the ground is wet. We cannot step out-doors without getting a drenching. Like sheep we are penned in the little hut, where no one can stand erect. The rain swirls into the open front and wets the bottom of the blankets; the smoke drives in; we curl up and enjoy ourselves. The guides at length conclude that it is going to be damp. The dismal situation sets us all into good spirits, and it is later than the night before when we crawl under our blankets, sure this time of a sound sleep, lulled by the storm and the rain resounding on the bark roof. How much better off we are than many a shelterless wretch! We are as snug as dry herrings. At the moment, however, of dropping off to sleep, somebody unfortunately notes a drop of water on his face; this is followed by another drop; in an instant a stream is established. He moves his head to a dry place. Scarcely has he done so, when he feels a dampness in his back. Reaching his hand outside, he finds a puddle of water soaking through his blanket. By this time somebody inquires if it is possible that the roof leaks. One man has a stream of water under him; another says it is coming into his ear. The roof appears to be a discriminating sieve. Those who are dry see no need of such a fuss. The man in the

corner spreads his umbrella, and the protective measure is resented by his neighbor. In the darkness there is re-creation. One of the guides, who is summoned, suggests that the rubber blankets be passed out and spread over the roof. The inmates dislike the proposal, saying that a shower-bath is no worse than a tub-bath. The rain continues to soak down. The fire is only half-alive. The bedding is damp. Some sit up, if they can find a dry spot to sit on, and smoke. Heartless observations are made. A few sleep. And the night wears on. The morning opens cheerless. The sky is still leaking, and so is the shanty. The guides bring in a half-cooked breakfast. The roof is patched up. There are reviving signs of breaking away — delusive signs that create momentary exhilaration. Even if the storm clears, the woods are soaked. There is no chance of stirring. The world is only ten feet square.

This life, without responsibility or clean clothes, may continue as long as the reader desires. There are those who would like to live in this free fashion forever, taking rain and sun as Heaven pleases; and there are some souls so constituted that they cannot exist more than three days without their worldly baggage. Taking the party altogether, from one cause or another it is likely to strike camp sooner than was intended. And the stricken camp is a melancholy sight. The woods have been despoiled; the stumps are ugly; the bushes are scorched; the pine-leaf-strewn earth is trodden into mire; the landing looks like a cattle-ford; the ground is littered with all the unsightly *debris* of a hand-to-hand life; the dismantled shanty is a shabby object; the charred and blackened logs, where the fire blazed, suggest the extinction of family life. Man has wrought his usual wrong upon nature, and he can save his self-respect only by moving on to virgin forests.

And move to them he will, the next season if not this. For he who has once experienced the fascination of the woods life never escapes its enticement; in the memory nothing remains but its charm.

Charles Dudley Warner.

ENGLAND ON THE RAILS.

JOUY, the author of *L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, which is the French Spectator, has a remark which those who are ready to generalize upon national peculiarities would do well to consider. "Plus on réfléchit," he says, "et plus on observe, plus on se convainc de la fausseté de la plupart de ces jugements portés sur un nation entière par quelques écrivains et adoptés sans examen par les autres."¹ He illustrates and confirms this conclusion by asking, Who is the Frenchman that does not believe himself to be one of a people the most mobile and the most inconstant in the world? Nevertheless, he adds, if we observe and study the character of our people elsewhere than in the capital, where it denaturalizes itself so easily, we shall discover that, so far from being inclined to change, the French is, of the peoples of Europe, the most enslaved by its prejudices, and the most bound down to routine. The French Addison was right; and there could be no more impressive illustration of the truth of his judgment than the opinions formed of each other, and tenaciously held for more than half a century, by the people of England and those of "America," or, as the latter is generally called in the former, "the States," both phrases being brief make-shifts for the long, complex, and purely political designation, "the United States of America." One of these notions is counterchanged, as the heralds say. When one half a shield, for example, is white and the other black (party per pale or per fesse, argent and sable), and a figure is imposed upon it of the tints of the field, the part which is upon the black side being white and that which is upon the white side being black, it is said to be counterchanged. This quaint contrivance, by which a figure, a lion for example, is shown one half black and the other white, in oppo-

sition to the party-colored background upon which it is displayed, has a grotesque resemblance to the opinions sometimes entertained of each other on one subject by two individuals or two peoples. Thus British writers, and the British people generally, adopting, as Jouy says, without question the opinions of their writers, speak of us as a nation of travelers; while many of us, on the other hand, think of Englishmen as staid, immobile folk, slow in all their actions, mental and physical, and, compared with ourselves sluggish, stolid, and with a dislike of movement which is composed in equal parts of *vis inertiae* and local attachment. There was never a notion more incorrect, or set up more directly in the face of commonly known facts. Englishmen are, and always have been, the greatest travelers in the world. Englishmen, of all people, have been the readiest to leave an old home for a new one. They are the explorers, they are the colonizers, of the earth. It is because Englishmen are travelers and colonizers that two English-speaking nations monopolize the larger and the fairer part of this great continent; that the vast continent-like island of Australia is rapidly becoming another New England; that Victoria counts among her titles that of Empress of India; and that the aborigines of the southern wilds of Africa are beginning to yield place to the Anglo-Saxon. Even on this continent more men from the Old England than from the New have traveled to the Western plains for curiosity or for the pleasures of the chase; and in South America, — in the Brazils, in Peru, and in Chili, — of the English-speaking denizens and mercantile houses ten to one are British. Upon the latter point I do not of course speak with personal knowledge, but by inference from what I do know and from testimony.

¹ The more we reflect, and the more we observe, the more we are convinced of the falsity of the greater part of those judgments passed upon a whole

people by some writers and adopted without question by others. (*L'Hermite*, etc. No. v., 21st September, 1811.)

The notion that "the Americans" are a nation of travelers has sprung chiefly from the largeness of our hotels, and the freedom and ease with which we use them. In former years the greater number of English travelers in England went, except when they were actually *en route*, to lodgings. It is only of late years that large hotels like ours have been established in the principal English cities; but there, notwithstanding all that has been said of the Englishman's dislike of hotel life, they are profitable, and seem to be well adapted to the habits of the people. Our large hotels were at first the result of a certain social condition. We had not a class of people who liked to let a part of their own houses to transient lodgers of a class above them. Keeping a hotel or a boarding-house as a business was quite another matter. It was undertaken like any other business. Hence our hotels and boarding-houses, and our free use of them merely as places where we could buy food and rest for a few hours, just as we could buy anything else at any shop, without concerning ourselves about the landlord in one case or the shopkeeper in the other. And this notion of our being so much more given to travel than Englishmen are had its origin many years ago, before railways were, and when we used, even much more than we do now, what Englishmen can never use largely as a means of locomotion, steamboats. A British traveler, finding himself in one of our large river-boats, with one, two, or perhaps three or four hundred people, came not unnaturally to the conclusion that our whole population was constantly moving about in those to him wonderful vessels. He had never seen more than a stage-coach full of fellow-passengers at one time, and the great throng astonished him. But for one traveler in a stage-coach here there were a hundred in England, besides those who traveled post.

However all this may have been, nowadays half England seems to be every day upon the rails. High and low, rich and poor, they spend no small part of their time in railway carriages. Ladies who would not venture themselves in a

London cab alone (although that they do now pretty freely) travel by rail unattended, or at most with a maid, who is generally in a second-class carriage while they are in a first. Not only married and middle-aged women do this, but young ladies, even of the higher and the upper-middle classes.¹ The number of trains that enter and leave London, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other large cities daily is enormous. The great stations in London, of which there are six or seven, like the Victoria, the Charing Cross, and the Euston Street, swarm with crowds at all hours. The entire population of the island seems to be always "on the go." And all this is done without bustle or confusion. The Englishman and the Englishwoman of today are so accustomed to travel that they go about upon the rails with no more fuss than in going from the drawing-room to the dining-room, and from the dining-room back into the drawing-room; and this quiet in locomotion is much aided by the perfect system of the railway management, and the comfort with which the whole proceeding is invested. A long train arrives at a great station whence hundreds of people are just about to start. There is no confusion, and the train is emptied, and in five minutes or less all the passengers, with their luggage, are out of the station and on their way homeward.

There has been much dispute as to the comparative convenience of the English and American systems of railway traveling. I give my voice, without hesitation or qualification, in favor of the English. In England a man in his traveling, as in all other affairs of life, does not lose his individuality. He does not become merely one of the traveling public. He is not transmuted, even by that great social change-worker the railway, into a mere item in a congeries of so many things that are to be transported from one place to another *with the least trouble to the common carrier*. His personal comfort is looked after, his individual wishes

¹ *Teste*: the adventure of Colonel Valentine Baker, now, as Baker Pasha, restored to grace and good society in England.

are so far as is possible consulted. He arrives at the station with his luggage. One of the company's porters immediately appears, asks where he is going, and takes his trunks and bags. He buys his tickets, and directed, if he needs direction, by other servants of the company, all of whom are in uniform, he takes his seat in a first-class or second-class carriage, as he has chosen. He is assisted to find a comfortable place, and, if he appears at all at a loss, is prevented by the attendants from getting into a wrong train or a wrong carriage. For here, as in all similar places in England, there is always some authorized person at hand to answer questions; and the answer is civil and pleasant. His luggage, properly labeled, is placed in a van or compartment in the very carriage in which he takes his seat. For, contrary to the general supposition, first, second, and third class carriages are not distinct vehicles or, as we might say, cars, coupled together in a train. The body of the vehicle on each "truck" is divided into first, second, and third class carriages or compartments; and each one of these composite vehicles has a luggage van. A minute or two before the train is to start a servant of the company, whose particular business it is, goes to the door of every carriage and, examining the tickets of the passengers, sees that each one is properly placed. In more than one instance I have seen the error of an ignorant passenger who had neglected to make the proper inquiries rectified by this precaution, which prevents mistakes that would have proved very annoying. When this has been done the doors are closed but not locked, the word is given "all right," and the train starts, and with a motion so gentle that it is hardly perceptible. There is no clanging of bells or shrieking of whistles. The quiet of the whole proceeding is as impressive as its order. And I will here remark that that most hideous of all sounds, the mingled shriek and howl of the steam-whistle, from the annoyance of which we are hardly free anywhere in America, is rarely heard in England. At Morley's Hotel in London,

which is in Trafalgar Square, within a stone's-throw of the great Charing Cross station, and where I stopped for some days, I did not once hear, even in the stillness of night, this atrocious sound. On the rails it is rarely heard; and there the noise is not very unpleasant. It is a short, sharp sound,—a real whistle, not a demoniac shriek, or a hollow, metallic roar.

The care that is taken of the safety of passengers is shown by an incident of which I was a witness when going to Canterbury. The way-stations are on both sides of the road. Passengers who are going up take the train on one side; those going down, on the other. The communication between the two sides of the station is either by a bridge above the rails, or by a tunnel under-ground; and no one who is not a servant of the company is allowed to walk on the tracks, or to cross them, under any circumstances whatever. On the occasion to which I refer, a man stepped down from the platform on one side, and was instantly met by a person in uniform who ordered him back. He submitted at once, and then said, good-humoredly, to the station-master, "I suppose you adopted that regulation because of the accidents that happened." "No," replied the other, with a smile; "we adopted it before the accidents happened." Here we always wait for the accident.

The carriages are the perfection of comfort. The first-class are in every way luxurious. You are as much at your ease as if you were in a large stuffed arm-chair with a back high enough to support your head as well as your shoulders. The second-class carriages on some of the lines are hardly inferior in real comfort, although they are not so handsomely fitted up; the chief important difference being a diminution of room. But even in the first-class carriages there is no glare of color or of tinsel, no shining ornaments of wood or metal. All is rich and sober; and there are no sharp corners or hard surfaces. The holder of a first-class ticket may ride in a second or a third class carriage if he desires to do so and there is room

for him; and I have again and again, on the stopping of the train, gone from one to the other to observe the passengers in each and to talk with them, — for English people are much more talkative and communicative than we are, particularly when they are traveling. In this way I had the pleasure of many long conversations, even with ladies whom I never saw before and whom I shall probably never see again. When a train stops the doors are all immediately thrown open, and if it is at a way-station the passengers give up their tickets as they pass out through the station. If you choose to go beyond the point for which you have bought your ticket, you merely pay the additional fare, for which a receipt is given; doing which causes you no appreciable delay.

When the train reaches its destination it is stopped a short distance from the station, and an officer of the company comes to the door of the carriage and asks for your ticket. Sometimes this is done at the last way-station, if that is very near the end of the line. The train then moves on and quietly enters the station, slowing its gentle movement so gradually that motion insensibly becomes rest. There is no clanging, bumping, or shaking. If you have only your hand-bag and your rug, you step out, and if you do not choose to walk you take the first of the line of cabs in order as they stand, and are off in a minute. If you are in London, and are observant, you will see as you pass the gate that your cabman gives your address to a policeman, who writes it down with the number of the cab, taking a look at you as this is done; but the cab does not perceptibly stop for it, and then is off on a trot. If you have luggage and more than a single trunk, you hold up your finger, and one of the company's porters is instantly at the carriage window. You tell him to get you a four-wheeler, and give him a bag, a rug, a book, or a newspaper, which he puts into some four-wheeled cab, which is thereby engaged for you. You get out, go with the porter to the luggage van, which is not one of two or three huge cars, full of trunks and

boxes, away at the end of the train, but a small compartment just at your side; and the contents are not numerous, of course, as each van has only the luggage of the passengers on one vehicle. You point out your own trunks and boxes, the porter whisks them up to the cab, and in five minutes or less from the time when the train stopped you are trotting off to your house, your lodgings, or your hotel, and *all your baggage is with you* for immediate use, without the bother of checks and expressmen and a delivery of your baggage at some time within half a day afterwards. If by chance any mistake has been made as to the disposition of your baggage, which happens with extremest rarity, according to my observation, it is discovered at once, and there is the whole force of the company's porters and higher officers to rectify it, and to search for and produce your property under your own observation; and the thing is done in a few minutes. Police officers are there, too, not lounging or indifferent, but ready, quick, and active to give you protection and help. The result is expedition and the keeping of your property under your own eye, and the having it immediately at your residence. It is customary to give the porter who gets your cab and takes your luggage to it sixpence or fourpence for his trouble.

Nothing is more remarkable on an English railway than the civility of the company's servants; and this is the more impressive because it does not at all diminish their firmness and precision in obedience to orders. I happened on two occasions to remark this particularly. But before telling my own experience in England I will relate that of another person under similar circumstances in America. A young gentleman, whom I know very well, started from Philadelphia to New York, buying a through ticket. He stopped on the way and remained a night, and the next morning resumed his journey. When he presented his "coupon" ticket to the conductor, he was told that it was worthless, as it was dated the day before, and was good only for the day on which it was

issued. He insisted that as he had paid to be taken from Philadelphia to New York he had the right to be taken the whole distance, whether he stopped on the way six hours or twenty-four, and he refused to pay the double fare demanded. At the next station the conductor ordered him out of the car. He refused to go, and thereupon the other undertook to remove him; this, even with the assistance of a brakeman, was not found highly practicable, and was given up as a bad job. But when the train reached Trenton the conductor and his assistants entered the car with a man in plain clothes who said that he was an officer, and who arrested the passenger. This officer said that he was commissioned by the governor and also by the mayor of Trenton, but that he was in the employ of the company. The passenger demanded the intervention of the mayor, was able to enforce his demand, and the mayor ordered his immediate release. The matter was then placed in the hands of a lawyer, and I believe has not yet been settled.

Now it so happened that just at that time I was in a precisely similar position in England. The affair being in all its circumstances very illustrative of the difference between the two countries in railway regulations, and in the manners of those who administer them, I shall relate it in detail. While at a Liverpool hotel, close by the station, I had spoken to a porter of the house, who did me some little services, of my intention to go to London in a day or two, stopping at Birmingham for the last day of the great triennial musical festival. On the afternoon when I was to start, I came in belated and in great haste. I had but twenty minutes in which to pack, pay my bill, buy my ticket, and get off. I sent this porter to get me a second-class ticket. He went, and my luggage was taken in charge by another porter. I reached the train just in time, and the first porter, whom I found standing at a carriage door, handed me my ticket with some silver change, all of which I thrust into my waistcoat pocket without looking at it, and got into the carriage

which he had selected for me. The other porter, who had taken my luggage, came to the door, said "All right, sir," and we were off. I was so close upon the time of starting that the inquiry as to my destination was made just as the train began to move. To my surprise the ticket examiner said, as I showed him my ticket, which of course I had not yet had time to look at, "This ticket is for London, sir, and you said Birmingham." As it proved, the first porter, having heard me speak of going to London, had in his haste forgotten what I said about Birmingham, and had bought me a London ticket. I was immediately in a state of unpleasant doubt as to what my experience would be and what would become of my luggage, for I had been in the country hardly a week. At the first stopping-place I made inquiry of the guard, and was told that the stops were so short that nothing could be done until we reached Stafford, where the train would stop ten minutes. The train had hardly come to a stand-still at Stafford when he made his appearance and took me immediately to a superior official, who, when I had stated my case, said that I must see the station-master; and in less than half a minute that personage appeared before me. He was an intelligent, middle-aged man, very respectable in his appearance, and very respectful in his bearing. The guard told him the case briefly. He ordered the luggage in the van of my carriage to be taken out. It was all turned out, and mine was not found. I was asked to describe it particularly. I did so, and the order was given to take out all the luggage from all the Birmingham and London carriages. It was now quite dark, and the search was made with lanterns; but in two or three minutes (so many hands were engaged, so quickly did they work, and so little luggage, comparatively, was there in each van) my trunks were found, duly labeled "Birmingham." The second porter had made no mistake. I then told the station-master that I had intended, as he saw by the labeling of my luggage, to stop at Birmingham, and asked him if with a Lon-

don ticket I could break my journey for a day. He said that he thought that I might, bade me good evening, and the train started without the delay of a minute. I stopped at Birmingham, stayed two days, and then resumed my journey to London. At a short distance from the Euston Street Station the train halted, and we were asked for our tickets. I gave mine, and the ticket taker, glancing at it as he was moving on, stopped short, and said, "This is a — day's ticket, sir. I cannot take this." "You'll have to take it," I said, "for I have no other." "Then I must ask you, sir, to pay me your fare from Birmingham." "I've paid it once, and I certainly shall not pay it twice on this line until I have been taken to London." "I beg pardon, sir, but I must positively refuse to take this ticket. It's against my orders; and I must ask you for your fare from Birmingham." I was struck by the man's respectfulness, civility, and quiet good humor, but none the less by his unflinching firmness; and I answered him with, I believe, equal respect and firmness, "I am sorry, but I shall not pay double fare. I refuse positively." "Then, sir," was his reply, "I must ask you for your name and address." I took out my card, wrote upon it the name of the hotel in London to which I was going, and handed it to him. He touched his cap, saying, "Thank you, sir. Good evening." I replied, "Good evening," and he passed on. The affair had, of course, attracted much attention from my carriage inmates, one of whom said to me, as the train started again, "I think you'll find you're wrong. This is a matter the companies are very particular about; I don't know why; and I believe the question has been decided in their favor; I can't see why. You'd better write to the general superintendent of the company when you get to London," and he gave me his name. The next morning I did write, stated my case, received a courteous reply, and the matter was settled quietly, good-naturedly, decently, sensibly, with respect on both sides, and with the least possible trouble. I think so much could not be said of

the proceedings in the case of my young friend between Philadelphia and New York, even although he was a resident of New York and was able to give a name and references very well known, and I was a stranger in England and had never been in London.

At the great railway stations such is the throng of travelers ceaselessly passing back and forth, or waiting for trains, accompanied sometimes, in the case of ladies who are going alone, by friends, that these places afford very favorable opportunities for the observation of all sorts of people from all parts of the country, whose superficial traits may be thus conveniently studied and compared. The variety of classes and conditions is great; the difference unmistakable. Here we see nothing like it. True, we can tell Northerners from Southerners, Eastern from Western men, and can distinguish by the outside between a denizen of one of the great cities and one from the rural districts. An observant eye can even detect slight variations between the urban and the suburban man or woman, none the less easily when the latter has her garments carefully made according to the patterns in Harper's Bazar. But beyond this a close observation of our travelers tells us little. In England, notwithstanding the leveling and assimilating tendencies of the last half century, due largely to the railway itself, the gradation of classes is readily perceptible, even to a stranger's eye; nor is the condition, or in many cases the occupation, less distinguishable than the class. Agricultural laborers are very rarely seen upon the railway, except when they move in gangs for special work; and then they are quite likely to be Irishmen. The farmers travel much more than I supposed they did, — very much more than they do with us. I met with them and talked with them in second-class cars on every line on which I traveled; for as I have said it was my habit, when alone, to change my place at station and station to second and third class carriages, which I learned that the holder of a first-class ticket might do if the trains were not crowded. I found

that my apprehension of their class and condition from their appearance was never wrong; and so it proved (within certain limits, of course) in regard to other classes. Not only are the upper classes, that is, we may say, those who are educated at Eton and Harrow and the two great universities, unmistakable by their bearing and expression of countenance, but among the professional classes a bar-rister would hardly be taken for a physician, or either of these for a clergyman, or a clergyman for either of those. The London city man, "commercial person," is also unmistakable, unless he is one of those highly educated great bankers or merchants which are found in England, but are very rare in America. Such a person might be taken for a peer, unless you were to see him and the peer together, when, with a few "tip-top" exceptions on the city side, the difference would manifest itself, if in no other way, by the countenance, if not in the behavior, of the city man himself.

The intermediate classes, commercial travelers, small attorneys, tradesmen, and so forth, have also their distinctive outside and expression, difficult to define in words when dress has come to be so identical in form and color among all classes, but still, as I found it, quite unmistakable. I remember that on one Sunday, when I went to morning service at a little village church with the "lady of the manor," I noticed in the choir, close to which her pew was, a man so very earnest in his singing that he attracted my attention. As we walked back through the shubbery, just beyond which the church stood, shut off by a wall through which was a little gate, I spoke to my hostess of this man's singing, and asked if he was not a carpenter. "Yes," she answered, with a look of surprise; "but how did you know that?" (I had come to — only the day before.) "Oh," I said, "I knew that he must be an artisan, for he was plainly neither a farmer nor a laborer; and as he did not look like the village blacksmith or wheelwright, I therefore concluded that he must be a carpenter. And besides, he sawed away so at his singing." The

man's dress was like that of my host in fashion and material, a black cloth frock and trousers, and they were perfectly fresh and good, and his linen was clean; but the difference of rank and breeding between the two men was as manifest as if the one had worn his coronet, and the other his paper cap and apron. All these various classes are nowhere seen together as they are at the railway stations; for, except the agricultural laborer and the lowest classes in the city, all travel. I therefore never was near a station without entering it and walking about for a while among the people there. A trifling incident at one station, which was connected with a hotel at which I was, interested me. I had gone down to breakfast in my slippers; and when I rose from the table I walked out into the station, from which two or three trains were about starting. As I was quietly eying the motley multitude, I heard a small voice: "Black your shoes, sir?—only a penny;" and as I did not immediately reply, my attention being fixed upon a group at a little distance from me, the words were repeated, and I turned my head. The speaker was looking up earnestly into my face. I, smiling, pointed down to my slippered feet; and the boy, a good-looking little fellow, smiled too, but shyly, and, seeing his mistake, blushed to the edges of his hair. Wonder of wonders! thought I. Here is a country in which boys can blush; where boys who speak English and black boots have some shamefacedness in the presence of their elders. The little fellow gained somewhat by my not having a job for him to do; but what he took so joyfully should have been more, by a hundred-fold, to acknowledge fitly the pleasure that I had from his shy, glowing face. This was on the 31st of August, and I saw in the station and elsewhere signs of the time unknown in America. There were keepers, with leashes of dogs, going hither and thither to the preserves; for shooting was to begin on the morrow. There was such a fuss and talk about it that one would have thought that it was a matter of life and death to some thousands of gentlemen that they should burn

powder and kill birds on that day, and that some other thousands of men, and three or four times as many thousands of dogs, should be promptly on the spot to help them. The dogs were mostly handsome, intelligent animals; the keepers were smallish, tight-built fellows in long gaiters, with a strange mixture of brutality and shrewdness in their faces.

On this same journey I had the good fortune to witness an incident very characteristic of the society in which I was. I took the train at Birmingham at about four o'clock in the afternoon. Although, as I have said, I had a second-class ticket, I entered by mistake a first-class carriage. The grades of the carriages are indicated on the glass of the upper half of the doors; but as the doors were opened and thrown back against the carriage, I did not see "First Class" on the door of the one I entered. When the guard came I said "London," and put my hand to my pocket for my ticket, and he, supposing I knew my place, nodded his head and passed on. When the train started I was alone in the carriage. When we reached the next station, or the next but one, a party of three, a young gentleman and two ladies, approached the carriage, and one of the ladies entered it and took the seat next me on my left hand, between me and the door, I having one of the middle seats. Her companions appeared to be her brother and sister, or her sister-in-law; and from their talk, which I could not avoid hearing, I learned that she was going a short distance, and was to be met by her husband at the station where she was to stop. When the train began its gentle, almost imperceptible motion, both of them kissed her, — the lady with feminine effusion, but the young gentleman in a perfunctory manner; and when I saw his cool salute, and heard his "Take care of yourself, old girl," I was sure he was her brother. No other man having his privilege could have availed himself of it with such indifference. For my carriage companion was a beautiful woman; and her beauty impressed me the more because of its delicate character, and because she was

the first really pretty woman of her class that I had yet seen in England. She was just tall enough to be noticeably so, and the noble elegance of her figure could not be concealed by her traveling dress. This was a long garment, of a soft texture and light color between buff and cream, buttoned from the throat to the lower hem with buttons of the same tint as that of the dress. Her hat, or her bonnet, was also of the same material, and was without ornament of any kind. As a bonnet has strings, I believe, and a hat has not, it was probably a hat; for no woman not inhumanly disposed could conceal by a ribbon the inner outline of such a cheek as hers; and she was not inhuman. In her dainty ears were small dull-gold earrings set with turquoises, which were matched by the brooch which confined a lace frill around her lovely throat. Her eyes were blue, her brow fair; her mouth had the child-like sweetness which Murillo gave to the lips of his Virgins; in expression her face was cherubic. She apparently had no other luggage than a small Russia-leather bag, which she put into the rack above our heads. We sat in silence; for there was no occasion for my speaking to her, and she looked mostly out of the window. After we had passed one or two stations she took down the little hand-bag, opened it, took out a bottle and a small silver cup, and turning herself somewhat more to the window poured something into the cup and drank it off at a draught. I did not see what she drank; but in an instant I knew. The perfume filled the whole carriage. It was brandy; and the overpowering odor with which I was surrounded told me of the strength of her draught as well as if I had mixed her grog myself, or had joined her in a sociable cup. At this I was not so much astonished as I should have been two or three days before; for at the Birmingham festival I had seen, during the interval between the two parts of a morning performance, potation of the same kind by ladies of whose respectability there could be no question. We went on in silence. After passing one or two more stations we stopped at one — Rug-

by, I believe — for a little longer time than usual. Soon I was conscious that some persons whom I did not see were about entering the open door, when my angelic beauty sprang from her seat, and placing herself before the door cried out, “No, you shan’t come in! I won’t have third-class people in the carriage!” There was remonstrance which I did not clearly hear, and the people attempted to enter. She then threw her arm across the door-way like a bar, clasping firmly one side of the carriage with a beautiful white dimpled hand. I thought at once of Catherine Douglas; and the Scotch girl, when she thrust her arm through the staples of the door, to keep out the pursuers of her king, could not have been more terribly in earnest. She (*my* Catherine Douglas) almost screamed out, “Go back! go back! You shan’t come in! This is a first-class carriage, and I won’t have third-class people put into it!” Then came counter-cries, and there was a hubbub which certainly was of the very first class. She turned her beautiful head to me with an appealing look; but I sat still and made no sign. A guard, or other official person, who accompanied the inferior intruders expostulated with her; and I heard him explain that the train was so full that all the third and even the second class carriages were occupied, and that as these people had their tickets and said they must get on he was obliged to put them into our carriage. It would be for but a little while, only till we reached a certain station. My fair companion was obdurate, and perhaps was a little set up by the contents of the silver cup. But two first-class passengers came in, and as they pleaded for the admission of the luckless third-class people, and the assurances that there was no alternative and that the period of contamination would be brief were repeated, she at last subsided into her seat, still grumbling, and the objectionable persons were admitted.

They certainly were not people with whom it would have been pleasant to sit down to dinner. One, a woman, took the seat on my right, and the other, a

coarse, ill-looking fellow, sat himself opposite to her. The face and hands of the woman, sallow and leathery, although she was young, might have been cleaner, and contrasted very unfavorably with the lovely, fair, and fresh complexion of the angry beauty. Her nails were like claws, with long black tips. She had a red woolen comforter around her neck, and her bonnet was a hopeless mass of crumpled ribbons and dingy, flaring flowers. Her companion was the male proper to such a female, — a little less noisy, however; and I have observed that when a woman sets out to be dirty or disagreeable she succeeds better than a man. Immediately a war of words began between the two “ladies,” and it was fought across me. The beauty repeated her objection to third-class people, and protested that as she had paid for a first-class place it was a shame that she should be made to travel third class whether she would or no. She with the red comforter wished to know what harm she would do anybody by riding in the same carriage with them, and added, “Some peepull that *coll* themselves first-clawss peepull because they paid for a first-clawss ticket might be no better than other peepull that paid for a third-clawss ticket.” A sniff and a toss of the beautiful head. Then she of the comforter: “As for me, I’m not going to stop in Rugby all night with race-peepull.” (It appeared that there had been races somewhere in the neighborhood of Rugby that day.) “If peepull *were* only third-clawss peepull, they could n’t be expected to stop all night in a place wen the ’ole town was filled with only race-peepull.” This proposition seemed to meet with general bland assent from all the company in the carriage; and I was delighted to find that below the deep of common third-class people there was admitted to be still a lower deep, into which third-class people could not be expected to descend. Opposite my fair neighbor now sat a rubicund, well-rounded clergyman, to the establishing of whose local color many gallons of richly-flavored port must have gone. He had not an apron or even a dean’s hat, but either would well have

become him. He soothed the fair first-class being with a mild mixture of sympathy and expostulation. There was a general discussion of the situation, in which every one of my fellow-passengers had something to say; and the impropriety of third-class people being put into contact with first-class people was generally admitted, without the least regard for the presence of her of the red comforter and of her companion. At last I was appealed to; for all the while I had sat silent. I replied, "Really, I oughtn't to say anything about the matter; for I myself am only a second-class passenger out of place." The beauty turned upon me a stare of surprise, and with a bewildered look "wilted down" into her corner. She of the dingy claws and flowers tittered, and the subject was dropped.

After a while the silence was broken by the third-class person's saying that she wanted to get to a certain place that night, and asking vaguely, of no one in particular, if she could do so. There was no reply at first; after a moment or two I was surprised by hearing the first-class dame say "Yes," softly, with a mild surliness, and looking straight before her. Her former foe asked, "How?" A shorter pause; then "Take the train that meets this one at Blisworth Junction," came from the beautiful lips between the turquoises, the head turned slightly toward the questioner, and the words dropped sidelong. This seemingly announced a treaty of peace; and again to my surprise, and much more to my pleasure, a conversation went on across me, but now in perfect amity, and information as to the minutest particulars was freely asked for with respectful deference, and given with gracious affability.

The fact that my fair neighbor was accompanied to the station by her brother and sister showed that she was what is called "a respectable woman;" and the manner and speech of the three were those of cultivated people. Moreover, upon reflection I became convinced that she was neither a termagant nor a particularly ill-natured person. She had merely

done, in a manner rather unusual, I believe, even in England, and somewhat too pronounced to suit my taste, what it is the habit of the whole people of England to do: she had insisted upon her rights, and resisted an imposition. She meant to have what she had paid for. This is the custom and the manner there. English people are, according to my observation, kind and considerate, noticeably so, and ready to do a service to any one in need of it; but they resist, *vi et armis, unguibus et ore*, tooth and nail, the slightest attempt to impose upon them; and they do it instantly, upon the spot, and follow the matter up vigorously. The habit is productive of unpleasantness sometimes, and it may cause some disenchantments, but it has its advantages, and they are not small.

Another characteristic of the country is shown in its railway vocabulary. There is, for example, a "guard" or guards on the train, and a "booking office" at the station. The guard guards nothing, and has nothing to guard. The steam-horse was not only "vara bad for the coo," but for the highwayman, who long ago ceased to labor in his vocation. At the "booking office" no booking is done. You merely say, to an unseen if not invisible person, through a small hole, "First (or second) class, single (or return)," put down your money, receive your ticket, and depart. But as there were booking offices for the stage-coaches which used to run between all the towns and through nearly all of the villages of England, the term had become fixed in the minds and upon the lips of this nation of travelers. So it was with the guard and his name; and when the railway carriage supplanted, or rather drove out, the stage-coach, the old names were given to the new things, and the continuity of life was not completely broken. The railway carriages are even now often called coaches. We, however, had traveled so little comparatively, owing in a great measure to the long distances between our principal towns and even between our villages, and stage-coaches were so comparatively rare and so little used, that when the railway engine came,

not only they but all connected with them, words as well as men and things, disappeared silently into the past, and left no trace behind. In such continuity on the one hand, and such lack of it on the other,

is one of the characteristic differences between the Old England and the New; and its cause, as it will be seen, is not in the unlikeness of the people, but in that of their circumstances.¹

Richard Grant White.

UNFORESEEN RESULTS OF THE ALABAMA DISPUTE.

It is now some sixteen years since the American public was startled by the announcement that a rebel cruiser, built in an English port, by English builders, and of English timber, fitted out with English material, and manned with an English crew, was busily engaged in the destruction of our commerce on the high seas. After a career of what at the time to most Americans seemed piracy, in the course of which the greater part of our commerce was destroyed, while the remainder sought protection under the flag of the nation which was responsible for the peril that had made protection necessary, the *Alabama* was finally sunk by the guns of the *Kearsarge*, leaving behind her a legacy of ill-will between the two foremost maritime powers of modern times which is even yet far from extinguished.

We need not go over the long history of the negotiations which followed the close of the war, and which often seemed merely to tend to keep alive the rankling feeling of injury on this side of the Atlantic; they finally ended, seven years ago, in the ratification of the Treaty of Washington, by which England and the United States agreed to leave all the differences between the two countries, known as the *Alabama* claims, to a court of arbitration. This agreement between the two nations was hailed with great delight on both sides of the water, as a peaceful solution of a grave quarrel, and a substitution, in the most formidable

international dispute of modern times, of a legal decision for that of the sword. From the parliamentary and congressional debates of the day page after page of eloquence might be cited, to show the satisfaction with which men of both political parties regarded the treaty; and even if here and there a voice or two was raised in dissent or criticism, it was speedily drowned in the general applause. Here at last was a treaty which destroyed a serious *casus belli*, and removed forever all cause of dispute between this country and England; which, by the adoption of new rules of neutrality between sovereign nations, made the escape of future *Alabamas* impossible, and strengthened the bonds of peace throughout the world. Again, it was a harbinger of the general introduction of arbitration between nations as a substitute for war. As is usual in case of political prophecy on a large scale, some of these results have been produced, others have not, and still others which were not at all expected have made their appearance. Seven years have now elapsed since the treaty was ratified, and it is not, perhaps, too early to try to point out some of the actual consequences.

In the first place, it should be noticed that the idea of the submission of such disputes as that relating to the *Alabama* claims to an international court, being something novel and unprecedented, was unfounded. The practice with our government of referring such matters to arbitration has been very common; and indeed it may be said to be, in the case of

¹ I beg the favor of further communications from my anonymous Edinburgh correspondent.

a country separated from Europe by the ocean, and one with which no European nation wishes to fight, a more natural mode of settling disputes than war. Our position is one which gives us great advantages, and these advantages have increased with each advance in the science of war, until to-day, though without a navy or anything more than the skeleton of an army, we have earned a reputation for warlike qualities which no European power cares to put to the test. It is therefore not unfair to say that, instead of the Geneva arbitration under the Treaty of Washington being a magnanimous and Christian substitution of a legal for a warlike *arbitrium*, it was on our part nothing more nor less than the application of our usual method to a new case; while with regard to England it was a lucky escape from an awkward dilemma. Either she must arbitrate, or she must look forward to the chances of our letting loose a fleet of Alabamas on the occasion of the first war in which she should engage. We should never have gone to war with her about the claims, for the simple reason that they were better as a grievance than a *casus belli*; she would certainly never have gone to war with us. However much, therefore, we may be disposed to look upon the treaty as in itself a gain to the cause of humanity and progress, we can hardly feel that the very strong language that was used at the time of its adoption in Congress and Parliament was justified by the actual facts of the case.

But it was not only the substitution of arbitration for war that was supposed to be the distinguishing mark of the treaty. It also defined, with great distinctness, the duties of neutral nations in time of war; and it must be admitted that we are here brought face to face with a real innovation. The Treaty of Washington expressly provided that the Geneva arbitrators, in estimating the extent of England's liability for the escape of the Alabama and the other cruisers, should be governed by the following three rules:

"A neutral government is bound, —

"First, To use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equip-

ping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or to carry on war against a power with which it is at peace; and also to use like diligence to prevent the departure from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended to cruise or carry on war, as above, such vessel having been specially adapted in whole or in part, within such jurisdiction, to warlike use."

"Secondly, Not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or the recruitment of men.

"Thirdly, To exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties."

The two governments also agreed to invite other powers to accede to these rules, and to adopt them as between themselves for the future.

Now, at the first blush, it may seem as if these rules were a mere declaration of admitted principles of the law of nations. But it will be remembered that England seriously objected to them, and while agreeing to be bound by them in future, and to bring them to the notice of other governments with a view to their general adoption, steadily refused to admit that they had ever been in force before. That the rules are not mere international platitudes may be inferred from the fact that, though it is now seven years since the Treaty of Washington, no other nation has shown the slightest inclination to adopt them; and though they have been made the subject of much diplomatic correspondence between the English government and our own, so much difficulty has arisen in agreeing exactly what they mean that it can hardly be considered likely that any great progress will be made at present in their general adoption. Indeed, we believe the matter has recently been altogether dropped as a subject of diplomatic correspondence. On March 21, 1873, on the occa-

sion of an address to the crown, in the British Parliament, praying the queen, when the rules should be brought before other governments, to declare her dissent from the principles laid down by the Geneva tribunal as the basis of their award, the English feeling on the subject was made very plain. "Here," as Dr. Woolsey says in his well-known treatise on International Law, "we have two governments, differing in their interpretation of the rules, yet bound to observe them, and procure, if possible, the adhesion to them of other powers."

In one quarter, and that an unexpected quarter, we have had an opportunity of seeing an application of the rules. At the time of the adoption of the Treaty of Washington, there was a nation with whom we were on perfectly friendly terms, yet against whom we had permitted, on numerous occasions, the fitting out of hostile expeditions from our own ports, in vessels of American build and equipment, manned with American crews, and officered by American adventurers. With regard to Spain, our assistance to the Cuban rebels was very much like that afforded by England to the Confederates. In fact, almost the only difference was that while the Confederate States were recognized as belligerents, the Cuban insurrection had never acquired the dignity of such recognition in any quarter; in other words, there was no such thing as a "war," in the sense in which it is known to the laws of nations, going on between Cuba and Spain; and our duty was consequently of more stringent obligation than that of a neutral between two belligerents. Notwithstanding this, however, our government had been in the habit, for a generation, of winking at the fitting out of hostile expeditions from our ports to carry men and arms to Cuba; and thus a description of our proceedings as furnishing the real base of military operations for "free Cuba" would be more accurate than a similar description of England's relations to the Confederate States,—for the latter, if they had no navy of their own, at least had an army.

To many people it undoubtedly seemed

that the close of our war would be the signal for a rapid extension of what we are pleased to call "free institutions," both in a northerly and in a southerly direction; on the one hand toward Canada, and on the other toward the Antilles. There was a good deal of talk about the foreclosure of a "mortgage" which we were supposed to hold on the British possessions in America, and there was a strong hope among those in whom the old annexation feeling had survived the war that the success of the North was to be followed by a general evacuation of America by the "tyrants of the Old World," and that we, as good republicans, were to succeed to the inheritance. It is unnecessary to recall in proof of this the attempt of General Grant to secure the annexation of San Domingo, or the negotiations for the purchase of Cuba, or the frequent references in presidential messages and in congressional speeches to the manifest destiny of that island. But strange to say, one fine morning, while the Cuban refugees and conspirators in New York are plotting, and while their agents are trying to raise money by the sale of the "bonds of the Cuban republic," it is announced that the Cuban rebellion is at an end; that the insurrectionary government is dispersed; and that the insurgent forces are coming into the Spanish lines by dozens and hundreds to surrender themselves, and to accept the terms of a very liberal amnesty granted by General Martinez Campos. If we ask what is the reason of this sudden collapse,—why a rebellion carried on for eight or ten years by means of a guerrilla warfare, plunder, and devastation has suddenly come to an end,—the only explanation at hand is the Treaty of Washington. Not, of course, that the treaty itself is of any binding force as between Spain and this country; but it is to be remembered that the position taken by our government has been from the first that the Treaty of Washington was merely declaratory of the rules which this country had always regarded as of binding force; that the three rules were not new rules, but had always been acted upon by us.

This view, as will presently appear, is entirely erroneous; but at any rate it was the view taken by our government; and the glaring inconsistency between these professions and our countenancing filibustering expeditions against a friendly nation in a time of profound peace became, after the Geneva arbitration, very apparent. Could we recover heavy damages of England for permitting Alabamas to escape, and let loose vessels much more piratical than the Alabama was to assist in making war upon a friendly state? From the Treaty of Washington unquestionably dates the active enforcement of our obligations towards Spain; and actively to enforce these obligations was to take away the last hope of the Cuban rebels. The alert agents of the Spanish government kept our government constantly informed of the movements of all suspicious vessels, and the seizure of the *Es-telle* seems to have deprived the rebels of their last ray of hope. The seizure (made under circumstances which twenty years ago would have insured her escape) was at any rate closely followed by the general surrender of the insurgents, and the announcement of peace by the Spanish government. It can hardly be disputed that this is closely connected with the strict obligations towards friendly nations observed since and produced by the Alabama dispute; and it will therefore not be wrong to set down the reëstablishment of peace in Cuba as one of the unforeseen results of the treaty.

It has been already stated that the view of the three rules taken by our government at the time—that they embodied the traditional American theory of neutrality—is far from correct. In order to make this clear, it is necessary to say a few words on the subject of neutral duties and rights in general.

In the Middle Ages, and down to comparatively recent times, the doctrines of the law of nations relating to a state of war (and these doctrines, it must be remembered, were generally little more than a statement of the practice prevailing among nations) were all, or almost all,

conceived in the interest of belligerents. Nations went to war on slight pretexts and with great frequency, and did not enjoy the spectacle of their neighbors remaining at peace and reaping the benefit of their peaceful pursuits while war was raging around them. War was the rule, and peace the exception; and hence neutral rights were sacrificed to those of belligerents. The consequence of this was that nations preferred offensive and defensive alliances to the position of neutrals,—which had, of course, the effect of still further strengthening the prevailing tendency. As commercial interests have grown up and been extended in the modern world, belligerent rights have sunk into the background, and the position of a neutral has become one favored and protected by the law as much as was formerly that of belligerents. Any one who will take the trouble to compare the small space devoted by Grotius to questions connected with neutral rights with the importance given it in modern books on international law will have a tolerably accurate gauge of the advance made in recent times by the cause of peace and commerce. In this progress the United States has always taken a leading part. Itself one of the leading commercial and neutral nations of our century, its interests have led it to take a stand at the head of the movement; nowhere have the rights of neutrals been so ably advocated as in the dispatches of American secretaries of state; and it is no doubt in part due to the fact of our earlier diplomacy being so much taken up with questions of this sort that the great modern treatise on the law of nations is the work of an American. The development of neutral rights, at the expense, of course, of belligerent rights, went on to the time of the Treaty of Paris, in 1856, when at the close of the Crimean war the great powers of Europe drew up a formal declaration of principles, mainly relating to neutral rights, recognized by the signatories of the treaty. The first of these was the abolition of privateering; the second, the principle that a neutral flag protects belligerent property, with the exception of

contraband of war; third, that neutral goods, with the same exception, are not liable to capture under an enemy's flag; fourth, that blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective, that is, must be maintained by a force really sufficient to close the ports and harbors blockaded. These declarations, it should be observed, were not mere paper announcements by peaceful neutrals, but were solemn ratifications of neutral rights by belligerents at the close of an important war, in which they had respected them, contrary to their own interest. At the outbreak of the Crimean war, both Great Britain and France gave notice that the commerce of neutrals would not be subjected to the rights of war, strictly understood; and in a proclamation, made in 1854, took the ground afterwards reaffirmed at Paris on its victorious close. The declaration therefore marks a great epoch in the advancement of commerce and peace. The "right of search" claimed by England, and over which we went to war in 1812, had long since been practically abandoned by the country which had asserted it; the barbarous right of predatory private warfare known as privateering was now formally surrendered, and the new principles of "free ships, free goods," and "effective blockades" were incorporated into the law of nations. It only needed the ratification of the great transatlantic neutral power to make the declaration a law practically universal in its operation; and when the United States was asked for its assent, Mr. Marcy, then secretary of state, replied by asking Europe to go one step further, and agree that even private property of the belligerents on the high seas should be exempt from seizure.

The Declaration of Paris may be regarded as the most advanced record of the progress made by Europe since the Middle Ages in the development of neutral rights and the interests of commerce. In the forty years of peace which intervened between the battle of Waterloo and the Crimean war, the world seemed rapidly approaching a state of feeling in which war would be looked upon as a

temporary misfortune or disease, to be "localized" as far as possible, so that its effects should not spread and involve countries having the good sense and good fortune to remain at peace. Sanguine persons even looked beyond this to a day when war would cease altogether. But for some reason, which philosophers have not yet fathomed, the world does not move on in a path of uninterrupted progress toward the millennium. What is won to-day is lost to-morrow, and the advance in one country often seems more than made up by a retrogression in another. Since the year 1856 the movement of opinion in Europe has been tending in quite another direction from that which it had then taken, and international law shows signs already of adapting itself to the change. These twenty years, instead of witnessing an advance in the direction of peace, have seen Europe converted into an armed camp: numerous bloody wars have been waged on a scale unknown in former times, — wars involving great losses of territory, population, and money, the temporary reduction of one power to a condition almost of impotence in European councils, and the absolute annihilation of another; ending with the revival of a question supposed to have been disposed of by the Treaty of Paris, — a question so fruitful of misunderstandings and wars that its mere discussion is to every European government an omen of terrible trials and disasters.

Since 1856, in other words, not only has the progress made by the European countries in the protection of peaceful and commercial nations from the dangers of war carried on by their neighbors been brought to a stop, but a long stride seems to have been made backwards. The United States, however, it might be imagined, true to its ancient character of a defender of neutral rights, has been holding the balance even. On the contrary, the United States too has been for four years a belligerent on a gigantic scale, and for eight more years has been engaged in a struggle to vindicate its rights at the expense of a neutral power; the latest American ideas on the subject

are to be found in the three rules of the Treaty of Washington. Now these three rules, taken in connection with the explanation of their meaning presented in the American "case" at Geneva, are likely to have some far-reaching consequences not at all anticipated by those who drew them up. Down to the time of the treaty, the government of the United States had always, in its intercourse with foreign nations, steadily insisted on the necessity of their taking notice of the dual nature of our system; of the fact that the federal constitution is a grant of powers only so far as expressly appears in the instrument itself, and that otherwise the States are sovereign; that the general government having thus only a limited jurisdiction, foreign nations could only demand of it an execution of its international obligations to them so far as its powers went; that in case of some international duty imposed upon the United States by the law of nations, it was always a sufficient reply if the United States could show that it had no power under the constitution to discharge the duty. But in our anxiety to secure a round sum in damages from England we overlooked this traditional and accepted view of our position, and adopted the three rules as our code for the future. Without going into the details of the Alabama case, it may be said that these rules, as explained by the argument of our representatives at Geneva, and by the opinions of the arbitrators who formed the majority of the court, completely destroy the whole value of this position, and will in the future render it impossible to set up any such defenses in our dealing with belligerent nations. The theory advanced by us under the three rules at Geneva — and advanced for the first time in our history — was that in the eye of international law there exist only sovereignties, bound to one another by ties of absolute obligation. The duty of neutrality is of such supreme obligation that it overrides all laws, constitutions, and municipal regulations, of whatever nature. If the Alabama escaped from an English port in violation of this obliga-

tion, England was responsible; if it was in consequence of her laws, her laws ought to have been amended so as to make such an escape impossible. Applying this view to the United States, the first consequence is that, in the eye of international law, neither the constitution of the United States, nor the laws of Congress, nor of the several States, can be put forward as excuses for non-performance of international obligations. International law knows nothing of our complicated system of government: it asks only whether one of its own laws has been violated; if it has, the punishment must follow. It is easy to see that this position is radically different from any which we have ever been willing to assume before. Suppose, for instance, that in some war between two naval powers, in which the United States is a neutral, some contemplated breach of neutrality cannot be prevented because the government has not the power under the constitution to prevent it, and the State which has the power will not exercise it; the government must, under its new view of the duties of neutrals, get an amendment to the constitution passed, giving it the power, or suffer the consequences. That an amendment to the constitution would be impossible in nine cases out of ten is evident; hence, in any future complication of the sort, it is probable that the government will strain every nerve to find a power under which it can enforce its neutral obligations upon its citizens, — or, in other words, that the tendency of the government, in the case of such complications, will be towards centralization. We have, therefore, two more unforeseen results of the Geneva arbitration: that in the future the neutral obligations of the government will tend to urge it forward on the road to centralization; and that in the future the government of the chief neutral nation of modern times will be forced into becoming the champion of belligerent at the expense of neutral rights.

Some of the most curious results of the Treaty of Washington and the Geneva arbitration have been connected with proceedings, still going on, to distribute

the money received from England in satisfaction of the Alabama claims. By the terms of the treaty it was agreed that all claims "generically" known as Alabama claims should be referred to the court of arbitration. Unfortunately, this phrase had been very loosely used in this country during the war, and had been made to cover many claims having no immediate connection with the Alabama or the other cruisers sent out from Great Britain. The United States, determined to make up as large a bill against England as possible, cast about them to see what damages could be made to come under the general head embraced by the treaty, and with a great deal of ingenuity, if not discretion, made out a tremendous list of what were known as "indirect claims." These were included chiefly under two heads: first, the damage to this country which the prolongation and increased expense of the war, caused by the escape of the Alabama and other cruisers, had produced; second, the damage to American commerce, caused by the enhanced rates of insurance during the war (war premiums). Exactly what these two items would have amounted to was probably never known by anybody; but it would certainly have been such a sum that any nation would have gone to war rather than pay it. The appearance of these claims was the signal for a renewal of the bitter dispute between Great Britain and this country, it being maintained, on one side, that it was never intended that such claims should be considered under the treaty; on the other, that the tribunal had complete jurisdiction of all claims which might be submitted to it, and that the arbitrators alone must decide upon the merits of the claims. To this it was said in reply (and the analogy between the reply and some of the objections to the fishery award is worth noticing) that the treaty must be construed with some regard to common sense; and that no nation could ever consent to submitting to arbitration claims preposterous and vague in character and incalculable in amount. There was, too, this peculiarity about the "war-premium" claims: that

they had never been heard of before, even in this country. We had heard of the "hasty recognition of belligerency" claim, and the "prolongation of the war" claim, and the claims of the direct losers had been a matter of common notoriety during the war. Whenever a ship-owner or an insurance company made a claim for a loss during the war, they sent a statement of their claim to Washington; this was forwarded at once to Mr. Adams, at London, and by him presented to the British government. So far as is known, however, the payers of war premiums during the war never made out any claim against Great Britain, never forwarded any to Washington, nor had any presented by our minister. The origin of the war-premium claims appears to have been simply this: the representatives of our government, in making up their case against Great Britain, as an *illustration* of the damages caused by Confederate cruisers to our commerce, bethought themselves of the war premiums that our commerce had been taxed to protect itself. This, originally intended as an illustration, soon hardened itself into a claim; and the merchants, on hearing that the government was putting forward war premiums as the foundation of claims against England, then for the first time reflected that if any money was to be recovered from any quarter on this account it must belong to them. Such was the source of the now well-known war-premium claims; and there was never a better instance of poetical justice than the constant return of these claims to plague the government which invented them. That they had no foundation in law or justice was speedily settled by the arbitrators, who, cutting the Gordian knot presented by the question of jurisdiction, unanimously decided that the so-called "indirect claims" had no foundation. Their decision was that "these claims did not constitute, on the principles of international law applicable to such cases, foundation for an award of compensation or computation of damages between nations, and hence should be wholly excluded from the consideration

of the tribunal in making its award." So pleased were the United States with this solution of the dilemma that they immediately made a formal declaration, accepting the decision of the tribunal as final, and withdrawing the claims from its consideration. The indirect claims being thus out of the way, the arbitrators went on to perform the next duty required of them by the terms of the treaty, which was to decide as to "each vessel separately" (that is, as to each of the cruisers which had escaped from England, and as to which evidence might be presented) whether England had violated her neutral duties in permitting the escape. They accordingly decided that her neutral duties had been violated as to the *Alabama*, the *Florida*, and the *Shenandoah*, and their tenders; and further decided that as to all the other vessels (for example, the *Georgia* and the *Sumter*) England had violated no duty. Then, still acting under the treaty, they ascertained the damages, and rendered an award to the United States for the sum of \$15,500,000. Now, this would seem to have been the natural end of the indirect claims, but, strange to say (and it is certainly one of the least expected results of the treaty or of the arbitration), the war-premium claimants ruled out at Geneva have made their appearance at Washington, where they have been insisting, ever since the money was received from England, that it should be distributed among them. Together with these we have another singular group of persons, who, from the nondescript character of their claims, at first had no name, but have gradually become known as the "exculpated-cruiser" claimants; not that they are claimants who have been exculpated from any imputed fault, but that their claims are made on account of acts of vessels exculpated at Geneva, or, in other words, of cruisers other than the *Alabama*, *Florida*, and *Shenandoah*, — vessels, that is, as to which England had been expressly exculpated. It will be seen from this that the war-premium and exculpated-cruiser claims are absolutely without a shadow of foundation. It is unnecessary here to go into the mer-

its of the other claims on the fund now in the hands of Congress, but the standing of these is sufficiently clear. The curious part of the matter is that Congress, for some reason, has evinced an inclination to recognize these claims; and it is the consequences of such a recognition that might be embarrassing. A recognition of them by Congress, in a bill signed by the president, would be tantamount to a declaration by both the executive and legislative departments of the government that, in the first place, it regarded the decision of the arbitrators under the treaty of no importance whatever; that, in the second place, instead of the arbitration settling the question of England's liability as to particular cruisers, the whole question was unsettled, and could be reopened by our government; and that our government could decide that England had been liable for the depredations of vessels the arbitrators had expressly declared her not liable for, and although there is no evidence to show that she is liable for them. Again, as to the war-premium claims, a recognition of them by Congress would be tantamount to a reversal of the decision of the tribunal and our own ratification of that reversal at the time, and a declaration that whatever the arbitrators may have thought, or even have said, we recognize that a neutral is bound to pay damages which arise from her acts, however remote. In the next war in which we are involved as a neutral, and in which a claim is made on us for violation of our neutral duties, it is easy to see how such a recognition of the war-premium and exculpated-cruiser claimants would be used against us. We should, of course, disclaim all responsibility for indirect damages, or for the escape of any cruisers whose cases resembled those exculpated at Geneva. To this our antagonist would at once reply: "You cannot take any advantage of the decisions of the Geneva arbitrators, for you have, by an act of Congress, repudiated the whole arbitration. It is true that the tribunal held England responsible only for the damage done by the *Alabama*, *Florida*, and *Shenandoah*; but

you have directed the money received on account of the devastations of these vessels to be paid to persons whose losses were caused by the Georgia and the Sumter. It is true that the tribunal excluded the indirect claims; but you afterwards, by distributing the money received for direct claims among indirect claimants, showed that you regarded the decisions of the arbitrators as of no binding validity." This reply would be of great force; and it is obvious that if by our manner of dealing with the Geneva award we assume such a position, it is highly probable that in the next war in which we take the part of a neutral, if we are unlucky enough, by want of that "due diligence" the extent of which has never been accurately ascertained, to violate our neutral obligation, we shall have presented to us a bill for damages which will closely resemble that filed by us at Geneva, the excessive extent and ridiculous character of which very nearly upset the Treaty of Washington.

One curious and unforeseen result of the Treaty of Washington, which will press itself upon our attention as soon as a war breaks out in Europe in which England is one of the belligerents, is that we shall apparently have two neutral codes to enforce. In case, for instance, of a war between England and Russia, as far as our duties to the former power are concerned we should be governed by the Treaty of Washington; with Russia, however, we have no such agreement. As has been pointed out above, no matter how much we may insist that there is no difference between the rules of neutrality as generally recognized among nations and the three rules of the treaty, we should, if the matter were brought to a test, speedily discover a radical difference. We should then be placed in the curious position of a neutral who, as a neutral, is bound to be absolutely impartial, yet by his treaty obligations is under bonds to exercise a more vigilant care with regard to a violation of the rights of one belligerent than those of the other. Such a case has never arisen before. There have been cases of what writers on in-

ternational law call *qualified* neutrality, in which the neutral is bound to one of the belligerents by an anterior engagement; but hitherto other engagements have been stipulations in the nature of alliances, as for instance to furnish a certain number of troops or ships. In such cases as these, the neutral has always been held free to decide whether he would consider the neutrality real or only pretended; and in deciding he has generally been governed by expediency. If we viewed the supposed case as of this sort of qualified neutrality, it would be a necessary consequence that Russia would be entitled to regard our neutrality under the Treaty of Washington as a cloak to hostility, and to treat us as an ally of Great Britain. This is of course absurd; but the complaints which would follow upon any attempts to enforce different rules of neutrality as to the two belligerents would probably have the effect of producing in our government a stronger insistence than ever upon its view that the rules laid down in the treaty are not innovations, but merely new declarations of the old law. This would avoid the difficulty of different degrees of neutrality, but it would also bind the government to as strict an observance of its neutral duties towards Russia as towards England; would lead to an observance of our neutrality laws probably hitherto undreamt of; and since Russia has most to expect from us, and English commerce has most to fear, the result would be that the action of our government would in such a war be of most positive assistance to that country to which, to judge by the tone of the press, the popular desire is that most harm should be done. This would of itself be a curious result of our new character as champion of belligerent rights.

The Treaty of Washington, besides the Alabama claims, covered two other subjects of dispute between England and the United States, — the boundary line on the Pacific, and the fishery question. Of these the first was settled by the decision of the emperor of Germany, whose award was in favor of our claim, that the line ran through the De

Haro channel, giving us the San Juan Islands. The second has been the cause of a dispute, conducted in a manner not very creditable to the United States, and threatening to produce, like the Geneva arbitration, some curious and not altogether satisfactory results. Without going into the provisions of the treaty with regard to the Canadian fisheries in detail, the citizens of both countries are given the right of fishing in each other's coast waters (a right, of course, chiefly valuable to the United States), while fish and fish-oil are to be admitted to both countries free of duty, and commissioners were to be appointed to determine what compensation, if any, should be paid by the United States for the excess of advantage derived from the treaty. The treaty was to remain in force twelve years, and the reciprocal privileges went into effect at once on its ratification. For various reasons, considerable difficulty was found in selecting the commissioners to settle the question of the compensation. Their number was by the terms of the treaty to be three, our government appointing one, the English government appointing one, and the two governments jointly appointing the third. In case they failed to agree, the appointment was to go to the Austrian minister at London. The English government chose Sir A. T. Galt, and ours Mr. Ensign H. Kellogg; but a long correspondence ensued as to the third, both governments trying to obtain a friendly umpire. This correspondence has all been printed, but it has no bearing on the questions since raised, inasmuch as the third commissioner was finally named in strict accord with the terms of the treaty. The two governments failed to agree upon an umpire, but after the failure both Mr. Fish and Sir Edward Thornton united in a request to Austria that M. Defosse, a Belgian, who had been the Belgian minister at Washington, might be appointed. M. Defosse, accordingly, was appointed, and as he was appointed strictly within the terms of the treaty, and at the request of our own secretary of state, it is evident that no fair objec-

tion can be raised on this ground. The arbitrators met at Halifax, and after many sessions, at which a great deal of evidence was taken and the case ably argued on both sides, the commissioners, by a majority vote, determined that the excess of advantage under the treaty lay with the United States, and accordingly awarded the sum of \$5,500,000 to England, as compensation. Mr. Kellogg refused to sign the award, on the ground that it was excessive.

As to whether it was excessive or not no one can say save those who have made a study of the case. The precise value of the right to fish in Canadian waters, and to import fish and fish-oil into our ports free of duty, is a question which a board specially selected for the work is alone competent to determine; and as to this point the board specially selected for the work has disagreed. But it is clear, too, that the right to refuse to abide by the decision of arbitrators in such a case is always reserved to every government. If the award were clearly excessive, no one would dispute this; and whether it is clearly excessive can be decided only by the government which objects to the amount. If the commissioners at Halifax had awarded \$100,000,000, or \$50,000,000, there can be no question that the award would have been treated as a nullity by our government. Whether \$5,500,000 is so large a sum as to justify such an extreme measure may well be doubted. At the time of the Geneva arbitration, the award of \$15,500,000 to the United States was regarded, as will be remembered, by a large party in England as excessive; and there is little question that the defeat of the liberals, who carried the treaty and the arbitration, was due in great measure to the strong feeling of discontent produced by the award. Indeed, it might almost be laid down as a fact of universal observation that awards, whether under treaties, or common awards under municipal statutes, are generally considered excessive by those who have to pay them.

The best proof, however, that the Halifax award is not so excessive as to justify

us in refusing to stand by it is afforded by the fact that the objectors, though having this obvious ground of objection, have felt some other to be necessary; they have invented a reason for their objections, the very absurdity of which goes far to discredit everything they may say on the subject. This is that the treaty, in providing for the arbitration, omitted to provide for the case of a disagreement by the umpire; and that therefore the intention must have been that the award should be unanimous, or null and void. The ground for this extraordinary argument is found in the curious rule of the common law that an award of arbitrators, to be binding, must be unanimous. Such is undoubtedly the rule of the common law; and the origin of it carries us back to the time when substantial rights still depended on arbitrary forms of action, to a period of legal barbarism and ignorance of the crassest kind. The rule was founded, unquestionably, on the fact that in common law, when an action was brought based upon a right which could arise only upon the happening of a particular event, the event must be shown to have happened exactly as the condition required. Hence if A and B agreed to refer a matter to the arbitration of three persons, A could not sue B upon their award unless he could also show that it was an award of the three persons; in other words, that it was unanimous. This rule, however, was long ago felt to be so technical and unjust that it was swept away by statutes making an award binding, providing it was agreed to by a majority of the referees. Since the enactment of these statutes, such a thing as a common-law arbitration has been practically unknown in this country; and to contend that the parties to the Treaty of Washington had in view a common-law arbitration as described by Blackstone is to contend that they had in view a process with which they were utterly unfamiliar, which could not possibly serve any end except to make the whole proceeding nugatory, and which was practically obsolete. But besides this, the arbitration could be by no possible stretch of imagination made

to come under common-law rules. International arbitrations have nothing to do with the common law, for the very obvious reason that they are not proceedings within its jurisdiction. They are governed, of course, by the principles of international law, which in this respect follow the dictates of common sense, and require only a majority of the arbitrators to bind.

Whether Congress will direct the award to be paid or not seems to be uncertain; but a discussion of the grounds on which, in case of a refusal, it ought to be placed is by no means profitless or barren. If we decline to abide by the award, as excessive, we shall no doubt lay ourselves open to the charge of sharp practice (particularly as we have enjoyed the benefits of the treaty for some seven years.) But we shall at least take a position which involves no international consequences, save that imputation of bad faith to which we are now tolerably well accustomed. But if we place our refusal on the ground that awards must be unanimous to be binding, we make ourselves ridiculous. It is always possible for any arbitrator to prevent an award from being unanimous; and an arbitration which can be rendered nugatory in this way must always be a solemn farce.

To sum up what has already been said, the position of the United States in the international forum under the Treaty of Washington, as explained by its acts and the interpretation of the Geneva tribunal, seems likely to be very different from what twenty years ago any one would have deemed possible, and to involve a total change in our attitude to the world at large. That it has put a complete stop to our practice of allowing foreign adventurers to make use of our ports as a base for piratical descents upon the coast of countries with whom we are at peace must be regarded as an unmixed blessing; that it has forced the chief neutral nation of modern times into the position of a championship of belligerent rights is a fact which cannot be regarded with so much equanimity; that in order to play this new

part it will have to be still further centralized is not an agreeable result. That the attempt should be made to upset the fisheries award on such a shallow pretext as the absence of unanimity among the arbitrators cannot be considered simply as an evidence of bad faith, but of singular incompetence as well, on the part of representatives of a nation which has always resorted to arbitration as a means of settling disputes. That the question of the indirect claims should still be kept open by Congress in the

face of our obvious exposure to such claims in the future can hardly be regarded as an evidence of statesmanship. Finally, the attitude of the United States in submitting only to the favorable result of the arbitration under the treaty, and refusing in each case in which the decision has gone against them to accept the result without bluster or threats, hardly shows that the cause of arbitration has been advanced, as its advocates hoped, seven years ago, it would be by our example.

Arthur G. Sedgwick.

OPEN LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

V.

To cover one of the prominent superficial aspects of the collision of our two art associations the dispatch might be framed, "They have met the enemy and are mutually each other's." The new society exhibited at the Kurtz Gallery during the month of March. The Academy of Design followed within a few days of its close, and is still in session. A line of demarkation between two antagonistic forces was not as sharply drawn as may have been anticipated. Academicians in regular standing, Colman, Inness, LaFarge, Wyant, Hunt of Boston, and others, formed a considerable and very attractive part of the Kurtz Gallery display. The peculiar constituency of the latter, on the other hand, made up, as has been explained, of the younger men, who have lately completed or are actually engaged in their studies abroad, musters in sufficient force at the Academy to give there also a very fair taste of its quality, and to make the regular exhibition as representative as usual of the various branches. The disclaimer, therefore, on the part of the new movement of any hostility, or of a desire to do more than furnish additional exhi-

bition facilities, seems quite sustained. I think there can be no doubt that the reasonableness of its existence has been sustained too. It has been a useful opportunity to have our attention very distinctly called to the most powerful influences at work upon our art, and to the precise manner in which they take hold of the native element sent directly into their midst. There must have been a good deal of latent curiosity on this point. Perhaps we thought it stoutly defied them. Perhaps we thought at any rate that it opposed to them something of an inherent vital Americanism that might be more or less deflected, of course, but would appear as a resultant in a triangle of forces.

If one had thought so he would have been disappointed at the Kurtz Gallery. He would have found an unconditional surrender to Paris and Munich. He would have seen Bonnat, Breton, Duran, Feyer-Perrin, Gerome, Diez, Piloty, taking as complete possession of young Americans from Connecticut as if they were of LeMans or Coblenz. Perhaps more, since the Americans are credited with a quickness at seizing the idea and a facility in adjusting themselves to circumstances which their neighbors do not

always so fully possess. The room, hung with works for the most part of considerable size, had an effect of importance in its subjects, and a well-understood magnificence of color unmistakably foreign. There were but about one hundred and thirty works, including a few unimportant bits of sculpture, against seven hundred and forty-seven at the Academy, but nearly all of them good. A number had passed the fastidious test of admission to the Paris Salon. Nothing could be more French than Pearce, Sargent, Thayer, Comans, Low; nothing more German than Shirlaw, Duveneck, Gross, Dannat, Macy. Yet it is not so easy in every case, though Pearce is readily enough connected with Bonnat, and Bridgman, in his Egyptian archæology, with Gerome, to establish the relation between the pupil and his accredited master. It is a relief to find that the result is a susceptibility to a union of impressions, and not a slavish submission to a single one. The pupil sometimes appears to have been repelled from his master, as in the case of Shirlaw, whose strong manner does not resemble that of Piloty or Lindenschmitt, but is more like Diez, with whom he did not study.

Chase, the most mature and finished of the exhibitors, is of the Germans, sending his pictures from Munich, but he is even more of the Flemings and the old masters. Permeated with the essence of the great galleries in which he has lingered, he seems frankly to have abandoned any attempt at an originality which could detract from the incomparable grand manner of the past. So perfectly does he give a sense of Rembrandt, Hals, Velasquez, Raphael Mengs, that it is difficult to see in what respect he falls short of renewing their dark, rich, full, and vivid portraiture. His work needs no provincial audience for its appreciation, but can take its chances in the markets of the world. The peculiarity is the intense concentration of interest on the points of principal importance. In *Preparing for the Ride*, a full-length life-sized lady in a black riding-habit and a steeple-crowned hat, drawing on her gloves, the head and hands

alone beam out of a rich, olive-tinted gloom. The figure is defined by a pale diffusion of light, which forms but a slight connection between these isolated points. From a distance you see in the large canvas only two white spots. The head, cut off by a spreading lace ruff, seems to float, cherub-like, in space, or, rather, to rest upon a salver. The pale face, of a milk-like complexion, with thin blonde hair fringed above it, to which the large accessories give a sort of preciousness, has once been beautiful, but there is now in it the melancholy of an unmistakable fading. The quaint separation of the parts seems less appropriate for such a subject than for the *Wounded Poacher* above, and I for one should like to have seen a stronger illumination following down the line of the shoulder and arm and connecting these detached high lights. The *Poacher* is a grim bandaged head with a ragged mustache, patched nose, and dangerous eye. Nothing is seen of him, either, but this ominous head and a hand grasping a gun-barrel — into the mouth of which you look — emerging from a thick darkness. Rembrandt, whose allowance of light was one eighth, while more cheerful colleagues take one quarter, never used less of it. Another powerful head, of a soldier in a battered steel helmet, is, by an opposite process, flat and dark against a ground almost white. The *Apprentice* is a graphic study of an untried young scion of the working classes, with the dirt grimed into the wrinkled skin of his wrists, who has been sent after a pot of beer. It has the reality of an actual person standing in the frame. In color it is an epitome of Munich. An affinity to the chord struck in its intelligent use of white, of soft grays and browns, the blue of the working apron, the flesh tints, warm and agreeable without floridness, is found in Shirlaw's flock of screaming geese, fed by a young peasant whose drapery twists about her with the spirit of a Virgin of the Assumption, in Velten's (himself a Munich master) peasant interiors at the Academy, and in his landscapes, as well as in the exquisite grave ones of the American Macy.

In the key of red he is equally successful. He has at the Academy a court-jester in scarlet, as rich-hued as Meissonier and on a scale that gives it dignity.

The difference between Paris and Munich, in the abstract conception, consists in a nearer relation to Italy and ideal art in the former, and to Holland and actual life in the latter. Paris is more theatrical, Munich more domestic and sympathetic. French color is more smiling, sunshiny, decorative, inclining to the whole gamut; German lower-toned, and perhaps exhibiting in its sedateness the greater depth of the national character. But in practice they are closely related, so that I can hardly see what it is that should determine a student now to go to one rather than the other. It was in fact Piloty, a pupil of Delacroix, who first brought to Munich the inspiration of the admirable new movement. On the other hand Dutch influences and the revived German seem to react strongly upon the French school. The two were not so far apart in spirit in Millet, Jules Breton, Frère, and the resemblance extends to substance as well, in such landscapes as those of Jacques, such work as that of Munkacsy, Ribot, and John Louis Brown, all of which — the last two rarer, but seen at Cottier's recent singular sale — are not uncommon among our dealers. In the remarkably fine work of Hovenden, one of the younger men and the new school, exhibiting at the Academy, the two fully coincide. His Brittany interior, with the beautifully managed confined light from a window, rounding over the massive, sympathetically felt, harmoniously colored figures, would be credited at once to Munich. Yet he is, one learns, a pupil of Cabanel, who is quite of the preconceived French order, as there was opportunity to see in his tragic *Francesca di Rimini* at the Centennial.

Of other Munich work the character heads by Dannat and Gross are typical, and interesting for their method. They obtain a great brilliancy by being forced out of an almost black ground. Shadows fall under the nose and upon one side of the face almost as strong as on a

plaster cast from an upper light in the evening. The flesh is roughly and solidly painted, the colors as far as possible being laid in patches side by side and left untroubled, or, at most, one slightly merged in the other by a dexterous sweep of the brush, for in oil scarcely less than in water-color do uncertainty and experiments destroy freshness and the highest attainable results. The practice is carried to the extreme of caricature by Currier, whose Bohemian Beggar's complexion, painted in crude stripes, appears to have been flayed.

Duveneck adds nothing to the great reputation it was his fortune to obtain perhaps in part by his early appearance in the field as an exponent of the novel German inventions. There is no doubt about his strength, but he displays a repulsive want of feeling. His principal piece, a life-size, goggling German baby in a green wooden contrivance, and beating the devil's tattoo with a hammer, is as disagreeable as a young hobgoblin.

The French method in heads is smoother, but bold enough. It avails itself too of the forcing out from black grounds. In the examples here accessible, such as the excellent study of a head and the full-length portrait of a lady by Anderson, pupil of Bonnat, and the three-quarter length by Bonnat himself, all at the Academy, it is not always done with the same artistic discretion. The figures are very real, yet have a hard, too sharply detached outline. But there is hardly anything else in portraits so satisfactory to my mind, so capable of doing good, if its easy naturalness, combined with dignity of attitude, and its skillful opposition of tones, be attended to, as the No. 453, also at the Academy, of J. Alden Weir, a pupil of Gerome. A grayish tinge is diffused over the usually intractable black of the every-day costume. The use of frigid greenish tones in the obscure background gives it even a certain warmth. He had, it is true, in a well-preserved old gentleman with fine gray hair, an unusually good subject; so had Huntington in his No. 480 in the same room. The latter makes of it only the usual bank-president

with his boots in full, on the usual red carpet, and his arm on the usual red table-cover.

The striking novelty at the Kurtz Gallery, the feature which most marked its difference from the ordinary American exhibition, was the lightly draped or wholly nude figures. Two of these subjects may be classed as "high art." The eye was at once drawn to Pearce's Lamentation over the First-Born of Egypt. Bonnat, his master, is a brilliant illuminator and a realizer of his subject to the last degree. His famous Crucifixion, of '74, was absolutely startling. I have heard, from some who saw, that he painted it from a dead body actually nailed to a cross and set up in his studio. It might have been expected that an impressive pupil would display some of these qualities, and these are in fact just what we find. Two slightly draped figures sit upon the floor, bending over a mummy case. They do not impress you as overcome with grief. Oriental lamentation, as I understand it, is wilder, with ululations and contorted countenances. They are studio models posed for a purpose. The well-formed man has a greenish blanket thrown over one shoulder. He might do in some other attitude for a young Saint John, or anything else. The woman is more Egyptian and very ugly in figure. The ugliness, one feature of which is the condition of a thin arm painfully pinched by metal armlets, is dwelt upon with as much interest as if it were beauty. The piece is a close, life-school study, with especial attention to the texture of flesh. It is extremely well done and the best kind of practice, but it cannot be called practice yet turned to account. Miss Dodson, on the contrary, in her group of dancing maidens, led on by a Cupid pretending to fiddle by drawing his arrow across the string of his bow, — one is inclined to ask the pert young genius whence he learned the parody — aims to be an exponent of grace and the decorative qualities of soft pink and white flesh, without over-sensuousness. The difficult action of the dainty figures, springing forward through a grayish-

green Arcadia, is not quite successful. You cannot always say of a poise, as you ought to be able to do, just what it is going to be next. If you look too long at it, the middle one has more the appearance of a person who has sprained her ankle and is being supported to a seat. But it is a delicate and elegant work, a paler modern inspiration from Correggio.

The only things corresponding to these at the Academy from home sources, passing Hall's clumsy allegory of winter, are two canvases by Loop, illustrating Shakespeare. Marina walks by the seashore in a yellow chlamys, and Hermia and Helena recline in an American woodland in different hues of the same. The ambition and a certain dreamy feeling in them are to be commended, but the figures (it is always the same model in three different attitudes) are not more Greek than Shakespeare, and, smoothed down to a vapid tameness in the attempt to idealize, are not modern either.

In the department of more regular *genre* no word less than "exquisite" describes Sargent's Oyster Fishers at Cancale. We envy a mind, that can look thus at common life, the bliss of its daily existence. Where another would see but a group of rude fish-wives plodding heavily in the sand, he shows us a charming procession coming on with a movement almost rhythmical. The light is behind and throws their shadows forward in a dusty violet bloom. Small pools in front give back reflections. The close skirts show the action of the figures. The line of a descending hill in the background is cut by the straight sea horizon. All is as fresh and crisp as the gray and blue of the shifting sky. The light touches only in scattering points upon the forms, which are for the most part in shade. It is managed with a delicious skill. The difficult matter of the relief of white upon white is disposed of as if with an airy nonchalance. The white peasant caps are brought off the light sky with just a sufficient suggestion of detachment, here by a slight darkening of gray, there by a flicker of yellow in the light on an edge. May-

nard, with as good opportunities, in his group of Venetian water-carriers, threw them away. In Thayer's cattle piece there is a feeling and a management of light of the same nice sort. A procession of a dozen boldly fore-shortened cows is coming down hill towards you in a dewy landscape, not quite enough finished. The light again is behind and follows along their sides and vertebræ, throwing shadows forward and deep shades in the hollows of the hips. In another line, his sleeping infant with a puppy held in its naïve embrace, at the Academy, Mr. Thayer has one of the most charming things in either show.

The group of members of the Academy, who were invited to take part in this exhibition, has to be foregone, since an Open Letter from New York will positively not hold everything. They show for the most part, it is important to remark, a close connection of their own, from study and travel, with the foreign influences of which it is here a question.

It will be a useful second division of the subject to inquire what the Americanism is from which the new fashion may be thought to have reprehensibly departed. Have we developed something of value which defines our national direction? which cannot be varied from without treason? If so, it should be found among the older practitioners, at the Academy, the body which peculiarly represents American art and preserves its traditions. Let the exhibition be first examined with reference to its subjects. From a catalogue in which you may have marked the most striking works, perhaps you have derived the impression that the members are not taking part very much. But there are, in fact, forty-four out of eighty-seven Academicians, and twenty-six out of eighty-four associates represented, omitting those engaged in the rival movement. Their contributions are a considerable number of portraits, and a very much larger number of landscapes. In the latter, foreign scenery — the Thames, Brittany, the Isle of Wight — has a fair share of representation. Then, to make a general class composed of everything

else, there are large, spirited cattle by James Hart, and small, tame ones by William, dogs by Tait and James Beard, comic owls and rabbits by William H. Beard, a Seer in Israel, in crayon, by Oertel, a dismal attempt at a fairy pool by Hope, a nicely done old lady knitting by Ryder, a capital small school-girl in a pinafore, decidedly German, by Constant Mayer, two honest-looking grown-up girls by Lay, a very mediocre workman's child preparing his lunch, by Story, and some interiors with figures, good, but of an antiquated sort, by R. W. Weir, brought forth perhaps to hang beside his son, who is a new-comer, of the later school, and of a very different force. There are a few sentimental heads, — one by Julian Scott, with a smooth, warm complexion, small blue eyes, and a coral necklace, quite quaint and pleasing, — one inferior *bric-à-brac*, and one good flower piece, Lambdin's.

The best genre things are Magrath's Irish peasant looking over a flower-fringed wall at a golden harvest, Ehn-inger's monk with a loaded donkey, and another showing peasants, in an evening light, with a curious rainbow sky and reflections, washing in a stream of the Pyrenees. Then there is a sufficient representation, in Chapman, Hall, and Cephas G. Thompson, of the feeble, old-fashioned picturesque, surviving from the days of diligences, when a contadino and a pifferaro and a lazzarone were thought to be the summit of all that was desirable to paint.

There are but five — I am keeping for the present to the actually exhibiting members — who can be called American in their subjects. The animals, interiors, domestic traits, Shakespearean heroines, even the Oneida County game probably, of all the rest could have been selected and painted in any other country as well as ours. Even Mr. Perry, who has penetrated so far into the interior as San Francisco, finds nothing more racy of the soil than an old lady telling a child a story in a luxurious parlor. I do not make this lack of "raciness" a reproach to anybody, — I am a little tired of it myself, — but I only state the fact.

The number will not even include Wordsworth Thompson and Julian Scott in their Revolutionary military pieces. There is nothing to show that they express our national character of that date. The small, uniformed figures are a good opportunity for color, but they could be French, say, of the same date, just as well. In another line of criticism, they are very much without spirit. A pilgrimage to the original battles of Trumbull, at New Haven, would be a stimulating exercise for their authors.

The five are Winslow Homer, J. G. Brown, Eastman Johnson, Guy, and T. A. Wood, who exhibits his ingenious small figure of an old negro, with an aguish expression, and a bed-quilt around his shoulders, pouring out medicine in a teaspoon. They belong to the enumeration in unequal degrees of validity, of course, — Guy and Eastman Johnson the least. I suppose the reading girl and the lazy boy of the former, — though he looks like an American boy enough, yawning over his unsawed wood, — and the row of mites of children, of the other, ranged like swallows on a beam over a hay-mow in a barn, helped up, probably, by some good-natured "hired man," might be found in England at least, also. These children, with their diminutive legs in striped stockings, and all sorts of well-used shoes dangling, are having just the best kind of a time. Even the baby is supported there, not thoroughly understanding the situation, and looks down with a monumental gravity. The question evidently is, supremely contented as they all are, what shall be done next? The leader, the roguish one of nine, with blue sleeves, and a ribbon in her hair, and her round cheek visible only in profile, will decide it in a moment, I know, by plunging down with a wild shriek, and the rest will follow after as best they can. As a picture, the parts are too much cut up; it was necessary, to convey the idea, to give too much to the comparatively vacant space where the hay is; but the figures contain all the qualities, and, in a frame by themselves, would have made a broad and charming piece.

Homer is intensely American in his subjects. He has selected types which belong essentially to us and to no others. He represents us intimately, and is original. He goes first into his field. He does not follow; nor is he himself much followed — the more is the pity. He unites two qualities not often combined: an appreciation of rugged natural character, with poetic refinement. It is not easy to be blinded to his defects. There are plenty of them. He does not know enough about either light or color. I imagine to myself, knowing nothing whatever about it, that he suffers for lack of a thorough technical bringing up. I wish *he* had studied Plagues of Egypt with Bonnat. He is possessed by his idea and puts upon the canvas, in spite of his materials, the feeling he would convey; but they resist him, they yield sullenly, they do not aid him with their felicities, which, if he had them, would make his work, charming already in its essence, exquisite. He has here five pictures. In the principal a tall, sinewy young mower has paused, looking up, to listen and to follow the flight of a lark. His scythe is held under one arm, his coarse straw hat swings loosely by his side. He is a common young farmer enough, but a good one and a real one, and a type. We have not seen him, but we know him. We know his unpolished laugh and his loud voice calling "across lots." He is a fellow who would keep a particularly nice colt for his own driving, and get, by a trade, with a moderate cash balance, a harness and buggy to match, not so very different from city style. He would cherish an opinion that he could hold his own very well with city people. He would not care to go there and enter a store, but he decidedly means to experiment with new ideas on the farm. If it were war time he is a fellow who would make a splendid soldierly corporal, and like nothing better than the adventure. Shown in the restrained light to which this artist is so partial, detached against a bosk of trees in the middle distance, the figure has a serious and noble air. A touch or two of light catches on the rings of the scythe snath.

Overhead is a cool, silvery sky with cirrus clouds. It is not of the usual dreamy sort, but accurately studied, and with a kind of *definite* poetry in it, which I should count as one of Mr. Homer's general traits.

Another picture shows a couple of mountain guides, each with a distinct flavor of the American, and no other, scenery about him. One is short, old, and grizzled; the other young, tall, majestic, almost statuesque. The talent is in finding this native dignity, in discerning in a 'Bijah of the Adirondacks something allied to the Apollo and the Germanicus, to the core of Greek art and great art of all times. They are painted against broad planes of mountains, sloping with the grateful unbroken lines for which Mr. Homer has so distinct a liking in the other mountain piece, and in the background of the one in which two small negroes and a white boy, the worst of the lot, are enjoying a water-melon, and shouting back defiance at the farmer from whom it was stolen. There is a great out-of-doors feeling in the shapes, but not in the light of them all. The color, too, which is for the most part gray and harmonious, is always apt to have random harshnesses in it, as the crude red tree on the edge of the hill with the guides, and a scarlet skirt in the centre of the other. The first is simply disagreeable, but has plenty in the foreground to keep it company. The latter is isolated, and has hardly more connection with anything else in the picture than if it were a large wafer pasted on.

J. G. Brown's American piece, though the subject is in a British possession, is a crew of Grand Menan fishermen pulling for the shore in a broad sunshine that renders their faces coppery, and the buoyant sea, in which the deep-laden boat rides heavily, green and crystalline. Each man has a distinct character. By character I do not mean simply that this man has a face different from his neighbor, but that this is George Thompson and this Rufus Warner. You could call them by name. The picture is hard, by reason of this studious finish, which

is besides not so much called for in the kind of subject, since such a tossing boat-load on a friendly sea is a pleasant thing in itself, without too much individualizing. But it is an original work worthy of respect. His other, a simple figure of a girl in white muslin walking by the sea, presents a type, blonde, slender, restrained, thoughtful rather than coquettish, which one would set down pretty unhesitatingly as American of New England. The atmosphere closes in over the vanishing beach behind her. The horizon is at the height of her waist, and the pleasing head is painted against a bright spot in the cool gray sky. There is nothing dashing in the work of this artist. You do not forget the model, but the taste in its selection and the conscientiousness and absence of ostentation with which it is wrought out are very agreeable.

If the inquiry after Americanism be widened to include the whole exhibition, the number of interesting works will be much increased, so that, with the exceptions already made, you are inclined to believe that ability is almost in the inverse ratio of connection with the ruling powers. The range of subjects we are in search of, however, is extended by but a single addition, Gilbert Gaul's *Rainy Day in the Garret*. George Inness, Jr., has large cattle, bolder in treatment and mellow in color than Hart's, set into landscapes in his father's attractive manner; Bispham, some conventional, geography tigers; Sword, some better dogs than Tait's; Miss Jacobs and Miss Brownscombe, well imagined figures — the children of the latter the best — of some size; Brundegge, Bickford, Reinhart, Kappes, figures of smaller size, each with its special merits; Mrs. Dillon, in 219 and 228, good flowers with little reflections of the windows from which they were lighted mirrored on the convexity of the vases, as in some of the still-life etchings of Jacquemart; and Harnett, some representations of vulgar still-life objects, counterfeit hills, and so on, of surprising fidelity.

It belongs to the foreign school, but I will note, in passing, an interior by

Piquet, with portrait figures on a scale which makes it genre. I said a word in favor of the style in my water-color letter, and yet I hope not to be accused of triviality. What is more legitimate? Is not the home one of the foremost objects of modern life? and look at the time and money given to its adornment! It is worthy, if not of its epics, at least of its sonnets. And its inhabitants, — why should they not be painted at length in the surroundings which make a part of them, in which they are natural, instead of always in the strange studio lights?

It would not be a calamity if there were no studios for a time, and artists had to go about from house to house like journeymen tinkers, with their easels under their arms, until some of the charming apartments, with their rugs and blue crockery, and the interesting people who live in them are properly celebrated. Walter Palmer has a very nice room, with a mysterious quality in the permeation of the light from the farther end over a complication of rich objects, and a single figure in front.

But as I was going on to say, Gilbert Gaul's Rainy Day in a Garret is the only thing that can be added to the list. Children elsewhere, no doubt, masquerade in the garments of their elders, but surely not in such a garret, with such a hair-leather trunk, such a handbox covered with blue and mauve paper in a large pattern, such a map and old hat and string of onions on the wall, and such a barrel and half-empty bag of seed-corn in the corner. The boy has a long-tailed coat and blue cotton umbrella, and a hat on the back of his head that would envelop him to the shoulders if it were allowed to. The girl — they are aged ten or eleven — wears a great bonnet of a remote period, with the large bows tied under her chin, and a mature shawl trailing over her short dress to the floor. In its make-up, in its light and shade, the picture is neither good nor bad, — simply neutral. Its author is young, not long out of his pupilage, which has been entirely on this side of the water. He seems to me to show much promise in a straightforward, un-

morbid field, which there is room for a great deal of without crowding the purveyors of eccentricities. He has the story-telling talent, a genuine humor, and no mean facility of execution. But there is more. The flicker of a gentle poetic sentiment is detected in the whole. The girl's face, surrounded by its preposterous trumpery, is charming. The boy laughs, but she is pensive, catching for the moment, perhaps, one knows not what premonition of a coming destiny. To gratify, too, an evident bias towards harmonious color, slight sacrifices of probability may be noted, as in the introduction of a warm crimson and gold-bordered shawl, the Curaçoa bottle, and the blue and white ginger jar, which would not occur in such a garret.

It is evident from this narrowing down that the Americanism does not consist largely in the selection of peculiarly national subjects. In what, then, is the secret, for it is certain that one recognizes at sight numerous things as American? It is, it seems to me, in efforts at imitation by the most obvious means, which are largely inadequate; a lack of appreciation of the decorative capacities of colors, even while they depict the objects; and in a thinness and smoothness of finish, in deference to patrons who are too apt to admire the imitations alone, and have only a small conception of the purely artistic qualities. Americanism of the old school in art, in short, it is submitted, is rather a form of weakness than an indigénous style of expression.

The smooth finish at its very best is seen in Guy's reading girl, and in such pieces as Sandford Gifford's mellow sunsets. There is no suggestion of paint. Only the threads of the canvas, when you approach, seem to spread like a film between you and the actual scene. Far more common is a conventionalism like that of Cropsey and Caislear, — foliage rendered by a drawing-book trick and yet not generalized. There is usually a lake in the centre of the picture, surrounded by home-made crags, and with a blasted pine-tree thrown out against it from the foreground. The style of McEntee, the poet of the late sad autumn, seems

to me the happy ideal. It is simple and right; he neither obtrudes his materials nor discredits them. The direct accosting of nature in landscape is seen again in the careful, admirable forest interiors of Fitch and Hetzel, and in T. A. Richards. The last has a landscape of the unrelieved green of nature, — the hue it takes, if you have ever seen it, through the camera. Done by a tyro it would have set your teeth on edge, — the plain fields of grass and the cold gray sky without a spot of blue in it, — but it is saved here, although I would not buy it, by a certain nice feeling in its accuracy of rendition. Contrast with it and with the clear coldness of David Johnson the landscapes of Magrath, Earnest Parton, and Bolton Jones of Baltimore. Such a one as the No. 361 of the last affects you somehow as if the air were full of lilies and chiming bells on a summer morning.

If my letter were not a search for tendencies rather than an attempted account of things in their order of merit, I should not have to pass here again, with so bare a mention, Nicoll's closing in of navigation on the Hudson, in which there is a forlorn melancholy, Quartley's charming marine, and Hartley's statue of Whirlwind, — who comes bearing down upon you with knitted brows, the lithe body

twisted upon the hips, the drapery blown back in sharp curves, with immense spirit, — and much beside with none at all.

As a conclusion of the review of the two displays one cannot fail to recognize, without allowing much originality yet to the new contributions, the arrival of a period of much more thorough preparation and knowledge than has ever hitherto prevailed. It must result in no long time in the abolition of a double standard of criticism, which has had to have its tender side for a weak and struggling art, and in a production of pictures on our own side of the water able to compete with the foreign importations on equal terms. As to subjects, what ought to be demanded of the artist is to obtain the greatest possible power of execution, and to keep his sensibility open to all impressions of beauty, blow from what quarter they will. He is our delegate to expound the universe in this particular branch. If he can find beautiful impressions here, so much the better, and it is a patriotic thing to do. If what he can learn at Munich — not forgetting Paris — enables him to render them freely and joyously instead of lamely and with misgivings, then by all means

"Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry."

Raymond Westbrook.

SPRING-SONG.

BLUSH and blow, blush and blow,
Wind and brier-rose, if you will.
You are sweet enough, I know, —
You are sweet enough, but oh,
Hidden lonely, hidden low,
There is something sweeter still.

Come and go, come and go,
Suns of morning, moons of night,
You are fair enough, I know, —
You are fair enough, but oh,
Hidden darkly, hidden low,
Lies the light that gave you light.

Mrs. Sallie M. B. Piatt.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THEY were five, and in a row-boat, floating down a Florida creek in this last month of March: four were women, one was a man; all were passably well-looking, all under forty, all more or less literary, and all good-natured. Three were, or had been, "Contributors," and two wanted to be, which does just as well. They were Miss Mary, Cream, Jane, and the Widow; and then there was the Judge.

Cream. In Kismet, you know, they talk about chameleons as though they belonged to Egypt as exclusively as the Sphinx; those on that sweet-gum make the tenth green and the twenty-sixth brown one I've seen this morning. By the way, did any of you notice how exactly the plot of Kismet was like that of Thomas Hardy's Pair of Blue Eyes?

The Judge. Plot is nothing.

Jane. That, Mary, is a mocking-bird; you can tell them by the pert twitch of their tails. And that is a blue bittorn, or poor Job. And — Oh, do paddle us across, Judge! There's a particularly big, horrible moccasin at the foot of that cypress, on the long moss. See him?

The Widow. Ugh! yes. Don't go any nearer.

The Judge, contemplatively. About six feet long.

Cream. Do row away. We are not Elsie Venners.

The Judge, rowing down stream. Ladies, I should like to try an experiment. You are all more or less literary —

The Widow. "Generally less." (The Crushed Tragedian.)

The Judge. All intelligent —

The Others. Hear! Hear!

The Judge. You are not likely to confuse the Warners, mingle the Dodges, or mistake Charles Reade for Christian. Now, I want you to tell me, each one of you, on your honor, and without hesitation or attempt at deception, your favorite novel, — beginning with Jane.

Jane. The Mill on the Floss.

Cream. Les Trois Mousquetaires.

The Widow. Pickwick.

Miss Mary. The Heir of Redclyffe.

The Judge. As I have put you on your honor, I suppose I must believe you. But how in the world you can all leave out Fielding and Thackeray —

Cream. Because we are we, and not you.

Miss Mary. Judge, please stand up and pick that tree-orchid.

The Widow. We have more flowers now than we can carry, — loads.

Miss Mary. I did n't want the pinxter flowers and Easter lilies; Cream *would* bring them. I only wanted those that do not grow at the North, — yellow jessamine, wild orange, the air-plants, the little pinguiculas, the chaptalias or Southern daisies, Cherokee roses, and —

The Judge. Now, ladies, having partially recovered from the Heir of Redclyffe, I ask you to mention, with equal frankness, your favorite poem.

Jane. Wordsworth's Ode to Immortality.

The Widow. Bret Harte's Geological Society on the Stanislaus.

Cream. Evangeline.

Miss Mary. Lucille.

The Judge, despairingly. And Shelley? And Swinburne?

Cream, with excitement. An alligator! Hush, now. Paddle up softly, Judge. His head is turned the other way, and he can't see around the corner of those great calash-tops of horn that protect his eyes. No pun intended, but he is a knobby fellow.

The Widow. Bang him on the back with the oar, Judge; let's see him dive.

Cream. Not yet; I want to look at him. Why *won't* they ever come out of the water and walk on the bank in profile, like sensible beasts? It's the only good way to see them. They roar and snort here in the summer, they say, so that you can hear them ever so far, — miles.

The Judge. Now, ladies, as to tales of horror.

The Widow. Bang him on the back, first, Judge. There's a tail of horror for you!

The Judge, rather severely. I was referring to stories and legends which have had such an effect upon you, for instance, as to keep you awake at night.

Miss Mary. Poe's Murders in the Rue Morgue.

Jane. Frankenstein.

Cream. A story published ever so many years ago in Harper's Magazine, called What was It? I cannot think of it even now without shuddering.

The Widow. I think nothing ever kept me awake from horror, unless it was Salvini trying to play David Garrick.

Cream. Oh, you Sotherner!

The Judge. One more trial, and my experiments are over. Will you repeat to me any recent poem, or portion of a poem, which has impressed you sufficiently to remain in your memory. Don't search; take the one that is *there*.

Cream. Well, then, here is mine.

"Such is our gull; a gentleman of leisure,
Less fleshed than feathered; bagged, you 'll find
him such;
His virtue silence; his employment pleasure;
Not bad to look at, and not good for much."
(Holmes. January Atlantic.)

Now, Mary, your turn.

Miss Mary, coloring. I would rather not tell.

The Others. Why?

Miss Mary. Because it is — a hymn.

Cream. Ask her no more. The moon may not agree, but I am "done gone shore" it is a — Moody and Sankey.

Miss Mary. Yes, it is.

The Judge, with a sigh. Well, Jane.

Jane. Mine is not new, — 1875. So, not being within the conditions, I am excused.

The Judge. Nothing since?

Jane. Nothing.

The Judge. Then give it.

Jane. Well, then, — if I must.

"The long years come and go,
And the Past,
The sorrowful, splendid Past,
With its glory and its woe,
Seems never to have been. . . .

O sombre days and grand,
How ye crowd back once more,
Seeing our heroes' graves are green
By the Potomac and the Cumberland,
And in the valley of the Shenandoah!
The long years come, but *they*
Come not again!
Through vapors dense and gray
Steals back the May,
But they come not again, —
Swept by the battle's fiery breath
Down unknown ways of death.
How can our fancies help but go
Out from this realm of mist and rain,
Out from this realm of sleet and snow,
When the first Southern violets blow? . . .
How must our thought bend over them,
Blessing the flowers that cover them, —
Piteous, nameless graves."
(Spring in New England. Aldrich.)

Cream. Not quite fair, Jane; too sad. The Judge took off his hat; and in another minute I should have been crying.

Jane. You wanted the truth.

Cream. "When the war is over, let us sail among the islands of the Ægean, and be as young as ever." (Landor. P. and A.) The war is over; and that is what we are doing now.

The Judge. You have not all of you given your quotations.

The Widow. No, I have not; here it is, the latest nonsense-verses by Lear, the inimitable author of those modern classics, The Owl and the Pussy-Cat, and the immortal Jumbles. It is called the Pelican Chorus, and the effect is intensified if you pronounce it Pe-lican.

"King and queen of the Pe-licans, we!
No other birds so grand we see;
None but we have feet like fins,
With lovely leathery throats and chins!
We live on the Nile. The Nile we love;
By night we sleep on the cliffs above,
By day we fish, and at eve we stand
In rows on islands of yellowy sand;
Wing to wing we dance around,
Stamping our feet with a flumpy sound,
Opening our mouths as Pe-licans ought;
And this is the song we nightly snort:
Plof-skin, Pluff-skin, Pe-lican Jee!
We think no birds so fluffy as we.
Plump-skin, Plosh-skin, Pe-lican jill!
We think so then; we thought so still."

You remember the rows of pelicans at St. Augustine, sitting on Bird Island? There is a reminiscence of the Jumbles, too, in this epic. The Pe-licans' daughter has married the King of the Cranes, and in the last verse the parents sing as follows: —

"Often since in the nights of June
We sit on the sand and watch the moon.
She's gone to the great Gromboollan plain,
And we probably *never* shall meet again!
She dwells by the streams of the Chankly Bore,
And we probably *never* shall see her more!"

It was to the Chankly Bore, you remember, that the Jumblies sailed.

The other Ladies.

'Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live!
Their heads were green and their hands were blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve!"

The Judge, discouraged. Am I to understand, ladies, that you have been perfectly truthful and honest in these selections?

The Others. Entirely so.

The Judge. All I can say, then, is that the mixture is most extraordinary. How you can —

Miss Mary. What is that dark thing in the water-lettuce along-side?

The Judge, hastily. Don't be alarmed. He has been carried out, probably, on one of these floating islands. Sit perfectly still; I can disentangle the boat in a moment.

Cream. But what is it, any way; I cannot see.

The Judge. A rattlesnake. But —

Immediate shrieks, which end the conversation.

— A contributor raises a critical objection to Mr. Stedman's strictures upon the confusion of prose and poetry in the popular use of those words. He makes a good point in saying that "the real distinction is between prose and verse." But his criticism of Mr. Stedman is based upon an absolute misquotation from the Victorian Poets. The passage (chapter on Robert Browning, page 299) is not, as he gives it, "Poetry is beautiful thought expressed in *musical words*," but, "It is beautiful thought expressed in *rhythmical form*, not half expressed or uttered in the form of prose." Whether the original expression and the substitute are synonymous depends entirely on the matters involved in the context, before and after. It happens that the change is an important one, as Mr. Stedman is writing technically, and not essaying a general and philosophical adjustment of

an old dispute. Your contributor's oversight is an example of that indifference to precision in language of which Mr. Stedman complained. The latter's phrase certainly is no complete definition of poetry, it being "essential to a complete definition that it should distinguish the thing defined from everything else." But in the technical use of it, only to be learned from the context, it is what Whately calls an "accidental definition," in respect to which Webster's Dictionary may be consulted.

In the same (March) number of *The Atlantic*, Mr. Stedman, oddly enough, is censured by Mr. Piatt from an opposite point of view, that is, for saying of Hawthorne that

"Prose like his was poetry's high tone."

It seems to me that to any songster a measurable use of analogy and metaphor should be allowed. The poet evidently means that Hawthorne's prose was so exquisite that, as a species of imaginative art, it was no less admirable than noble poetry. I suppose it is a poet's office to convey his idea in the most compact or striking language consistent with good sense, — with "the sanity of true genius." Pray, what has Mr. Piatt to say concerning Keats's imaginative line in *Isabella*?

"So the two brothers and their murdered man."

Possibly that, as the man in fact was not yet murdered, Keats should have restricted himself to an exact and legal exposition of the *status quo*.

— "Set thine house in order," said the prophet, and to-day there is much ado to obey the injunction. Until lately the three quarters of a man's life which is spent within the inclosure of four walls, a ceiling, and a floor has been entirely unconscious of any influences shed upon it from these speechless surroundings. Wall-papers, colors, carpets, tables, and chairs were, to our fathers and grandfathers, only wall-papers, colors, carpets, tables, and chairs, and they were nothing more. Their household virtues flourished and brought forth fruit without the advantage of sympathy and encouragement from a properly adjusted background of acces-

sories. In the academical pictures of the last century, the subjects had their being in the midst of vast conventional draperies and at the feet of architectural columns, which conveyed the idea of inclosure about as happily as the device of Bottom, the weaver. Now the figures of art are projected against possible backgrounds and details suggestive of sentiment and life. You may study archæology or contemporary decoration in the accessories of the pictures of Alma Tadema and of the modern *genre* painters. Sir Charles Grandison, Evelina, the Vicar of Wakefield, the heroines of Miss Austen, owed nothing to the fashion of tables and chairs, or to the surface treatment of walls and ceilings. Now the novelists give us veritable interiors, and are accurate in household luxuries. He whose office it is to "present well" in the modern comedy of life has no sinecure; the highest qualities available among the players are not too much for this function. If we are not curious in patterns and colors, if we are not fastidious in the matter of stuffs and furniture, it is because we are inaccessible to the finer emotions, and do not read the abundant literature of decoration.

In a recent essay by Mr. C. C. Townsend, an English architect, reference is made to a notice in the Edinburgh Review for April, 1807, of Mr. Thomas Hope's work on Household Furniture and Internal Decoration, then just published. "There is in England, we believe," said the indignant reviewer, "a pretty general contempt for those who are habitually and seriously occupied about such paltry and fantastical luxuries; and at such a moment as the present we confess we are not a little proud of this Roman spirit, which leaves the study of those effeminate elegancies to slaves and foreigners, and holds it beneath the dignity of a free man to be eminently skilled in the decoration of couches and the mounting of chandeliers."

But through no decadence in the patriotic virtues, I hope, through no corrupt preference for bondage in a gilded

cage over "strenuous liberty" with horse-hair furniture, we have at length learned that art is

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

We are indebted to no great prophet or master for this new doctrine of life. It has come first from artists by example, afterwards from *dilettanti* and *littérateurs* by commentary. But the public has been prepared for the revolution by the natural growth of the age towards a belief that the development of the fitness of things is not to be obtained without regard to beauty.

To the literature of the subject we have had of late two notable accessions in *The House Beautiful*, by Mr. Clarence Cook, and *Art Decoration applied to Furniture*, by Mrs. Spofford. These writers are both Americans, both are practiced *littérateurs*, and both are on the side of the layman in art, — that is, they do not pretend to be technical; but they have by no means proved to be of equal merit in this new field. Perhaps from neither of them had we a right to expect any great flood of light on this subject; but such light as they have shed has for the most part come from one of the two. I dare to say that the male readers of Harper's Bazar are rare enough to render Mrs. Spofford's book, which is now reprinted from its pages, to them, at least, quite a new contribution. It has come like a sudden revelation, and enjoys the advantage of a surprise. On the other hand, Mr. Cook's familiar talk has been amiably developed for a year past to the consciousness of both sexes in the pages of Scribner's. I am bound to say that the lady has done her work well. The chapters in which she has presented, in historical succession, the development and characteristics of the Pompeiian, the Gothic (ancient and modern), the Renaissance of Louis Quatorze, Quinze, and Seize respectively, of Elizabeth, James, and Queen Anne, although sadly wanting in *pertinent* pictorial illustrations, are in every other respect excellent. Her authorities have been consulted with the diligence of the student, and the results set forth with the intelli-

gence of a practiced hand and the elegance of a refined and sensitive spirit. The effort to define these successive styles of decoration has been made before in the South Kensington hand-books, but never before has the effort been crowned with a success so satisfactory. As a contribution to history, the connection which she traces between the forms of art and the spirit of the times out of which they unconsciously sprang is especially notable. The book is to be commended to all who seek, not for notions, but for knowledge.

Mr. Cook's aim, on the other hand, I fancy, is to present rather notions than knowledge, although he formulates his idea in rather more literary fashion by protesting that he merely desires to express in furniture and decoration the proposition that "simplicity seems to him a good part of beauty, and utility only beauty in a mask." In striving to this end, it must be confessed, he "strictly meditates a thankless muse," who inspires her votary to give utterance to no systematic scheme or ideal of decoration, without which, indeed, his *House Beautiful* must needs disappoint all who venture therein. In fact, it is not a house founded upon an idea; it is not a unity in the sense of art, as we had a right to expect from its title. With such a writing above its gate, we should have had the moral decorations and conscientious furniture which belong to this age of introversion developed and classified into a symmetrical system. We should have had principles of form and color roundly set forth and put in practice. But we wander with him through the four apartments of his house, from the entrance to the living-room, from the dining-room to the bed-room, well pleased with the grace and hospitality of our host, but astonished to find rather a museum of *bric-à-brac* than a succession of ideal rooms. They leave upon the mind no impression of color, without which there can be no spirit of grace, no poetry, in any furnishings. In fact, I fear that my host is color-blind, or, more probably perhaps, that he has no convictions or sentiment in this regard. To be sure,

Mr. Cook is not an artist or a decorator; he is not professional in this sense, but he is known as a critic and a man of letters, and art has been taught to expect much from literature in these days. Thus, his fair competitor has, it seems to me, better understood the function of the literary craft in this new field. She points a moral in a very sensible fashion; she not only gives us wall-papers and carpets, but she gives us reasons why. She not only shows us forms of furniture, but she treats of the conditions of life out of which these forms developed, and thereby enables us to judge of their true significance, and helps to make us catholic to all honest forms of art, teaches us to avoid narrow prejudices, and to organize the inevitable eclecticism of our time. She seeks to make archaeology useful to art. Mr. Cook is a collector of pretty things, concerning which his conversation is lively and entertaining, but it gives us no new thought; it does not lift us above the region of absolute exclusions and peremptory rules, into which the literary masters of art and the artistic masters of literature have plunged us, and from which we are not rescued by these beautiful pages. The book, in fact, is a series of effective drawings by Mr. Lathrop, and of clever designs by Mr. Sandier, beautifully engraved by Mr. Marsh, concerning which Mr. Clarence Cook indulges in a chatty, after-dinner monologue, bubbling and shallow, missing the serious points to be made, taking no note of any quality in the points by which the essential principles of decoration might have been illustrated; in short, the literary business of the book is of the slightest character, and affords little, if any, of that illumination which the subject so urgently needs.

We have been deceived; the *House Beautiful* is merely an Old Curiosity Shop. We have yet to seek for the ideal abode wherein art has established a condition of perfect fitness for all the appointments by which the life of the household may be made beautiful indeed.

— I like to mark coincidences, and especially when they are so extraordinary

as two were that came to my attention last week. The first occurred at Naples. General Grant was embarking on an American man-of-war, and the cannon of the forts were roaring their salutes. At the same time the French mail steamer was entering the harbor, having on board the Japanese envoy to France. Deeming the firing to be in his honor, the Oriental returned the compliment by repeatedly bowing in the direction of the smoke, to the great amusement of his fellow-passengers.

The second instance comes nearer home. The legislature of Connecticut, warned by the earnest publications of the venerable ex-president of Yale of the laxity of the divorce laws of their State, lately did themselves honor by making them more rigid. It happened that after the writings of Dr. Woolsey had been well circulated in his State, and had created a sort of public opinion in favor of the view he took, a certain lecturer in Boston began to speak in the same line, and when the Connecticut legislature had completed its good action he lifted up his voice and cried to an admiring public, "Behold the power of the Boston Lectureship!"

—An English writer, in treating the works of one whose genius has for twenty years illuminated the pages of *The Atlantic*, met the following passage:—

"Take two such words as *home* and *world*. What can you do with *chrome*, or *loam*, or *gnome*, or *tome*? You have *dome*, *foam*, and *roam*, and not much more, to use in your *pome*, as some of our fellow-countrymen call it."

In a note the careful editor says, "'Pome' is a name given in America to a baked cake of maize or Indian meal, about the size of an apple, but *seems* to be used here in another sense."

The italics are mine. A little learning is a dangerous thing. A reference to a dictionary would have shown that the "cake" is a "pone," which is *not* "the size of an apple." Common sense might have shown that the writer, who was discussing "poetry," referred to a careless pronunciation of the word "poem."

—There is one question which American writers have dragged out lately into philosophy and fiction, always handling it as timidly as if it were a wourali poison for the soul, and always dropping it hastily with a fit of shuddering. Sometimes it is orthodoxy which scares them off, sometimes the vulgar guesses of heterodoxy.

The subject is that inevitable legacy which every man inherits, that is neither money nor lands. How much does he inherit? What choice is left him in the portioning of such goods yonder?

Doctor Holmes began, in his *Guardian Angel*, to pry into the mystery, but suddenly covered it up reverently, turning off into the tenderest of love stories. He knows there are certain courts which ought never to be opened to the profane, though the majority hold that the time has come when all mysteries and all sciences, if worth knowing at all, can be condensed into a lecture or sprightly magazine article, and bought for a quarter of a dollar.

But the public does not relish this particular subject. A man is rather amused and curious about the tracing of his body back to its original elements,—so much lime, so much albumen, water so much. But begin to parcel out the live creature within him among his progenitors,—dramatic faculty to this grandfather, some temper to another, each whim of passion and appetite to some dead and gone source,—and he has an uneasy sense that you are tampering with his soul. Is it falling apart into a mere package of heirlooms?

Putting aside the religious view of the question altogether, however, here is a wide field for strange discoveries, waiting for some Schliemann in human nature. There are forgotten facts and obscure hints in each man's own history, which startle him at times with a meaning which he dimly grasps. We talk of the subtle instinct of blood? Now, here is a man with some mental trait, some peculiar whim, which he has known as his own all of his life; it is a part of himself. In middle age he meets a far-off cousin, unknown before, who faces him

with this bit of his *ego*. What kind of kinship do you call that? Where did this obscure force of connection begin, and where will it end?

Still more uneasy is the consciousness of this inexorable band linking us to some dead human being whom we never saw. A singular instance of this fell in my way last summer. There are many traditions, in the State where I was born, of a certain pioneer and Indian fighter in early times, of exceptional daring and slaying power. One story is that after terrible suffering in his old age, being in *extremis*, he dragged himself out of bed, thrust on his hat, and, standing erect, cried, "Now, Death, do your worst!" and so fell dead. The descendants of this old man have been lazy, easy-going folk, with much general flabbiness of character. Last year, a young fellow from another county, a stranger in the neighborhood, was caught in a mill. While the people were clumsily trying to rescue him, the lad uttered no cry, and joked in a lazy, good-humored way. He died a minute or two after he was taken out, and he was found to be frightfully mangled. After death he was identified as a collateral descendant of the pioneer; he had, too, a remarkable birthmark, which had given his ancestor his name among the Indians.

The more one looks into this matter, the more uncomfortable one grows. Hawthorne somewhere says that a strong-willed man is a bugbear in the whole circle of his kinsfolk. But how shall we submit to the unknown strong-willed man away back in his grave, who has stamped his character, his prejudices, his very taste of palate or whim of stomach on generations who are still trooping into the world? Families of commonplace people develop the most unaccountable tendencies; the W's cannot touch liquor without ending as drunkards; the C's (sensitive, emotional, truthful folk) certainly are not to be trusted as far as money goes; the J's all gravitate to the kennels where are the fighting dogs. How can you account for such paradoxes in character unless by the compelling force of some man back in the ages, of bigger

and better stuff than they, who willfully chose evil, and set body and soul by it? The clock he wound up strikes feebly, running down in his descendants.

I have not the least doubt that all those petty antipathies, for which Shakespeare can render no firmer reason, — the nausea of this man at sight of a cat, of that when the bagpipe sings in the nose, and the like, — could be traced back to some real injury which the dominant grandfather had received from them. We are paying somebody's grudge when we stamp on the innocent spider or grind a garter snake under our heel. Who will find out the secret of these dead Napoleons who rule us out of their graves?

— In reading Mr. Richard Grant White's admirable paper on Americanisms, in the March number of *The Atlantic*, there occurred to me an example of that much-misunderstood class of expressions which he has apparently overlooked, or at least has not mentioned in this article. The use of the word *mail* to denote letters and newspapers coming through the post at one time to one address is a pure Americanism. "Shall I bring your mail from the office?" would be utterly unintelligible to an English ear.

— Can any one explain why English and American printers always put a circumflex accent over the first vowel in the word *chalet*? Why not the acute accent or the dîresis? Either would be as admissible. Outside of French books I have never seen the word correctly printed except in the London edition of *Marmorne*. I thought I had found a second exception in the Boston reprint of that same novel, but the compositor, who started off all right, got discouraged, broke down, and ended by impaling himself on the accent. I suppose that nine authors out of ten write it *châlet*; I write it *châlet* myself, and that is what makes me particularly severe on other persons guilty of the same stupidity.

— Let us suppose that a few hundred persons are killed every year in our streets by something falling upon them from

the house-tops; let it be the general impression that this something is a loose brick. Then let us fancy that some matter-of-fact individual steps forward and says: "My friends, do not be excited; really, there is no cause for alarm; it was not a brick; there is not on record a single well-authenticated instance of a brick falling from a house-top." To be sure, it was not a brick; it was a tile. There are men who will lay down their lives in defense of a distinction without a difference.

I think there is something not slightly comical in the attitude of those gentlemen who stand forth in the public prints with cards and certificates solemnly assuring us that hydrophobia is so rare a disease that not a single well-authenticated case of it can be cited. In the United States during the past eighteen months not fewer than one hundred and fifty persons have died horrible deaths resulting from the bites of dogs. If the information that they did not die of hydrophobia is not more consoling and satisfactory to the luckless victims than it presumably is to their surviving relatives, I fail to see that the point is worth insisting on. A hundred and fifty persons are bitten by dogs; these one hundred and fifty persons go mad, and die in indescribable agony. Now, whether you call that hydrophobia or cholera infantum does not matter a pin; they are dead all the same, and the cause of their death was one that might easily have been prevented. A single human life is more precious than that of the entire canine race, and I hold that every dog—

"Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree"—

which is let run at large without a muzzle should instantly be shot or drowned. Then if anybody wishes to split technical hairs, there is no objection; it is a harmless amusement and does n't hurt the hairs.

—I hear my scientific friends complain that the well-known lecturer, Rev. Joseph Cook, seldom gets his scientific facts just right. There is almost always some error, large or small, they say,

showing a want of habitual accuracy of mind. This is their business; what strikes me is a similar inaccuracy often shown in his poetical quotations. Take, for instance, this from Lowell, with which he closed one of his lectures, not long ago:—

"Careless seems the Omnipresent. History's pages
but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems
and the Word;
But the yet-veiled rules the future, and behind
the dim Unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch
above his own."

Thus it stands in the authorized and copyrighted report in the New York Independent, with the usual parenthetical [Applause] following. But in the original it stands as follows, those words being italicized which are altered or omitted by the lecturer:—

"Careless seems the *Great Avenger*; history's pages
but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems
and the Word;
*Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on
the throne,*
*Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind
the dim unknown*
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch
above his own."

The lines are from *The Present Crisis*; the percentage of altered or omitted words is something formidable, and I must say that, considering the two as poets, I prefer Lowell to Cook. The most objectionable aspect of the matter is that the substitution of the vague phrase "yet-veiled" for the strong word "scaffold" seems deliberately done to conceal the omission of the finest line in the whole poem.

— Since the time seems to have come when a man's expression of his wishes with regard to what is to be done after his death is violently and persistently opposed by all who survive him, is it not a good opportunity to suggest that perhaps respect has been paid for a long enough time to the doggerel over Shakespeare's grave?

"GOOD FRIEND FOR JESUS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DYST ENCLOSED HEARE:
BLEST BE THE MAN THAT SPARES THES STONES
AND CURST BE HE THAT MOVES MY BONES."

When we consider how little we know of the great poet, and the possibility of

finding something more by an examination of his tomb, it seems as if, with proper care, an investigation might be made that would possibly reward the trouble. Perhaps some documents could be found that would give us precious knowledge; or it may not be too late to find some traces of the shape of Shakespeare's skull. Such light would be of great value, and there is surely no sound reason to be urged against this step. It is easy to call one's neighbors "harpies," "ghouls," and even "vampires," but there is no irreverence towards Shakespeare in this suggestion; indeed, it springs from a desire to learn more about his vague personality. Two centuries and a half have passed by without infringing this command of Shakespeare's, and it is easy to suppose that if he had foreseen the admiration now felt for him he would have sanctioned what some will doubtless call a sacrilege. One thing is sure: if Schliemann, in his excavations, were to come across the tomb of Homer with curses like those quoted in *Tristram Shandy* against the man who should open it, nothing would prevent the modern investigator from going on in his good work. The reasons against it, however, would be quite as strong as in the case of Shakespeare. Is it not advisable, then, to avoid waiting till it is too late? That is to say, unless, as I may fear, it is too late already.

—I don't believe there is any change between the social modes of past and present more significant than is the altered face of social gossip; that is, if the old dramatists have given us anything like the truth; and unless they have, their people could hardly impress us so potently as they do to-day. Supposing, however, that the Mrs. Candors and Sir Benjamin Backbites could again rehabilitate themselves in the flesh, and make morning calls among their social equals, how easily we can fancy the broad laugh with which they entered upon their old-time sport gradually dying away, until it subsided into petrified silence, as the altered tenor of modern gossip dawned upon them! How strangely out of tune would be their pitiless

thrusts, however polished, amidst the moral refinements of our social criticisms, our quasi-benevolent analysis of person and motive, into which that old, ugly-sounding word scandal is now so often made to resolve itself! The rampant, full-blooded, and perhaps somewhat honest style of rending an absent friend for an hour's mad amusement would now nowhere be dubbed funny, but brutal!

Listen to two or three women of the polite world when they come together now to discuss the faults, foibles, or misfortunes of an acquaintance. Mark the accents of most catholic charity in which the thing is likely to be done, and how strictly the scientific method is held to. With scalpel and microscope in hand, the moral anatomy is carried on: every trait is severally classified; and, after the dissection is completed, some attempt may be made again to unite the fragments into a consistent whole. There may be a total absence of malice, as well as of any warm-blooded desire for sport at another's expense. It is a purely mental exercise, with a dash of conscientious accuracy about it. The accuracy, of course, depends altogether upon the narrator's discernment or imagination; for it partakes somewhat of the novelist's art, brought to bear upon the nearest available subjects. And what an immense relief is thus afforded to a number of half-idle, would-be-intellectual women!

But, after all, is n't the modern method of social gossip quite as despicable as the old, since its quasi-conscientiousness is more a matter of brain than of soul, of taste than of feeling?

I wish some clever story-teller, with the true touch for portrait-painting, would show the legitimate descendant of Mrs. Candor, — her own likeness, full length and breadth. She is too subtly analytical for the dramatist, and would elude the grasp of Sheridan himself to put in a telling light upon the stage. I used to think that real people, set within the prosaic light of every-day life, with common moral defects uncovered, and without any profound passion, or even

crime, for a background, would make figures too sorry for our fiction; but since I read that remarkable novel *Afterglow* I think so no longer.

By the way, I don't believe that story has got all the praise it has earned. It is a wonderful example of realistic art that can give us a dozen or so characters, with only two or three for whom we can feel anything like admiration or respect, and yet keep us from utterly despising the every-day crookedness and meanness of the others. How can we despise them, when we are imperceptibly made to feel that they are so much like — well, perhaps ourselves, or those we are obliged (for the want of better) to call our friends? Contrast the art here with some that is more lauded, — Daudet's *Sidonie*, for example, who is allowed no flutterings of scruple, no hesitating weakness, in her well-mapped-out career from childhood. We are forced to reject her as not of kin, and the obvious moral lesson of the author is made to count for less than he would have it, after all.

But most readers still want to *know* that a book has a moral lesson. Is it because the art of some of the best recent stories makes the moral less obvious that so many readers don't exactly know what to believe about them?

— There is one feature of our domestic architecture which, like so many other of our American inconveniences and discomforts, has been transmitted from England: that is, our windows. It would perhaps be interesting to know how much profanity and bad temper has been caused by our cumbrous mode of construction, the sashes sliding heavily in their frames and balanced by a rude system of weights. How often we rush to the window, panting for fresh air, only to find the sash swollen by the damp weather and stolidly resisting all our efforts to move it! We can get no good purchase; if there is a perpendicular

middle sash we grasp it with our fingers, we grow red in the face, our hand slips, and crash goes our elbow through the glass. I believe there is hardly a house in the country where some of the windows are not in a chronic state of immovability. Everywhere on the continent of Europe casement windows are universal, swinging freely on their hinges and easy to manage. On a pleasant summer day, what a delight to throw open the entire large window space to the air, and feel yourself out-doors! With our style of window construction this is impossible; at the utmost but half the window opening can admit the air freely. If we will look outside, we generally have to duck our heads under the raised sash, and maintain an uncomfortable stooping, half-standing position. And if some one within the room happens suddenly to call our attention, we are apt to turn quickly and bump the backs of our heads against the sash's sharp edge. On visiting Chester, England, I was delighted with the quaint picturesqueness of the old town. It reminded me of ancient Hildesheim. But somehow there was a difference; what was it? What gave the houses such a grim, "keep-outside" expression? Ah, the windows! It was a warm day in May, and some of the sashes were lowered a little at the top, and some were raised a little at the bottom, and the rows of fascinating façades were half spoiled by the insolent stare of glaring panes of glass. A fit symbol of buttoned-up British exclusiveness! And as I glanced out of my tavern window at the vista of quaint gables, distorted through glass of doubtful translucency, with a dozen or so of large flies imprisoned and buzzing noisily between the two sashes which kept out half of heaven's air and kept in the hateful odors of weak tea, I thought, When I build a house it shall be in the Queen Anne style, but it must have casement windows.

RECENT LITERATURE.

GENERAL PALFREY has used a wise discretion in allowing the story of his old friend and companion in arms, General Bartlett,¹ to tell itself almost entirely in the hero's own words, as set down in his diaries and letters during his army life and the years—ennobled by the manliest endurance and endeavor—that followed till his lamented death. Hardly a page is given to the facts of his history previous to his leaving Harvard in his junior year and going into the war, and after that the biographer's comments are very sparing, and the thread of narrative by which he connects the notes and letters is made as slight as possible. Not only is General Bartlett's story told here in his own words, but his character presents itself to the reader almost wholly without critical interpretation or analysis, and without superfluous eulogy. It would be hard to say why this story moves so deeply, or takes so strong a hold upon the imagination. Others gave as much and suffered as much in the war, from motives as pure and high as General Bartlett's; and he had limitations of sympathy which prevented him from making his self-sacrifice a devotion to its supreme result,—the destruction of slavery and the overthrow of a barbaric social system. Up to the breaking out of hostilities he had been a friend of the South, and a believer in the justice of her cause; he seems to have had still faith enough in her, after several years' service, to be surprised that he should, as a maimed and helpless prisoner, be brutally used by people calling themselves chivalrous; and apparently he had little concern for the slaves whom the war was to free. But in spite of these limitations,—so inexplicable now in reference to such a man, but very common in the days when slavery influenced the whole nation,—he was an American of such knightly instincts, such heroic courage, such generous ideals of duty united to so much common sense, that among the names made memorable in the great struggle his remains one of the most representative of the highest American soldier-ship. Governor Andrew said, "General Bartlett was the most conspicuous soldier

in the Department of the Gulf," yet history can hardly assign him the fame of the most successful. Indeed, he never had an opportunity of showing what he might have been as a general officer, for it seemed as if his body had some magnetic attraction for shot and shell. In every engagement in which he took part, with the exception of his first at Ball's Bluff, he was wounded within an hour from the time the first gun was fired. If he had had the good fortune to show his remarkable genius for leadership in the field, as he had already done in camp, or if he had been able to avail himself of his cool nerves and good judgment, it is more than probable that he would have risen to a very high command. But that good fortune he never had. What made his life chiefly valuable as a heritage and an example was his *character*, which in any and all circumstances shone with a marvelous union of strength and sweetness, far above all the deeds of courage he was permitted to do, all the qualities of generalship that his adverse fate suffered him to display. His military career was brilliant, his political life full of noble purposes; the fortitude with which he met adversity in business and endured years of the keenest physical suffering was sublime. Others dared; others endured; others sank at last under misfortune and pain, under broken hopes and broken health; but few have left so bright a fame as he in whom all the finest soldierly qualities seemed to meet; and who, with the tenderness of a woman, was always so strongly and greatly a man. As an officer he was the strictest of disciplinarians, and he was reserved to coldness save with his intimate friends, of whom he had very few; but his letters in this memoir reveal the warmest and tenderest heart. As contributions to the history of the war they are perhaps not of the greatest value, but as records of character they are inestimable, and they bring back, as only such direct and unaffected letters—at once vividly suggestive and wholly unconscious—can bring back, the days and scenes in which they were written. Some were written to the rhythm of bursting shells and dropping bullets; to say that others are from the hospital, and others yet from the prison, is best to indicate their character and hint their pathos.

¹ *Memoir of William Francis Bartlett.* By FRANK WINTHROP PALFREY. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

A very interesting part of the book is devoted to his letters written after the war, during his travels in Europe, and to the story of his political and business life to the time of his death. A few closing pages sum up the biographer's sense of his friend's great qualities and noble career in words at once cordial and tempered, — such as would not have vexed the sensitive spirit of such a hero as Bartlett to read. It is an inspiring history fitly, if sometimes a little too succinctly, told. One feels at the end that, if few men have bought renown so dearly, no renown can be dearer to posterity than that of the soldier who never sought renown, but simply dared and suffered all things, even to death itself, for duty.

—The creative faculty antedates the critical faculty. It may be said that the first critic was taken out of the side of the literary man, just as Eve was taken out of the side of Adam. Of course, the hypothesis assumes that criticism is of the weaker sex; indeed, it is only by assuming this that one is able to account for the feminine shrillness and the absence of precision and logic which are occasionally observable in criticism. There is no end to the analogies that might be established — if it were worth while to establish analogies — between criticism and Eve. Eve was a source of great perplexity, to say the least, to Adam, and criticism has ever been a shrewish or a whimsical spouse to the poet: she has either spoiled him with her flattery, or disheartened him with her ill-temper; she has seldom or never been at once his wisest counselor and most appreciative helpmeet. We do not care to carry the parallel further, for our purpose at present is merely to say that since criticism began her career on earth she was never more deeply at fault than when, in the earlier half of this century, she bade John Keats “back to his gallipots.” She did not dream then, and did not learn until long after the sword was closed over him, that God had given England a new poet.

When we reflect how precious to us is that little volume holding the fragment of *Hyperion*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, *Isabella*, the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, and the sonnet *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*, we find it impossible to explain to ourselves the light in which Keats was seen by his contemporaries. Byron's contempt for Keats was nearly undisguised; Wordsworth could think of nothing better to say of a certain lyric than that it was a pretty piece of pa-

ganism; Shelley was not so near-sighted, but he breathed a different atmosphere from that of Keats, and could have had but an imperfect sympathy with him and his richer dreams, though the *Adonais* and the indignant preface which accompanied it seem to contradict this. Yet in that preface, which was written in one of Shelley's white heats, he qualifies his praise of *Hyperion* by pronouncing it “second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same years.” That was not too much to say of the noblest piece of blank verse since Milton. As to the critical free-lances and camp-followers of the grand army of literature, the English language broke down when it came to express their scorn of Keats. Leigh Hunt and two or three obscure friends — let us not forget *Severn*, the artist — appear to have been the only persons who suspected there was really a great soul struggling to get free of that stricken body. The very woman who loved Keats did not suspect it. In 1831 — the poet had then been dead ten years — this lady wrote to Mr. Dilke, who had applied to her for some biographical data: “The kindest act would be to let him rest in the obscurity to which circumstances have condemned him.” How is it after seven and fifty years? The colossal shadow of Byron is somewhat shrunken; all those silver-mounted buccaneers who anticipated the heroes of our dime novels, and all those melancholy and wicked young gentlemen who made such havoc of the female heart, once upon a time, have strangely lost their glamour; not a sensible girl loves them now, and not a youth of our period turns down his collar or neglects his hair because of them. Wordsworth at his best — and he is very far from being always at his best — has taken his place among the classics; Shelley is admired by a school, but still remains *caviare to the general*; Coleridge lives in two or three finely imaginative poems, and Walter Scott in his prose; Crabbe does not live anywhere. Yet Lord Byron, writing from Ravenna in 1820, called Crabbe the first of living poets! The gentleman seems to have gone backward. If ten intelligent men were asked to-day to name the poet of 1820, nine out of the ten would probably say John Keats.

His fame came late, — too late for him to know how great it was to be, unless, indeed, the dead have occult cognizance of what is passing on

“This dim spot
Which men call Earth;”

if so, how that fine spirit must have shrunk aghast at the indignity which has lately been inflicted on his memory!

Keats's evil star seems to hang over his very grave. It was not enough that, living, he should be poor, shattered in health, unhappy in love, unrecognized as a poet; it was not enough that he should die in the spring-time of his genius, — a spring-time richer than other poets' summers; but after his death he must needs fall into the hands of an injudicious biographer, who, in all kindness, did an enemy's service in dragging from deserved obscurity Otho the Great the fragment of King Stephen, The Cap and Bells, and the rest of those puerilities which go to the making up of The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats. "A biographer," remarks Mr. Lowell, apropos of this memorial, "is hardly called upon to show how ill his *biographee* could do anything." Lord Houghton's work was full of the best intention, but to his natural lack of literary perception his lordship had added a carefully acquired bad prose style. This biography must ever be considered one of the poet's misfortunes. It was supposed to be the last; but fate had not dealt its unkindest blow.

Now that nearly sixty springs have whitened Keats's grave with the flowers he wished to grow over him, we have his troubled heart once more laid open to us under the literary surgeon's knife. Keats's letters to Miss Brawne should never have been given to the world;¹ they should reverently have been permitted to crumble into dust. They refute no charge against his good name or against hers, for no such charge exists; they supply no needed link in the story of the poet's life; they merely furnish food for an unhealthy appetite which can be cured only by starvation. Mr. Forman has simply helped to betray the secret pangs and writhings of an over-sensitive soul that had grown morbid through illness and sorrow; complacently, and apparently with no suspicion that his work was odious, he has done the one thing against which Keats would have protested with every fibre of his body. The publication of these Letters would be an impertinence if it were not a cruelty.

"Ah, shameless! for he did but sing
A song that pleased us from its worth;

¹ The Letters of John Keats to Fanny Brawne, written in the years MDCCCXIX. and MDCCCXX., and now given from the original MSS., with Introduction and Notes, by HARRY BUXTON FORMAN. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1878.

No public life was his on earth,
No blazoned statesman he, nor king.

"He gave the people of his best:
His worst he kept, his best he gave.
My Shakespeare's curse on clown and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest!

"Who made it seem more sweet to be
The little life of bank and brier,
The bird that pipes his lone desire
And dies unheard within his tree,

"Than he that warbles long and loud
And drops at Glory's temple-gates,
For whom the carrion vulture waits
To tear his heart before the crowd!"

— With the editor of the volume of Moore's hitherto uncollected papers² our quarrel is by no means so serious, though we think Mr. Shepherd has done his author no kindly turn. The shade of Thomas Moore is possibly much less willing than we are to pardon Mr. Shepherd for bringing to the surface those very poor satirical verses, and that singularly tiresome farce of The Blue Stocking. The perusal of Moore's critical essays in this volume filled us with a feeling of mingled regret and delight, — regret that he had written them, and delight that he had not written any more. The extracts from his memoranda for his Life of Lord Byron, and the passages omitted from that work for reasons which have now lost point, are of genuine literary interest. The letters to Leigh Hunt are also agreeable reading, though none of them are important, and some of them are trivial to the last degree. Except to illustrate their triviality, who would dream of reprinting this? —

LETTER VI.

MATFIELD COTTAGE, Monday Evening. }
[Post-mark, August, 1813.] }

MY DEAR HUNT,

I hope you see my friend Lord Byron often; one of the very few London pleasures I envy him is the visit to Horsemonger Lane now and then. Faithfully yours,
THOMAS MOORE.

Two or three hundred pages of matter quite as valuable as this cause the reader finally to suspect that he has been spending his time over a piece of mere book-making.

— It can be stated without hesitation that a new Life of Lessing was a tempting sub-

² *Prose and Verse by Thomas Moore*, chiefly from the author's MS., with Notes edited by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD, etc., etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1878

ject for a writer familiar with German literature, and especially for one who writes in English. Mr. Evans's translation of Stahr's biography is probably but little known outside of this country, and at the best Stahr gives his readers lavish praise of Lessing rather than careful criticism or unbiased information. Then, too, the superiority of Mr. Lewes's *Life of Goethe* to any German books on the same subject naturally inspires an English author with the hope of giving his life of some other great German the same preëminence. The result in this case,¹ however, is by no means equally successful. What is striking in Mr. Lewes's book is its general literary vivacity and entertainingness; it would interest even a man who knew nothing of Goethe. To be sure, the credit of this does not belong to Mr. Lewes alone, but yet, although Goethe covered an enormous amount of ground, his biographer's unceasing reference, for the sake of comparison, to what is best in other literatures keeps our attention ever alert and fascinated. Mr. Sime's book has no such charm. Indeed, the fairest thing to say about it is that it is eminently worthy.

The facts of Lessing's life are collected with great industry and accuracy; the quotations from his writings are well chosen and carefully selected; there are no omissions of important matters; the analyses of Lessing's writings are thorough and exact; but with all these good and indeed essential qualities, the lack of anything like charm is but too noticeable. It would be harsh to call the book dull, and it would not be precisely fair, because there is enough quoted from Lessing himself to redeem his biographer's commonplace; but there is a noticeable want of vivacity and interest in the six hundred and seventy-five pages that form the life. This sobriety is, on the whole, better than Stahr's fulsome adulation of everything Lessing did, but it makes the book a trifle heavy. Occasionally we come across such dreary passages as this, from vol. i, pages 148, 149. "Such a journey was made in those days in comfortless carriages, which jolted over uneven and dirty roads; but it is not in all respects an advantage to whirl in furious haste past mountain and river, hamlet and city. The eighteenth-century traveler had time to form a clear impression of the country through which he went, to exchange words

of greeting with people at inns by the roadside, to stop for a day at this town or that if it happened in some unforeseen way to hit his fancy. It was thus that Lessing went with Winkler from Leipzig to Amsterdam." It should be said that this is not precisely a characteristic specimen of the qualities of the book, although a good one of the prevailing fault, which is a tendency to say what he left unsaid.

It is pleasanter to look on the good side of Mr. Sime's work, which is the thoroughness and exactness of his analyses of Lessing's writings. It is well to have a careful statement of some of this author's less read essays and discussions, especially for us foreigners. The reader will find his work well done for him by Mr. Sime, who has spared no pains in his endeavor to do his subject justice. In a word, any one who is anxious to know about Lessing cannot do better than to consult this new biography. He will find it full and exact. As to the advantage of studying Lessing, this is not the place to speak. He did for German literature a service which cannot be too highly valued, especially by his countrymen, and for the whole world he can serve as an admirable example of intellectual activity and enthusiasm.

—When the observer considers either what Cavour did, or his method of doing his great work, he is sure to feel that the great diplomatist and minister was one of the most remarkable men of modern times. We all remember his building up of Italy, but it is in this book that we perceive more clearly the difficulties in his way, and the union of dexterity and wisdom with which he surmounted them. He early set before himself the regeneration of Italy as the task he was to accomplish, and there is in history hardly a more interesting tale than this of the way in which what seemed the impossible disappeared before him. Piedmont, under his wise guidance, became formidable; with great discretion he introduced the kingdom among the great powers at the time of the Crimean war; with the aid of Napoleon III. the power of Austria was broken, when it had at last, by uniform ill treatment, welded all the dissensions of Italy into one feeling of wrath with the invading foreigner; and even Garibaldi's distracting career in Southern Italy Cavour managed to bring into harmony with the general design. When we consider the magnitude of this success, and remember that it was practically the work of one

¹ *Lessing*. By JAMES SIME. In Two Volumes. With Portraits. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

directing mind, which was busying itself at the same time over many perplexing minor cares in the management of the state, it is impossible not to be amazed at the power and versatility of his genius. His versatility has always been acknowledged, but there are many to whom success which is obtained by management, by patience under defeat, by making use of even trifling means, seems like something unenviable, as if the result made us indifferent to what was underhand in these methods. Such was evidently the feeling of the many hot-headed Italian revolutionists, who saw with ill-concealed pain that everything was done over their heads and without their aid by an abler man. If there are any who would so misjudge Cavour now, they would do well to consider his continual adherence to constitutional methods, and his refusal of all requests to assume dictatorial power, which he could have had for the asking. It is this faithfulness to his carefully formed plans which made him a great as well as an able man.

Surely, the picture this book¹ gives us of an Italian, without experience in the parliamentary form of government, who rules his country so well and with such moderation amid the most serious troubles, and without flinching from what he had made up his mind was right, even when the temptation was strongest, — such a picture may well serve as a lesson for those ready reasoners who settle the affairs of the rest of the world by some such general principles as that the French, it may be, or, *a fortiori*, the Italians, cannot know what political wisdom is. To illustrate this is, to a certain extent, the aim of this book. Throughout, it is easy to read between the lines the implied reference to French politics, and no friend of France can wish for that country a better fate than such a man at the head of power there. No earnest friend of republicanism need fear that Cavour, or a man like him, would fail to see what was the present feeling in France with regard to a republic; and of Cavour it may be said with great truth that he always made use of the material that lay at hand.

This book is a useful one, because it is written by a careful political thinker, who understands how to set before the reader not only what Cavour did, but the reasons which led him to his actions, so that this short volume is a valuable contribution to

modern history. It is interesting, too, as a book about Cavour could not fail to be. Although it was written for another public, it has a great value for us in this country who have learned from experience some of the dangers of bad government. Anything that shows the advantages of superiority to partisanship, of unfailing observance of right rules, cannot fail to be of service even to a land that prides itself on its superiority to everything European.

—It is with considerable splutter that Mr. Swinburne sings the praises of the famous Brontë sisters,² but in his zeal to redeem their fame from the neglect that has fallen upon at least one of these writers he by no means makes it clear that his good opinion is of so much value as he would like to have it. The faults of his style are as notorious as those of his literary manners. On almost every page are to be found such gems as adorn the passage where, after speaking of the injurious effect upon the book of Maggie Tulliver's flight with Stephen Guest, in *The Mill on the Floss*, and comparing it with "two actual and unpardonable sins of Shakespeare, — the menace of unnatural marriage between Oliver and Celia, and again between Isabella and her 'old fantastical duke of dark corners,'" — he goes on thus: "Far otherwise it is with the poor noble heroine so strangely disgraced and discrowned of natural honor by the strong and cruel hand which created her, and which could not redeem or raise her again, even by the fittest and noblest of all deaths conceivable, from the mire of ignominy into which it had been pleased to cast her down, or bid her slip at the beck and call of a counter-jumping Antinous, a Lauzun of the counting-house, as vulgar as Vivien and as mean as the fellow who could gloat on the prospective degradation and anticipated unhappiness of a woman he forsooth had loved, under the wholly impossible condition of an utterly unimaginable hypothesis that the unfortunate young lady, who had at least the good fortune to escape the miserable ignominy of union with such a kinsman, might have declined on a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than his; a supposition, as most men would think, beyond the power of omnipotence itself to realize. Surely our world would seem in danger of forgetting, under the guidance and example

¹ *The Life of Count Cavour*. From the French of M. CHARLES DE MAZADE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

² *A Note on Charlotte Brontë*. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London: Chatto and Windus. 1877.

of its most brilliant literary chiefs, that there are characters and emotions which may not lie beyond the limits of degraded nature, but do assuredly grovel beneath the notice of undegenerate art; and that of such, most unquestionably,—if any such there be,—are the characters and emotions of such reptile amorists as debase by the indecent exposure of their dastardly and rancorous egotism the moral value of such otherwise admirable masterpieces as *Locksley Hall* and *The Mill on the Floss*.” But this is classical conciseness in comparison with sentences like this: “Having no taste for the dissection of dolls, I shall leave *Daniel Deronda* in his natural place above the ragshop door; and having no ear for the melodies of a Jew’s-harp, I shall leave the Spanish gypsy to perform on that instrument to such audience as she may collect.” Again, he thus delicately alludes once more to George Eliot’s verse-writing as “the pitiful and unseemly spectacle of an Amazon thrown sprawling over the crupper of her spavined and spur-galled Pegasus.” Ribaldry like this is especially conspicuous in comparison with his boasts (page 42) of the chivalrous spirit of those “with French blood in their veins or French sympathies in their hearts.”

In short, Mr. Swinburne may rave and scream at the world till his voice breaks; he is his own worst enemy, and even what is good in his criticism arouses the wrath of those who agree with it by the violence with which it is expressed. While his way of saying what he has to say is most obnoxious, with its noisy, hilarious, pot-house violence, the kernel that is hidden beneath all this is often apt and just. His objection to much of George Eliot’s writing, for instance, has a good ground. Maggie Tulliver’s even reluctant adventure with Stephen Guest does set that heroine in an unfavorable light, and the flaw that he points out in *Locksley Hall* is one that has been perceived by at least two generations of readers, who, however, did not find it necessary to call the conceited hero a “reptile amorist.” Then, too, his praise of Charlotte Brontë is in itself discreet, and no greater than that woman’s work deserves. The same is true of what he says about Emily Brontë. But the main result of his willful abuse of a writer’s function, in the way

he has of putting down on paper remarks that would seem indecorous in the privacy of conversation, hides the merit that is to be found in this book. Nothing so renews even the halting reader’s allegiance to a writer as wild abuse, and Mr. Swinburne’s billingsgate will tend to turn those who might otherwise see George Eliot’s faults into prejudiced admirers who would consider themselves degraded by sharing his extravagantly expressed views. But the truth is mightier than even Mr. Swinburne’s faults against good taste, and in time the cause of which he has made himself the bombastic champion may find more adherents than it does in these days of cultured uniformity of opinion. In other words, beneath its scurrilousness the book contains some elements of good criticism, but it seems indefinitely to postpone the days when Mr. Swinburne shall cease to mistake expressions of bad temper for literary enthusiasm, and the calling of names for wit.

—In welcoming this translation of the life of Alfred de Musset¹ we have nothing to add to what we said about the original,² except a word or two of praise for the grace and skill with which this version has been made. The book is an extremely interesting one, telling, as it does, the life of one of the most remarkable of French poets, and written with the most eager sympathy. The accomplished translator has in several instances given us rhymed versions of some of Alfred de Musset’s poems which were quoted in the biography. This is a difficult task which she has accomplished well.

—Upon the title-page of his *Windfalls*³ Mr. Appleton gives us two definitions of the word from different sources,—“Fruit that is blown down from the tree,” and “A tree that has been prostrated by the wind,”—slyly leaving it to his readers to take their choice whether they shall regard this as a collection of his chance papers in anticipation of a more substantial harvest, or as the last they are likely to get of a fruit which they have tasted before. An examination of the book will be likely to satisfy readers that, whether this be the last of its kind or not, the author has nothing else to give. In saying this we mean no disparagement of the book itself, which is an enjoyable one, but only to indicate its place as among the accidents and not the incidents of litera-

¹ *The Biography of Alfred de Musset*. Translated from the French of PAUL DE MUSSET by HARRIET W. PRESTON, author of *Troubadours and Trouvères*, etc., and translator of *Mistral’s Miréio*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

² See *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1877.

³ *Windfalls*. By THOMAS G. APPLETON, author of *A Sheaf of Papers*, *A Nile Journal*, *Syrian Sunshine*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

ture. Here are eleven papers, including two stories and a reminiscence of wood-life, upon a variety of topics having no more common tie than that of a single authorship. The same characteristics pervade all, — a *bonhomie*, a half-optimistic philosophy, a cheerful dilettanteism, a knack of saying shrewd things in a bright way, and a general view of things from the safe retreat of a silk wrapper. One constantly catches an echo of after-dinner talk, and misses the art and purpose of a trained writer and scholar. Many things are written which we should have liked to applaud had we heard them with our feet under the mahogany, but sound desultory and incomplete in the more formal essay. Epigrams which tickle the ear have often a duller appearance to the more critical eye, and while there is an air of ease about these papers which makes them almost as agreeable as the talk of a cultivated gentleman, there is an absence of definite aim which makes them quite as difficult to remember.

We ought perhaps to except the story of *The Broken Heart*. This is a delicate piece of fancy which only just misses, if it miss at all, being a lovely romance. There is an artless artificiality about it which is almost as good as nature, and the refinement with which the *dénouement* is handled makes one wish all the more that the author was not so persistently a mere sportsman in literature. The book teases one into making these discriminations between amateur and professional work, yet we can promise cultivated readers much enjoyment if they will take up the book with no purpose to render exact justice to the author, but only entertainment to themselves.

— The series of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*¹ is completed with the fifth volume, and a survey of the whole increases the admiration, not unmingled with fear, with which one contemplates the range of this extraordinary writer. The greatest of his dialogues are great indeed, but the facility with which he used this form betrayed him into employing it for the venting of mere vagaries and the prolix discussion of topics of contemporary politics and history, by no means of general interest. Still, after all deductions are made, the work as a whole remains great, and there is perhaps no mod-

ern work which gives to the reader not familiar with Greek or Latin so good an idea of what we call classical literature. Better than a translation is the original writing of Landor for conveying the aroma which a translation so easily loses. The dignity of the classics, the formality, the fine use of sarcasm, the consciousness of an art in literature, — all these are to be found in the *Imaginary Conversations*; and if a reader used to the highly seasoned literature of recent times complains that there is rather an absence of humor, and that he finds Landor sometimes dull, why, Heaven knows we do not often get hilarious over our ancient authors, and Landor, for his contemporaries, is an ancient author with a very fiery soul.

We do not know how far the publishers' enterprise has succeeded. It is one which deserves well of every lover of good literature; and with a reference, not to this, but to any possible similar enterprise, we express our regret that the book was not subjected to competent editorial supervision. There are often reasons which may cause an English contemporary classic to appear at home in its simplest form, but in reprinting we ought to use our right to improve the work, if possible, and not merely to repeat it. In the present instance, a short introduction to each dialogue and occasional notes would have been of very great service to the ordinary reader. It is too much to expect of any one reader that he shall be familiar with the names of all the characters introduced, much less with the incidents which suggested many of the conversations and are only faintly disclosed in the conversations themselves. Then, the dates of the original appearance of the several dialogues would have added to the interest and value, since so many are not only based on contemporaneous events, but are suggestively prophetic. The index is too meagre; there are a hundred things which one half remembers in Landor, and will hunt for laboriously for lack of a good index. We hope that the remainder of Landor's writings will follow, and that Forster's life will be reprinted uniformly with the series.

— Doubtless the most important educational work published in this country in the year 1877 is the *Cyclopædia of Education*,²

¹ *Imaginary Conversations*. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Fifth Series. Miscellaneous Dialogues (concluded.) Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

² *The Cyclopædia of Education*. A Dictionary of Information for the Use of Teachers, School Officers,

Parents, and others. Edited by HENRY KIDDLE, Superintendent of Public Schools, New York City, and ALEXANDER T. SCHEM, Assistant Superintendent of Public Schools, New York City. New York: E. Steiger. London: Triibner & Co. 1877.

edited by the Hon. Henry Kiddle, superintendent of the public schools of New York city, and by one of his assistant superintendents, Mr. Alexander T. Schem. We have already paid tribute in these columns to the practical sagacity and competence of the superintendents of the schools of our great metropolis, and the names of these gentlemen upon the title-page of the *Cyclopædia* in question are in themselves a sufficient guarantee of the intelligence, completeness, and fair-mindedness with which the undertaking has been executed. It is the first *cyclopædia* of education in the English language, though Germany has long since possessed a number of excellent ones; and it is quite surprising that a branch of knowledge so extensively valued and studied as education should have continued in this country and in England for so many years without its special *cyclopædia*. The topics interesting and important to the teacher are almost infinitely numerous, yet the information concerning them is scattered through a multitude of volumes usually inaccessible to those by whom it is most needed. The publication of the *cyclopædia* in question was welcomed, therefore, as the supply of a want that had long been felt.

The work is included in a convenient and well-printed quarto of about eight hundred and seventy pages; and now that educators are at last in possession of it, they will not begrudge the long delay in its appearance, since many of the topics presented could hardly have received such full and satisfactory treatment, and many others would undoubtedly have been altogether overlooked, had not the wide educational fields been already so well gone over and harvested in the exhaustive German fashion. A large proportion of the most prominent and valuable articles, however, are from American names of recognized rank in pedagogy, and future editions, it is to be hoped, will call out contributions more brilliant and authoritative still, since in the land of universal education superiority in a work of this kind should be an object of national pride.

The compilation is quite as attractive to the reader who has thought upon or investigated any question of pedagogy as it is valuable to the parent or the professional educator. Everything connected with the architecture and hygiene of the school-room, with physical training, with the organization of the school system, and with

the motives and characteristics of the scholar may be found under their appropriate headings. The mass of the book is of course historical, and embraces brief accounts of educational methods and development in all past and present civilized nations, and also in our own States and largest cities. Beside these, it contains histories of all living institutions of learning of any note in this country, and of some of those abroad; short biographies of all the leading thinkers and experimenters in education; and reviews, under their appropriate heads, of philanthropic and charitable and denominational effort in education. The accounts of the Sunday-school system and of the Kindergarten system are good examples of the agreeable yet succinct narrative style of these articles.

As regards the theory and practice of pedagogy, while the *Cyclopædia*, very properly, does not attempt to solve the educational problems of the day, it exactly photographs the present state of experiment and controversy in regard to them and indicates the probable decisions upon which enlightened sense and experience will finally unite. The weakest group of articles, as was to have been expected, are those on moral and religious culture, these being the directions in which the educational thought and principles of the present age are the most unsettled and vague. In the article on Didactics the writer says: "It is universally conceded that all instruction can be rendered a means of moral education, and that no instruction deserves the name, or can be truly successful, without a corresponding development of moral power." If this be indeed "universally conceded," then also it must be unreservedly admitted that very little of the instruction in the public schools of America "deserves the name;" for every one who has paid any attention to the matter knows that with us almost no instruction is "rendered a means of moral education," but that quite generally the prescribed lessons are recited strictly within their own technical limits. It is time that this stereotyped phraseology about the paramount necessity of moral education should be given up, unless some practical steps are to be taken toward its rehabilitation in our schools, for it is very misleading to the public. The American parent, hearing the American educator say so much about moral instruction, supposes that something is being done; whereas the wide-spread commercial dishonesty, the dull national

honor regarding financial obligations, the enormous brutality and sensuality so ruthlessly revealed by the daily and weekly press, all go to prove the deep lack of adequate instruction in the rules and motives for the best conduct of life, which, as far as we can ascertain, characterizes the American schools beyond any others of the same intellectual rank in Christendom.

The next highest topic of importance in education — the best course of study for schools — is rather feebly treated, also. On the best elementary instruction in reading, grammar, mathematics, history, and geography, teachers and parents will find many valuable ideas and suggestions. In regard to reading, the principle is laid down that "the teacher must always bear in mind that what the child is learning to pronounce is a symbol of thought; and hence at every step the pupil's understanding is to be addressed. . . . The lessons at each stage should be adapted to the mental status of the pupil. Moreover, the material should not consist of mere fragments, without any logical continuity, but should be of such a character as to discipline the mind in connected thinking upon suitable subjects, and to awaken an interest in the minds of the pupils. Usually, the essential object of reading in schools is defeated by the use of extracts from essays on difficult abstract subjects, or from authors whose style is too complex and whose vocabulary is too ponderous for children." If the above theory should inspire the practice of our schools, it would at once sweep away the whole host of classified "readers" which now have possession of the schools, and substitute for them narrative and descriptive books upon history, geography, biography, natural history, and art, couched in such progressive language and style as was so happily employed by an English lady so many years ago in the favorite Bible series, — *The Peep of Day*, *Line upon Line*, *Precept upon Precept*, — and which might well be taken as models of the way in which progressive reading-books for the young, on all subjects suited to their apprehension, should be compiled.

In the article upon geography, the important but universally neglected point, that the shapes of the divisions and subdivisions of the earth's surface should, from the beginning, be studied *proportionally*, so that correct ideas of the relative size of the territories inhabited by different nations may be early acquired and indelibly stamped on the mind, has not been forgotten; but the

equally necessary principle in history, that the chronological and ethnological method must be combined in every scheme of rational instruction in that study, though alluded to as the practice of Germany, was hardly emphasized as we should have liked to see it. In this country, what little historical instruction is given in our public schools is exactly topsy-turvy. The pyramid is first balanced on its apex (American history), and then its strata are allowed to come tumbling down, pell-mell, in any order chanced upon by the preference or the convenience of the teacher.

The advice of the *Cyclopædia* as to the best methods of instruction in algebra, geometry, and the natural sciences is most judicious; and the Scylla and Charybdis of arithmetic and grammar, between which so many childish minds are hopelessly engulfed, would be successfully avoided, and these studies relegated to their proper place and function in common-school education, if the enlightened principles laid down in the articles upon them were universally adopted. The suggestions advanced on the successful study of the modern languages all resolve themselves into two elements, — those of time and of continuity. Americans learn languages as they do the piano, superficially, and this because the study of them is generally too much interrupted, and the years devoted to them too few. The mere reading of a language may be acquired in a very short time by most persons, but a satisfactory mastery of it, as a vehicle of personal thought and expression, involves either the steady work of years, or the going into places where it is spoken.

The articles on *Music* and on *Singing-Schools*, by Professor George H. Curtis, of New York, are among the most valuable and complete in the book; far more so, it seems to us, than those on *Drawing* and *Art Education*. Singing-school teachers will be especially glad of the brief but lucid explanation of the Tonic Sol Fa system of England, of which very few persons have any intelligent idea; but we almost regret that Professor Curtis's impartiality did not permit him to pronounce decidedly *against* the "movable Do" of the Tonic Sol Fa and United States systems. Surely, an artificial plan for singing notes at sight, which originated in two such comparatively unmusical countries as America and England, should not be allowed to make headway against that which grew up as the practice of generations in those birthplaces and

homes of music, Italy and Germany. It is entirely unlikely that we shall surpass those countries in musical achievement, and the methods that have sufficed for them are surely illuminating enough for us!

Probably every educator will have additions to suggest in the future editions of this our first cyclopædia of education. For ourselves, we would like to see within its pages an able article on School Committees, one on the Rights and Liberties of Female Teachers, one on Written Examinations in Grades below the High Schools, and one on Training in Courtesy, Chivalry, and Reverence. We find it surprising that, in the article on Kindergartens, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, the veteran educator, is not credited, as she so fully deserves to be, with having been the means of their introduction to this country; nor can we imagine a work overlooking, among the benefits of the high-school system, the most important one of all, namely, that it is the only system which can furnish anything like the number of teachers needed for the grammar and primary schools. The plan adopted by a few towns of owning their text-books, and of *lending* them only to the scholars in the public schools, we think also deserved mention, for a publication which commands so wide a circulation as this cyclopædia must do would thus have been the means of suggesting to school committees all over the country this by far the best solution of the text-book difficulty.

—The volume of travels *From Egypt to Japan*¹ is the second part of a record of travel round the world, the first part, *From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn*, having been published a year ago. Both volumes are formed from letters written to the journal of which the author is editor and proprietor, and there is a somewhat confidential relation thus established between author and reader, for an editor feels that his subscribers form a semi-private association with him, almost as subtly as a minister, when he talks about "my congregation," distinguishes those particular persons from all others as a peculiar people. The book gains by this something of the familiarity of the friendly letter; it loses something of the critical care which might have been bestowed had the author been appealing to a less partial audience. A journey round the world is not so uncommon an experience as formerly, and the

highway which Dr. Field and his party followed is the road over which many observing travelers have passed. To one, therefore, who has no special interest in the personal adventure of the travelers, the questions naturally arise, What unusual opportunities had this party? What particular training did they bring to the sight-seeing? What power of description or of generalization had the author to justify the detailed narrative?

A faithful reading of the book leaves one with the impression that the party enjoyed itself on the trip, and that it exercised freely an American inquisitiveness and vivacity; there were many friends on the road to make the journey a succession of visits, and good fortune attended the travelers. Perhaps it is too much to ask that a rapid and extended excursion like this should yield any very substantial fruit; there are indeed many acute observations and some pleasant descriptions, but there is a good deal of hasty generalization and an evident unpreparedness on the part of the writer. He did not carry the wealth of the Indies with him, and so he has not brought it back. In one particular especially we are disappointed. From his training and position, it was natural to expect that he would examine carefully the various missionary undertakings that lay in his way. He was frequently the guest of missionaries, and writes often in sympathy with them, sometimes with an approach to detail in a description of their work, but there is not that close scrutiny and judicious report which his readers might fairly expect. The book is a curious illustration of the anglicizing of the world. The track of this traveler is a belt of Asia and a bit of Africa, and he rarely gets out of the reach of the English tongue and the English law. Unconsciously he records from beginning to end of his book, almost without interruption, the impression made upon an American of English rule in the East; of native life and rule he makes but a superficial study. The course is analogous to the travel of most Americans in Europe, never getting out of the sound of the English-speaking voice, and knowing the country they travel over only by the second-hand report of English and American guide books. From Egypt to Japan, then, while a tolerably readable book to those who find amusement in the ordinary records of travel, has little value for those who would like to learn something substantial of the countries and peoples traversed.

¹ *From Egypt to Japan*. By HENRY M. FIELD, D. D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

The promise made so long ago about Sainte-Beuve's correspondence¹ is now fulfilled, and the publication of his letters has begun. It has been curious to notice of late years how much the best literature, and not of France alone, has consisted of the work of the great men of an older generation, and this volume is but another example of this truth. Doudan's, Balzac's, and now Sainte-Beuve's letters are about the most important French books published of late years; Balzac and Sainte-Beuve were famous before the time of the second empire, and it is only now, under a different form of government, that literature, which was repressed like freedom of speech, has begun to show signs of healthy life. It is the work of these older men that interests us; there are no men who can be called products of the empire for whom we can have the same admiration as for them. Our contemporaries gave themselves up to being clever and amusing, like Droz, or clever and more or less disgusting, like Zola, — the literary traditions were almost destroyed by the ruler who so well managed street-cleaning and street-lighting. Of course, every general remark of this kind is to be taken with a very considerable amount of exception, but that it is more true than false can hardly be doubted; scraps from the great men of the past outweighed a great deal of the work of more recent men. We hope shortly to show what are some promising signs of the future.

This volume of Sainte-Beuve's letters contains selections from those written between the years 1822 and 1865, both inclusive, which cover three hundred and sixty-five pages. Many years are not represented here at all, and others by only one or two letters. Certainly those of the earlier years which are given do not make us regret this thorough exclusion of a larger number. It is only the later letters that are really interesting, although the bits of information regarding Sainte-Beuve's life are of undoubted value. In some measure the scantiness of the letters is to be explained by the fact that the famous critic was too busily occupied with his weekly work to find time for correspondence. A man who drives the pen all the time that he is not searching books for facts to write about will not seek

for relaxation in sending letters to his friends, and moreover Sainte-Beuve's position as a critic kept him more aloof than most men from forming those ties with literary men which might impair the impartiality of his judgment. Very frequently he wrote hasty notes in which it is easy to detect the tired hand that seeks the swiftest expression of what is to be said, without straying into those side-paths of discussion that make the charm of most letters. Hence it is a personal and not a literary interest that the reader takes in this volume at least.

Where there is so much to quote from the selection becomes difficult. There are various records of Sainte-Beuve's gratitude to those who had been kind to him; of his wrath against those who had offended him; of explanation of vexatious troubles, such as the calumny charging him with receiving the petty sum of one hundred francs from Louis Philippe's secret fund, — the amount afterwards proved to have been paid for repairing a smoky chimney, — and many things of similar sort. Budding poets kept sending him volumes of their verses, thus securing discreet reply, although Bandelaire received much more than this. Sainte-Beuve could not approve of Louis Philippe's government, and he refused to receive from that king the cross of the Legion of Honor, although he was willing to accept the decoration from the emperor, and his letters show anything but hostility to his rule. In one letter (January 12, 1863), he says that he has been a partisan of the empire since the first day, indeed, since the eve of its establishment, and that common sense, more than enthusiasm, is the cause of his devotion; he adds that he asks from it nothing more than it has given to the whole of France, — security and honor. Naturally, this political bias did not recommend him to all Frenchmen, and when he was appointed a professor in the Collège de France and tried to begin his course, the students expressed their disapprobation in the most violent way by creating a tumult that rendered it impossible for him to continue. It is only fair to say that this action was not entirely the result of pure patriotism. An independent critic, such as Sainte-Beuve was, had excited a great deal of ill-feeling which found an outlet in the first occasion; and there was probably as much unguineness in the violence of the young Harmodinses and Aristogeitons who hissed and hooted Sainte-Beuve as in their rapturous

¹ *C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Correspondance. Vol. I. Paris: Lévy. 1878.*

applause of every professor who in any remote connection introduced the word *liberté* into his lecture. Any one who attended lectures to French students during the empire will remember how frequently certain professors, when they found their audience was becoming listless, would lug that word in and thus secure cheap popularity. At any rate, Sainte-Beuve's volume on Virgil showed those who hated him what excellent instruction it was that they had lost. On the whole, however, we can be glad that he was saved from the distractions of being obliged to teach.

How busy he was kept by the routine of his occupation is clearly shown by various notes to correspondents who were anxious to meet him, to whom he could hold out no better opportunity than an hour or two on Monday, after one week's work was finished and that of another not yet begun. In many of his letters are passages, though briefly expressed, made up of what has filled his writing for the press; this is only the natural result of his great interest in his work, and it is the most prominent characteristic of this volume of his letters, which are really *notes* called forth by some imperative occasion, running on to a greater or less extent, but not *letters* written in leisure and treating of all kinds of diverse and disconnected subjects. It is not to be imagined, however, that this volume is at all lacking in interest; Sainte-Beuve's writing is never dull, and the matters that interested him are interesting to every lover of literature.

— A different book is Théophile Gautier's *L'Orient*,¹ which is made up of a series of various sketches recounting various travels of his own and others in different parts of the world.

A good part of the travels described were to no remoter point than London at the time of the Exhibition in 1862, and to the Exposition Building in Paris in 1867. Gautier did not linger in the machinery halls, he went straight to the Oriental departments, and it is safe to say that his visits taught him more about Eastern art than most people would learn from a long residence in those strange countries. In his own words: "If we were to say that we did not cast a glance at all the rest of the exhibition, we

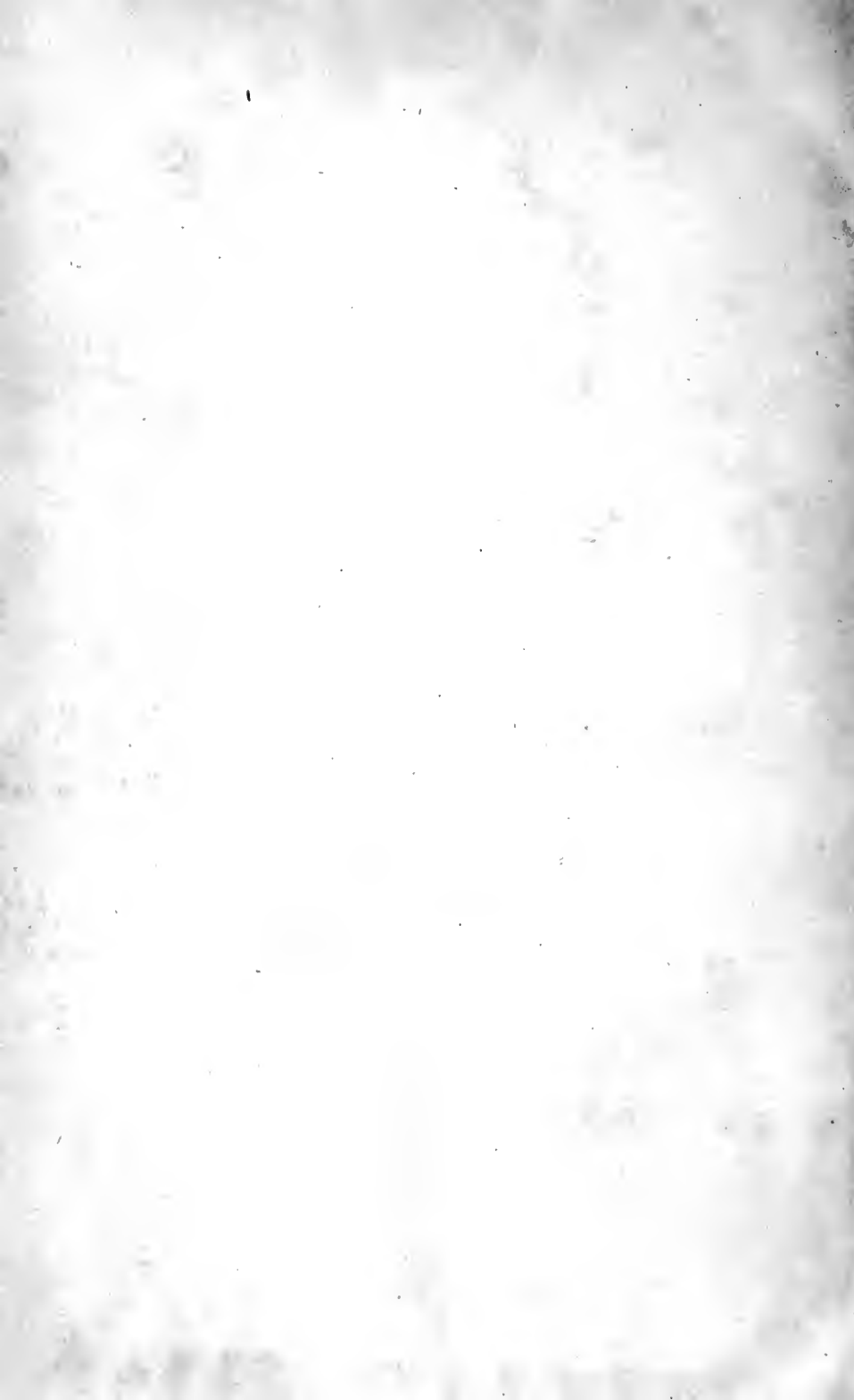
should bring down on our head the scorn of the manufacturers, the business-men, the utilitarians, and the philistines of all sorts. But that is the truth. We passed by, without a look, the troop of copper and steel monsters, the mammoths and mastodons of industry, which toss their mutilated arms, breathe with their iron lungs, and seem to lend to the steam the breath and restlessness of life, in the furious and cold agitation which does not know fatigue. . . . The bobbins whirled like drunken dancers, so swiftly that they could scarcely be seen. Pistons rose and fell with a plaintive wheeze like woodcutters cleaving an oak-tree; wild pulleys made their leather and india-rubber straps clatter; cog-wheels were turning; rolling-wheels brushed against one another; valves clattered; springs rattled; all these metallic and plutonian slaves invented by man's genius were working busily as we passed by. These machines cried out with their gnashing of teeth, their dull blows, their harsh hissing: 'I do the work of six thousand spindles; I take the place of five hundred smiths' hammers; I weave an Indian shawl more evenly than a workman in Cashmere on the threshold of his hut; I produce machines which will work as I do; I, with my bronze fingers, fold envelopes as skillfully and as neatly as could any rosy-fingered woman; only I make enough in one day to inclose all the love, diplomatic, and business secrets of the world.'"

The pen of a translator would lag far behind Gautier's neat and at times poetical or eloquent expression, for as he described the rich collections of Indian art he always wrote in a style that was so picturesque that it is vain to try to reproduce it in another tongue.

In another paper he has written about a visit to a Chinese junk that was in the Thames at the same exhibition; he found there the Oriental artist who smiled at the French painter for drawing a man in profile, with the hidden leg and the unseen eye left out of his sketch. The book is for the most part of very light weight, but it has the charm of interest, of literary grace. It is curious to notice that Nicolas' translation of Omár Khayyám did not escape his observation. In the second volume is to be found an article on the Quatrains taken from the *Moniteur Universel* of December 8, 1867

¹ *L'Orient*. Par THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. Paris: Charpentier. 1878.





AP

The Atlantic monthly

2

A8

v.41

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
